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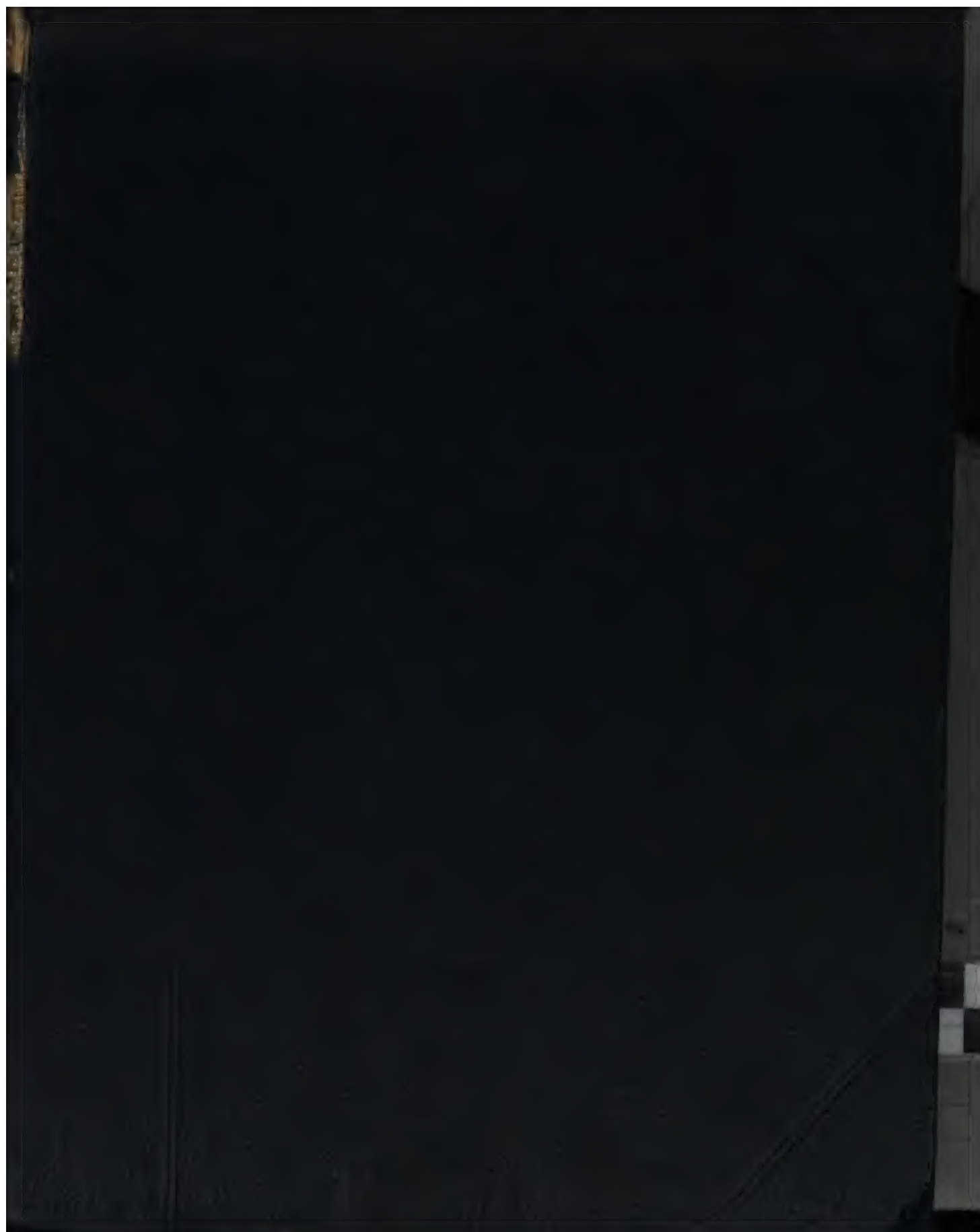
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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1898, TO MARCH, 1899







"THE ENORMOUS TAIL OF THE GREAT WHALE TOWERED HIGH
OUT OF THE WATER."

THE
WIDE WORLD
MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED
MONTHLY
OF
TRUE NARRATIVE:

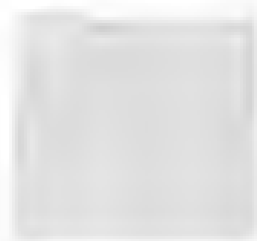
ADVENTURE
TRAVEL
CUSTOMS
AND
SPORT

"TRUTH IS
STRANGER
THAN
FICTION"

VOL. II
—
OCTOBER,
TO
MARCH

1898-9

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THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 7.

*The Adventures of Louis De Rougemont.**

BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE MOST AMAZING EXPERIENCES A MAN EVER LIVED TO TELL.

III.

We are receiving shoals of letters daily from all quarters asking whether M. de Rougemont is likely to afford the British public an opportunity of seeing him in the flesh. To these correspondents we can only say that it is very probable M. de Rougemont may shortly be induced to lecture in the principal towns and cities of the United Kingdom. Moreover, he is at present giving sittings to that well-known artist, Mr. John Tussaud, who is preparing a portrait model of this marvellous man, which will shortly be on view at the world-renowned galleries in the Marylebone Road. It is impossible for us to reply individually to even a tithe of our "De Rougemont" correspondents. And M. de Rougemont himself is busy working up his scientific material for the learned societies, tracing his relatives in Lausanne and Paris, etc., etc.



In a case of fever the natives resorted to charms to drive away the evil spirit that was supposed to be troubling the patient. The universal superstition about all maladies is that they are caused by the "evil eye," directed against the sufferer by some enemy. Should one member of a tribe be stricken down with any disease, his friends at once come to the conclusion that he has been "pointed at" by a member of another tribe who owed him a grudge; he has, in short, been bewitched, and an expedition is promptly organized to seek out and punish the individual in question and all his tribe. From this it is obvious that war is of pretty frequent occurrence. And not only so, but every death is likewise the signal for a tribal war. There is no verdict of "Death from natural causes." As a rule, the body of the dead brave was placed upon a platform erected in the forks of trees, and his weapons would be neatly arranged below. Then, as decay set in, and the body began to crumble away, the friends and chiefs would come and observe certain mystic signs, which were supposed to give information as to what tribe or individual had caused the death of the deceased warrior.

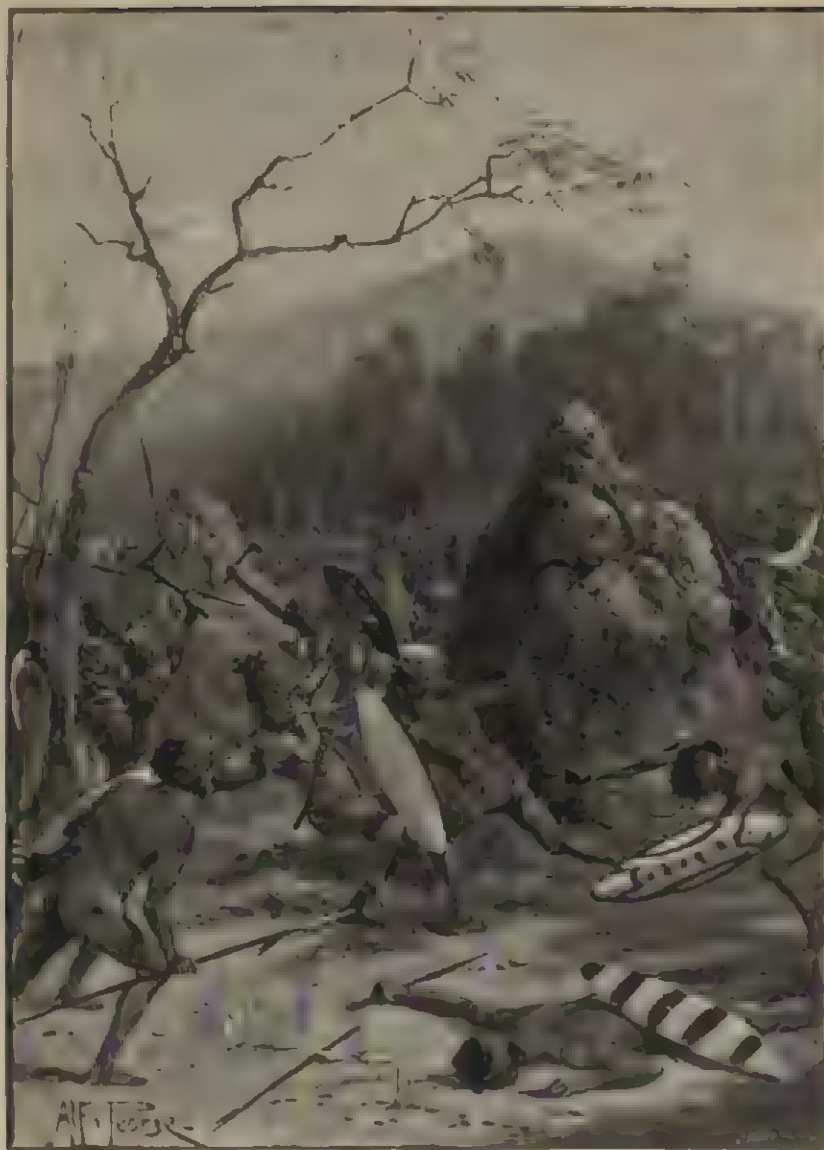
It must have been within a month of my landing on Yamba's country, in Cambridge Gulf, that I witnessed my first cannibal feast. One of the fighting-men had died in our camp, and after the usual observations had been taken, it was decided that he had been pointed at, and his death brought about by, a member of another tribe living some distance away. An expedition of some hundreds of warriors was at once fitted out, and the enemy was apparently only too ready for the fray, because the two armies promptly met in an open plain, and then I had an opportunity of witnessing the extraordinary method by which the Australian blacks wage war. One of the most redoubtable of our chiefs stepped forward and explained

the reason of their visit, in comparatively calm tones. An opposing chief replied to him, and gradually a heated altercation arose, the abuse rising on a crescendo scale for ten or fifteen minutes. These two then retired, and another couple of champion abusers stepped forward to "discuss" the matter. This kind of thing went on for a considerable time, the abuse being of the most appalling description, and directed mainly against the organs of the enemy's body (heart, liver, etc.), his ancestors, "his ox, his ass, and everything that was his." At length, when every conceivable thing had been said that it was possible to say, the warriors drew near, and at last someone threw a spear. This, of course, was the signal for real action, and in a few minutes the engagement became general. There was no strategy or tactics of any kind, every man fighting single-handed.

But to return to the battle I was describing. After a very few minutes' fighting the enemy were utterly routed, and promptly turned tail and fled from the scene of the encounter, leaving behind them—after all the uproar and the flood of vilification—only three of their warriors, and these not dead, but only more or less badly wounded. Quarter being neither given nor expected in these battles, the three prostrate blacks were promptly dispatched by the leader of my tribe, the *coup de grâce* being given with a waddy, or knobbed stick. The three bodies were then placed on litters made out of spears and grass, and were in due time carried into our own camp.

There were so many signs to presage what was coming that I knew a cannibal feast was about to take place; but for obvious reasons I did not protest against it, nor did I take any notice whatever. The women (who do all the real work) fell on their knees, and with their fingers scraped three long trenches in the sand, each about 7ft. long and 3ft. deep. Into each of these ovens was placed

A Coming Horror.



"IN A FEW MINUTES THE ENGAGEMENT BECAME GENERAL."

one of the bodies of the fallen warriors, and then the trench was filled up—firstly with stones, and then with sand. On top of all a huge fire was lighted and maintained with great fierceness for about two hours. There was great rejoicing during this period of cooking, and apparently much pleasurable anticipation among the triumphant blacks. In due time the signal was given, and the ovens laid open once more. I looked in and saw that the bodies were very much burnt. The skin was cracked in places and liquid fat was issuing forth. . . . But, perhaps, the less said about this horrible spectacle the

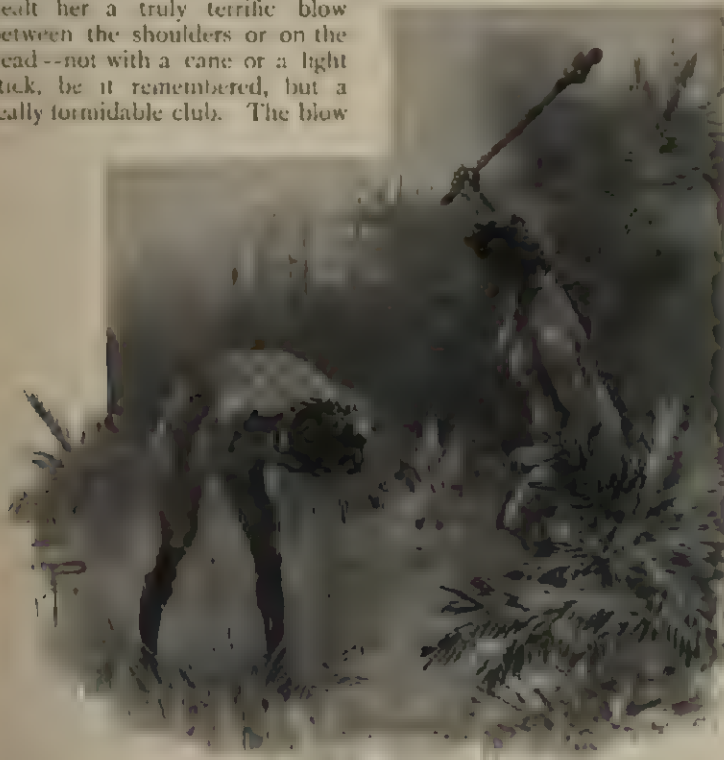
better. With a yell, several warriors leapt into each trench and stuck spears through the big "joints." And the moment the roasted carcasses were taken out of the trenches the whole tribe literally fell upon them and tore them limb from limb. I saw mothers with a leg or an arm surrounded by plaintive children, who were crying for their portion of the toothsome dainty.

Others, who were considered to have

taken more than their share, were likewise fallen upon and their "joint" subdivided and hacked to pieces with knives made from shells. The bodies were not cooked all through, so that the condition of some of the revellers, both during and after the orgy, may best be left to the imagination. A more appalling, more ghastly, or more truly sickening spectacle it is impossible for the mind of man to conceive. A great *corollaire* was held after the feast, but, with

my gorge rising and my brain reeling, I crept to my own bumpy and tried to shut out from my mind the shocking inferno I had just been compelled to witness. But let us leave so fearful a subject and consider something more interesting and amusing. The women of the tribe lived amicably enough together as a rule, but of course they had their differences. They would quarrel about the merits and demerits of their own families and countries, but the greatest source of heartburning and trouble was the importation of a new wife especially if that wife chanced to be better looking than the

others. In such case, woe to the comparatively pretty wife. The women certainly had a novel way of settling their differences. The two combatants would retire to some little distance, armed with *one stick between them*. They would then stand face to face, and one would bend forward meekly, whilst the other dealt her a truly terrific blow between the shoulders or on the head--not with a cane or a light stick, be it remembered, but a really formidable club. The blow



HOW THE WOMEN SETTLED THEIR QUARRELS--TURN AND TURN ABOUT

(which would be enough to kill an ordinary white woman) would be borne with wonderful fortitude, and the aggressor would hand the club to the woman she had just struck.

**A Weird
Duel.**

The latter would then take a turn, and so it would go on, turn and turn about, until one of the unfortunate, stoical creatures fell bleeding and half-senseless to the earth. The thing was magnificently simple. The woman who kept her senses longest, and remained on her legs to the end, was the victor. There was no kind of ill-feeling after these extraordinary combats, and the women would even dress one another's wounds.

I now come to an event of very great importance in my life. Elsewhere I have spoken of my penchant for dugong hunting. Well, one day this sport effectually put an end to all my prospects of reaching civilization across the sea. I went forth one morning, accompanied

by my ever-faithful Yamba and the usual admiring crowd of blacks. In a few minutes we two were speeding over the sunlit waters, my only weapon being the steel harpoon I had brought with me from the island, and about 40ft. or 50ft. of manila rope. When we were some miles

from land I noticed a dark-looking object on the surface of the water a little way ahead. Feeling certain it was a dugong feeding on the well known grass, I rose and hurled my harpoon at it with all the force I could muster. Next moment, to my amazement, the head of a calf whale was thrust agonizingly into the air, and not until then did I realize what manner of creature it was I had struck. This baby whale was about 15ft. long, and it "sounded" immediately on receiving my harpoon. As I had enough rope, or what I considered enough, I did not cut him adrift. He came up again presently, lashing the water with his tail, and creating a tremendous uproar, considering his size. He then darted off madly, dashing through the water like an arrow, and dragging our boat at such a tremendous pace as almost to swamp us in the foaming wash.

**The
Tragedy of
the Baby
Whale.**

Up to this time I had no thought of danger, but just as the baby whale halted I looked round, and saw to my horror that its colossal mother had joined her offspring, and was swimming round and round it like lightning, apparently greatly disturbed by its sufferings. Before I could even cut the line or attempt to get out of the way, the enormous creature caught sight of our little craft, and bore down upon it like a fair sized island rushing through the sea. I shouted to Yamba, and we both threw ourselves over the side into the now raging waters, and commenced to swim away with long strokes, in order to get as far as possible from the boat before the catastrophe came which we knew was at hand. We had not got many yards before I heard a terrific crash, and, looking back, I saw the enormous tail of the great whale towing high out of the water, and in

precious boat descending in fragments upon it from a height of from 15 ft. to 20 ft. above the agitated waters. (The whole of this terrible scene is vividly realized in the frontispiece to this number.) Oddly enough, the forepart of the boat remained fixed to the rope of the harpoon in the calf. My first thought, even at so terrible a moment and in so serious a situation, was one of bitter regret for the loss of what I considered the only means of reaching civilization. Like a flash it came back to me how many weary months of toil and hope and expectancy I had spent over that darling craft; and I remembered, too, the delirious joy of launching it, and the appalling dismay that struck me when I realized that it was worse than useless to me in the inclosed lagoon. These thoughts passed through my mind in a few seconds.

A Ten Miles' Swim.

At this time we had a swim of some ten miles before us, and yet in the far distance I could not only see land distinctly, but also the crowd of blacks, who were now putting out in their catamarans to help us. Some of the blacks, as I hunted before, always accompanied me down to the shore on these trips. They never tired, I think, of seeing me handle my giant "catamaran" and the (to them) mysterious harpoon. After the mother whale had wreaked its vengeance upon my unfortunate boat it rejoined its little one, and still continued to swim round and round it at prodigious speed, evidently in a perfect agony of concern. Fortunately the tide was in our favour, and we were rapidly swept in shore, even as we floated listlessly on the surface of the water. The sea was quite calm, and we had no fear of sharks,

being well aware that we could keep them away by splashing in the water.

Before long, a large catamaran with one of the chiefs on board came up with us, but although deeply grateful for Vamba's and my own safety, I was still greatly distressed at the loss of my boat. Never once did this thought leave my mind. I remembered, too, with a pang, that I had now no tools with which to build another boat, and to venture out into the open sea on a catamaran, probably for weeks, simply meant courting certain destruction.

My harpoon had evidently inflicted a mortal wound on the whale baby, because as we looked we saw it lying exhausted on the surface of the water, and being gradually swept nearer and nearer the shore by the swift flowing tide. The mother refused to leave the little calf, however, and still continued to wheel round it continuously, even when her offspring had reached dangerously shallow water.

Gigantic Prize.

The result was that when the tide turned, both the mother and her calf were left stranded high and dry on the beach, to the unbounded delight and amazement of the natives, who swarmed round the leviathans, and set up such a terrific uproar, that I verily believe they frightened the mother to



"THEY SWARMED OVER THE CARCASS."

death. Furious smoke-signals were at once sent up to summon all the tribes in the surrounding country—enemies as well as friends. Next day the carcasses were washed further still in-shore—a thing for which the blacks gave me additional credit.

I ought to mention here that the loss of my boat was in some measure compensated for by the enormous amount of prestige which accrued to me from this whale episode. To cut a long story short, the natives fully believed that *I had killed single handed and brought ashore both whales!* And in the *corroborees* that ensued, the poets almost went delirious in trying to find suitable eulogiums to bestow upon the mighty white hunter. The mother whale surpassed in size any I had ever seen or read about. I measured her length by pacing, and I judged it to be nearly 150ft. My measurements may not have been absolutely accurate, but still the whale was certainly larger than any I had ever seen or even read of. As she lay there on the beach the head towered above me to a height of nearly 15ft. Never can I forget the scene that followed, when the blacks from the surrounding country had responded to the smoke-signals announcing the capture of the "great fish." From hundreds of miles south came the natives, literally in their thousands—every man provided with his stone, tomahawk and whole armoury of shell knives. They simply swarmed over the carcasses like vermin, and I saw many of them staggering away under solid lumps of flesh weighing between 30lb. and 40lb.

A particularly enterprising party of blacks cut an enormous hole in the head of the big whale, and in the bath of oil that was inside they simply wallowed for hours at a time, only to emerge in a condition that filled me with disgust. For about a fortnight this cutting up and gorging went on, but long before this the stench

from the decomposing carcasses was so horrible as to be painfully noticeable at my camp, over a mile away. The spectacle witnessed on the beach would have been intensely comical were it not so revolting. Many of the men and women had gorged themselves to such an extent as to be absolutely unable to walk, and they rolled about on the sand, tearing at the ground in agony, their stomachs distended in the most extraordinary and disgusting manner. It may amuse you to know that smoke-signals were at once sent up for all the doctors in the country, and these ministering angels could presently be seen with their massage shells, rubbing the distended stomachs of the sufferers as they lay on the beach. I saw some men

fairly howling with agony, but yet still devouring enormous quantities of oil and blubber. Besides the massage treatment (with the thumbs as well as shells) the "doctors" administered a kind of pill, or pellet, of some green leaf, which they first chewed in their own mouth and then placed in that of the patient. So magical was this potent herb in its action, that I feel sure it would make the fortune of an enterprising syndicate. Others,

who had obtained temporary relief through the kind offices of the medicine-men, returned to the whales again, and had another enormous gorge. In fact, the blacks behaved more like wild beasts of the lowest order than men, and in a very short time—considering the enormous bulk of the whales—nothing remained except the immense bones.

The orgie, however, had its uses from my point of view, because I took advantage of the arrival of so many strange tribes to make myself acquainted with their chiefs, their languages, and their manners and customs, in the hope that these tribes might be useful to me some day when I commenced



"OTHERS OBTAINED RELIEF THROUGH THE KIND OFFICES OF THE MEDICINE-MEN."

Swimming
in the
Whale's Head.

I Make Use
of the
Visitors.

my journey overland to civilization. For, of course, all hope of escape by sea had now to be abandoned, since my boat was destroyed.

Soon after the loss of the boat, by the way, Yamba made me a small bark canoe about 15 ft. long, but not more than 14 in. wide, and in this we undertook various little excursions together to the various islands that studded the bay. The construction of this little canoe was very interesting. Yamba, first of all, heated the bark, and then turned the rough part underneath in order that the interior might be perfectly smooth. She then sewed up the ends, finally giving the little craft a coat of resin, obtained by making incisions in the gum-trees. Of course, I missed my own substantial boat, and it was some little time before I grew accustomed to the frail canoe, which necessitated the greatest possible care in handling, and also on the part of the passengers generally.

Off on a
Wombat
Hunt.

One day I decided to go and explore one of the islands, in search of wombats, whose skins I wanted to make into sandals for myself. I knew that wombats haunted the islands in countless thousands, because I had seen them rising in clouds every evening at sunset. As usual, Yamba was my only companion,



TAKING A SHORT CUT, I LEAPED UP INTO THE AIR

and we soon reached a likely island, but as I could find no suitable place for landing, I turned the canoe up a small creek. From this course, however, my companion strongly dissuaded me. Into the creek, nevertheless, we went, and when I saw it was a hopeless *impasse*, I scrambled ashore and waded through 5 in. or 6 in. of mud. The little island was densely covered with luxuriant tropical vegetation, the mangroves coming right down to the water's edge; so that I had actually to force my way through them to gain the top of the bank. I then entered on a very narrow track through the forest, the bush on both sides being so dense as to resemble an impenetrable wall or dense hedge. It is necessary to bear this in mind to realize what followed. I had not gone many yards along this track, when I was horrified to see, right in front of me, an enormous alligator! This great reptile was shuffling along down the path towards me, evidently making for the water, and not

only blocked my advance, but also necessitated my immediate retreat. The moment the brute caught sight of me he stopped, and began snapping his jaws viciously. I confess I was quite nonplussed for the moment as to how best to commence the attack upon this unexpected visitor. It was impossible for me to get round him in any way, on account of the dense bush on either side of the narrow forest track. I decided, however, to make a bold dash for victory, having always in mind the prestige that was so necessary to my existence among the blacks. I therefore walked straight up to the evil-looking monster, and then, taking a short run, I

leaped high into the air, shot over his head, and landed on his scaly back, at the same time giving a tremendous yell in order to attract Yamba, whom I had left in charge of the boat.

A Fight
with an
Alligator.

The moment I landed on his back I struck the alligator with all my force with my tomahawk,

on what I considered the most vulnerable part of his head. So powerful was my stroke, that I found to my dismay that I could not get the weapon out of his head again. While I was in this extraordinary

situation—standing on the back of an enormous alligator, and tugging at my tomahawk embedded in its head—Yamba came rushing up the path, carrying one of the paddles, which, without a moment's hesitation, she thrust down the alligator's throat as he turned to snap at her. In this way the monster was prevented from moving his head either backwards or forwards, and then, drawing my stiletto, I blinded him in both eyes, afterwards finishing him leisurely with my tomahawk, when at length I managed to release it. Yamba was immensely proud of me after this achievement, and when we returned to the mainland she gave her tribesmen a graphic account of my gallantry and bravery. But she always did this. She was my advance agent and bill-poster, so to say. I found in going into a new country that my fame had preceded me; and I must say this was most convenient and useful in obtaining hospitality, concessions, and assistance generally. The part I had played in connection with the death of the two whales had already earned for me the admiration of the blacks—not only in my own tribe, but all over the country; and after this encounter with the alligator they looked upon me as a very great and powerful personage indeed. We did not bring the dead monster back with us, but next day a number of the blacks went over for it with their catamarans, and towed the reptile back to the mainland, where it was viewed with open-mouthed amazement by crowds of admiring natives. So great was the estimation in which my prowess was held, that little scraps of the dead alligator were distributed (as relics, presumably) among the tribes throughout the whole of the surrounding country.

Some little time after this incident I decided to remove my dwelling-place to the top of a headland on the other side of the bay, some twenty miles away, where I thought I could more readily discern any sail passing by out at sea. The blacks themselves, who were well aware of my hopes of getting back to my own people, had themselves suggested that I might find this a more likely place for the purpose than the low-lying coast on which their tribe was then encamped. They also pointed out to me, however, that I should find it much colder living in so exposed a position. But the hope of seeing passing sails decided me, and one morning I took my departure, the whole nation of blacks coming out in full force to bid us adieu. I think the last thing they impressed upon me, in their peculiar native way, was that they would always be delighted and honoured to welcome

me back among them. Yamba, of course, accompanied me, as also did my dog, and we were escorted across the bay by a host of my native friends in their catamarans. I pitched upon a fine bold spot for our dwelling-place, but the blacks assured me that we would find it uncomfortably cold and windy, to say nothing about the loneliness, which I could not help but feel after so much intercourse with the friendly natives. I persisted, however, and we at length pitched our encampment on the bleak headland. Occasionally some of our black friends would pay us a visit, but we could never induce them to locate their village near us.

Day after day, day after day, I gazed wistfully over the sea for hours at a time, without ever seeing a sail, and at last I began to grow somewhat despondent, and sighed for the companionship of my black friends once more. Yamba was unremitting in her endeavours to make life pleasant for me and keep me well supplied with the best of food, but I could see that she, too, did not like living on this exposed and desolate spot. So, after a few weeks' experience of life there, I decided to return to my bay home, and later on make preparations for a journey overland to a point on the Australian coast, where I learned ships quite frequently passed. The blacks were delighted to see me on my return, and I remained with them several months before attempting my next journey. They were keenly anxious that I should join them in their fighting expeditions, but I always declined, on the ground that I was not a fighting man. The fact of the matter was, that I could never hope to throw a spear with anything like the dexterity they themselves manifested; and as spears were the principal weapons used in warfare, I was afraid I would not show up well at a critical moment. Moreover, the warriors defended themselves so dexterously with shields as to be all but invulnerable, whereas I had not the slightest idea of how to handle a shield. And finally, for the sake of my ever-indispensable prestige, I could not afford to make myself ridiculous in their eyes. I always took good care to let the blacks see me performing only those feats which I felt morally certain I could accomplish, and accomplish to their amazement.

So far I had won laurels enough with my mysterious arrows or "flying spears," as the natives considered them, and my prowess with the harpoon and tomahawk was sung in many tribes. And not the least awkward thing about my position was that I dared not even attempt a little quiet practice in spear-throwing, for fear the blacks should con-

Bitter
Disappointment.

My
Mysterious
"Flying
Spears."

The Old
Graving.

upon me suddenly, when I would most certainly lose caste. And I had one or two narrow escapes from this serious calamity. I must tell you first of all, though, that the blacks, when drinking at a river or water hole, invariably scoop up the water with their hands, and never put their mouths right down close to the surface of the water. Well, one day I was guilty of this solecism. I had been out on a hunting expedition, and reached the water-hole with an intense burning thirst. My mentor was not with me. I fell on my knees and fairly buried my face in the life-giving fluid, lapping it like an animal. Suddenly I heard murmurs behind me. I turned presently and saw a party of my blacks regarding me with horror. They said I drank like a kangaroo. But Yamba soon came to the rescue, and explained away the dreadful breach of etiquette, and solemnly cautioned me never to do it again.

The months passed slowly away, and I was still living the same monotonous life among my blacks—accompanying them upon their hunting expeditions, joining in their sports, and making periodical trips inland with Yamba, in preparation for the great journey I proposed to make overland to Cape York. When I spoke to my devoted companion about my plans, she told me she was ready to accompany me wherever I went—to leave her people and to be for ever by my side. Right well I knew that she would unhesitatingly do these things. Her dog-like fidelity to me never wavered, and I know she would have laid down her life for me at any time.

Often I told her of my own home beyond the seas, and when I asked her whether she would come with me she would reply, "Your people are my people, and your friends my friends. I will go with you wherever you take me."

Dog-like Fidelity.



"I FELL ON MY KNEES AND FAIRLY BURIED MY FACE IN THE LIFE-GIVING FLUID."

At length everything was ready, and I paid a final farewell, as I thought, to my black friends in Cambridge Gulf. They knew I was venturing on a long journey overland to another part of the country many miles distant, in the hope of being able to get into touch once more with my own people, and though they realized they should never see me again, they thought my departure a very natural thing. We had a very affectionate leave-taking, and a body of the natives escorted us for the first 100 miles or so of our trip. At last, however, Yamba, myself, and the faithful dog were left to continue our wanderings alone.

The reliance I placed upon this woman, by the way, was absolute and unquestioning. I knew that alone I could not live a day in the awful wilderness through which we were to pass, nor could any solitary white man. By this time, however, I had had innumerable demonstrations of Yamba's almost miraculous powers in the way of providing food and water when, to the ordinary eye, neither were forthcoming. I ought to mention that before leaving my black people I had

provided myself with what I may term a native passport—a kind of Masonic mystic stick, inscribed with certain cabalistic characters. Every chief carried one of these sticks, stuck through his nose; I, however, invariably carried the passport in my long, luxuriant hair, which I wore "bun" fashion, held in a net of opossum hair. This passport stick proved invaluable as a means of putting us on good terms with the different tribes we encountered. The chiefs of the blacks never ventured out of their own country without one of these mysterious sticks, and I am sure I should not have been able to travel far without mine. Often, however, it was dispensed with by reason of my being introduced in person to the chief of the next tribe on my line of march.

Whenever I encountered a strange tribe along the line of march, I always asked to be taken before the chief, and when in his presence I presented my little stick. He would at once manifest the greatest friendliness, and would offer us food and drink. Then, before I took my departure, he also would inscribe his sign upon it, handing it back to me and probably sending me on to another tribe with an escort. It often happened, however, that I was personally introduced to another tribe whose "frontier" joined that of my late hosts, and in such cases my passport was unnecessary.

At first the country through which our wanderings led us was hilly and well wooded, the trees being particularly fine, many of them towering up to a height of 150ft. or 200ft. Our principal food consisted of roots, rats, snakes, opossum, and kangaroo. The physical conditions of the country were constantly changing as we moved farther eastwards, and Yamba's ingenuity was often sorely taxed to detect the whereabouts of the various roots necessary for food. It was

obviously unfair to expect her to be familiar with the flora and fauna of every part of the great Australian Continent. Sometimes she was absolutely nonplussed and had to stay a few days with a tribe until the women initiated her into the best methods of cooking the roots found in that part of the country. And often we could not understand the language. In such cases, though, when spoken words were unlike those uttered in Yamba's country, we resorted to a wonderful sign-language which appears to be general among the Australian blacks. All that Yamba carried, by the way, was a basket made of bark, slung over her shoulder, and containing a variety of useful things, including some bone needles, grinding-stones, etc. Day after day we walked steadily on in an easterly direction, guiding ourselves in the daytime by the sun, and in the evening by the attitude of the ant-hills, which are always built facing the east. We crossed many creeks and rivers, sometimes wading and at other times swimming them.

The Desert of Red Sand.

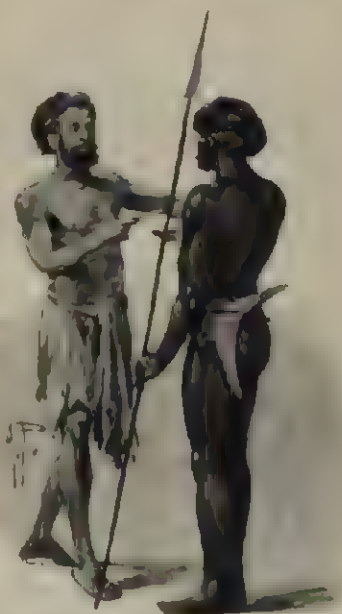
Gradually we left the hilly country behind us, and at length got into an extraordinary desert of red sand, which gave off a dust from our very tracks that nearly suffocated us. Each water hole we came across now began to contain less and less of the precious liquid, and our daily *menu* grew more and more scanty, until at length we were compelled to live on practically nothing but a few

roots and stray rats. Still we plodded on and on, finally striking a terrible spinifex country, which was inconceivably worse than anything we had hitherto encountered. Not only was water all but unobtainable here, but our skin was torn with thorns at almost every step. Yamba was terribly troubled when she found she could no longer provide for my wants. Fortunately the dew fell heavily at night, and a sufficient quantity would collect on the foliage, and more particularly on the steel blade of my tomahawk, to refresh me somewhat in the morning. How eagerly would I lick the precious drops from the shining blade of that American axe! Curiously enough,

Yamba herself up to this time did not seem distressed from lack of water; but nothing about this marvellous woman surprised me. It took us about ten days to pass through this awful spinifex desert, and for at least eight days of that time we were virtually without water, tramping through never-ending tracts of scrub, prickly grass, and undulating sandhills of a reddish colour. We were still going due east, but in consequence of the lack of water-holes, my heroic guide thought it advisable to strike a little more north.

The Agony of Thirst.

By this time I began to feel quite delirious, and I fear I was like a baby in Yamba's hands. She knew that all I wanted was water, and she became almost distracted when she could not find any for me. Of herself she never thought. And yet she was full of strange resources and devices. When I screamed aloud in an agony of thirst, she would give me some kind of grass to chew, and although this possessed no real moisture, yet it



"I PRESENTED MY LITTLE MESSAGE STICK."

promoted the flow of saliva, and thus materially benefited me.

Things grew worse and worse, however, and the delirium increased. Hour after hour through the endless nights would that devoted creature sit by my side, moistening my lips with the dew that collected on the grass, and on the keen and shining blade of my tomahawk. On the fifth day without water I suffered the most shocking agonies, and in my lucid moments I gave myself up for lost. I could not stand or walk, nor could I speak or swallow. My throat seemed to be almost closed up, and when I opened my eyes everything seemed to be going round and round in the most dizzy and sickening manner. My heart beat with choking violence, and my head ached so that I thought I was going mad. My bloodshot eyes, so Yamba subsequently told me, projected from their sockets in the most terrifying manner, and an indescribable longing possessed me to kill my faithful Bruno, in order to drink his blood. My poor Bruno! As I write these humble lines, so lacking in literary grace, I fancy I can see him lying by my side in that glaring, illimitable wilderness, his poor, dry tongue lolling out, and his piteous eyes fixed upon me with an expression of mute appeal that added to my agony.

A Charley Drink.

Gradually I grew weaker and weaker, and at last, feeling the end was near, I crawled under a tree and prepared to meet the death I was now fervently praying for. Had Yamba given up, these lines would never have been written. Amazing to relate, she kept marvellously well and active, though without water; and in my most violent paroxysm she would pounce upon a lizard or a rat, and give me its warm blood to drink while yet it lived. Then she would masticate a piece of iguano flesh and give it to me in my mouth, but I was quite unable to swallow it, greatly to her disappointment. She must have seen that I was slowly sinking, for at last she stooped down and whispered earnestly in my ear that she would leave me for a little while and go off in

search of water. Like a dream it comes back to me how she explained that she had seen some birds passing overhead, and that if she followed in the same direction she was almost certain to come up with water sooner or later.

I Ask Yamba to Kill Me.

I could not speak; I could not answer, but I felt it was a truly hopeless enterprise on her part, and as I did not want her to leave me, I remember I held out my tomahawk feebly towards her and signed to her to come and strike me on the head with it, and put an end to my indescribable agonies. The heroic creature smiled sadly and shook her head emphatically. She took the proffered weapon, however, and after putting some distinguishing marks on my tree with it, she hurled it some distance away from me. She then stooped and propped me against the trunk of the tree, and leaving my poor, suffering dog to keep me company, she set out on her lonely search with long, loping strides of amazing vigour.

It was late in the afternoon when she took her departure; and I lay there hour after hour, sometimes frantically delirious, and at others in a state of semi-consciousness, fancying she was by my side with shells brimming over with the precious fluid. I would rouse myself with a start from time to time, but, alas! my Yamba was not near me. During the long and deathly stillness of the night, the dew came down heavily, and as it enveloped my bed, I



YAMBA GIVES ME THE LIZARD A RAT TO ALLEVIATE THE AGONY OF THIRST.

fell into a sound sleep, from which I was awakened some hours later by the same clear and ringing voice that had addressed me on that still night on my island sand spit. Out upon the impressive stillness of the air rang the earnest words: "*Coupe l'arbre! Coupe l'arbre!*"

I was quite conscious, and much refreshed by my sleep, but the message puzzled me a great deal. At first I thought it must have been Yamba's voice, but I remembered that she did

drank with gasping eagerness, as you may suppose. My delirium had now entirely left me, although I was still unable to speak. I signed to her to cut the tree, as the voice in my dream had directed me. Without a word of question Yamba picked up the tomahawk from where she had hurled it, and then cut vigorously into the tree, making a hole three or four inches deep. It may seem astonishing to you, but it surprised me in no wise when out from the hole there trickled a clear, uncertain stream



"OUT FROM THE HOLE THERE TRICKLED A CLEAR, UNCERTAIN STREAM."

not know a word of French, and as I looked round there was no one to be seen. The mysterious message still rang in my ears, but I was far too weak to attempt to cut the tree myself, so I lay there in a sort of inert drowsiness until, rousing myself, I heard the familiar footsteps of Yamba approaching the spot where I lay. Her face expressed anxiety, earnestness, and joy.

My
Ministering
Angel.

In her trembling hands she bore a big leaf containing two or three ounces of life giving water. This I

of water, under which Yamba promptly held my fevered head. This had a wonderfully refreshing effect upon me, and in a short time I was able to speak feebly but rationally, greatly to the delight of my faithful companion. As, however, I was still too weak to move, I indulged in another and far sounder sleep. All through that terrible night, while Yamba was far away searching for water, Bruno had never left my side, looking into my face wistfully, and occasionally licking my body sympathetically with his poor, parched tongue.

(To be continued.)

A Woman's Zoo.

BY HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE.

Telling all about an immense Zoo in Colorado, which is managed entirely by a lady. She feeds and nurses the bears and lions, is her own "vet.," and altogether runs the place single-handed.



HE management and control of a zoological garden, however small the collection of animals may be, would naturally be considered by the majority of people as an arduous post, full of responsibility and anxiety, and one hardly likely to appeal with favour to a woman. But Mrs. John Elitch, Jun., of Elitch Park, Denver, Colorado—a splendid type of the "American girl"—is the sole proprietor and manager of what is undoubtedly the finest zoological garden of its kind west of the Atlantic; and she can lay claim to the title of being the only woman in the world who possesses and manages a public zoo.

To say that Mrs. Elitch is a remarkable woman is but a poor compliment, for since her husband's death, some eight years ago, she has proved herself capable of supervising the entire management of the zoo, with its wonderful collection of wild and curious and delicate animals. Not only does she personally attend to the weightier matters in connection with the park and its living occupants, but minor details are by no means neglected.

The zoo, which is known as Elitch's Zoological Gardens, occupies some twenty acres of land, easy of approach by "car" from Denver, and is a veritable pleasure resort for the people of Colorado, and particularly the citizens of

Denver. The gardens are nicely laid out, as a glance at the photograph on the next page clearly shows. Here we see the decorations, in the shape of flags, etc., at the time of the Queen's Jubilee—an early manifestation of the Anglo-American *entente*. The gravel walks wind in and out through peach, pear, and cherry trees, beautiful shrubs and clustering vines—an ideal spot to while away a pleasant afternoon or a summer's evening.

The animals, however, which claim priority of attention, and rightly so, are the finest collection ever got together by any private individual, man or woman. In England there are a few private persons who can boast of some wonderful col-

lections of animals, the Hon. Walter Rothschild, the eldest son of Lord Rothschild, possessing an interesting collection at Tring Park, in Hertfordshire. Mr. C. J. Leyland, of Haggerstone Castle, near Bam-borough, Northumberland, has also collected together a large number of foreign animals and birds, which he keeps on his estate, and values very highly.

Neither of these collections, however, can compare in number and variety with that owned by Mrs. Elitch, who now possesses practically every animal except a giraffe and a hippopotamus. And she has every hope of being able to obtain one of the latter before long, though the



MRS. JOHN ELITCH, WHO CREATES AND RUNS THE "ZOO."
From a Photo. by Nash, Denver.



From a

GENERAL VIEW IN THE GARDENS.

Photo.

purchasing of such an animal is no easy matter, as Mr. Bartlett, of the English Zoo, very well knows. Mrs. Eltch, however, always buys her own animals, and is known and acknowledged by Cross, Jamrach, Hagenbeck, and the rest as being an expert in this business.

Out of the thirteen lions that are to be seen in the gardens, no fewer than ten have been bred and reared in the grounds, and that under the personal supervision of their fair mistress. There are ten African and Asiatic lions, and three Rocky Mountain "lions" of all ages. Amongst the collection is a pet lioness, Anna Schilling, also brought up in the gardens, and which is said to be the handsomest lioness in captivity.

Those which have been reared on the premises were fed during their infancy on milk out of a bottle, and generally from Mrs. Eltch's own hands.

She is probably the only woman in the world who loves to fondle lion cubs for amusement, preferring them to either dogs or kittens. In the accompanying photograph she is seen with two baby lions which were born in her own park. These were christened with such characteristic names as "England" and "America." To take these young cubs from their mother every day and feed them out of a bottle with milk is a duty this

daring woman loves to perform. Although the mother usually snarls at her mistress when she removes the young cubs from the cage for the purpose of feeding them, she has never yet



From a

MRS. ELTCH AND HER TWO YOUNG LIONS.

Photo.

attempted to show any violence whatever, just as though she fully understood that her young ones would be properly cared for and kindly treated.

In the next photograph Mrs. Elitch is seen standing in the bear pit, near two large bears, while a third is sitting composedly on a wooden platform, fixed in between two branches of the

strange to say, for the big bear turned right round and ran back to its cage, one of the men promptly fastening the door behind it. The only serious damage the huge creature did was that of going through the absent men's lunch cans, which it had licked quite clean.

The latest arrivals in her unique collection of bipeds and quadrupeds are two baby bears.



[From a]

THE BEAR PIT OF THE ZOO.

[Photo.]

pole. Some may be inclined to regard this as a somewhat foolhardy, if not dangerous, action, but the picture plainly shows that her intrusion is not in the least resented: in fact, her company is gladly welcomed, for the bears know that they will most likely be the recipients of some dainty morsel, in the way of a piece of candy or other confection, dear to the palate of Brum.

Mrs. Elitch tells an interesting story of how one of her biggest bears got away, which narrative shows her remarkable courage and tact. A new bear-pit was being dug, and during the course of its preparation the bears were temporarily housed in cages. One of the largest, however, managed to get loose in some way, and the thirty men who were digging the pit immediately left their work and ran for their lives. Mrs. Elitch, however, who was near at hand, quickly took in the situation, and though she acknowledged afterwards that she was really very much frightened, she seized a broom, got in front of the monster, and shook her skirts and cried "Shoo! Shoo!" It had effect,

Already they have learnt to know their mistress, and to appreciate the good things they are in the habit of receiving from her hands. In the photograph next reproduced Mrs. Elitch is seen feeding one with a bottle, whilst the other, who is perched on her shoulder, is reaching for it, but is gently kept back by the upraised hand of its mistress, and told that its turn will come presently. Mrs. Elitch is evidently an ardent patriot, for she has named one of the baby Brums "Uncle Sam" (the one on her shoulder), and the other "Dewey," clearly showing that her thoughts have been dwelling on the war and its "famous victories."

It is probably owing to the fact that she personally attends to the feeding of these little savage captive-born beasts that makes them so tractable in her hands. Every morning when Mrs. Elitch goes through the gardens she is fairly loaded with a plentiful supply of candies, nuts, and other confections, and her first daily appearance is the signal for instant commotion among the animals. Those that are at liberty

make a rush for her, and it is all she can do some times to keep her feet, so great is the onslaught, each animal pushing and squeezing its fellow in front of it until it has received some dainty morsel from the hand of its mistress. From the cages and houses are to be heard roars and howls of joyful greeting, which do not subside until every animal has had a piece of candy or some toothsome tit-bit, the bears, lions, monkeys, parrots, birds, and other creatures all striving to attract particular attention to the individual.

The cost of the equipment of Mrs. Elitch's zoological gardens runs into several thousands of pounds. The water-ducts, lakes, and swimming pools, pavilions, and animal houses represent quite a vast outlay. The flowers, shrubbery, rare birds and fowls, and the furnishing of the zoo cost £6,000 alone. To keep such a gigantic affair moving harmoniously and successfully, quite an army of men are employed. During the summer months Mrs. Elitch occupies a cosy little cottage in the grounds, and may be seen daily strolling about among the trees and flowers in her dainty summer costumes and sun bonnet, attending to the wants of her innumerable pets and *protégés*.

Before she undertook the management of the zoo, which was founded by her husband, Mrs. Elitch was a great lover of music and art, and is acknowledged now as being a capable artist and a thorough musical critic. Her love for music has not in the least abated, and she frequently tries the effect of it on her animals. She has discovered that the violin affects them most, and that bears are more susceptible to its



FEEDING A CUB OF THE AMERICAN BEAR.
From a Photo. by Jones & Lehman, Denver.

influence than any other animal, which should mitigate their reputation for invincible surliness. Mrs. Elitch proves this by relating an incident about a two-year-old bear that usually hovers round about her cottage, and which has a rooted dislike to strangers. One evening while the violin was being played a gentle man came to see her, and noticing the young bear, he took it up and held it in his lap. It did not resent the stranger's attention, but, on the contrary, licked his face and caressed him with every appearance of affection. Directly the music ceased,

however, the beast began to snarl, and commenced snapping savagely at the startled visitor. So long as the music continued, the bear was devoted in its attentions, but the moment it ceased, it was an enemy of its mistress's guest.

It is hardly necessary to add that Mrs. Elitch, placed as she is amongst such lively scenes of animal life, seldom or never finds life dull. Being constantly on the watch for novelty, she frequently startles the good people of Denver by the manner in which she handles her animals. When she wants a change in the way of driving, she dispenses with the conventional horse, and uses an ostrich. The bird is hitched to a fancy trotting cart. It is very light, and is fitted with pneumatic tyres. The ostrich was reared in the grounds, and has become attached to its fair owner and her ways of driving. It is by no means an easy task to drive such a weird steed, for you cannot pull him up by reins like an ordinary horse, as it would probably result in serious injury to the valuable bird. The on-

way to guide him is to hit him with a long whip on the opposite side to that which you want him to go; and you must shoot at him lustily when you want him to stop. Another objection to this kind of "horse" is that if he should catch sight of a bit of banana peel, or something

individual in Denver blesses the "Animal Queen" for her deeds of mercy. That she is kind to all dumb animals need hardly be added after a glance at some of the pictures here reproduced.

The management of such a vast concern as



HOW MRS. ELITCH CUES HER FRIENDS—HER TROTTING OSTRICH AND CART.
From a Photo.

equally attractive, he does not hesitate to make a dive sideways for it. As he goes like the wind and can make a sudden dead stop, the jerk the rider receives is not a pleasant one, if a piece of orange peel should happen accidentally to meet the eye of the powerful bird.

It will be noticed in the photographs illustrating this article (they were kindly lent specially by Mrs. Elitch) that she is always seen wearing a pleasant smile. Cheerfulness is undoubtedly one of her attractive qualities, and the commonest labourer in her army of *employés* is greeted with a smile and a pleasant word. This kindly smile well bespeaks her nature, for she is very generous to the poor, and many an

Elitch's Zoological Gardens must necessarily call for a considerable amount of courage on the part of a woman, and to keep the zoo in a flourishing and healthy condition cannot be accomplished without a great deal of forethought, judgment, and tact. Notwithstanding all this, however, Mrs. Elitch retains all that sweetness and grace that gives charm to woman, the responsibilities which must naturally attend the fulfilment of such a position making her all the more generous and sympathetically kind to her fellow kinsmen, as well as to the brute creation. And lastly, hardly least, the zoo is a sound commercial success under this grand specimen of self-reliant American womanhood.



LOST!

Five days and nights in the Wilderness of New Brunswick, without food or shelter; being a true account of the sufferings endured by the late Mr. John Grant, while engaged on the Halifax and Quebec Railway Exploration Survey, in the year 1847.

The hero of these adventures was Mr. John Grant, employed in the Halifax and Quebec Survey in the Tobique district; and this narrative is extracted from his own diary.



On the morning of the 5th November we were encamped on the line of survey in the Tobique district, about five miles from the Little Golque. At eight o'clock the party, having struck tents and got their several loads in readiness, commenced their day's march along the line. When I left them, as I usually did for the purpose of examining the neighbouring country, I took a course to the westward for about half a mile, towards a small mount, from the top of which I was led to believe I should obtain an excellent view of the surrounding country, observations from it of distant mountains having already been made by the surveying party during the summer's operations.

After making a few notes and sketches, I went to the top of the hill, where I remained for a short time similarly employed. I then descended with the intention of regain-

ing the line of survey and joining the party. This, however, I found no such easy matter.

The country in this neighbourhood has to an immense extent been laid waste by extensive fires, and the trees and even the soil in some places are so thoroughly burnt up that there is not a vestige of vegetation to be seen. In other places the naked trunks of the trees are left standing like grim ghosts of a stately forest race, charred by fire, or blanched by the storm; or they are tossed by the whirlwind into the most frightful heaps of confusion. These are termed "windfalls," and form some of the most formidable barriers to the progress of the traveller in the wilderness.



MR. JOHN GRANT, WHILE ON THE SURVEY.
FROM A DRAWING

The surveyed line through this section of the country, owing to the facts above stated, was merely traced out with small stakes, placed at long intervals, and these, having become dark and discoloured, could now scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding dead wood. I was not, therefore, in the least disconcerted at failing to find the line, but continued to advance in the direction which I knew it to take, stopping from time to time to take sketches and observations as before. As it was now getting late in the afternoon, and I felt confident I had gone quite as far as the party were likely to have advanced in their day's march, I again made an effort to discover them by traversing the country both to the right and left for a considerable distance, whooping and yelling as loud as I could. It was all in vain, however—I could neither hear nor see anything of them.

Very little more than half a mile from where I stood I recognised a rocky height from which I had, the year before, made some observations, and I immediately proceeded thither in the hope of being able to discover from it the smoke of the camp.

On reaching the summit, there stood the post which I had placed for my instruments, exactly as I had left it a year ago. I carefully scanned the face of the country round in every direction, but the anxiously - looked - for smoke was nowhere to be seen, and I was at last most reluctantly compelled to relinquish my hope of finding the party -- for that night, at least. Not knowing whether the surveyed line lay to my right or left, I resolved on taking the direction in which I thought there was least personal risk, and therefore lost no time in getting on a line which had been run the year before by my directions, and along which I kept to the northward, as, in case I did not in the

meantime cross either the other line or tracks of the party, I should at least have made some progress towards Campbell's, the nearest settlement on the Tobique.

I therefore continued to press forward, without, however, discovering the object of my search. I had reached the Beaver Brook, a branch of the Wapskigegan, when night overtook me, and it commenced to rain drearily. It was now quite certain that for one night I must forego the comforts of food, fire, and shelter, having at the same time no doubt of my easily reaching Campbell's some time next day.

My situation at that time, although but the commencement of my disaster, was one of no ordinary suffering. I had already undergone twelve hours of the most harassing fatigue, without food or a moment's rest: and now, cold and wet, I stood alone amid wind and rain in a

sterile and shelterless wilderness, and on a night so dark that the very skies seemed black. What was to be done? To follow a course and move forward in the dark I knew was impossible. There were thirteen long hours until daylight, yet I dared not lie down to rest for fear of perishing miserably. I at length resolved to endeavour to follow the course of the brook, in doing which I had difficulties to surmount which would, I have no doubt, appear to many almost like impossibilities, even by daylight. Such a night of falls, wounds, bruises, scratchings, and fatigue is, I confess, beyond my powers of description. On the morning of the 6th, I found I had got to within a short distance of the mouth of the brook, which I crossed, intending to follow down the Wapskigegan River until I came to a lumber road I had travelled the year before, leading by



"I COULD ONLY SCRAMBLE ALONG A VERY STEEP BANK."

Shea's Mountain to the Campbell settlement, on the Tobique River.

The waters were now much swollen, so that I could only scramble along a very steep bank, thickly wooded with undergrowth and trees. I had gone some distance down, when, thinking that a little way back from the bank of the river I might probably find the travelling easier, I took that direction, and again found myself in a seemingly open country of burnt lands.

The surrounding highlands were distinctly seen on all sides in the distance, and among the most conspicuous was Shea's Mountain, which led me to the resolution of taking a direct course for it, not dreaming of the formidable difficulties I should have to encounter on the way. I toiled on with determined perseverance through a dreadful combination of wind-falls, marshes, lakes, streams, etc., so that another day was nearly spent before I had reached the mountain. I at length found the

second old lumber camp, where the road again branched into two. A blinding snow storm had commenced by this time, and night was once more fast approaching.

On going about a mile and a half down one of the roads, I did not like its appearance, and returning followed the other, which I found equally unsatisfactory, as it did not much resemble the road I had travelled during the summer of last year.

I, however, endeavoured to console myself with the probability of the difference in its appearance being caused by its covering of snow. I continued to travel for some miles through a low, marshy ground, until I became quite convinced of my being in a strange part, when I returned with the intention if possible of regaining the old lumber camp before dark, and passing the night in it. Once more I was doomed to alarming and disheartening failure. The night came upon me so suddenly that I



"I CAME TO A SECOND OLD LUMBER CAMP

A BLINDING SNOW-STORM HAD COMMENCED BY THIS TIME.

lumber road, and now considered myself safe, and my journey nearly at an end, being only four miles from the settlement, but I reckoned without my host.

I followed the road for a short distance, until I came to an old lumber camp and road leading to the left, which I examined and unfortunately rejected, as it appeared to pass on a different side of the mountain to that which I knew was the proper road to take; from that moment I continued to go astray.

On travelling a little way farther, I came to a

had only time to go a little way to the right, where the ground was higher and less swampy, and take up my quarters in the shelter of some low bushes, a few branches of which I threw on the ground before lying down. I need scarcely say I was wet, cold, hungry, and much fatigued, having now continued to walk without interruption for upwards of thirty-five hours.

On lying down I got into rather a distressing sort of slumber, from which I in a short time awoke, with much pain in my limbs and back, and quite stiff with cold. I got up and walked

about, until once more overcome with fatigue, when I again lay down to endure a repetition of my sufferings. In this way I passed a dreadful night of about thirteen hours. On the morning of the 7th, as soon as it was sufficiently clear, I left my wretched couch, shivering with cold, and by no means refreshed after my fatigue. I was nevertheless in tolerable spirits, not considering myself lost, and feeling assured that within a few hours at least I should once more be in comfortable quarters.

The cravings of hunger were now becoming excessive, and not even a berry was to be seen with which I might allay them. The weather throughout had been, and still continued, appallingly dark, and the only compass then in my possession I had long considered as useless. I took off the glass, however, with the hope of repairing it, but my hands had become so benumbed with cold that the needle slipped from my fingers amongst the long grass, and I was unable, even after the most diligent search, to recover it. I now found that both roads leading from the lumber camp again united, and resolved to continue the one I had been following, under the impression that it must eventually bring me out somewhere on the Tobique. For a considerable distance it traversed a low, marshy district, where I found it very difficult to follow, being sometimes up to my knees in bitterly cold water. After a march of several hours

I came to a timber brow on a river which appeared of doubtful size for the Tobique: but as, of course, my route lay down the stream, I, under a gradual mustering of doubts and fears, continued my journey in that direction. I leave you to imagine my feelings and sufferings.

I had felt, without at that moment comprehending them, very evident symptoms of approaching weakness. I frequently heard the sound of voices quite distinctly, and stopped to listen. I whooped loudly, but not a sound

came in reply. The stream murmured on in its bed, the wind rustled mournfully amongst the leaves, or whistled shrilly through the long grass; and that was all. Everything else was as silent as the grave. In a short time after a most extraordinary illusion occurred. My attention was first attracted by distinctly hearing a tune whistled in the direction of the river, and on looking round, I saw through the trees an Indian with two squaws and a little boy. My joy at the sight may be readily conceived; their canoe, I thought, could not be far off, and I already fancied myself seated in it, and quietly gliding down the river. I halloed, but to my utter amazement not the slightest notice was



"THE INDIAN WITH FOLDED ARMS LEANT AGAINST A TREE."

taken or reply made. The Indian with folded arms leant against a tree, and still continued whistle his tune with philosophic indifference—approached, but they receded and appeared shun me; I became annoyed and persisted, in vain, in trying to attract their notice. The dreadful truth at length flashed upon my mind—it was really no more than an illusion, and one of the most perfect description. Melancholy forebodings arose. I began to wonder fearfully if I were going mad.

I turned away, retraced my steps, and endeavoured to think no more of it. I had turned my back upon the vision, but as I retreated, its accompaniment of ghostly music for some time continued to fall upon my unwilling ear like a far off death knell. A sort of mirage next appeared to me to spread over the low grounds, and so completely real was it in its effect, that frequently, when expecting to step over my boots in water, I found that I was treading upon long, dry grass. And to be convinced of the truth of this, I frequently felt with my hands. My first vision was undoubtedly the result of delirium, brought on by exhaustion; but whether the latter arose from the same cause, or from real external phenomena, I cannot well determine. I continued my toilsome journey along the alternately flat and tangled or precipitous banks of the river, which, being now swollen, left me no beach to travel upon.

I presently crossed a large brook, which, owing to my mistaking it for the Cludeli, led me to suppose myself but a very little way from the settlement, which, in reality, was upwards of twelve miles off. I had not advanced a great way farther, before I suddenly dropped down. Supposing I had merely tripped and fallen, I got up and endeavoured to continue my march, but again staggered and fell. I got up a second time, and then, leaning against a tree in the hope of recovering from what I at first imagined to be temporary indisposition, I again made several fruitless attempts to walk, until at last the appalling fact forced itself upon me that I had really lost my strength; and that, moreover, as any further exertions of my own were now impossible, my case was indeed hopeless, unless I chanced to be discovered by some of the party, who, I had no doubt, were by this time in search of me. Or, what certainly did appear improbable, some persons going up the stream to lumber might come across me.

Under the circumstances I thought it best to endeavour to regain the banks of the river; but owing to my weak and disabled condition, I could scarcely do more than drag myself along on my hands and knees, and was consequently soon overtaken by the night and a sharp frost. I took shelter behind the roots of a fallen tree, and pulled off my boots, for the purpose of pouring out the water and rendering my feet as dry as I could make them to prevent their being frozen; after which, from my feet being much swollen, I found it quite impossible to get them on again.

I lay down excessively fatigued and weak, yet other sensations of suffering, both mental and physical, kept me through another dreary night of twelve or thirteen hours in a state which some may possibly conceive, but which I must confess my utter inability to describe. There was a sharp frost during the night, against which my flimsy jacket and trousers were but a poor "protection."

On the morning of the 8th, when it was sufficiently clear, I discovered that I was not more than a hundred yards from the bank of the river.

On endeavouring to get up, I was at first unable, and found both my feet and hands frozen; the former, as far as my ankles, felt as perfectly hard and dead as if composed of stone. I succeeded, however, with a good deal of painful exertion in gaining the bank of the river, where I sat as long as I was able with my feet in the water, for the purpose, if possible, of extracting the frost. The oiled canvas haversack in which I carried my sketching case I filled with water, of which I drank freely. The dreadful gnawings of hunger had by this time rather subsided, and I felt inclined to rest. Before leaving the bank of the river I had hold of the tallest alder near, and drawing it down towards me, fastened my handkerchief as a signal to the top



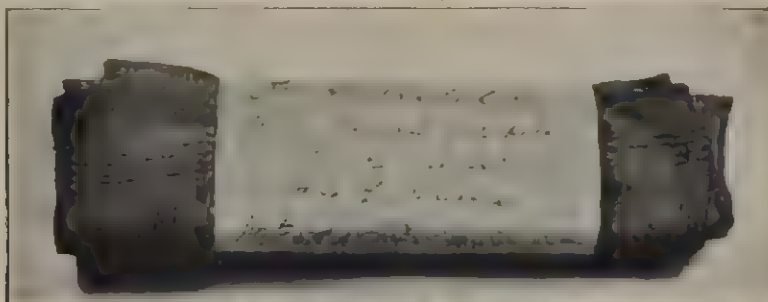
"I SAT AS LONG AS I WAS ABLE WITH MY FEET IN THE WATER."

and let go. I also scrawled a few words on two slips of paper describing my situation, and, putting each into a piece of shit stick, threw them into the stream. I next moved back a little way amongst the long grass and alders, and striving to be as calm and collected as my sufferings and weakness would allow, I addressed myself to an all-seeing and merciful God, and endeavoured to make my peace with Him, and place myself entirely at His disposal, feeling assured that, whatever the issue

growing weaker and weaker, I continued until the morning of the 10th. During the night it rained in torrents, which, although in some respects inconvenient and disagreeable, had in a great measure drawn the frost from my feet and hands, which as well as my face had become terribly swollen.

In the course of the morning I suddenly heard, or thought I heard, the sound of voices.

I raised my head a little from the ground, all I could now accomplish—and looking



THE IDENTICAL HANDKERCHIEF WITH WHICH FLUTTERING IN A TREE, LED TO THE RESCUE OF MR. GRANT.
From a Photo. by George Newman, Limited.

might be, whether for time or eternity, it would undoubtedly be for the best. I trust I was not presumptuous, but I felt perfectly calm and resigned to my fate.

I then lay down amongst the long, wet grass, having placed my papers under my head, and my haversack with some water near my side. My weakness seemed to favour the most extraordinary creations of the brain. I became surrounded, especially towards evening, with a distinct assemblage of grotesque and busy figures, with which could I have seen them under different circumstances I should have been highly amused; yet, even as it was, do I believe them to have been a great relief from the utter loneliness that must otherwise have surrounded me, as it really required an effort to establish the truth of my being alone. I passed another long and dreary night, and, from its being rather milder, had some little sleep, although of a distressing and disturbed nature, and not in the least refreshing. The morning of the 9th arrived, and I could then with difficulty support myself even on my knees. Still, after extraordinary exertions, I procured a fresh supply of water, and then lay down again. I thought, most likely, never to rise again. A violent, burning sensation in the stomach had now come on.

A few mouthfuls of water allayed this agony, but brought on violent spasms for five or ten minutes, after which I had, for a little while, comparative relief. In this state, gradually

through the alders, I saw a party of men and some horses on the opposite side of the river, and scarcely a hundred yards distant from where I lay. My surprise and joy were excessive, yet I had of late seen so many phantoms that I was quite at a loss to know for certain whether to consider it a reality or not. When at length convinced of the reality of help at hand, I discovered, alas! that both my strength and voice were so completely gone that I could neither make myself seen nor heard.

All my exertions were unavailing, and my horror and disappointment may be readily conceived at seeing the party depart again in the direction from which they had come. I had now given up all hope, and once more resigned myself to my apparently inevitable fate. Three more hours had passed, when I again thought I heard the sound of horses' feet on the bed of the river. On looking up I saw the men had returned to the same spot. My efforts to make myself heard were once more renewed, and I at last succeeded in producing a howl so munnan, as to be mistaken by them for a wolf, but on looking up the stream they saw my handkerchief fluttering, which I had fastened to the alder, and knowing me to have been missing before they left the settlement, surmised the truth, and at once rushed to my assistance. I was taken into a cabin built at the stern of the row boat, in which there was a small stove. They there made a bed for me, and covered me with blankets and rugs. They made



"THEY RISE TO MY ASSISTANCE."

a sort of "pap" with bread and sugar, which they offered me, and also some potatoes. I declined their kind offering, but begged to have a little tea, which they gave me, and then I went to sleep. The tow-boat had to continue her voyage some distance up the river, with her freight, after which we returned and got to Campbell's late in the afternoon, where I met with every kindness and attention. The house of Mr. Campbell to which I was brought was but a very ordinary log house, yet with all its simple homeliness I felt quite comfortable, seeing I was surrounded with the most perfect cleanliness. Besides, the good dame was from long experience well skilled as to the

case she had to deal with — at the same time saying mine was much the worst she had ever had under her care.

I have thus endeavoured to give an imperfect (and certainly unvarnished) sketch of my wanderings during a period of more than five days and nights, without either food, fire, or shelter from the inclemency of the weather.

My recovery was rapid, although I at first suffered a great deal both from the returning circulation in my hands and feet, and after partaking of food. I was in a few days sufficiently well to be removed down to the mouth of the River Tobique, where I found my poor wife anxiously awaiting my arrival.



MRS. GRANT, WHO RECEIVED "KAY" SEX AWAITING HIS RESCUE.
From a Photo by Webster Bros., Bayreuth.

Queer Scenes in Sumatra.

By J. STAFFORD RANSOME.

Being an outline sketch of habits and methods in Sumatra at the present day. Written from notes taken on the spot, and illustrated by some unique and beautiful photographs.



SUMATRA, tobacco and pepper take the place of international politics, and the few decipherable Dutch journals published in this place attach far more importance to the price which a certain crop of "Sumatra leaf" has fetched in the Amsterdam market, than they would to a telegram from the infallible Reuter, stating that the whole of the rest of the world had been sunk to the bottom of the sea. Truly, in Sumatra, as in their own country, the Dutch have solved the difficult problem of combining commercial prosperity with political insignificance.

It is difficult to appreciate that once upon a time, in the Far East, as in Europe, the Dutch were our keenest business competitors and our most relentless political foes. But such was undoubtedly the case; for, in the somewhat remote past, they were continually and successfully checking British enterprise by every possible means, and in effecting their object were in various instances more or less directly responsible for the massacring of English communities and individuals not only in the Malay Archipelago, but in Japan, China, and Ceylon.

Little, very little, has been written about Sumatra in the English language, at all events; and yet it is one of the most beautiful islands in the world, replete with interest alike to the naturalist, the scientist, the sportsman, and the man of industrial proclivities. The anthropologist has food here for everlasting study; for of all the mixed communities of the much-mixed East,

Sumatra, within its area of 170,000 square miles, offers a more varied object-lesson in inter-racial complications than probably any other locality of its size in the world. Its population, said to amount to about 3,000,000, is made up of Malays, Javanese, Klings, Bittaks, Achinese, Dyaks, Papuans, Chinese, Moors, and a host of other races; and, of course, an infinite variety of cross-breeds between them all. Then, again, there is the white and partially white community, mainly composed of Dutch, with many Germans, a handful of English men, possibly from 200 to 300, and a few



From a photograph taken in a tree near an Ayer's Head. (Photo. by J. Stafford Ransome.)

odd representatives of almost every European nation.

I had left the world of to-day suddenly behind me, and during most of my stay in the island I was practically out of the range of telegrams and letters, which form the bane of the journalist's existence. Here, at all events, international questions, as the world knows them, were of no interest. But Sumatra is not without politics of its own, with its native sultans, its cannibals, its tolerated slavery, its bonded labour which amounts to much the

this island is nearly twice as big as England and Scotland put together!

On arriving at the port of Belawan, one takes a very Dutch looking train, in a very Dutch looking station, and presided over by officials who are very Dutch-looking in the distance, as their uniforms are like those one sees at Amsterdam. On a close inspection of their faces, however, they are found to present a variety of shades of colour, from *café-au-lait* down to a black which is so intense as to have almost a violet tinge in it. As the train leaves the station one is suddenly



[Color 4]

A ROAD THROUGH THE GREAT SUMATRAN JUNGLE.

[Photo]

same thing; and, above all, its twenty-five years' war still going on, and likely to continue *ad infinitum* regularly and steadily without enthusiasm, without solution, and without newspaper correspondents. But these are purely local matters, and news of them scarcely ever reaches the outer world. When, from time to time, we hear vague echoes as to what is going on in the island, they arouse hardly any interest, for Sumatra is one of those many interesting places in the wide world whose very existence most people (with the exception of stamp collectors) have got into the habit of ignoring. And yet

plunged into a dense jungle, the growth of which is so rapid that, if left to itself, it would completely obliterate the railway track *in a couple of months*.

For some time the train runs through a terribly malarious swamp, where crocodiles, snakes, and a variety of unhealthy looking reptiles which appreciate mud-and-water existence can be seen, sometimes within a few yards of the carriage window; and the trees are lined with monkeys.

The illustration on the preceding page affords a means of appreciating the rapid growth of the

jungle, as it represents a site on which a road is to be made, with a road cutters' hut perched at a considerable elevation up a tree, for the purpose of lessening the chances of fever, and of avoiding the promiscuous visits of such wild beasts as cannot climb. It will be seen that the undergrowth already spreads right across the recently made clearance.

The second illustration is that of a representative jungle road of this country, with buffalo carts finding their way to the port. This picture shows to considerable advantage the tall and graceful "Twalungs," or bectrees, which form so prominent a feature in Sumatran forest scenery.

Most of the Englishmen in this island are tobacco planters and live up country; and when I arrived at Medan, after an hour in the train, I found that there was only one British resident in that place, although it is the Dutch capital. However, there were plenty of Dutch men there who spoke English.

Of Medan, one can say that the hotel accommodation and service are better than in any of the Far Eastern British Colonies. In fact, the coolies throughout the Dutch East

Indies are the only ones who treat the white man with any semblance of respect at the present day, in this part of the world.

One need not, however, linger in Medan, which at the best can only be described as a very mediocre place, though beautiful enough. For in Sumatra the tropical luxuriance is so plentiful and persistent, that the hand of man has been unable to make even the modern oil factories look hideous.

Of sport in this part of the world a great deal might be written, as the Dutch, not being as a nation of a very sporting turn of mind, have neglected to record much that has been done there. Some of them, however, are assiduous enough in following up a variety of the game that is available.

Among the smaller animals may be mentioned porcupines, squirrels, hedgehogs, sloths, a small species of deer hardly larger than a good sized fox terrier, and a variety of bats. The feathered world is represented by storks, kites, crows, and most of the smaller birds of prey; pheasants and all sorts of fowl are also pretty numerous. The sea surrounding Sumatra is very prolific in fish, and on the shore turtles abound.



[Front.]

A DUTCH HUNTING PARTY. NOTICE THE MAN WITHIN THE TIGER'S GRASP.

[Photo.]



From a]

UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH OF A HUGE TIGER CAUGHT ALIVE IN A TRAP SET IN THE JUNGLE.

[Photo

Among the larger animals in Sumatra may be mentioned the elephant, tiger, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, bear, buffalo, orang-outang and other large monkeys; and a variety of very big wild cats. Nor must we omit to mention the crocodile and a great assortment of snakes.

The tiger is plentiful in many parts; and the illustration of one of these animals which has just been shot by a Dutch party, and is seen with the recumbent figure of a native within his grasp, serves to give an idea of the size to which these attain. But perhaps the most interesting tiger picture that has ever been recorded by the camera is that which shows an enormous man-eater caught in a trap. This is in no sense a doctored photograph, nor is the tiger a dead or stuffed specimen. He is in very truth a huge and dangerous man-eater, here seen caught like a rat.

The system of tiger trapping in Sumatra is extremely interesting, and is clearly demonstrated by this photo. In the present instance two traps were used, one of which consists of a strong bamboo structure, some 12 ft. or 14 ft. in length, and only just wide enough to allow of the tiger entering. Consequently, when once in he cannot conveniently turn round. One end only of this structure is left open, and inside it, and at the far end, a decoy animal—usually a goat—is placed. The moment the tiger enters, a simple mechanism closes the trap, and he is held a prisoner. But the tiger is proverbially of a wary and suspicious nature; so, to make assurance doubly sure, and as the decoy trap sometimes hangs fire, the natives use in conjunction with it an enormous spring gin, which is nothing more or less

a glorified rat trap. This is set close to the entrance of the decoy trap, and is partially hidden among the undergrowth, having been first made fast to a neighbouring tree by means of a formidable chain. Should the tiger be suspicious of foul play, and prowl about the entrance of the structural trap before going in, the chances are that he will wander into and be caught in the gin, thus exemplifying in a queer way the proverb that "he who hesitates is lost." Such was the fate of the tiger in the picture.

The swarthy gentleman in a fez, who has shot the elephant in the picture, and can be seen sitting triumphantly on the knee of his dead quarry, is a native professional huntsman of great renown out here. He has from time to time been of the greatest use to the would-be "shootists" before mentioned, for, being of a practical mind, he has ever been open to take the novice out after elephant for a fixed and very moderate sum. He is also prepared to guarantee him a "find," and even to shoot the beast for him, if the



From a

AN ELEPHANT THAT HAS BEEN SHOT IN THE JUNGLE

of A. G.

Should a tiger thus caught, in the violence of his struggles, succeed in dragging his trap away from its moorings, he cannot do so for any great distance, as the nature of the anchor or grappling iron shown in the illustration, and attached to the end of the chain, would cause it to catch in some projecting object at every step of his way.

The next illustration depicts an elephant which has been shot by natives. Many Europeans who come to Sumatra are fired with the ambition of becoming "big game hunters" at short notice, without too much of the fatigue and patience which are usually requisite in the *bona fide* sportsman.

an amateur hunter is not man enough to do it himself, as is often the case.

In the good old days the natives were in the habit of killing their elephants by means of poison; but although the Dutch have not sufficient control in many parts of their territory to protect the elephant so strictly as we do in our own Colonies, this very barbarous method is not so much heard of at the present day. The temptation to the savage tusk-hunter to use poison is naturally very great, as it obviates the many dangers incurred in driving, and the troublesome work that must be undergone in shooting these huge brutes, even when one is

well equipped. But a savage who lives from hand to mouth does not study the question of the useless slaughtering of female elephants and calves necessarily entailed by the poisoning process.

I have been told indignantly by Dutchmen that cannibalism and slavery did not exist in Sumatra, and by others that, if they did, they were not tolerated by the Government. However, that Sumatra holds both cannibals and slaves, even in the territory which is officially under Dutch control, is a notorious fact; so much so that the most hopeful description which a very optimistic and modern Dutch writer can find to give of the present state of affairs is only to the effect that "the rising generation begins to refrain from it." And the same writer goes on to give an account of the official returns of the tolerated slaves.

Early English writers used to tell very vivid tales to the effect that the aborigines of Sumatra, who lived in the mountains, were possessed of bodies covered with hair, like monkeys speaking a peculiar language, shunning the society of the rest of mankind, and living solely on the natural produce of the woods. They doubtless still keep up their exclusive tastes, for I have never met anyone who has ever seen people of this class in the island.

The Battak tribes are the cannibals, and live mostly in central Sumatra, around Lake Toba, on an elevated tableland 4,000ft. above sea level. They inhabit weird, picturesque villages, the entrance to one of which is depicted in the accompanying illustration. These villages are strongly hedged round with bamboo, and are often surrounded by moats.

The Battaks, though warlike and dangerous among themselves and to the people with whom they are in the habit of fighting, seldom give any trouble to the Dutch authorities. Possibly this is because they meet with no serious opposition in carrying on their man-eating and their slavery.

Though supposed to be subdued by their white conquerors, these curious people do not recognise any particular form of government, except their own rough and ready system. Each village makes its own laws; and



(Facing)

A VILLAGE OF CANNIBAL BATAKS

(Back)

these, strange to say, are not laid down by a despotic chief, as is so often the case among savage tribes, for they base their laws on democratic principles. In all Battak villages there is a large central hut, which serves the combined purposes of court of justice, house of parliament, municipal council, society club, and free lodging house for the unmarried men. Among the many curious customs of this people is that of worshipping a particular kind of sacred jar or pot, called a "Balanza," which is supposed to secure for the owner prolific crops, fortune in love and war, plenty of food, and to ward off evil spirits and sickness. These jars are supposed to be made by "the God of the Moon," and from the same materials as those employed for making the sun and minor constellations. Under the circumstances one cannot marvel that they are much sought after and somewhat high in price.

The cannibalism of the Battaks chiefly consists in eating selected portions of their

enemies and of their old people. With regard to the latter, the brain and the heart are the organs in request. The idea being, "My father was a doughty warrior, and a wise man"; or, "My mother was a beautiful woman, and brought into the world many healthy children, therefore, if I consume these portions of their bodies which were the seats of their intelligence and virtue, I shall become endowed with their excellent qualities." Truly a somewhat gruesome form of logic, and a weird method of demonstrating filial respect.

The Battak men are practically useless for any civilized purposes, except that they are great horse breeders. When not fighting they are surprisingly indolent, and the women do all the work. Strangely enough, the women have a great influence in the councils and policy of the "nation."

The Achinese, however, who are said to be of Moorish descent, are the people who have troubled the authorities in Sumatra more than all the others put together. They are fierce and lawless, and the Dutch, after their protracted quarter-of-a-century war, have been unable to subdue or control them. As the war is still going on, it would be wrong to say that the Dutch have given up the hope of subduing them as a bad job. But for years the Dutch have adopted the policy of bottling up the Achinese in their own particular end of the island, with more or less success. In their territory of 22,000 square miles, however, the Achinese do precisely what they like, and the Dutch hold the frontier with a heavy force of military and a series of forts, connected by a line of railway with bullet-proof rolling stock.

The trains on this strategical railway are often fired at, and there are continually engagements between the Dutch troops and the Achinese. The mortality on both sides is very considerable, and Holland has to pay an annual heavy bill in blood and money for carrying on a war which never seems to get "any forrarder." From time to time the Achinese break through the Dutch lines, and generally run amuck among the other tribes, sometimes even reaching the pre-

cincts of the peaceful European planters. As a rule, however, these raids are promptly suppressed. The Achinese are by far the finest-looking race in the island. One of the illustrations here reproduced shows a Dutch military outpost, fixed in a solitary tree, for a considerable distance round which the jungle



FIGURE 11. DUTCH MILITARY OUTPOST PERCHED IN A TREE. (Photo.)

has been cleared. Here the Dutch sentry stands on the look out for the savage foe.

For look out and point of vantage purposes, elevated platforms are used, and it will be noticed that the approach to the ladder leading up to these is protected by intertwined threads, stretched between upright rods, at about 18 in. off the ground, for the purpose of entangling the feet of any enemy approaching stealthily by night.

In spite of the fact that the Acheen coastline is constantly patrolled by Dutch gunboats, the Achinese carry on a considerable trade with

the Malay Peninsula, and enterprising German firms keep them well supplied with arms and ammunition. They readily recognise the difference between the flags of various nations, and are perfectly friendly with English traders.

It is said that some time ago two enterprising Englishmen made an offer to the Dutch Government to quiet this country and put an end to this expensive and ineffectual war in six months, for a given sum of money. How they proposed

In turning from savagery and warfare to the more peaceful but hardly less interesting subjects—namely, those industries which have made Sumatra one of the most thriving industrial colonies owned by any European Power—it is well to recapitulate some of Nature's gifts in the vegetable and mineral way to this prolific island. Tobacco, pepper, camphor, nutmegs, rice, cloves, and gutta-percha may be mentioned among the former; while gold, copper, tin,



From a)

HOW THE JUNGLE IS CLEARED FOR THE PLANTING OF TOBACCO.

(Photo.

to do this did not transpire; but, anyhow, the Dutch did not jump at their offer.

When trade is done in the interior with the Achinese—that is to say, otherwise than absolutely on the coast-line—the method adopted is for these latter to deposit a certain amount of gold dust in a given locality; and the trader comes and collects it, leaving in its place a quantity of goods which he considers to be an equivalent in value. If either side is dissatisfied with his bargain, he leaves a smaller amount on the next occasion.

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sulphur, and coal are a few of the latter. Of late, too, the oil industry has taken such rapid development, that it seems likely to knock out, to a great extent, both Russian and American oil in the Far Eastern markets.

Of the agricultural enterprises, tobacco planting holds the first place, and at all events as seen in Sumatra it is probably the most picturesque industry in the world.

This will be appreciated by the set of impressive photographs referring to the subject. The first operation is the clearing of the jungle,



which is a terribly costly and laborious undertaking. When the ground has been laid as bare as possible, by felling trees and judiciously firing the undergrowth in places (as seen in our photo.), the whole area has next to be ploughed over by buffalo teams. This process also is represented in the next illustration. This clearing of the jungle is a continuous process, for after tobacco has been grown for one year in

a place, it is necessary that the ground should be fallow for eight or ten years afterwards. Consequently, a planter's estate must be at least eight or ten times the size of the area which at any given time is under cultivation, and every year the planter must clear jungle to an extent equal to his cultivated area. When the ploughing has been done, the land must then be thoroughly drained, and the expense and skill



From 101

CUTTING A TROUGH ALONG THE FRONTIER OF THE JUNGLE



FROM A

VIEW OF AN IMMENSE RUBBER PLANTATION IN SUMATRA.—THE TREES ARE ABOUT A HUNDRED OLD

[1896]

entailed by this are exemplified by the photograph of canal cutting for drainage purposes which is next given. These canals and smaller tributaries intersect the entire property.

The tobacco seed is sown in the spring, and

for shipment on the river in native lighters which will take it to Belawan, whence it will find its way to all sorts of countries, and be treated by modern machinery amidst prosaic surroundings, eventually to be smoked



[Caption]

THE SUMATRA TOBACCO PLANT, AS SEEN TO AND A HAND CUTTING

[Caption]

carefully nurtured through its infantile stages under matting, to shield it from an overdose of sun. When it has reached a certain development the young shoots are planted in equidistant lines. One of the illustrations shows a tobacco field thus planted after about a month's growth, and the next photograph represents a field with the tobacco plants arrived at maturity, one month and a half later on. This is usually about the end of June.

After the tobacco has been gathered, the leaves are dried in enormous sheds. These sheds, the skeleton of one of which, in course of construction, is illustrated, and which are perfect works of art in wood, bamboo, and matting, are provided all round their sides with adjustable mats for regulating the air supply so as to insure perfect drying. In the same photograph is seen a group of Kling coolies, whose business it is to build these structures and mow roads.

As this article has to do with the picturesque, I need not deal with the storing, pressing, sorting, and packing of the tobacco. Lastly, one sees the bales of packed tobacco arriving in the inevitable and ubiquitous buffalo waggon,

by men who have but little idea as to how or where it was cultivated. For the Sumatran tobacco soon loses its identity, and I have often smiled at the man who states that by merely examining the outside of a cigar he can tell whether it is a genuine Havana or a spurious imitation. For "Sumatra leaf," though never used to make a whole cigar, is on account of its beauty and regularity employed as an outside covering on most of the better class kinds, as well as many of the common cigars which are smoked all over the world, whether they are ostentatiously "Havana," "Manila," "American," or "German."

One of the things that greatly impresses the visitor to the Dutch East Indies is the difference between the manner in which society is conducted there and the methods in vogue in the British Colonies in the Far East. In the latter communities the half-white and half-something else person is practically an outcast. For the real natives despise him, and the white man will not recognize him so fully. In the Dutch Colonies the half-bast rules the roost, for the pure-blooded native has not the rights of a

white man, and the law is very severe with him. Whereas, anyone who can be supposed to have even a much diluted strain of white blood in him becomes, legally speaking, a white man; and this has a weird effect on social intercourse.

Truly Sumatra should be the paradise of the half-caste: for there a man who is seven-eighths Papuan nigger and one eighth Cretan, or, let us say, one who may be mostly a mixture of Kling and ex-cannibal Batak, with a dash of white blood acquired from an ancestor who was, say, a Vladivostock Jew, is as good as the most reputable Dutchman—indeed, as his behaviour clearly indicates, vastly superior. No doubt such a state of affairs has been brought about by the inclination of the Dutch to legally marry native women, with the result that there are many more half-castes at the present day than there are *bona-fide* white Dutchmen in this part

of the world. And now that the half-caste so far outbalances the real white man, the Dutch have to keep on good terms with him, and even to treat him with profound respect: because, were he to throw in his lot with the restless and often hostile tribes, the present authorities would find their position altogether untenable.

Yet Dutch Colonial law works out in many respects better than our own, and is eminently suited to the peculiar conditions of the place, though sometimes its methods might seem to clash with the ordinary ideas of modern civilization. Englishmen living in Sumatra maintain that, were British Colonial legislation in vogue in that island, they could not possibly carry on their industrial enterprises.

Yes, Sumatra, in spite of its bumptious and often offensive half-castes, and its truly abominable climate, is distinctly a good place to go to. An excellent place to visit—but not to live in.



[1891-2]

SECTION OF DRYING MUD, WITH KLING COOLIES MAKING ROADS THROUGH THE ESTATE

[Photo]

Washing-Day in India.

By VIDYA SAGAR.

This article is of interest to all particularly house-wives. It describes and illustrates by means of photographs how the men do the washing or rather ruin it in India.

INDIAN dhobies which in plain English means "washermen"—are a national institution. They are unique in their ways, and the likes of them are not to be found in any other part of the world, either as males or females. They do things with a delightful simplicity that would arouse the demon of envy in the hearts of all steamed scorched, suds smeared British laundresses. Working chiefly in the open air amidst

The *modus operandi* is simple throughout. In our first photograph we see these men collecting the washing from house to house in large bundles. Each bundle usually represents a separate family, though in the case of very small bundles they are generally lumped together in a larger one. Consequently, one would imagine that a hopeless mixture must ensue among the several belongings of these small families. It is no use marking your name



PHOBIES, OR INDIAN WASHERMEN, COLLECTING THE WASHING.
Photo by Bennett & Shepherd, Calcutta.

the most picturesque surroundings, they are generally a healthy lot, and have never that jaded, aged appearance that is the inevitable consequence of the pent up, stuffy, steamy laundries of more civilized countries. Machinery they know nothing of; and as for soap, they have a very primitive, hazy notion about it. They rely chiefly on muscular action, aided by a plentiful supply of water, to produce the cleansing effect—and very startling that result is, barring certain unfortunate accidents in the shape of enlarged holes and smashed-up buttons that invariably dog their benevolent purposes. But more of that presently.

on the linen, as the dhobies won't understand it; and we know from sad experience, even in Christian countries, that it requires a very honest neighbour to return your favourite silk handkerchief that he has got hold of by mistake. (Curious how people who are beyond reproach in all other matters tamper with their conscience in the matter of good silk handkerchiefs. I speak feelingly on the subject—and wash all these things at home in a basin.)

But, then, the Indian dhobie takes precautions to avoid such *contrabands* amongst his customers. He marks the belongings of each family with mysterious signs, much like Morse's code, which

are intelligible to him alone. These enable him to identify each family when delivering the washing. As for the separate property of the different members thereof, that is their own look out. If you don't want to choke yourself with your younger brother's collar, mark your own with your initials — merely for your personal safety, and not for the benefit of the dhobie.

Having, then, got the washing together, the dhobies proceed to place them all in a lump in a deep trough of water. They mix with it a little native soap, the primitive composition of which would probably incur the unbounded contempt of every European soap-manufacturer.



Photo by

"A BIG WASH."

Horne & Shepherd, Calcutta.

Above the trough is placed a wooden cross-bar (shown in the second photo.), to which the dhobies hold on while treading the clothes with alternate feet. The effect of such treatment is to squash up the clothes into a soft condition,

and squash out much of the water, we shall call it the foreign matter that does not legitimately belong to them. The water in the trough is repeatedly replaced, and the process of treading goes on till the clothes begin to assume, if not an immaculate appearance, at least a faint resemblance to their pristine hue.

Then the clothes are taken out of the trough and carried to the washing-pool (the third



WASHING THE CLOTHES IN THE TROUGH BY MEANS OF THE FEET.

Photo. by Horne & Shepherd, Calcutta.

photo.) Putting out into the water are a number of inclined serrated boards, at each of which is seen a dhobie at work. The way he proceeds is this: He lays hold of the extreme end, say, of your unmentionables, and dips it into the pool till it is well soaked. Then suddenly the very demon of ferocity seems to possess his soul. Whirling the unhappy garment round his head, he brings it down with a murderous bang on the crinkled board. Out flies a button off the miserable object of his anger (and perhaps hits the grinning woman in front in the eye). But he doesn't care the

crinkled board, as shown in our next photo. Here the result is wonderful, and the stone itself, after a few years' operation, becomes a smoother and a flatter being, and is licked out of all its ancient roughness.

The clothes are now spread out to dry on the grass, or on clothes-lines, and then taken home to be starched and ironed.

Of course, there are dhobies and dhobies. The common sort—that is, the destructive sort—do things cheaply; their charges are, for families, Rs. 3 for 100 pieces, the pieces being independent of size, so that a tiny handkerchief and



(Photo.) THE WASHING POOL AT BHOWANIPUR, SOUTH OF CALCUTTA. (Photo.)

flying button, for the matter of that. He dips the garment again in the pool, and bangs away with relentless fury.

Then, perhaps, he varies the performance a bit by laying the garment in a heap, and squashing it, flinging it, rolling it, all along the crinkled board. This energetic proceeding goes on till not a button is left, sound or unsound. That seems to indicate to his satisfaction that the washing is quite done: in fact, it is the meter by which he gauges the pure and unalloyed condition of the garment. That it has now suddenly resumed its pristine whiteness is a sort of a miraculous accident, mysteriously connected with the disappearance of the buttons, which does not affect his equanimity in the least. The buttons are gone: his work is done. More than that he does not care—the combined buttons, so to speak. When the dhobie is seized with a special malice, and determines to effect a maximum dilapidation, he chooses a hard flat stone in preference to the

a large table cloth count alike as one piece. Since this amounts to about a halfpenny per piece in English money, there is nothing to grumble at it in the dhobies' hands the pieces have a tendency well to become more pieces. To guard against such contingencies one ought to employ a special class of dhobies, called *pinwallahs*. These are a sort of expert dhobies who do, say, a gentleman's shirt for 2d., or a lady's muslin frock for 4d. That is cheap enough, especially as in the latter case there is plenty of careful work required in ironing, frilling, etc. (I put the "etc.," because, being a mere male thing, I don't know what mysterious manipulations a muslin frock *does* require.)

There is another advantage in employing pinwallahs instead of the commoner sort of dhobies. Our last photograph represents a washing-pool at Bhowanipur, south of Calcutta. Well, this pool, like many another in different parts of the country, is very shallow and de-



[from a]

GREAT WASHING POOL AT DHUWAPUR, SOUTH OF CALCUTTA.

[photo.]

pendent entirely on the rains for its supply of water. Now, we are told by scientists of the existence of microbes in pretty nearly everything. We simply can't get away from them. If that be true, then these still water pools must contain all the several microbes in creation, and unless in their mutual struggle for existence they kill one another off—as probably they do, for otherwise India should have been a howling desert ere this—the clothes washed in such pools must be infected with all the ailments known to the medical fraternity (barring, perhaps, “housemaid’s knee,” which, I am told by a competent authority, is the sole disease that is *not* caused by a microbe). Well, then, if people in India are afraid of microbes they ought to employ pinwallahs to do all their washings. These generally use filtered water for their work, and good English soap, instead of the mere banging, thumping, whacking, and pun-melling of their inferior brethren.

The sole objection to pinwallahs is that they take no end of time to do their work. A fort-

night is nothing uncommon with them. On the other hand, port dhobies—by which I mean a class of dhobies who work in Indian ports—are a perfect marvel of speed. It is quite the usual thing when a vessel touches, say, at Madras, at 9 a.m. to take in coal, and then depart at 3 p.m., for a dhobie to board the vessel and offer to wash all the passengers’ linen within the six hours!

Of course, in the hurry and scurry, the clothes are liable to be mixed up a bit, and the passengers ought not to take delivery just at the last minute before they have time to identify each piece. There is a story told (how far true, I know not) of a certain passenger, a lady of Amazonian proportions, who merely counted the pieces without closely examining them. As fate would have it, there was a male passenger who did likewise with regard to a certain pair of stockings. Well or hem—on second thoughts I had better not say any more. History has failed to record their words when the mutual restoration was effected.

Entombed in a Cave.

By L. H. EISENMANN, OF VIENNA.

An enthralling narrative, specially compiled in Vienna. How practically the whole resources of the Austro-Hungarian Empire had to be brought into play to effect the release of a party of cave explorers, who were imprisoned by the rising of the river that flowed into the mouth of the cave.



AUSTRIA is, probably, richer than any other country in Europe in extensive caves, hidden away in the interior of the mountains.

At Graz, the capital of Styria, since the beginning of the nineties, there have been two rival societies for cave exploring. In



DR. JOHANNES LUTSCH, LEADER OF THE CAVE EXPLORERS.

the month of April, 1894, a violent news paper war was carried on in that town concerning the exploration of the Lurloch, a cavern in the neighbourhood, each association claiming the right of priority for itself. Consequently the immediate object of each society was to penetrate as quickly as possible into the interior of the Lurloch, in order to obtain an entrance for that purpose, and, naturally, April 18th, 1894, was the day of the Association of Cave Explorers, and the first of the Lurloch, despite the inclemency of the weather. The leader of the expedition was the chairman of the club, Herr Joseph Lutsch, whose portrait is here reproduced. He was the driving spirit of the society, and the others were all the readers of the book, as he was a man who would not admit any secondary position.

His companions were Karl Zweier, a bookseller, twenty-nine years old; the artist, Karl Kurz, aged twenty-eight, who was wont to make sketches of the caves he visited; the artisan, Franz Maier, aged twenty, and the two journey men saddlers, Karl Oswald, twenty-one, and Anton Fockmann, a year younger. Besides these there was Rudolf Hault, a school boy of fifteen, who had filled his head with Jules Verne's fantastic stories, and who coaxed Herr Fasching until the latter agreed to let him go with the party. With childish delight the lad looked forward to the adventures he expected to have in the cave, but he little dreamt of what really awaited him in those gloomy depths.

The explorers, when starting for the Lurloch, wore ordinary tourist dress, and took with them provisions barely enough for one day, while the box had only a couple of slices of bread, some apples, and a few scraps of ham. The party also took with them a plan of the grotto discovered a fortnight before, and a diploma which they intended sticking up in the dark cave in order to announce to posterity—but still more to their contemporaries—that it was they who opened up the Lurloch.

Thus equipped, and in high spirits, these seven persons left Graz in the evening by train for Peggau, a few stations to the north. Arrived there they immediately started for the village of Seumach, which is depicted in the accompanying photograph. Leading from the village



is a valley three miles long to the perpendicular side of the Schœckel, which mountain is 1,437 mètres high and celebrated for its magnificent view. The valley through which the Semriachbach flows gets narrower and narrower as it approaches the precipitous Schœckel, till at last the brook rushes with great force through a narrow gorge. Not finding an outlet, the stream in the course of ages made itself a bed right through the side of the Schœckel.

Now, in the ordinary way it is a very harmless streamlet, but in times of great rains it swells enormously, since all the water in the neighbourhood runs into it. At the spot where the river enters the rocky wall, just above the surface of the water, is a semi-circular black yawning gulf forming the

the rocks. At that spot begins a funnel, sloping upwards about 30ft., and leading into the first of the inner caves of the Lurloch, which were discovered on April 15th, 1894, by members of the club previously mentioned. These caves were the immediate goal of our "explorers," who hoped to be able to find new cavities leading thence. The sketch at the top of the next page gives a section of this part of the mountain containing the caves, and shows which way the expedition had to take.

It was at half-past two in the morning of Sunday that the party reached the entrance of the Lurloch. The night being starlit, they could observe, on the way down the valley from the village of Semriach, that the water in the brook

was unusually high; and had they been prudent that alone would have induced them to postpone their enterprise. The thought, however, of being outstripped by the rival association urged them on, and made them cast caution to the night wind. The first hall was reached without difficulty, but in the canal leading to the funnel the water almost reached up to their chins. Here they neglected the necessary precaution of leaving a sentinel behind to warn them in case the water should rise still higher. All seven of the party crept on into the first of the inner halls,



From a Drawing

THE ENTRANCE TO THE LURLOCH CAVES.

[made on the spot.]

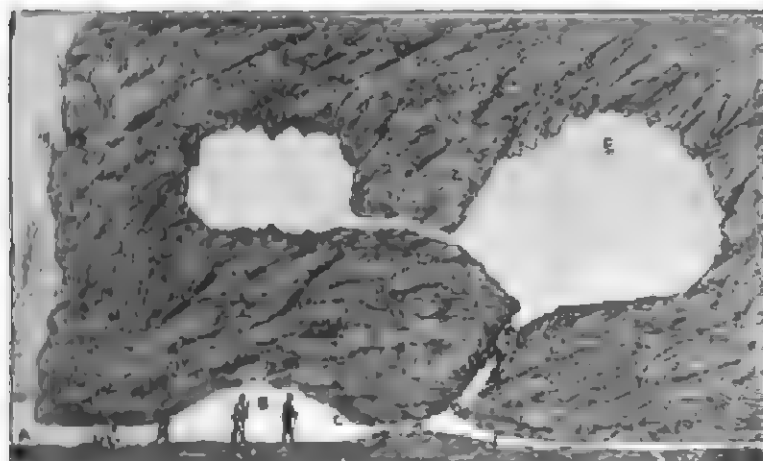
chief entrance to the Lurloch Caves. Rushing and roaring, the Semriachbach disappears into the cave as seen in our next illustration. The roof of this cavity presently becomes so low that a man wanting to go through must stoop, and indeed in places crawl upon his hands and knees. After a few more paces, however, the rocky roof rises and widens into quite a spacious hall, which has been known for years, and is about 100 paces long.

There is a hall opposite the entrance, and the brook here widens out in a sort of basin. In the extreme background above the level of the water can be perceived an opening, leading into a very narrow canal some 20ft. long, but which is so low that to get through it is necessary to crawl along in the water. If the water be at all high, it is altogether impossible to get through this canal—at the end of which, by the way, the brook disappears in a cleft in

which they named the Foelzmann Cave, after one of their number, he having discovered it a fortnight before.

Now, while the expedition were at work below, very heavy rains were falling, and the brook, usually so insignificant, grew to a roaring torrent, completely filling the horizontal canal, and partly also the funnel leading to the inner caves. And not alone so, but the stream carried with it huge trunks of trees and *débris*, which still more effectually blocked up the only way out of the cave, and effectually cut the expedition off from the outer world.

On that Sunday evening, when the members of the expedition did not return at the appointed time to their friends at Graz, these latter naturally became very anxious concerning them. Next morning anxiety deepened into real alarm, and many relatives of the party hurried off to Semriach. Of course, the authorities were



PLAN OF THE TURLACH CAVES.
A. The Entrance. B. The First "Hall." C. Narrow Passage leading to the "Fork." D. The Tunnel. E. The Great Furlmann Cave, in which the party were entombed. F. Where the Stream disappears in the rock.

informed that something was amiss. At Semriach, where the explorers spent some time at an inn on the Saturday night, the people thought it strange that none had been seen returning, but thought they might have gone back another way. But when simultaneously the excited relatives and a rescue party arrived from Graz, all Semriach hurried to the Turlach to help to deliver the prisoners from their dreadful situation. Some brave men tried to obtain entrance to the caves, but found it physically impossible to get through the roaring and dangerous torrent. Next the firemen, hearing of what had happened, came with shovels in order to divert the waters by means of a dam. Soon, however, it was seen that that was useless, as it still rained in torrents, and the waters rose with overwhelming rapidity.

Equally fruitless were the attempts to communicate with those in the cave by means of electric signals. Then it seemed as if every resource had been exhausted, and that evening, when the people of Semriach went home most of them were convinced that nothing but an immediate change of weather could save the lives of those entombed in the Turlach Caves. Late in the evening, at the suggestion of the Chaplain, the parish priest, a wooden box, full of food and candles, was thrown into the brook, but who could have it would be carried to the spot or what it was desired.

On the Friday an attempt was made to communicate with those entombed in the cave by the telephone. But the same evening, as the stormy waters would have made it impossible, even if it had been possible to get the telephone to them. That day another box full

of food attached to a rope was intrusted to the swollen torrent, in the hope that it might be carried into the cave; but it was afterwards found that the rope had broken, and the box stuck among the stones. A barrel, containing wine and five tins of provisions and candles, was next tried, but had no better luck. Thus every attempt to supply the imprisoned explorers failed. A diver had, meanwhile, been telegraphed for from Trieste, and great things were expected from his work. After putting on his heavy dress, he entered

the cave and proceeded cautiously, partly lying on his back, and partly pushing himself along. With the greatest confidence those outside awaited the results of his exertions. But after a very few minutes a signal of distress was received from the inside, and the diver was dragged out above ground. On unscrewing the glass of the eye-hole they found the man insensible and convulsively gasping for breath. After lying in the fresh air for some time he was able to tell them that his air-tube had got bent in the cave, which prevented his breathing. Nevertheless, he expressed his willingness to make another attempt to remove the obstructing tree trunks and masses of debris. But after another few minutes of frantic effort he had to be drawn out again. The brave fellow made a few more vain attempts, and was then obliged to declare it was utterly impossible for him to enter the narrow channel in his cumbrous diver's dress. He then took off his helmet and shoes and penetrated a long way, being assisted by two other brave men, who, after undressing, waded through the bitterly cold rushing water up to their chests. For two hours these three men remained at work, and succeeded in loosening no fewer than eighteen trunks of trees, which were then drawn out with ropes. But then, still finding themselves face to face with great numbers of logs, stone blocks and the beams of a bridge, they were reluctantly compelled to admit that there was not the faintest prospect of their succeeding in the work of rescue.

But disappointment was depicted in the faces of the sympathetic crowd, while utter despair took possession of the wives and parents of the unfortunate captives.

The next proposal was to blast a passage in the rock. But it was soon abandoned, as a specialist feared that the fragments might completely block up the passage of the water, thus causing it to fill the cave to the roof and drown all who were in it.

Then once more it was proposed to build a number of embankments which should partly dam up the water and partly draw it off. Hundreds of people lent a willing hand. The Graz firemen, the First Aid Society, hands from the neighbouring factories, miners, and peasants—all were uniting in their efforts to erect dams. The engineers most positively declared that the water would be kept back for an hour or an hour and a half. During that time several men were to enter the dry cave and complete the work of rescue. Two members of the rival association, whose heroic courage can hardly be sufficiently acknowledged, volunteered, at the moment when a shot should announce the closing of the dams, to make their way in and attempt to reach the prisoners. It must be remembered that the bursting of the dams while the men were at work

would have meant certain death to them. It was presently announced that the embankments would be completed on Wednesday evening. The two rescuers attached long ropes to their waists and tied the other ends to trees, and then waited for the signal. On each side of the thundering torrent stood hundreds of persons in a state of the utmost nervous suspense. At last, at five o'clock, the long-expected shot was

heard, and instantly the two men rushed into the mouth of the cave in order not to lose one of the precious moments. In breathless anxiety the water was watched, but somehow it did not fall. Soon the superintendent of the dam came running up breathlessly, saying *the signal had been given by mistake*, and that the dams could not possibly be finished till the next day. Was there ever such an amazing situation?

The very elements seemed to conspire against the saving of the seven unfortunates. For,

whereas on Wednesday the water had fallen so that one could get into the large hall, though no farther, on account of the huge logs of wood which blocked up the horizontal channel, on Thursday the rains recommenced with disheartening and appalling vigour.

The scenes enacted before the entrance to the cave were really terrible. The wives and children of those entombed wrung their hands with grief, and fell upon their knees, praying and imploring the rescuers to save their loved ones. One mother, whose son was among the captive explorers, actually went mad with excitement and sorrow, and had to be taken forthwith to an

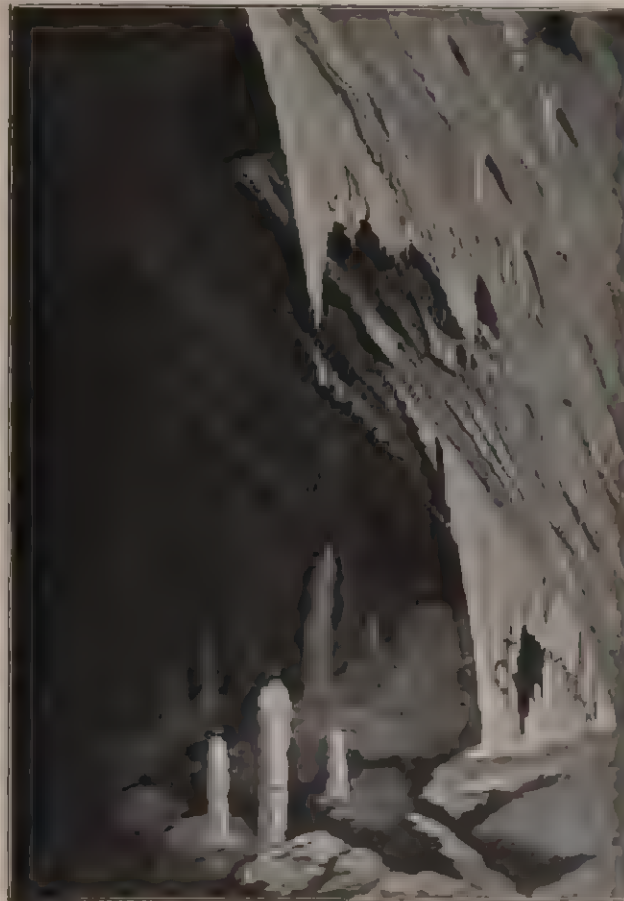


FIG. 1.—THE CAVE INTERIOR OF THE ICE-CAVE, SHOWING THE CAVE STALACTITES. (From a Photo by M. Jankowsky, Graz.)

asylum. A local catastrophe has rarely excited such intense interest throughout the length and breadth of an empire as did this one. Numbers of telegrams asking for the latest news, or suggesting some method of rescue, were received in endless succession. Crowds of people went daily to the remote valley to see the place for themselves. In Graz the excitement was simply delirious, as you may imagine. On the Thursday the general

they were that all seven must certainly have died by this time and that consequently the bodies could at best but result in a discovery of dead bodies. As day after day passed without success, a storm of indignation was raised. The expectations were, however, not raised on without any definite result. The Minister of the Interior, however, was not to be moved, and were the Minister of the Interior.

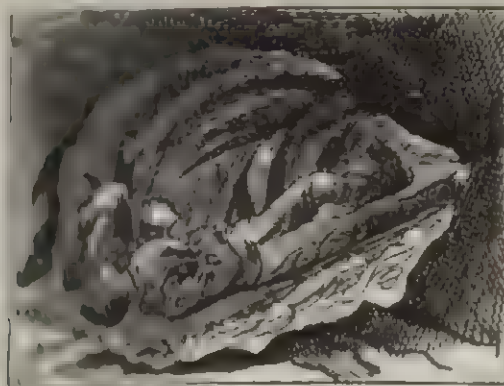
At last, on May 1st, when the expedition had been working for five days and had made no progress, the Government for Styria decided to send a red-tattered commission to the scene of the rescue. The commission was composed of the rescue committee, the public authorities, and the Minister of the Interior. Finally they decided to send the Minister of the Interior, who was a very neglecting no

and the unhappy mother's prayers did not remain unanswered. On Friday afternoon the Governor of Styria received a telegram informing him that His Majesty took the greatest interest in the affair, and desired that the most energetic measures for the rescue of the entombed should be taken. At the same time, the kind monarch gave orders for two companies of sappers to be sent to the scene of the misfortune. They arrived on Friday night, and at once put an end to the miserable bungling and the consideration of expense. They were accompanied by a party of army doctors. On Saturday the proper measures were begun with all energy, and—most important of all—carried on according to a well-conceived plan, so that a very faint hope revived.

At daybreak on Saturday the interior was thoroughly illuminated by means of magnesium light and candles fastened to wooden crosses,

which floated on the water. This made it possible to obtain a clear idea of the situation. The principal officers and the experts then took counsel together, and declared there was but one last and extreme means, namely, blasting the obstacles in the cave with dynamite.

Immediately the miners and sappers set to work. The accompanying sketch shows one of the latter lying



ONE OF THE IMPERIAL SAPPERS IN THE CAVE (HE IS LYING ON HIS BACK ON A RAFT.)

on his own lives. The late Baron von Auenroth, First Aid, was to advise and the dauntless workers, he was utterly exhausted. A public man had been to respond to the Red Cross to raise party, and speakers could be heard for

thought about who was weeping and up in the air, and to that

on his back on a primitive raft, boring a hole in the rock for the cartridge. The intention was to make a gallery from the back of the hall in order to get to the funnel and the Foelzmann Cave. It was calculated that the gallery would have to be 50 ft. long, and of this several feet were made the first day. Nobody positively knew if the gallery was being run in the right direction, as the course the channel took was unknown. Of course, the greatest care was needed lest the blasting should cause the roof of the cave to collapse. While the work inside the cavern was being carried on with feverish haste, outside in the pouring rain other sappers were busy repairing the old dams and making new ones, as will be seen from the next sketch. Telephonic communication with Graz was also established.

On the Sunday they began deepening the bed of the brook inside the cave and sawing out some of the timber heaped up there. The

blasting was continued vigorously until nearly noon, when the threatened fall of a large rock made it necessary to pause. After a short consultation it was decided to avoid the danger by turning the gallery off a little to the left.

In the afternoon several sappers reported that after breaking through a wall of rock they had heard knocking from the inner cave. These glad tidings instantly caused intense excitement among the crowds outside the Lurloch, and inspired those most



From a sketch.

SAPPERS REPAIRING THE DAMS.

[made on the spot.]

carried just a little more to the right it would run into the funnel.

During the night the blasting and mending of the dams was diligently continued according to Puttick's plan. On Monday, May 7th, at 10 a.m., these latter were completed, and in an hour and a half the water had fallen to half its former height. Now the friends of the entombed waited in feverish excitement, their eyes riveted on the water, upon whose rise or fall depended the lives of their dear ones. Pale and in mortal terror that the next news would tell them it was too late, they tarried there. Before the water had reached its lowest level the Graz carpenter, Rudolph Fischer, a most excellent swimmer and diver, fearlessly entered the new gallery, attached to a rope held by an



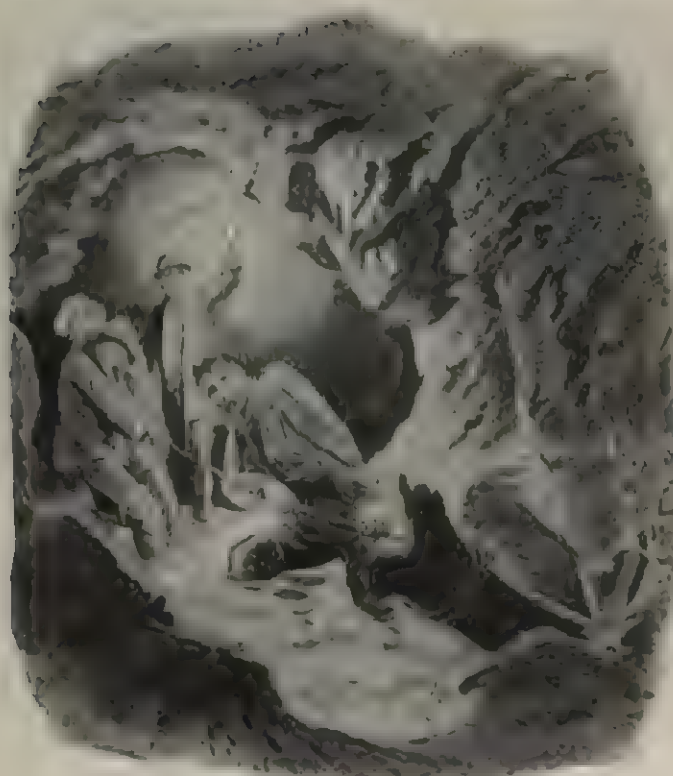
HERR WILHELM PUTTICK, OF CARNIOLA, INSTRUCTED BY THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT TO PROCEED TO THE RESCUE.

concerned with the hope that their loved ones might be still alive.

Not a little of the final success of the work of rescue is attributable to the energy and experience of Herr Wilhelm Puttick, employed in the Government forest in Carniola, and who had received telegraphic instructions from the Minister of Agriculture to proceed to Semnath. Herr Puttick had a great reputation as a cave explorer, and himself had twice been shut up in a grotto by the rising of the water. After a careful examination of the Lurloch, he came to the conclusion that if the new gallery were



HERR RUDOLPH FISCHER, WHO ATTEMPTED TO SWIM INTO THE CAVE.



FISCHER SUCCEEDED IN PULLING AN ENORMOUS BRANCH

which Fischer got as far as the entrance to the tunnel, which he found jammed up with timber. With immense trouble he at length succeeded in freeing an enormous branch, and then he immediately saw a light on the water before him proceeding from the inner cave, where the seven survivors were. Very soon he heard them coming to him, and rescued them. As soon as he heard the blasting they had advanced to the end of the tunnel and had got to the upper cave, which had been their prison so long. They wanted to thank Fischer, but he was trembling with cold so much, that he could

not remain in the water any longer. On reaching the "hall" he was so exhausted, that he could only say, in broken sentences, that the captives were still alive. Instantly some workmen rushed out and told the good news to those waiting before the entrance. "Thank God, they are all alive, and will be saved," they cried. Among those who heard, there was scarcely a dry eye when they learnt the news, and a scene of quite indescribable jubilation took place. People shook hands with one another. Total strangers embraced frantically, and not a few fell on their knees and sent up prayers and heartfelt thanks to Heaven. A moment later, when Fischer came out supported by two men, long and oft-repeated cheers broke forth. The relatives of the entombed men hurried up to him and pressed his hand in gratitude for his brave deed. Everybody knew that his courage would have cost him his life had the embankment burst while he was far in the cave. Fischer had hurt





FISCHER APPEARS EXHAUSTED AT THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE.
From a Sket. made on the spot

himself somewhat; his wet clothes were quickly removed, and he was instantly put into one of the beds at the mouth of the Lurloch. When sufficiently recovered he was taken to Graz by the First Aid Society, and carefully looked to by the doctors.

As soon as the water had fallen a good deal, Herr Puttick entered as far as the tunnel by the same way as that which Fischer had taken, and he then called to those inside asking if they were all well. Several voices at once answered: "We're all well!" While Puttick was putting some further questions, which were promptly answered, he was joined by Herr Setz, a mine director, who also did a great deal towards the work of rescue. By means of a long pole he handed the famished ones the end of a rope attached to a well packed bag containing ten bottles of cognac and milk and some candles. As the bag was hurriedly being drawn up, he admonishingly cried: "The faintest first."

The preconcerted signal was given at noon, a white flag hoisted on the high Schlossberg in the middle of the town, and then there was a great running to and fro; the streets were filled with eager crowds, just as though the tidings of a great victory over an enemy of the empire

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had been received. The governor's offices were fairly taken by storm by those who wanted to hear particulars. Manuscript placards were posted up at the street corners, and the extra special editions of the papers sold like wildfire. The military commander immediately sent doctors, nurses, and stretchers to Semriach; the First Aid Society and the Red Cross Society likewise sent help, and in the afternoon a veritable exodus took place from Graz, for everyone wanted to be present when the seven sufferers were brought out of the dreaded Lurloch Caves.

The good news having been telegraphed to the Emperor at Vienna, His Majesty at once replied expressing his great joy, and a little later came a congratulatory despatch from the German Kaiser. Everybody was talking of those who had aided the humane work, while the heroism of Fischer and Puttick was loudly and most justly praised.

Meanwhile the blasting was successfully continued, and pioneers enlarged the entrance to the cavern. The doctors and their assistants erected a temporary hospital, a kitchen was improvised, and beef-tea and mulled wine held in readiness.

The last shot was fired at half past four in the afternoon. Outside the grotto it produced a hollow sound. In breathless suspense hundreds of people looked towards the mouth of the cavern where Herr Puttick, Herr Setz, and two miners had disappeared: the numerous doctors, members of the First Aid Society, and some soldiers posted themselves before the entrance and in the first hall itself.

Puttick and his companions soon saw that the last blasting had been very successful. Easily they removed an enormous rock, and with little trouble the four crept through the cleft into the inner cave, at the mouth of which the crouching unfortunates awaited them.

A few words of greeting were exchanged, and then began the work of getting them out. Puttick first crept out, and then the long-imprisoned men were pushed after him. They helped themselves along, but their helpless legs had to be turned to fit the cleft.

In the outer hall the doctors and nurses received them.

The twenty minutes which this took seemed like an eternity to those outside. Everybody was asking, "Are they not free yet?"

A haggard figure, held up by two men, staggered slowly across the temporary bridge over the trench. A deafening shout went up, and hand-dicks of hands were raised as a signal for silence. Who was that skeleton, whose eyes were almost peering out of their sockets, whose fleshless lips scarcely covered his teeth? His dull eyes stared straight before him; his face was as if coated with clay, disfigured by a horrid smile; the jaw dropped on to the breast. Nobody knew him. That was Rudolph Haidt, the once brawny schoolboy of fifteen. As a plump and rosy-checked lad he entered the subterranean world; he left it like a scold and broken old man. He was laid on a stretcher, his clothes taken off, and his boots cut off. Fresh linen was put on him, and then he was covered up with blankets, and given some cognac, which he drank eagerly.

His brother and sister went up to him. The latter fainted when she saw how frightfully her brother was altered. His brother grasped his hand, but young Haidt recognised no one.

"Don't you know me, Rudolph?" cried the brother. But a vacant gaze was the only answer.

At last consciousness began to return, and the poor lad was taken into the temporary hospital close by. Then the nurses applied massage, while the doctors, considering his condition very critical, did for him all that was possible.

Meanwhile, apart at the second of the tunnel, Herr Fasching, whose portrait we have already given on the first page. His face, too, was yellow. His hair was hanging over his forehead, but his eyes were still very steady.



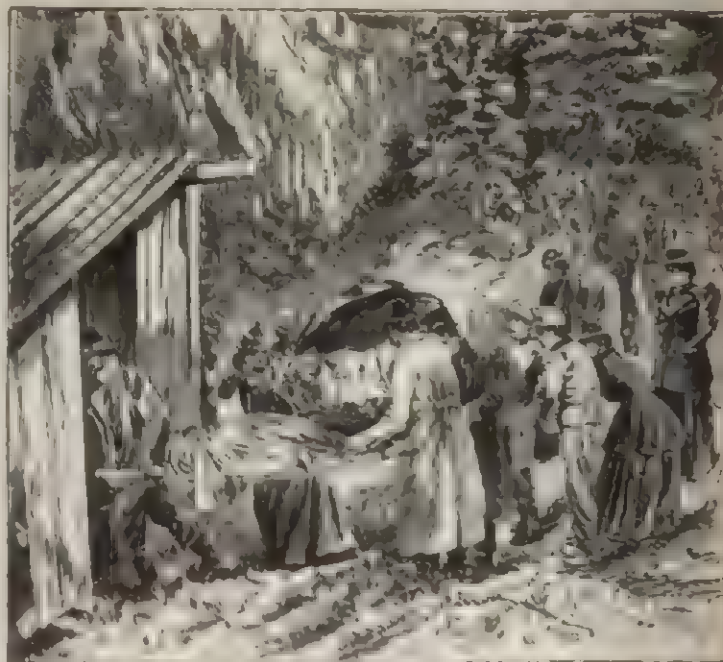
HERR FASCHING — HERR HAIDT
Lithuanian Photo.

When the crowd caught sight of him it broke out into loud hurrahs, to which Fasching replied pretty cheerfully. But when he had been put on the stretcher the reaction seemed to set in. His head fell back, and he covered his face with his hands as the unwonted light dazzled him. The others were soon brought out.

Most touching scenes took place. Oswald's aged father knelt beside the stretcher where lay his loved son. The old man kissed his pale mouth. It was an affectionate sight to see Kurt's old mother, with the tears streaming down her face, totter up to the spot where lay the son whom she had already mourned as dead; she pressed him to her heart,

and they held each other in a long embrace.

All the seven were put to bed in the field hospital, and then it was seen what havoc the 207 hours' entombment had wrought upon them. The yellow, shrunken faces, contrasting so strongly with the white sheets, had a weird appearance, enhanced by the trembling of their emaciated hands.



THE LADY OF THE TUNNEL — THE LADY OF THE TUNNEL
Lithuanian Photo.

For about an hour they lay there, and then as young Haidt's condition was decidedly critical he was taken to the house of the parish priest at Semriach, where he was nursed with all care and kindness. The other six were carried on open litters to the road, and then taken to Graz in ambulance waggons by the First Aid Society. In the city the whole population was in the streets impatiently awaiting the arrival of the rescued.

The accompanying picture shows the explorers being helped over the temporary bridge across the Lurbach at the mouth of the cave; another depicts poor young Haidt,

box of provisions and candles, which, as already related, the Semriach priest had sent into the cave on the Monday (30th April), hardly daring to hope it would be of any use, reached the inner cave in a most wonderful manner. On Wednesday it was noticed by one of the explorers, and pulled out of the water.

Foelzmann's diary, which he kept whilst in the cavern, writing by candle light, gives an interesting account of the feelings of the party, and their manner of life during those terrible days.

Under date Sunday, April 29th, he writes: "A great misfortune has happened to us. The rising of the water has shut us up in the Lur-

loch, and God knows when we shall get out. When we entered the cave at 2.30 a.m., the Lurbach was already much swollen, so that in places we had to wade up to our shoulders. Fasching thought therefore it would be better to give up our excursion, but I drew his attention to the fact that the stars had been shining when we entered, and that if the weather kept fine the brook might be expected to fall. So we went on, and got some 700 metres into the inner cave.

"About ten

this morning we began the return, and were very much astonished to find the Foelzmann Cavern, which had been quite dry in the night, under water. Filled with apprehension of coming evils, we waded on through the water till we reached the funnel, where the water came rushing towards us in roaring torrents. At first we thought of jumping in and trying to swim out, but we soon saw it was impossible. The flood fast rose higher and higher, and we had to retreat to the highest part of the cave. We tried to discover another exit, but found nothing but water. We often slipped, and were glad we did not break any limbs. Several hours after we again tried to get through the funnel, but in vain.



From a sketch,

RESCUERS AND RESCUED EMERGE FROM THE LURBACH TOMB.

[made on the spot]

wrapped in blankets, being carried to the hospital.

Here I may mention that they all recovered tolerably quickly, even Haidt being quite well again in a few weeks. At first, however, they had attacks of rheumatism and gastric catarrh, but now, with one exception, are none the worse for their cave adventure. After a time, however, poor Fasching was found to have contracted an incurable disease, of which he has since died.

To what miracle was it due, will be asked, that these people who started with only a single day's provisions lived in the Lurloch for a whole week? How was it that they had strength to walk out of the cave—supported on each side, it is true? The strangest of accidents happened. The

We were certainly cut off from the outer world. Great depression took possession of us. . . . We are dreadfully cold in our wet clothes. Our thermometer registers only 9deg. above freezing (41° Fahr.); and we cannot make a fire, for damp wood burns with so much smoke that we should be suffocated.

"MONDAY, APRIL 30TH.—We did not close our eyes last night. We made a bed of the only blanket we had with us, and lay huddled up close together for warmth. But the pointed stones, the cold, and excitement would not let us sleep. To-day we again made efforts to get out through the funnel into the open air, but we could not move the jammed tree-trunks. As we do not know when we shall get out, we have divided the little remainder of our provisions into rations. The uncertainty is dreadful.

"TUESDAY, MAY 1ST.—The night was horrible; we lay in the cave half asleep, but trembling with cold. Outside it must have been raining hard, for the brook was roaring more violently than ever, and from the roof of the cavern, which is enshrouded in darkness, heavy drops fell upon us. Suddenly it seemed to us as if the roaring of the brook were coming nearer and nearer. We jumped up, and when the light of the candle shone on the water at our feet we saw to our horror that it was rapidly rising, and had almost reached us. Hurriedly we retired higher up the cave, but even there the water followed us, so that at last the highest part was only a bare metre above the water. Fortunately at that moment the water ceased rising, but it did not fall, and we had to remain on a little island, hardly so large as a moderate-sized room. There was just space enough for us to sit all close together. We were wet to the skin, as heavy drops unceasingly fell on us from the roof. The torrent at our feet is awful; it roars deafeningly. When we lighted it up with the candle, we saw tree-trunks as thick as a man's body being driven madly backwards and forwards by the foaming waves.

"Suddenly we asked ourselves, what would happen if the mouth of the torrent should be stopped up, which it easily might be? In a few minutes we should have been drowned, and so we quickly set to work to avert that danger as far as our strength would allow. We did not know

where the mouth was, but we determined to seek it. As we could not wade through the foaming water, Fasching, Oswald, and I crept along the rocky wall. It was a mad enterprise, for had we slipped we should have tumbled into the torrent; but, fortunately, after going some sixty metres, we discovered the mouth. Hanging on to the steep rock we sounded with long poles, and actually found that several trunks of trees and fragments of rock had already been washed up against it. With great difficulty we pushed them aside, and soon after the water began to fall, so that in the evening it was at the same height as it had been the day before. . . . Our provisions are finished. Hunger pains us very much. To-day one of us in despair wanted to throw himself into the water to put an end to his misery.

"WEDNESDAY, MAY 2ND.—This morning hunger tormented us terribly, and so it is well that one of us constantly went to the funnel to observe the water. Fasching had just pulled a green tree with all its branches out of the opening, when suddenly he saw something floating along that did not seem to be a tree. He seized hold of it, and discovered it to be a closed wooden box. When we opened this we found provisions and candles in it. Our depression has given place to great joy. We have food, light, and also the certainty that our rescue is going forward. We have divided the provisions into small portions, and each of us has resolved in no case

to begin to-morrow's ration to-day. In the afternoon we heard strange thuds, and supposed blasting was going on. We knocked on the wall with our hatchets, and whistled with our whistles.

"THURSDAY, MAY 3RD.—To-day we are in better spirits, for yesterday's events have given us courage. I have slept a long time to-day, like the others, except Haidt and Oswald, who are too excited. Poor Haidt is very depressed, and we often have to comfort him. He is dreadfully cold, is constantly mourning—asking for his mother, and inquiring whether we think we shall soon get out. He is always lying by the rocky wall, and very often speaks of dying.

"FRIDAY, MAY 4TH.—If only we did not suffer from the cold so frightfully! Our clothes do not dry at all, and are beginning to decay. To warm ourselves to-day we began chopping up



ANTON FOELZMANN, WHO KEPT A DIARY BY CANDLELIGHT DURING THE ENTOMBMENT.
From a Photo.



REIZING THE BOX OF PROVISIONS THAT WAS SUCCESSFULLY LOCATED IN.

the trees lying round us, and now it looks like a wood-yard here on account of the logs and splinters. Our food is almost finished once more. To-day we get only a very small ration: a bit of cheese, as long as one's finger—that is all. To quench our thirst we have water that trickles down, which we collect in a little pool we have made. We hear nothing more of the outer world and our friends: have they abandoned us? Time creeps on dreadfully slowly. Towards evening we again tried to clear the funnel, but without success. Must we really end our lives in this awful cave?

"SATURDAY, MAY 5TH.—At 2.30 p.m., at last we heard another shot: we thought it was a sign that they had sent us another box of provisions,

and sought in the water, but found nothing.

"SUNDAY, MAY 6TH.—We have heard several shots to-day. I hope they may soon reach us, or else it will be too late. Our stock of candles is almost done, and we are very weak. Some are lying quite stupefied. Our food is rapidly approaching its end. A bit of cheese as large as a nut for each is all we have. Though we have not given up all hope of being rescued, yet our spirits are very low. Some of us are quite in despair. How will it end?

"MONDAY, MAY 7TH. We are saved! Thanks be to Heaven! When Oswald and I were lying by the stopped-up funnel (it being a quarter past eleven by Fasching's watch), we suddenly heard something crack in the funnel, and immediately after we heard voices. We rushed joyfully into the cave, crying: 'Saved! Saved! At last they are coming to fetch us.'

"Then we called for help. Suddenly it became quiet in the funnel, and then at once somebody asked: 'Who's calling?'

"'Help! help,' cried Oswald.

"Then the voice continued: 'Can you hold out till six?'

"'If we get food and light,' replied we. Thereupon milk and candles were handed in to us through the funnel by means of a pole. We saw how our rescuers were trying to remove the hindrances; but soon we had to withdraw, as we were told they were about to blast again. Our saviours

will soon come, and our terrible entombment will be at an end."

Thus far Foelzmann's diary concerning the week's stay in the Lurloch grotto. Immediately after the seven captives had been got out, the cave was closed by order of the authorities. The geologists who were appointed to examine it reported it to be a magnificent spectacle, the greatest natural wonder in Styria. A public subscription was started in order to have the Lurloch made accessible to all and free from danger. A convenient entrance was made; and all the narrow places were widened by blasting. Good paths were made, and electric light was introduced, so that, for the last two years, all the different parts have been easily accessible.

The Romance of the Mission Field.

VI.

By FREDERICK BURNS

A further instalment of our popular series, the idea being to illustrate, by means of actual photographs taken on the spot, the thrilling romance of the work of missionaries in remote lands, and the queer and quaint things seen by these noble and devoted men.



again. Thus it is obvious that a look-out stage is as necessary to the mission station in Central Africa as it is on board a great steamer ploughing her way through the treacherous waves of the broad Atlantic.

But not only from savage natives, but also from wild beasts is danger to be apprehended and successfully met by the missionaries. There is perhaps no man who is expected to be provided with so many publications as your missionary, who voluntarily exiles him-



t is only by photos that the missionaries can convey a sufficiently realistic idea of the dangers and difficulties that beset them on every

hand. Let us now consider the important station of Newala, in Central Africa, which lies within the scope of the famous Universities' Mission. The point of interest about the photo we reproduce here is the "look-out" stage specially constructed on the roof of the mission buildings. Strange as it may seem to us, who worship in comfort and even luxury, a native has always to be stationed in this look-out tower to give notice of the coming of the Mangwika, a marauding tribe of Zulu origin, who often raid in the neighbourhood of this mission station. I learnt at the head-quarters of the U.M.C.A. in Westminster, that this very station was once attacked by the Mangwika, who killed off a number of the mission converts, and these were never seen

self in a remote part of the world. Here we see the Rev. J. A. Wray, of the U.M.S., with a dead lioness he has just shot. In this particular



THE MISSIONARY WITH THE PUNK OF A MAN-EATING LIONESS. 17

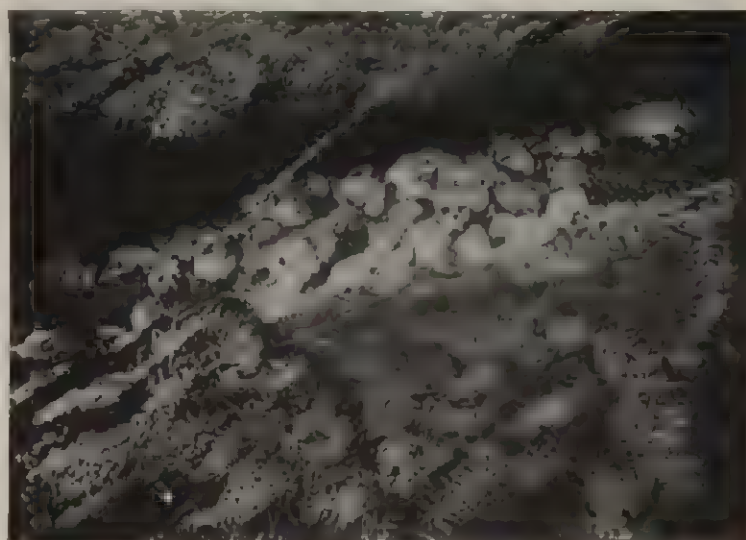


TWO TOTEM POLES OVER A GRAVE—THE ONE MISSIONARY AND THE OTHER HEATHEN. [Photo.]

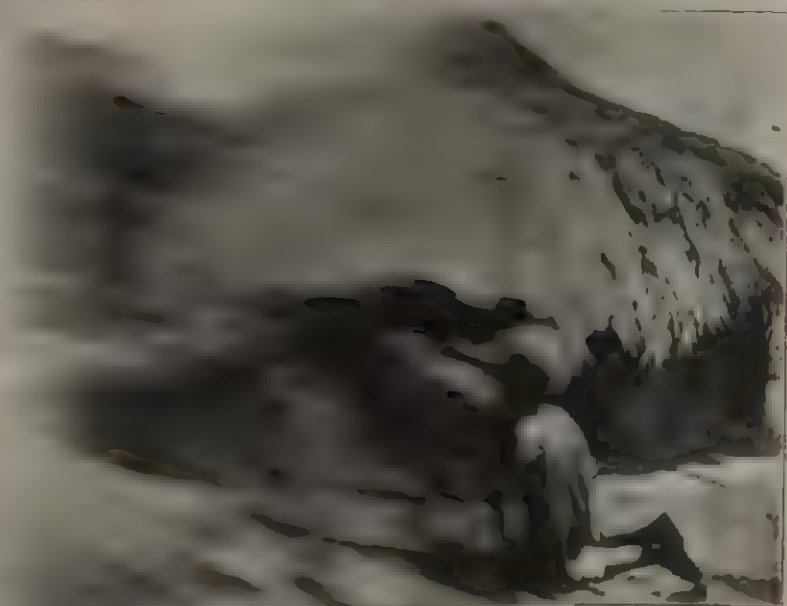
instance, the lioness ascended from the plains and carried off the goats and sheep which constitute almost the sole property of the natives. Now, the mere presence of a lioness near the mission station is naturally a source of great danger, more particularly in the hot season, when the natives, like outside their circular huts, or, at any rate, leave the grass doors open. And bold as the natives usually are in the face of their enemies, even when armed with the most deadly poisoned arrows, they dread the king of beasts above all things, and on this occasion came to Mr. Wray and implored him to kill their foe with his weapon of thunder and lightning *burduki*, or rifle. Not for a moment did the missionary hesitate, knowing that his flock would most certainly be demoralized as long as the monster lived. Mr. Wray at once made arrangements to sit up

in a tree, with the result that after several unsuccessful watches for her majesty, his patience was at last rewarded by the laying low of the magnificent brute seen in our illustration.

Would that all obstacles to missionary work were as easily disposed of as wild beasts! The next photo. reproduced is even comical, and yet it has a somewhat pathetic history. We are looking at the grave of Kauk-ish, a Siwash Indian chief. The Indians of British Columbia and Alaska are Christians—of a sort. They stray from the path occasionally, as more civilized Christians have been known to do. But however willing the Alaskan Indian may be to accept the tenets of Christianity during his lifetime, he has more than a sneaking regard for old customs when death is considered. Thus it comes that the modest white stone over the last resting place of Kauk-ish is all that could be expected from a missionary point of view, while the more ornate (not to say startling) totem-pole is possibly an appeal to the spirits of dead-and-gone dusky ancestors, who knew not the new faith. As a "devil-scarer" Kauk-ish's second monument ought to be a success, for its colouring of gaudy blues, yellows, and greens forms a startling contrast to the sombre Alaskan forests, in the middle of which Wrangel cemetery is situated. The fact was, Kauk-ish's relatives, after much hesitation, came to the conclusion that the insignificant gravestone was not in accordance with his rank or their ancient beliefs, so they forthwith



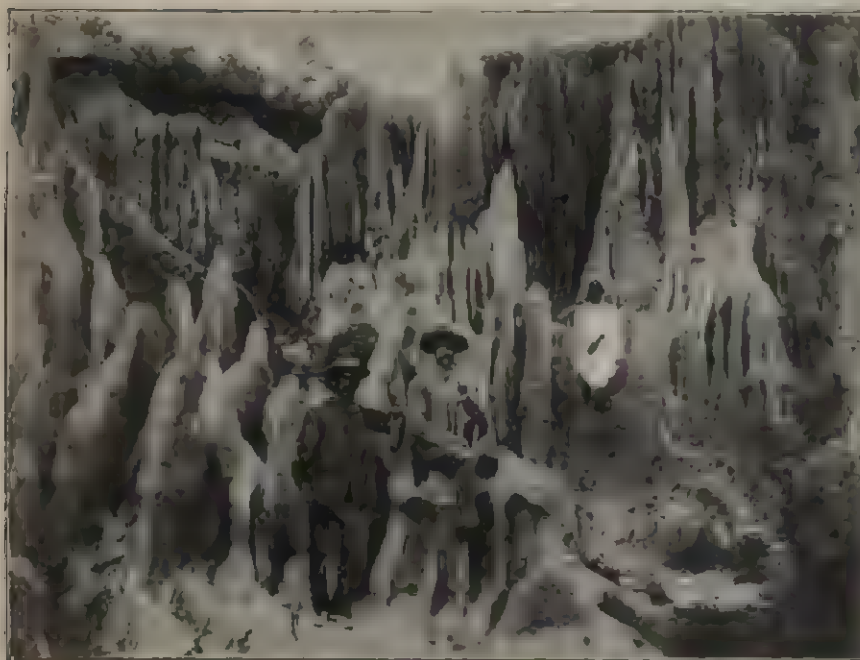
THE GRAVE OF KAUK-ISH—A CHIEF, ALASKA. [Photo.]



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The M
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poor slaves over-
doing two things at once;
trying to rub down
the stones, the woman will
be obtaining the milk on
the way as she moves her body
back and forth. She simultaneously
takes the photo, shows quite
an interesting process.
The first ones in tropical
climate come on turfough from
the heat to retreat their health by
the cooler and climate. And
every traveler knows. It is



ASTONISHING EFFECT OF TROPICAL RAIN ON CLIFFS AT KIUNGANI, CENTRAL AFRICA.
From a Photo

one thing to travel and explore in unsalubrious lands, and quite another to take up your residence for years at a time in such places. There is, in the first place, the deadly heat of the sun to be contended with; also the wild beasts before mentioned, and the dangerous savages who do not scruple to attack their missionary benefactors when their blood is fairly up. Last, but by no means least, come the heavy torrential rains, which drench the missionary to the skin, and render him particularly liable to chills and fevers.

A remarkably vivid idea of the force of these torrential down-pours is conveyed by the photo next reproduced, for which I am also indebted to the U.M.C.A. Here we see some cliffs at Kiungani, in Central Africa, which have been worn and furrowed in the most

astonishing manner by heavy rains. Kiungani is one of the central stations of the Universities' Mission, and these cliffs are quite close to the missionary buildings. One might think on looking at this photo, that it was a flashlight snap-shot of the interior of some great cavern, filled with magnificent stalagmites. Here we realize that among the missionary's many other qualifications he is required to be a more or less expert photo-

grapher; and not only that, but he must cultivate that peculiar gift for selecting only those extraordinary spectacles which at once appeal to the popular imagination, and to the minds of those who have never had an opportunity of penetrating into the remoter wilds of the earth.

One danger I forgot in detailing the list of



From a

REPAIRING THE MISSIONARY BUILDING AT KIUNGANI

Photo

some difficulties with which missionaries have to contend, and that was possible disaster on the water whilst going about in frail canoes or crazy boats. In our next photo, we see some of the U.M.C.A. missionary "boys" repairing the boat in which the good missionary himself goes about from place to place. You will observe that the boat is kept under a rude awning of poles and grass, to protect it from the fierce rays of the sun. The scene in this case is the Island of Likoma, in Lake Nyassa. The mission here is one of the stations of the Universities' Mission. On the Island of Likoma canoes play a very important part in crossing either to the Island of Chisumulu or to the mainland. A

superstition of this sort that forms, perhaps, the greatest obstacle of all to missionary work, ingrained as it is by centuries of custom.

We now turn to India once more, and reproduce a photo. of the Right Rev. Bishop Whitley, of Chota Nagpur, who has had a very varied and adventurous career. He went out to India nearly forty years ago, before the Suez Canal was opened—that is to say, by the Cape of Good Hope route.

In 1890 Mr. Whitley was chosen by the Bishop of Calcutta to be his co-missionary, and for his consecration, which took place at Ranchi, three bishops came together. The Bishops of Bombay and Lahore had to travel some 1,500 miles, and at the end of the journey



FIGURE 1. THE RIGHT REV. C. C. WHITLEY OF CHOTA NAGPUR, AND HIS "JACKSONIAN" (1/200)

man is usually landed there with any news, or to announce any friends or relations they have on board, so as to prepare the people of the village to receive them, which they always do with much dancing and drumming. When the canoe reaches the landing place, the relatives and friends are hidden in the bottom of the boat, and the owner of the canoe demands a bowl before he allows them to be seen or to land. When the bowl has been handed over, the visitors jump out of the canoe and bail it up high and dry. The women seize the puddles and dance to a curious trilling sound made with the tongue. Canoes can only cross the lake in very calm weather, and they are often detained for a long time waiting for a calm day. Some of the old people in Chisumulu are supposed to have control over the weather, and are paid by the canoe owners to procure them a fine day for crossing. It is deeply-rooted

they, together with his lordship of Calcutta, had to travel another seventy in a queer conveyance called a "push-push," such as that before which Bishop Whitley is standing in the photograph. The cart is pushed and pulled by relays of coolies, some five or six men taking it from eight to ten miles. Another lot of men are then called up by the yelling of the gang in the shafts as they near the changing place, so there is not much waiting. From the railway station at Puruba to Ranchi, where the bishop lives, is seventy-three miles, and this takes from twenty to twenty-four hours. The great nuisance about this peculiar method of locomotion is the men's constant requests for "backsheesh," and they even had the impudence to wake up the missionary bishop in the middle of the night to ask for it at each changing place. The usual "tip" is one or two pice, and the whole seventy-three miles cost from 15s. to 20s., according to the number of coolies employed.



FROM 11

THE TERRIBLE HEAD OF THE GODDESS KALI

[Photo.]

Next follow two more instances of the gross superstition against which in these cases the missionaries of India have to fight. First comes the head of the goddess Kali. This hideous object is placed on the roadside. The name, "Kali," means black, and you will observe that all parts of the face, except the whites of the eyes and the teeth, are of that sombre colour.

The full image of the goddess is, indeed, exceedingly grim and terrible. Children, on beholding it for the first time, scream with fear. Her nude black figure is made to stand on the white prostrate form of her husband—the god Shiv. In one hand she has a drawn sword, red with the blood of a giant she has destroyed. In another hand is the head of the giant, dripping with gore. Round her neck hangs a necklace of human skulls, and round her waist is a girdle of human hands. Moreover, her tongue is protruded to its utmost extent. This will give some idea of the general aspect presented by this terrible deity.

Now a word as to the traditions about Kali. It is affirmed that she came into the world to destroy a great giant who was threatening destruction to gods and men. The battle with him was long and sanguinary, but in the end the goddess triumphed. She was so intoxicated with her success that she commenced to dance madly on the battle field. The earth shook to its very foundations under her

furious prancing. No means could be found to stop her and preserve the earth till her husband, Shiv, threw himself amongst the dead at her feet. In her mad frolics she ultimately leaped on her husband, and the surprise to find him under her feet brought her to a standstill. For a woman thus to put her feet on her lord and master is tantamount to offering him the greatest conceivable indignity. In her dismay, Kali thrust out her tongue.

It is a curious fact that Indians, especially the women, always manifest surprise by obtruding the unruly member! If you should happen to come across a woman in the streets very suddenly, you are pretty sure to see her tongue dart out of her mouth. In the picture you see the goddess has her tongue hanging out. By looking closely at the teeth, you will observe that they have all been bored and filled with gold. Teeth ornamented in this fashion are considered most beautiful.

You will say: What means the cloth spread before the head, and what are those loose grains and one single coin upon it for? This head is exhibited solely for the purpose of begging. The proprietor is the individual sitting near. He implores the faithful, passing to and fro, to observe the sacred features of their august goddess, and to bestow some offering of rice and money upon her. This handful of rice and one single coin are all that he has been able to get. The whole will not suffice to provide him with a single meal.

I have often thought it most strange that the Hindus, who so look down upon women and keep them in a condition of great degradation, should have for one of their most popular objects of worship the figure of a woman standing on her husband!

The next remarkably curious photograph depicts an image of the god Dokhinray, who is



THE LITTLE GOD FIGURE IS SUPPOSED TO PROTECT THE INDIAN VILLAGES FROM WILD BEASTS. (Photo)

much worshipped in the southern rural districts of Bengal. The name signifies, "Lord of the South," and is intended to affirm that the god rules over the wild beasts occupying the dense jungles and impenetrable forests of the notorious Sunderbunds skirting the Bay of Bengal. The peasants worship this sylvan deity in order that their villages and fields may be preserved from the incursions of such wild animals. The images are made of clay and painted white, having the nose, eyes, mouth, etc., marked in with black paint. The head is always adorned with a broad tall mitre. They are usually placed under a tree or on an artificial mound facing the south.

As the god is supposed

to perform such a useful function in keeping away tigers, boars, and crocodiles, you may be sure he is exceedingly popular in the outlying districts of Southern Bengal. The figure in the picture has been placed at the foot of a gigantic banyan tree. The grand old gnarled trunk, with the patches of sunlight falling upon it, makes a very striking picture. Behind the tree is one of the native houses, with its mud walls, thatched roof, and bamboo posts. Such houses are very cool in the hot season, but in the rains they are stiflingly close and unhealthy. The thatch provides fine accommodation for snakes and rats.

A very interesting photograph from India next appears, and shows one of the Indian missionaries going his rounds through what seems all but impassable country. It is interesting to compare this method of locomotion with the sleek cob of the country parson trotting along the delightful lanes of Old England. The little canoe seen in the photograph is going through Ramwak Hal-shoke. Here we see the only highway through one of the villages in the great rice fields lying to the south of Calcutta. In that district there are no roads of any kind, and during the latter half of the year, when the whole district is under water, the villages can only be visited in canoes such as that shown in the photograph. These canoes are called *shalles*, because they used to be hollowed out of the trunk of the *shai* tree.



(Photo)

AN INDIAN MISSIONARY GOING HIS ROUNDS.

(Photo)

Short Stories.

A budget of extraordinary short stories, selected from the many thousands which are pouring into this office from all parts of the globe.

I.—How Cushing Destroyed the "Albemarle."

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR. BY J. J. SANDEMAN.

One of the most thrilling naval exploits of modern times, described by one of the famous hero's own men.

"**W**HAT! Were you with Cushing when he blew up the rebel ram, *Albemarle*?" I asked a broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced man, who had just made a statement to that effect.

"Yes, I was with him right enough," he replied; "and if you care to listen to my version of it, I'll tell you the story."

It was on the night of the 27th of October, 1864, that Lieutenant Cushing, eleven other volunteers, and I, boarded a steam launch and went ploughing through the water at such a rate that the lights of the Union Fleet were soon left behind. We made straight for the Roanoke River, and as soon as the banks loomed out of the darkness, we were ordered to lie down and keep silent. A man in the bows acted as "look-out," and Cushing steered. The launch carried no lights, and her engines made so little noise that they could scarcely be heard above the noise of the rushing waters. In the bows of our craft a spar had been rigged, with a 140lb. torpedo fastened to the end, and this spar could be lowered when necessary, so that it projected beyond the boat, while the torpedo could be fired by pulling a lanyard. As we advanced the greatest care became necessary, for the river—scarcely 300yds. wide—was patrolled by the enemy's boats, the banks guarded by watchful sentries, and each prominent point of land protected by cannon and a company of sharpshooters.

All at once the sound of voices and laughter broke upon our ears, and as we rounded a

point the flare of a great watch fire lighted up the scene. The black shadows of huge cypresses and towering swamp-trees threw out, in strong relief, groups of our enemies, some dancing, some stretched on the ground playing games of chance, others standing in a crowd from which the squeak of a fiddle and tinkling of banjos could be heard distinctly. And now a fresh danger threatened us—two armed boats were coming down the stream!

"Holloa, aboard the launch there," cried a deep voice as the boats drew near: "what do you mean by running up the river without any lights?"

"I'm acting under orders," Cushing shouted in reply, as we shot past the boats at full speed.

But the rebels' suspicions had been roused. In a few minutes fires were blazing along the banks, and lighted the river from side to side—concealment was no longer possible!

"Lower the torpedo into place," our leader said, coolly.

While I assisted to obey the command, I could see the huge sides of the *Albemarle*, towering above the water, some 200yds. ahead of us. Although lights were flashing along her



"AND AS WE ROUNDED A POINT THE FLARE OF A GREAT WATCH-FIRE LIGHTED UP THE SCENE."

decks and heavy guns were being run out at her ports, her destruction in a few seconds seemed a certainty.

"Who goes there? Launch ahoy!" thundered a powerful voice.

Cushing, imagining that in another instant we should be on to the *Albemarle*, shouted back, with reckless defiance: "We are Yankees, confound you!"

But the words had hardly left his lips before there was a crash. The launch had run on to a raft of logs. They had been placed round the ram as a protection, and we had been going at such speed that our craft had run up on to them and remained immovable. There was a blinding flash and deafening roar as the cannon discharged their contents, which lashed the river into foam. Fortunately we were so close that the cannon had not been depressed sufficiently to do us any harm, but a storm of bullets whistled round us.



"THEN HE SAW THE TORPEDO CARRYING THE RAM DOWN WITH IT."—THE CAPTAIN AFTER THE DEED.

and the smooth sides of the launch, pierced through and through, were splintered and torn for their entire length. Yet, at that moment, my dead comrades, my own hurts, all were forgotten as Cushing, with the light of battle in his eyes, shook back his tawny hair, and amidst smoke, fire, and flying bullets he sprang upon the raft. As he seized the torpedo we guessed his intentions and cut it adrift. Then he staggered

towards the ram, dragging the torpedo after him. Twice he fell on the slippery logs, but each time he rose apparently unhurt. At last he stood under the "overhang" of the doomed vessel.

"Leave the ram. Jump for your lives. I'm going to send you sky high!" he shouted, in generous warning to his enemies.

Placing the torpedo in position, he ran back towards us, but still kept hold of the lanyard. All at once he jerked it violently. A frightful explosion took place. Whole logs were hurled in the air. The launch sank from under us. The *Albemarle* lifted her bows above the water, and, through a great rent in her side, I caught one fleeting glimpse of men running for their lives as, with a noise like thunder, she sank. I had been shot twice, but was able to swim, and with three of my comrades struck out for the shore. Of

course, we thought Cushing had been blown to pieces—imagine our astonishment when we

heard a number of voices calling on him to surrender, and his defiant cry ringing clear above them all:

"Catch me, you lubbers, if you can!"

In another minute we were on shore. Hundreds of infuriated rebels surged round us. Expecting to be torn limb from limb, my comrades shook hands, determined to die like men; but suddenly a man rushed through the

crowd and stood before us. It was the captain of the *Albemarle*.

"You cowards," he cried, as he presented a revolver at his shrinking men, "would you kill these heroes who have done so brave a deed that their names will live for ever in American history?"

His words turned the tide in our favour, and we became prisoners of war.

II.—*A Race With the Ice-Floes.*

BY LEWIN E. PHILLIPS.

A plain, straightforward story of escape from one of those fearful dangers that threaten men who "go down to the sea in ships."

It was night, and blowing fresh. The sky was overcast, and there was no moon, so that darkness was on the face of the deep—not total darkness, it must be understood, for that is seldom known at sea. I was in the middle watch, from midnight to four o'clock, and had been on deck about half an hour when the look-out forward sang out: "Ship a-head—starboard—hard a starboard!"

These words made the second mate, who had the watch, jump into the weather-rigging. "A ship?" he exclaimed. "An iceberg it is, rather, and—All hands wear ship!" he shouted, abruptly, in a tone which showed there was not a moment to be lost.

The watch sprang to the braces and haulines, while the rest of the crew tumbled up from below, and the captain and other officers rushed out of their cabins; the helm was kept up and the yards swung round, and the ship's head turned towards the direction whence we had come. The captain glanced his eye round, and then ordered the courses to be braced up, and the maintopsail to be backed, so as to lay the ship to. I soon discovered the cause of these manœuvres; for before the ship had quite swung round, I perceived close to us a towering mass with a refulgent appearance, which the look-out man had taken for the white sails of a ship, but which proved in reality to be a vast iceberg. Attached to it, and extending a considerable distance to leeward, was a field or very extensive floe of ice, against which the ship would have run had it not been discovered in time, and in that case it would in all probability have instantly gone down with every soul on board.

In consequence of the extreme darkness, it was dangerous to sail either way; for it was impossible to say what other floes or smaller masses of ice might be in the neighbourhood, and we might probably be upon them before they would be seen. We therefore remained hove to. As it was, I

could not see the floe till it was pointed out to me by one of the crew.

When daylight broke next morning, the fearfully dangerous position in which the ship was placed was seen. On every side of us appeared long floes of ice, with several icebergs floating like mountains on a plain among them, while the only opening through which we could escape was a narrow passage to the north-west, through which we must have come in the course of that perilous night.

What made our position the more terrible was that the vast masses of ice were approaching nearer and nearer to each other, so that we had not a moment to lose, if we would effect our escape. As light increased we saw, at the distance



"THE DANGEROUS POSITION OF THE SHIP."

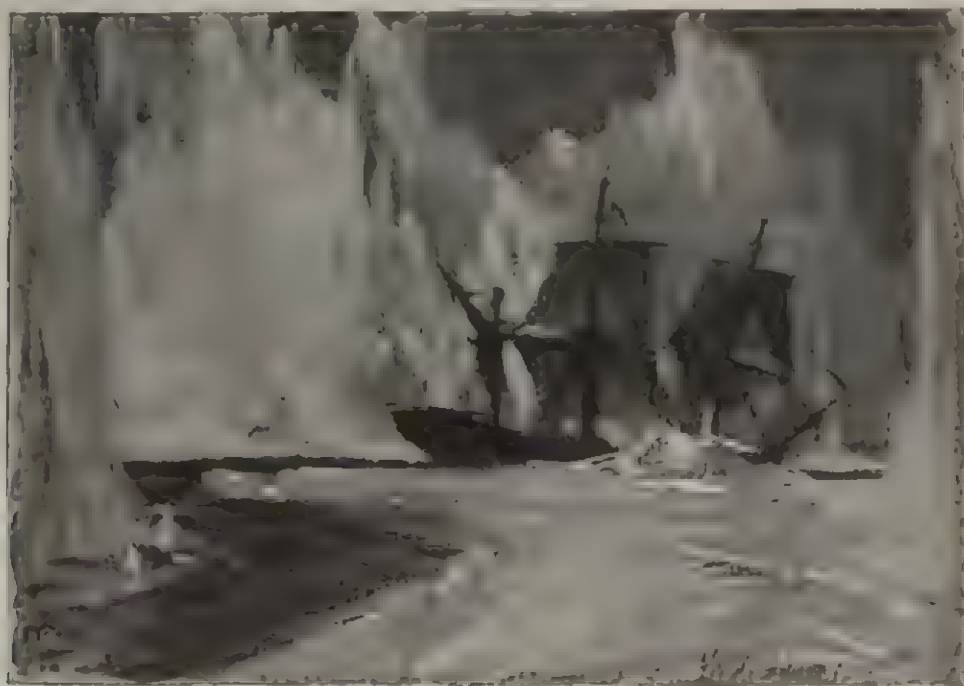
of three miles to the westward, another ship in a far worse predicament than ourselves, inasmuch as she was completely surrounded by ice, though she still floated in a sort of basin. The wind held to the northward, so that we could stand clear out of the passage should it remain open long enough. Our unfortunate neighbour had by this time discovered her own perilous condition, and we perceived that she had hoisted a signal of distress. We also heard the guns she was firing to call our attention to her; but regard for our own safety compelled us to disregard them till we had ourselves got clear of the ice.

It was very dreadful to watch the stranger, and to feel that we could render her no assistance. All hands were at the braces, ready to trim the sails should the wind head us; for, in that case, we should have to beat out of the channel, which was every instant growing narrower and narrower. The captain stood at the weather gangway, conning the ship. When he saw the ice closing in on us, he ordered every stitch of canvas the ship could carry to be set on

unable to keep an eye on the stranger, and to feel deep interest in her fate.

I was in the mizzen top, and as I possessed a spy-glass, I could see clearly all that occurred. The water on which the doomed vessel floated was nearly smooth, though covered with foam, caused by the colossal masses of ice as they approached each other. I looked, and saw that as the stranger had but a few fathoms of water on either side of her as yet, she floated unharmed. The peril was terrifying, but the direction of the ice might change, and she might yet be free. Still, on came the cruel masses with terrific force; and I fancied that I could hear the edges grinding and crushing together with a reverberating roar.

The ice closed pitilessly on the ill-fated vessel. She was probably as totally unprepared to resist its pressure as we were. At first I thought that it lifted her bodily up, but it was not so. She was too deep in the water for that. Her sides were crushed in like egg-shells; her stout timbers were rent into a thousand fragments; her tall masts tottered and fell, though still attached



her, in the forlorn hope of carrying her out before the catastrophe should happen. It was a chance whether or not we should be caught and our good ship pulverized between those vast masses of relentless ice. However, I was not so much occupied with our own danger as to be

to the hull. For an instant I concluded that the ice must have separated, or perhaps the edges broke with the force of the concussion, for, as I gazed, the wrecked masses of hull, and spars, and canvases seemed drawn suddenly downward with irresistible

force, and a few fragments which had been hurled by the force of the concussion to a distance were all that remained of the hapless vessel. Not a soul of her crew could have had time to escape on to the ice. I looked anxiously, but not a speck could be seen stirring near the spot. Such, thought I, may be the fate of the 440 human beings on board the very ship on which I stand, ere many minutes are over.

I believe I was the only person on board who witnessed that appalling catastrophe. Most of the emigrants were below, and the few who were on deck were with the crew watching our own progress pretty anxiously. Still narrower grew the passage. Some of the ice ports we had passed through were already closed. The wind, fortunately, held firm, and though it contributed to drive the ice faster in upon us, it yet favoured our escape. The ship flew through the water at a great rate, heeling over to her ports, and although at times it seemed as if the mists would go over the sides, still the captain held on. A minute's delay might prove our

destruction. Everyone held his breath as the width of the passage decreased, though we had but a short distance more to make good before we should be free.

I must confess that all the time I did not myself feel any sense of fear. I thought it was a danger more to be apprehended for others than myself. At length a shout from the deck reached my ears, and, looking round, I saw that we were at last on the outer side of the floe. We were just in time, for the instant after the ice met, and the passage through which we had come was completely closed up.

The order was now given to keep the helm up, and to square away the yards, and with a flowing sheet we ran down the edge of the ice upwards of three miles, before we were quite clear of it.

Only then did the people begin to inquire what had become of the ship we had lately seen. I gave my account, but few expressed any great commiseration for the fate of those who were lost. Our captain had had enough of ice, so he steered a course to get as fast as possible into more southern latitudes.

III—*Saved from a Swarm of Hornets.*

By MRS. GERTRUDE E. DONALDSON.

Being the amazing adventure of an English lady in Singapore.

I HAD been in Singapore just long enough to begin to distinguish the face of one Chinaman from that of another, a discrimination which newcomers seem at first to find extremely difficult; but, although I had become sufficiently accustomed to them to be able to discern some difference in their features, I could not yet appreciate their services in the capacities of butler, chambermaid, etc., which afterwards I learnt to do most thoroughly. Nor could I speak to them in their own or in the Malay language, which is colloquially used by all natives in that place, whether by Chinese indoor servants or by the Japanese syces and gardeners, called "kaboons."

Singapore was then, as it is now, a very sortable colony; and consequently many callers had left cards at my door,

and the time had come for me to return their visits. This I contemplated with a certain amount of trepidation; for, once in the carriage, I was at the mercy of my syce, as I could not

ask him any questions, neither could I direct him where to go, nor order him to stop. However, duty must be done at any cost, so, one morning at 11 a.m. I attired myself in full dress for the occasion (an effort requiring some self-sacrifice on account of the heat at that hour of the day), and, with as much courage as I could summon, I seated myself in the conveyance called a palanquin, which looked uncommonly like a glorified cab without glass windows, and was driven away from my door. I held in my hand a list of the names of those "mems" on whom I wished to call, and on shouting them out in turn



From a photo. MRS. GERTRUDE E. DONALDSON.

to the driver before I got in, he seemed to know at once where I wanted to go.

At first all went well, and I was delighted to find myself gradually getting through my list. Once more I ejaculated the name of a lady, and found myself trotting off in the direction of the Botanical Gardens, round the outside of which ran a fairly wide road, shaded with fine large trees and leafy foliage, and in those days (twenty years ago) bordered on one side by tolerably thick jungle, with an undergrowth of lalang grass, very suggestive of snakes. This jungle had been cleared when the bungalow to which I was going was built, and it struck me as being prettily situated, though the grounds were rather too lonely for my taste. As I re-entered my carriage, having paid my call, I felt relieved to think that I had performed my social duties satisfactorily, and could now return home for luncheon.

As the palanquin turned out of the gate at the end of the long avenue which led to the house, and advanced along the road skirting the gardens, I was startled by hearing a loud shout coming apparently from the jungle quite close to the wheels, but I could see no one, and began to think it must have been my syce, though rather wondering why so dignified-looking an individual should have indulged in such an eerie kind of yell. Just then we came upon a couple of buckets cast down in the middle of the road, with the bamboo by which they had been carried lying beside them.

The next moment, to my surprise, the syce

began lashing my horse violently, which broke from its former jog-trot into a gallop, and in a second we were tearing along at a break-neck pace, the palanquin swaying from side to side. I was considerably alarmed, for I could see no reason for the man's extraordinary conduct, and it seemed as if he had suddenly gone mad. Just then a peculiar flapping sound overhead attracted my attention, and after some slight hesitation, I relinquished my grasp of the window ledges, which I had seized in my endeavour to steady myself on my seat, and leaning out of the door I gazed upwards. I collapsed into the carriage at once with a gasp of horror.

Undoubtedly the man had gone off his head, perhaps due to sunstroke--I had heard of heat apoplexy affecting the brain, I thought. He was standing up on the narrow footboard, which in itself appeared to me to be an acrobatic feat which could only have been attempted by a madman, he had removed his turban and was waving it frantically above him, while, with uncovered head, he shook the reins and shouted to the horse, evidently urging it to greater speed. I gave myself up for lost, and sat with fingers pressed upon my eyes, awaiting the smash which I was sure must come. I knew how hazardous it would be to jump out while travelling at such a pace, so there was nothing for it but to sit still.

And this I did, until a few minutes later the carriage suddenly came to a stand-still with a jerk which flung me on to the seat opposite. I soon recovered myself, and opening the door stepped hastily into the road, heedless of the tropical midday sun which blazed overhead. But the syce was quicker even than I. He had sprung off the box, and was tearing off his clothing, all the while moaning and crying as if in pain.

The kaboons from the neighbouring gardens came running up, and we were soon surrounded by a small crowd, and then I saw what had happened. It needed no interpreter to explain matters when I beheld hornets almost as large as locusts crawling over the man's back, and dropping from his



"TRAVELING ALONG AT A BREAK-NECK PACE."

garments which the kaboons were shaking where they stood beside us in the road.

I realized then from what a horrible fate this brave fellow had saved me. This particular species of hornet found in the Malay Peninsula are twice the size of English ones; their bodies are black with a scarlet ring round them, and their sting is very poisonous.

The poor syce was already covered with swellings caused by the creatures having crept inside his clothes, and his head and neck were terribly wounded, leaving injuries which would probably have proved fatal to a European, but were less dangerous to a non-alcoholic Mohammedan.

What had happened was simply this. A tribe of these hornets were swarming over the garden road at the point where we traversed it. The shout I had heard was the warning voice of the Chinese coolie, who had thrown aside his buckets and had taken refuge under the long grass in the jungle, when the loud hum of the flying hornets first attracted his attention. But his cry had come too late to stop my driver, who found the swarm would be upon us before he had time to turn round and go back, so he determined to make a dash for it. Had he hesitated, or, with cowardly self-

consideration, jumped off and run for shelter as the coolie had done, I should have been left to the chance of being smashed up by a runaway horse, for the hornets would certainly have attacked the animal; or, if they had entered the palanquin and swarmed upon me, to the



"THE COOLIE HAD THROWN ASIDE HIS BUCKETS."

certainty of a sudden and painful death. As I write, I recall the sight of a tablet which can be seen in one of the European churches in Northern India, erected to the memory of a young English lady, with these fateful words inscribed thereon: "Stung to death by bees near this spot."

IV. "Bom Slong."

A beautiful and touching narrative of Baby and his terrible messmate, sent us by a South African mother.

As I sit down to pen this little incident of my life, this is the picture that rises before me: It is early morning in my beautiful African home (beautiful with a strange fascination that is all its own). Rising hastily, I throw on a wrapper and, opening the glass doors, step out on the stoep. The morning is fresh and clear after the dust storm of the previous evening, and pulling up the grass blinds I look out on the promise of the coming day.

Calling my husband, I begin to pour out the coffee, when the Kaffir nurse appears with our baby boy. He is the picture of health and is clamouring for his porridge. I give him a plateful, with a generous allowance of milk, and as one makes the most of the cool of the day in Africa, I tell him he may take it outside and eat it, thinking he would stay on the stoep. Instead of this, however, the little fellow marched off to

the rockery which of late seemed to have become his favourite place—a beautiful spot it was, with its tall red and white cactus trees, and brilliant scarlet creepers.

Hurriedly finishing his breakfast, my husband remarked that he and the "boys"—as all Kaffirs are called, old or young—would be late in starting with the transport waggon to the town, so he kissed me, and laughingly promised to bring the child and me something from the town. Then he went out and disappeared into the compound, waving his hand as he turned the corner.

Picking up my hat, I went out to find my baby boy. He was not on the stoep, so I walked on and turned the corner towards the rockery. Suddenly I caught a glimpse of the fair curls on his dear baby head, and I softly called his name. The very next moment I

beheld a sight which seemed to freeze my blood and root me to the spot, speechless with horror.

My child was seated on a stone, eating his porridge, and close by his side lay a huge snake, one of the most venomous of its species. Alternately that amazing pair took a spoonful of the porridge! All at once I saw the ghastly reptile raise its head, as if to strike, but instead, gracefully curving its head downwards, it took some milk out of the plate. In anger the infant struck it with the spoon, saying at the same time, "No no! *Bom Slong!* my turn now." Try and realize my astonishment when the reptile only cowered down in the leaves, watching the child out of its tiny bright eyes. My precious little one finished his porridge, and placing the plate down, watched whilst the snake drank up the milk he had evidently left for it; there seemed to be a most friendly understanding between them.

I watched them for some time as in a dream, and then, calling my son softly by name, I moved forward a step in fear and trembling. The snake, at the sound of my voice, raised itself and, seeing me, disappeared from view. Rushing forward, I clasped my child in my arms, as though he were some lost treasure suddenly found again. I smothered him with kisses, and not once again during the day did I even lose sight of him.

Anxiously I watched for my husband's homecoming to tell him my tale of horror. When he had heard my morning's experience, he viewed the extraordinary incident with the same feelings of horror that I did. He agreed that something must be done on the following day.

Very light was my sleep that night, and

many times did I get up and look at my sleeping baby, thanking God he was safe, as I beheld his darling face.

Next morning, when the usual breakfast hour arrived, I coaxed the child to have his meal with me on the stoep, whilst my husband took a plate of steaming hot milk down to the rockery, trusting that the well-known love of snakes for warm milk

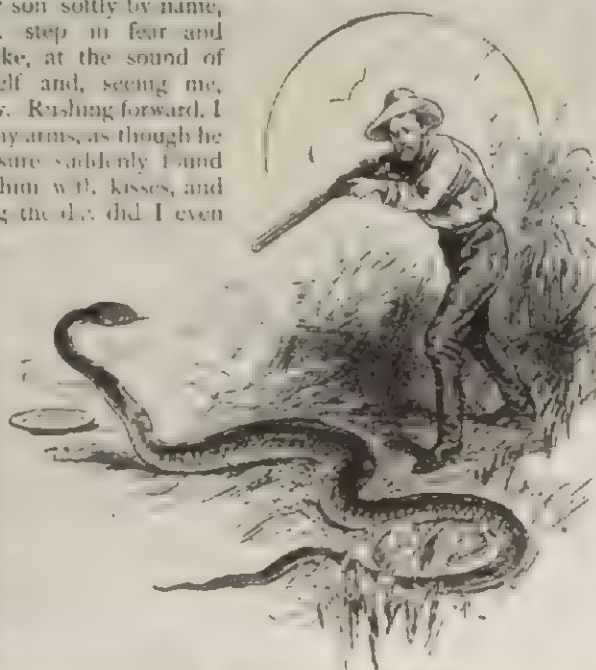


"NO! NO! *BOM SLONG!* MY TURN NOW!"

would bring "*Bom Slong*" out of its nest. Nor was he deceived. Almost immediately the snake came gliding along, but seemed puzzled and

somewhat suspicious at not finding the child there as usual. The smell of the milk, however, soon proved stronger than its suspicions, and the dangerous reptile began to drink.

My husband at once raised his gun and fired, killing the snake at one shot. Then he carefully buried it out of sight, telling me not to say anything to the child. Next day my boy went to the rockery as usual and great was his grief that his strange companion did not appear. For weeks he fretted, and watched every morning for his fearful pet.



"MY HUSBAND RAISED HIS GUN."

The Strange Life of Lone St. Kilda.

By R. KEARTON, F.Z.S.

Author of "With Nature and a Camera," etc.

A revelation to British readers. All about a wild and lonely island, its people, and its institutions. Illustrated with impressive photographs.



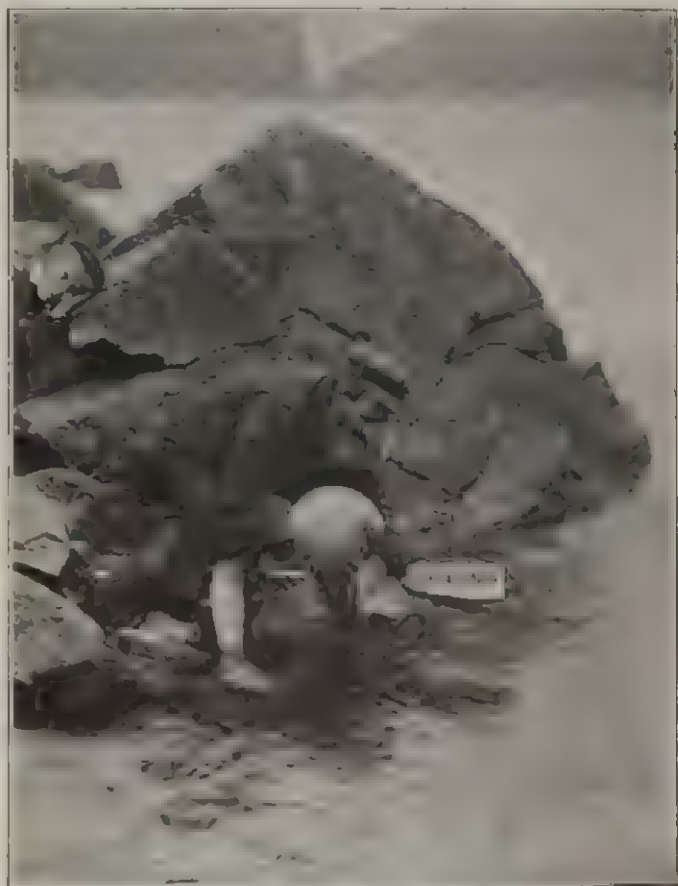
HE great majority of residents in the British Isles have no idea where St. Kilda is situated even on the map, and know absolutely nothing about the lone rock or its strange people and their primitive life and old-world ways. And no wonder, when we stop to consider that, although it is an island lying within the British Archipelago, it has never to this day been officially surveyed, and its inhabitants are really much more cut off from communication with the outer world than either those of Timbuctoo or Vancouver Island.

This arises from the fact that it lies some fifty miles north west of the Outer Hebrides, and is constantly lashed by the stormy waves of the North Atlantic, some idea of the terrific force of which may be gathered from the fact that parts of them leap over rocks 300ft. in height in solid masses of water, and bespray all the cultivated portions of the island at times to such an extent as to destroy the crops planted by the natives.

St. Kilda itself is about three miles in length, by two in width, and is surrounded by three smaller grass-clad but uninhabited islands called Doon, Borrera, and Soa, and a number of bare rock-stacks, upon the sides and summits of which innumerable sea-birds breed. Excepting in Village Bay and the foot of the glen, St. Kilda is surrounded by cliffs of the most stupendous character, rising in places sheer out of the tempestuous sea to a height of over 1,000ft.

Owing to the extremely inhospitable character of the place, and the rough weather prevailing during the greater part of the year, St. Kilda is not, as may be readily imagined, often visited, excepting during the summer time, when even steamers have occasionally to turn back on account of their inability to land passengers. As a rule, three or four trips are now made by Glasgow pleasure-boats every year, but when the last has steamed out of Village Bay, the natives say good-bye to the outer

world until the following June, when they again shake hands with it and wish it "A Happy New Year." But the St. Kildan is a very ingenious fellow, and when he desires to communicate with a friend dwelling upon any other part of the globe he makes his own mail-boat, and dispatches it as shown in our illustration. This is done by making a bladder from a sheep's skin and tying it to a piece of wood roughly shapen like a boat, and having a cavity cut in it for the reception of a bottle or tin canister containing a letter and request that whomsoever may pick the wee mail-boat up will post it to its destination. The necessary coin is placed in the cavity wherewith to frank the missive, a hatch is then nailed over the whole, and the words: "Please open," crudely cut in



HOW THE ST. KILDA MAIL BOAT IS DESPATCHED.
From a Photo. by Cherry Kearson.



From a Photo. by]

DISCOVERING A MESSAGE FLUT THROWN UP BY THE SEA.

[G. H. Wilson & Co.

it, and the whole consigned to the sea during the prevalence of a north westerly wind. In about five days the tiny craft is wafted across to the Hebrides, or if it drifts north misses them, crosses the North Sea, and lands in Norway. I have had two or three letters sent me in this way, and am assured by the St. Kildans that an average of four out of

six letters dispatched in this way reach their destination in safety.

The above illustration shows mostly the feminine members of the community in conclave over some message which they have not dispatched, but picked up on the tiny bit of beach at the head of Village Bay. Perhaps it is a *billet doux* from a Spanish sailor who was



From a Photo. by]

A STREET SCENE IN ST. KILDA.

[G. H. Wilson & Co.



THE FIRST PHOTO EVER TAKEN OF A FULMAR PETREL SITTING ON HER NEST.

From a Photo by Cherry Kearton.

wrecked on the western end of the island some years ago, and fell in love with one of the young women, who returned his affection, although neither knew a word the other spoke; or some missive from the Western world, as they get all sorts of things from America, including Molucca beans and harbour buoys. A fine specimen of the latter was recently landed, and investigation proved that it had escaped from New York Harbour, and the Gulf stream had had it in hand for two years.

The women of St Kilda do not relish being photographed, and some of them will not "sit" either for love or money, and the camera man who secured the very typical street view shown at the bottom of the preceding page may consider himself a very lucky fellow. Two or three things strike the visitor to St Kilda as he wanders along its single rough street, which simply

consists of a score or so of two-roomed, single-storied stone cottages, describing a semi-circular line running parallel with the shore of the bay below. They look very squat beneath their zinc roofs, which, it will be observed, are securely anchored down by iron bands to prevent them from being stripped during violent gales of wind. The things that strike the visitor are the brave show of sea birds' eggs in nearly every window, the smell of fulmar oil, and the abundance of sea-birds' feathers.

Birds contribute by far the largest share of the food supply in St. Kilda, and the fulmar petrel is held in very high esteem. The accompanying photograph of a fulmar petrel sitting on her nest is the first ever taken, so far as I can gather, and was secured at great risk on an awful precipice in Soa by my brother while we were hunting for pictures and



ST. KILDA FOWLS "GANGING" BY VAP PETRELS—FISHY SCYTES, TWO CHAMBER FOWLS AND CRAGMANS AT WORK. *(Cherry Kearton Photo by)*



From a Photo. by]

FOWLERS GOING HOME LOADED.

[G. W. Wilson & Co.]

other materials for our recently published book, "With Nature and a Camera." The bird has a very curious method of defending itself when approached upon its nest. It squirts a quantity of amber-coloured, very evil smelling oil over its assailant. The fowlers have a very ingenious but rather cruel method of capturing it whilst sitting upon its single egg. They work in pairs. One armed with a light deal pole some nine or ten feet in length, and having a noose made of horse-hair and gannet's quills at the end, descends the face of a cliff where the poor birds are breeding, by means of a rope, which his comrade carefully pays out. When the fowler comes near a fulmar he pushes the noose at the end of his rod deftly towards her, slips it over her head, and secures her as shown in our illustration, which represents Finlay McQueen, the champion cragsman and fowler, at work.

The fulmars
are only snared

on their nests on such outlying islands as Borrera and Soa; those breeding on St. Kilda and Doon are strictly preserved until the single young one reared by each pair of birds has grown large enough and sufficiently fat for table use, when the cliffs are raided. The three fowlers, figuring in the foreground of the adjoining very typical bit of coast scenery, with a load of young fulmars each, only

form part of a gang of sportsmen, as is evidenced by the fact that they have no ropes with them. Some fulmars, however, breed in such situations as may be visited by a man of athletic frame and good nerves. It will be observed that all three of the men are barefooted. They could not walk along the ledges they visit in boots, for a single slip means instant death.

The seventy odd souls comprising the population of St. Kilda live on communistic principles, and when all the young and able-bodied men return from a day's sport amongst the birds, the



From a Photo. by]

DIVIDING THE CATCH OF FULMARS.

[G. W. Wilson & Co.]

total "bag" is spread out upon the rocks, as shown in our illustration, "Dividing the Catch of Fulmars," and widows and orphans, aged spinsters, and old men whose limbs and nerves are no longer equal to scaling the dizzying cliffs, all get a share.

It must not be supposed for a moment that the women do not take their full share in the work and danger of fowling, for they climb on to both Borrera, Soa, and Doon, in order to snare puffins, with gins consisting of a piece of light rope from which dangle forty horse-hair nooses, which are spread along a favourite perching rock in order to entangle the birds' feet.

Great numbers of puffins are slain every year by means of the rod used for catching fulmars on their nests, and the skill and dexterity with which a St. Kildan handles this destructive engine are simply astonishing. To the spectator it appears as if the fowler exercised some subtle charm over his poor victims. He creeps up near the birds, which look foolishly inquisitive as to what he is going to do, with his rod on the

the birds are plucked, split open, kippered, and suspended on long strings across the rooms of the inhabitants, and whenever one of them feels hungry he snatches a puffin off the line, flings it on the embers of a turf fire, and as soon as it is sufficiently grilled has his lunch.

Vast numbers of gannets or Solan geese breed upon the rock-stacks, such as Borrach and Stack Lee, the latter of which rises like a great, weird sentinel some 300ft. out of the ocean. During the summer it is so thickly covered with Solan geese that it may be seen on a fine day no less than forty miles away, when its appearance bears a remarkable resemblance to a ship under full sail.

The picture on the next page shows a crowd of young gannets in down with their parents. The youngsters are quite unable to fly, but have taken to wandering about the rocks, a procedure which occasionally leads to one or two dropping over into the sea and being washed away. I have walked about amongst these young geese when their parents were so bold that they pecked my legs vigorously, and inflicted considerable

pain upon me, rather than desert their offspring. The St. Kildans levy toll upon the young gannets before they are able to fly, and upon their parents when they return to their old breeding haunts in the spring. Their method of catching the adult geese is an extremely ingenious one. When the birds have become nicely accustomed to their old sleeping quarters, the fowlers make a midnight raid



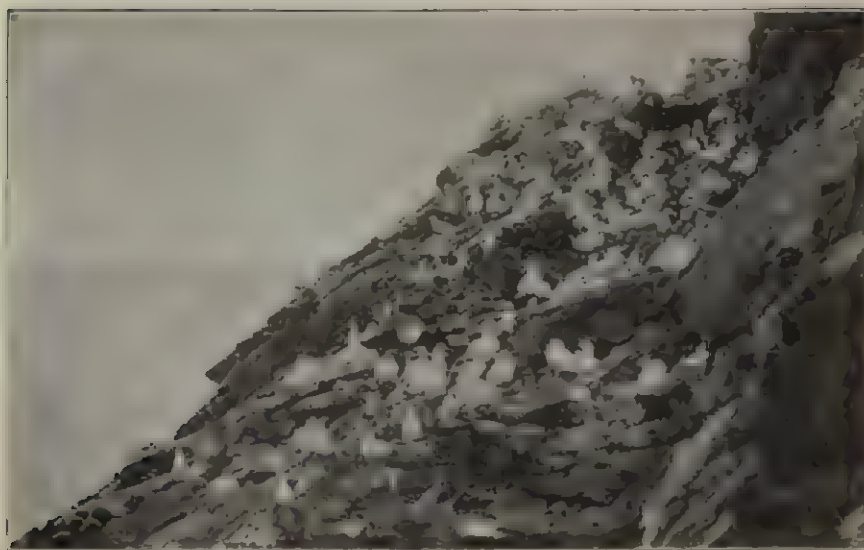
FIG. 2. (21)

HOW THE PUFFINS ARE SNARED.

(G. D. H. Macdonald & Co.)

and in front of him, and slowly, steadily, and he pushes it forward until the noose at the end is opposite and close to a puffin's head, when, by a dexterous turn of the wrist, he drops it over the unsuspecting bird's head and secures it. So proficient are the St. Kildans at this kind of sport, that one man has been known to secure birds in a single day. When secured

upon them in the following way: "Two men, fastened at either end of a rope, ascend the rocks, and on all fours crawl along the ledge where the gannets are resting. The latter have always a sentinel posted, who, if he thinks all is well, cries, 'Gorrok! Gorrok!' on hearing which the fowlers advance; but if the sentinel cries, 'Beero!' the men remain motionless,



From Photo (2)

A CROWD OF YOUNG GANNETS WITH THEIR PARENTS

[G. H. Brown & Co.]

with their bonnets drawn over their brows and their faces on the rock. If the sentinel fancies it was a false alarm and again cries 'Gorr k' the first fowler progresses until he is near enough to grasp the sentinel and twist his powerful neck. The sentinel gone, the whole flock falls into a state of panic and bewilderment, and crowd upon the man on all sides. He has nothing to do but dispatch them. But it sometimes happens that the whole troop take flight with a 'Beero, harro, boo!' when the men have to crawl back without any game for that night. I was told that the birds turn the tables upon their would-be captors sometimes when disturbed, and carry off their caps and mufflers."

Wedding rings are unknown in St. Kilda, and married women are distinguished from unmarried ones by the white frill running round the front of the head shawl. Their brooches consist of either the brass washers out of wrecked ships or old copper coins hammered out and having a circular hole cut through the centre. Besides milking the cows and sheep, fetching turf off the hills, and plucking dock-leaves for the cattle to eat, they snare sea fowl and dress them ready for preservation. In order to do this all the young women are carried from St. Kilda in a boat to Borrera, and left there for a period every summer. They live in a semi-underground primitive kind of house whilst they are there, and constant watch is kept over them from the top of a high hill in St. Kilda four or five miles away. If any of the girls should fall ill, or their work should be completed sooner than expected, they cut three long strips out of the green turf on the top of

Borrera, or light a fire, either of which signals means to their friends at home, "Send boat for us."

Duties are a good deal reversed amongst the members of this isolated community, for the men make the women's frocks, whilst their future wearers dig the potato beds out side. They are fond of gaudy colours, as may be judged from

the following story: "When the Rev. Neil Mackenzie went to St. Kilda in 1830, his servant-maid, a native, asked permission to take the hearth rug to church by way of a shawl. Regarding her proposal as a joke, he innocently assented, and to his infinite astonishment he beheld the girl in his own pew, enveloped in the many-coloured carpet, the envied of an admiring congregation! All the women in the island were eager candidates for the 'shawl' on the following morning, some of them offering to give ten birds for its use."

When service is over, all the men and boys remain quite still in their little rectangular kirk until the women have filed out. They are very fond of sweets, and whilst we stayed with them on the island, they came into our cottage every night with a supply of fresh milk, with which they presented us in return for a few handfuls of sweets.

One very curious custom still prevailing is to elect the most beautiful spinster on the island to fill the dignified but, so far as I could gather, quite functionless office of Queen. This distinction only lasts so long as the young lady remains single, and most of them depose themselves, I believe, in the "old sweet way," by going and marrying some daring young cragsman.

The St. Kildans run a Parliament of their own, which, so far as I could gather, remains in perpetual session. All the men and youths meet in front of the houses, as depicted in the accompanying picture, or down at the store-house by the sea, and debate every morning upon the nature of the work they shall do on that day, and how they shall go about it. These

*From a Photo. by*

THE MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT OF ST. KILDA.

[G. W. Wilson & Co.]

debates are conducted from beginning to end in the Gaelic tongue, and often become so animated that the unsophisticated stranger expects the wordy war to end in open strife and bloodshed. But he is mistaken, for just when the verbal storm is at its height, and every man and boy is at his hottest and loudest, the jangle often suddenly ceases as it by magic, and everybody goes forth to share the day's toil and danger in the most amiable condition of mind.

The boat in and around which the male members of the little community are here seen gathered is the common property of the people, and such profits as are made by it in carrying visitors to the outlying islands, ashore from steamboats, etc., are equally divided amongst the members of the common

wealth. For over two hundred years the St. Kildans have employed the same method of hauling their boat up the rocks out of the sea to where it is to be seen in our illustration, and so often have they accomplished this feat in one particular spot, that the solid rock has been ground away and grooved in places by innumerable keel-plates. As soon as the boat has been beached one man is told off to act

*From a Photo. by*

THE ST. KILDA COMMON BOAT.

[G. W. Wilson & Co.]

as crier to all the others, who haul might and main when he gives the signal, or stop to regain breath when he considers they are in need of a rest.

Their method of handling a boat strikes the stranger as being somewhat peculiar, for in landing passengers upon steep rocks they always do so howls on. As soon as a place as much sheltered from the effects of wind, tide, and ground swell as possible has been selected, a rope is tied round the waist of one of the younger men, who stands right on the nose of the boat and waits for a favourable opportunity to leap upon the steep, rocky shore.

If he slips and rolls back into the sea he is hauled into the boat and is exempted from any further work that day. When they landed me upon Soa and Borrera they tied two ropes to my body, and when I leapt one was held by a man who had preceded me ashore, and the other by one of the men in the boat; but in spite of this very necessary precaution, I sustained a very nasty fall one rough day. It happened in this way. We were re-embarking, and when it came to my turn to leap off the rock into the boat I slipped, twirled round to try to save myself, and as the man behind me had slackened his rope, down I went head first with a sickening crash into the craft, which, unfortunately for me, was herself right away below in the trough of the sea. Like the Irishman who fell off the house top, I thought I was "kilt entirely," but luckily escaped minus broken bones, although covered with bruises.

The dogs are a distinct feature of St. Kilda, as may be seen by reference to several of the pictures, and I have frequently seen six or eight of them holding their parliament at the same time their masters were in solemn conclave, but instead of settling their differences of opinion in growls and snarls, they frequently fell back upon

the savage arbitrament of force, and a great bundle of them interlocked in deadly strife would roll down the sloping rocks right into the sea, which instantly cooled their ardour, and as a rule settled their arguments.

Some thirty acres of the land lying immediately between the village of St. Kilda and the sea are under cultivation, and produce potatoes, cabbages, and oats. It used to be dug by means of the peculiar looking spade-plough, or *cachron*, as it is called in Gaelic; but I fear that both the ancient implement and its picturesque individual wielder in our illustration

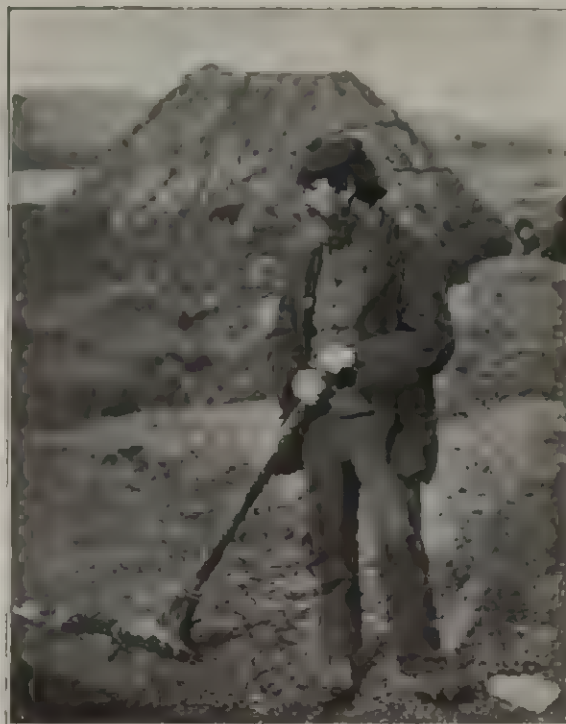
are now known no more in the far-away isle. A minister introduced the English spade some years ago, and it has supplanted the clumsy, crooked *cachron*.

Up and down the village may be seen old Quern stones, which have been used in past times for grinding corn in. They have given place to the more modern, but still in all conscience sufficiently primitive, apparatus shown in our accompanying picture. The machine, or, more properly speaking, mill, is, as may be seen, worked upon the ordinary principle of corn-grinding, which it does at a wearisomely slow rate.

Our last illustration represents the burial-

place of the St. Kildans, nearly all of whom come to it, in spite of their dangerous work upon the cliffs or upon the treacherous seas running round the islands. When I visited the lone spot two years ago, the whole graveyard was overgrown with nettles, which completely hid all the primitive tombstones seen in the photograph. The hewn stone just peeping out behind the wall in front was put up by a recent minister over the body of his sister, who died whilst staying with him at the Manse, to be seen close down by the water's edge.

In former times, no doubt, cliff accidents were more numerous, and the natives tell a story



SPADE-PLOUGH USED IN TILLING THE LAND.
From a Photo. by G. W. Wilson & Co.



A PRIMITIVE APPARATUS FOR GRINDING CORN.
From a Photo. by G. W. Wilson & Co.

of a father and son, who both went down a tremendous precipice on the same rope. When they had been down some time, the son was horrified to witness the rope being gradually cut in two by a sharp rock above, and became convinced that it would not hold until they had both climbed beyond the frayed part. He urged his father to avail himself of it while it would still bear his weight, but the anxious parent pointed

out that, as he was old and of little further use in the world, it would be better for him to take the risk. But his heroic son urged him with tears in his eyes to ascend, and he did so with great reluctance, gaining the summit in safety. He then turned and watched his son attempt the perilous feat; but, alas! the fatal rope chafed upon the sharp rock, stretched, and finally snapped asunder, precipitating the brave lad upon the jagged rocks hundreds of feet below, off which his body bounded into the sea.

A young fowler whilst setting a snare for birds upon the edge of a cliff in St. Kilda once caught his toe in one of its nooses and, stumbling forward, fell over the edge of the crag and hung there all night, nearly 200ft. above the ocean. He was finally rescued through one of his friends hearing his cries for help.

In former times the St. Kildans suffered terribly from a scourge known as "eight-day sickness," which killed nearly every one of their babies at the end of that time. Mothers felt so sure that their infants would succumb to it, that they did not trouble to provide any clothing for the little strangers until after the fatal period of time had passed. But thanks to the present minister, Mr. Fiddes, who is spiritual guide, school-master, and medicine man all in one, the evil has been conquered.

Another very strange fact about the physical ills of these lonely folks is that, after the first visit made by strangers to them every summer, they are stricken with a kind of influenza, which they call "strangers' cold," and dread greatly.



From a Photo. by

THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF THE ST. KILDANS.

(G. W. Wilson & Co.

Through Storm and Flood.

BY D'ARCY MORELL.

A weird and terrible story of a race for life in the South-East of Europe. Through the raging waters on a railway truck, over rails held together only by bolts and rivets.



Far away to the horizon stretched a waste of turgid waters, like an inland sea, its surface flecked with many islands fringed with varied vegetation; and in the distance a chain of hills, rising abruptly out of the water, marked the limit of the inundation on the west. Clusters of plum and mulberry trees, beeches and poplars, dense with summer foliage, swayed their leafy crests high above the deluged plain, while here and there smokeless chimneys, and the roofs of submerged dwellings, broke the level of the wide expanse with darker specks—a human and melancholy token of a great calamity.

Surging ever onwards, flowing always in the same direction, the overwhelming flood rolled its measureless volume down the valley with resistless might, sweeping all things before it that chanced to stem its course—gliding peacefully, almost smoothly, with a murmuring ripple, over the open country; but heaving white with tumultuous fury and unsparing power whenever obstacles opposed its progress. Never flagging, waving, whirling, drifting always on to reach the great green Danube near Semendria, now swollen to twenty times its natural dimensions in the effort to draw off, and absorb into its bosom, the ceaseless tide of flood-water, and thus drain this fruitful region from its direst scourge in recent times.

A dull and lowering sky enhanced the desolate aspect of the scene as the rain dripped steadily, with monotonous hum, from the lead-toned screen overhead, blending with the moving waters in a soft and misty spray. Long rows of willows, sunk to their topmost branches, drooped their weeping boughs of silvery green in the seething current, as if mourning the devastation of a province and the ruin of a stricken peasantry. The actual body of the river could only be traced by such signs as these trees, and by the eddying swirl of the stream as it heaved onwards in the churning waters the trunks of uprooted trees, carcasses of cattle and sheep, and wreckage of houses, with, occasionally, a more pitiful and ghastly object in human shape.

Such was the picture that met my gaze as I entered the broad valley of the yellow Morava, near the little Servian town of Cupria.

Inclosed by the encroaching flood in the old town of Nis, a few days previously, I was compelled to wait there until the receding waters subsided, rendering it possible to quit the place, and attempt the journey down the valley of the Morava. Nis, still slumbering in the sloth engendered by ages of Oriental servitude, was roused in this emergency to unwonted activity, and forced to make an effort at self-preservation; for a part of the town lay under water, and the main streets had become canals. Boats and rafts were improvised, in which the inhabitants of the lower districts, imprisoned in their houses and being in danger, were removed to shelters of safety in the upper town, or on the hills beyond. But the grim spectres of famine and fever hovered over the saturated land, reeking with morbid exhalations in consequence of the great heat which followed the phenomenal inundation; so I determined to try to make my way to Hungary through the heart of drowning Servia.

Taking one companion with me, and only such requisites as he could carry, I left Nis, steaming with rank, noisome vapours, the result of the late visitation; and we directed our steps along the slopes and ridges of the wild, uncultivated hills above the Nisava to avoid the vast swamps which covered the valleys and low-lying ground. Sometimes plunging through dense woods and tangled thickets—haunts of the brown bear and bristly boar; at others climbing over rocks and crags, or shooting down in a bed of loose stones, which, slipping under the feet, bore us along with them in their descent; we struggled wearily on, until brought to a standstill by an impassable morass, or raging torrent, left by the falling flood. At times we saw wreaths of blue-grey smoke curling upwards from the wooded hill-side, which on coming near we found to arise from camp-fires kindled by the unhappy peasants, who, flying from their homes in the valleys, had sought safety on the uplands. Many of these people, totally destitute, without food or shelter, were mourning the loss of relatives and friends. But all told the story of their ruin with stolid resignation; how all was lost—home, crops, cattle and sheep, and, worst of all, the herds of swine, which are the principal source

of profit to the Servian peasant. At last, weather-worn and tired, after two dreary nights spent on the sodden earth, with the moist covering of the trees for a roof, we arrived at Cupria, whence all further progress was impossible except by boat.

The little township was all but encircled by the conquering waters; provisions were becoming scarce, all communication having been interrupted, while numbers of the country folk, forsaking their wasted villages, had taken refuge within its gates, thereby increasing the number of mouths to be fed. Anxious to proceed on my journey, after a short sojourn I sought some way of escape to Lapovo—just out of reach of the devastation—intending to travel thence to Belgrade on dry land.

A detachment of pioneers prepared a couple of pontoons for the hazardous enterprise, and I therefore cast in my lot with the soldiers and a small party of forlorn travellers, entrapped like myself in the floods. Thus it was arranged to make the venture together in the first boat to start, while another was later to attempt to cross with the belated mails from the East.

About eleven in the forenoon, at a signal from the engineer officer in command, the crew stepped on board, placing themselves at the oars as we took seats in the stern. The lieutenant grasped the tiller, giving his men the word to "go," and in a moment the boat was going from the shore, heading for the great body of the river, while an interested crowd of natives lined the bank behind; and watched, in silent apprehension, the progress of this desperate adventure, as we drew towards the mighty stream, rushing down the centre of the valley with a sound of distant continuous thunder. Feeling more than ever the strength of the

current as the distance from the rapids diminished, our craft was sucked towards the seething cauldron with irresistible power and increasing velocity. The trees flew past in dizzy succession,

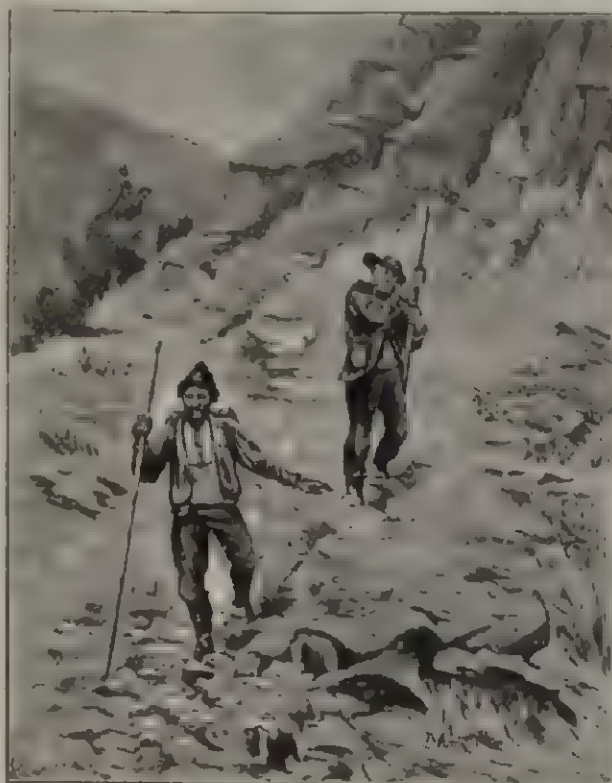
and at the same time the difficulty of navigating the pontoon through the mass of obstacles of every description, both fixed and floating, became extreme. But the leader cheered his men as they sang a soldier's Slavonic song, keeping time with the stroke of the oars, and in another instant we were hurled into the wild tumult of the angry waters, swept along with impetuous onrush of the broken waves, rolling and tumbling over each other in their mad career, and lifting aloft the heavy pontoon as they burst into foam underneath with a hissing sound.

"Great heavens, the bridge! We

shall never clear the bridge!" was a sudden, startled cry.

All eyes were strained ahead to where a long line of milk-white foam revealed the position of the ruined structure. Everyone now worked for his life, two men plying each oar in the effort to escape from the rapids, and to enter the diluvial flats of the flooded country beyond, without shooting the bridge, over which the troubled waters poured in a cataract with a deep and muffled roar. It was impossible. The movement was too quick, and the immense volume of the river carried the boat irresistibly down to the shattered fabric.

Were they minutes or seconds that elapsed ere we reached the dreaded vortex? It would be hard to tell with accuracy—probably about two minutes; but all in that boat compressed their lips and gripped the gunwale and thwarts with a firmer hold. There came a violent lurch, an upward tilt, and the boat flung her bows into the air, then plunging her nose



"SHOOTING DOWN IN A BED OF LOOSE STONES."



"THE CAPTAIN STEERED FOR A BREACH IN THE PARAPET."

to the top of the cutwater in the avalanche of foam, she sprang headlong to her fate. A yawning gulf in the masonry opened before us, those still grasping the oars struggled to keep the craft "head on," while the officer steered for a breach in the parapet where the central arch had given way. It was but the matter of a moment, yet a moment to be remembered for a lifetime. Spanning the Morava from shore to shore, but now almost completely gutted and immersed beneath the overflowing torrent, there stood several blocks of solid stone work, covered by a timber superstructure, quivering under the shock of countless tons of water, fuming and roaring, as it crashed over the obstruction in its path. Piled up wreckage and trees lay heaped against the piers and buttresses, which still withstood the tremendous weight pressing upon them; and through this mass of *débris* and destruction we made a final plunge, like rushing past the sluices of a mammoth lock prematurely opened. Dashed into and beyond the gaping orifice in an instant; spun round in the eddies and suck-holes; water logged and nearly sinking, we were carried several hundred yards below the

bridge, in a sea of froth and air-bubbles, before it was possible to bale out the water and get the pontoon once again under control. For some distance more we were buffeted in the trough of the swashing stream, until at length, the last bucketful having been pitched overboard, the men resumed their places at the oars, while the other occupants settled down with tolerable composure to await whatever fate might yet be in store for them.

Soon afterwards, slipping away from the course of the river, and avoiding various plantations—a maze of interlaced and rotting undergrowth—our pilot steered straight across country over maize fields and vineyards deep down beneath the surface of the inundation, and made for a distant hill that stood high above the flooded plain. A far off headland, it was in appearance, from whose thickly wooded slopes the smoke of many fires was wafted upwards in spiral wreaths of murky grey.

On our right lay a deserted village, through which the flood was gushing with a changeless, melancholy splash. Chimneys, tufts of orchard trees, with, here and there, the tiled roof of a large cottage, were the only landmarks visible above the drifting tide; but the occasional rumbling crash of a falling house

told plainly how the process of destruction continued, and how the ruined habitations were gradually crumbling away and falling to pieces.

As we neared the highway which runs along the valley to Jagodina, the murmur of rushing water grew louder, resembling the breaking waves when the tide is flowing on a sandy strand. This was caused by the deluge unceasingly rolling over the road which stood some feet higher than the wold. Its direction was traced by the long fringe of surf, and by the line of telegraph poles, some of which had fallen, dragging with them the wires, which were now trailing in the water. The helmsman called to the rowers to make a greater effort, several sprang to their feet and, using the oars to push the stern, forced onwards the stout craft, slowly, and with much trouble, to the edge of the embankment. But the wash over the top was too strong; the men weakened in the struggle and gave up. We were swept back into the deep water. Once again the attempt was made. The road was gained, but the flood streamed across like a mill race, and the boat swerving round, broadside on, careened over, cold, green water pouring over her gunwale. Several

soldiers jumped overboard on to the stony way, waist-deep in the current. They were nearly sucked under the keel, but still, battling manfully, they reached a telegraph pole on the opposite edge, round which a rope was wound. All now joining in the work with a will, the heavy pontoon was hauled over the shallow track into the calmer flow beyond.

Halt an hour later we saw two men wading almost to their breasts in the flood, they carried

as we drew towards the spot on which the unfortunate peasants stood. Rescue was then assured; the brave pioneers, they thought, were coming to save them from certain death. It was the hand of God, they said, that guided the boat that way—otherwise, how could we have discovered two poor peasants lost in such a watery wilderness?

"Pull them in. Heave them on board," cried several voices; but the helmsman quietly

remarked to us, "We are already overladen, yet if you, gentlemen, are willing, I will assume the responsibility for my men. We can hardly leave these people here to drown." Instantly, many willing hands assisting, the cold and weary castaways, with water streaming from their garments, were seated in the stern with us, while their saturated packs, containing a few things they wished to save, in addition to some soaked pulpy bread, were thrown into the



"WE SAW TWO MEN WADING ALMOST TO THEIR BREASTS IN THE FLOOD."

ing staffs, with which they were trying the depth, as well as steadying their steps in the water. On coming near to the poor rustics—quickly recognised as such by the rough sheep skin boots and the sacks slung over the shoulder—we learnt that they had fled from their homes at the approach of the waters, but had been overtaken before reaching the hills. They had been wandering for six hours in search of some means of escape from their terrible situation. Exhausted from their efforts and the long immersion, there was sinking in their hearts, for the inundation grew deeper around them as their strength wavered; when at last our boat hove in sight. Waving their big sticks in the air, lest they were unperceived, they waited in anxious suspense. The dark patch on the glistening surface waxed larger, while they watched the dip of the oars, and heard the clank of the rowlocks, and at length the blue uniforms of the soldiers became distinct.

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bottom of the craft. After reviving the homeless peasants with a little "slivovitz," we listened to their tale of misfortune. The deluge began to rise in the night, they said, and washed into the village at break of day. Hastening away with many others from their dwellings, they fled towards the rising ground, but were cut off by the fast-rising waters. Many must have perished in the attempt to escape, and so would they but for us; while those that remained behind in the houses were forced to climb on to the roof, or take refuge in the trees, whence they would soon fall from fatigue or die of hunger unless relieved. This was but the fate of one small hamlet—a fate shared by only too many others in this widespread disaster.

Presently looming before us, and draped with straggling undergrowth, streaked in places by patches of green verdure, varied in turn by rugged, overhanging rocks, the towering Mo

lifted its beetling heights far above the flooded lands; and the railway, skirting the base of the promontory, ran along an embankment, the track a foot or so above the water. Here, landing under the shadow of the hill, the party (a motley group of different nationalities) rested for a brief space in the midst of the long grass and sweet-smelling flowers, and listened to the peaceful tinkle of the sheep-bells on the green slopes. They watched, with wonder at such fatalistic resignation, the homeless peasants cutting brushwood on the hillside for the camp-fires during the lonesome watches of the coming night. For these hills were the peasants' asylum, where they had sought refuge and salvation with their families and their flocks and herds during those grievous days when their villages lay beneath this inland sea.

Having moored the boat, and emptied their long boots, which were full of water, the soldiers stretched themselves on the sward in their damp clothes to enjoy a short repose and a cigarette.

The clouds sailed away soon, and the rays of the fiery sun bathed the face of the humid landscape with effulgent light. An ethereal heat-mist was lifted skyward from the waste, making all objects large and weirdly mysterious by veiling land and water in its diaphanous folds; and several anglers, fishing from the railway embankment in the hope of securing a little food, were transformed by the delusive atmosphere into ghostly figures of gigantic stature that floated, seemingly, in the warm air.

It was time to push on in order to arrive at Jagodina before the railway line was entirely destroyed by the relentless flood; for the solid bank, built up of earth and stones, was already disappearing—even completely washed away in many places. Moreover, the close, oppressive heat and perfect stillness of the hour were ominous signs for the approaching night—precursors of one of those fearful tempests that sweep sometimes over these Danubian lands. So, bidding farewell to the gallant pioneers who were about to row to a submerged village in the hope of saving any people who might still be clinging to their houses, our party of seven, carrying only the lightest traps, struck out for the station of Jagodina along the slippery metals, wet sleepers, and rough stones of the permanent way. Just at this time the flood-water was beginning in places to lap over the track.

Stumbling on under the hot sun, sometimes wading almost knee-deep in the streamis gliding insidiously over the line; at one place we climbed along the timbers of a broken bridge that had fallen into the water, then, swinging our bodies to the other side by the iron rails that *still held firmly, suspended in mid-air above the*

torrent roaring underneath, we grasped the projecting rafters and landed in safety. Dripping with moisture, tired and foot-sore, the haggard group of wayfarers toiled on, till at last Jagodina station was reached without accident. But we did not find there a haven of refuge. Unhappily for us, the worst had yet to come, for we were destined to take part in one of the most strange and desperate of exploits.

The only persons remaining at the lonely building were the station-master, his wife, and a few workmen who had sought shelter there from the rising waters, which, creeping stealthily round, severed all communication with the town itself. These good people received us with much cordiality, and entertained us with a slight repast of coffee and bread and cheese; but anxious not to trespass on their hospitality, for the store of provisions at the station was indeed scanty—and who could foretell how long it might have to last?—we decided to try and escape at once across the rolling deluge that extended from here to Lapovo in an upbroken sheet of water, thirty miles wide. The station people crowded round and entreated us not to leave.

"You will never live to reach Lapovo," they said. "See! the storm is coming; the line is already under water. Stay with us and share our loaves of bread."

We looked beyond the gloomy waste, and saw in the far western sky a filmy haze gathering beyond the darkening hills and shrouding the disc of the declining sun in a copper coloured halo.

There was a pause, and a moment of transitory hesitation. How was it to be done? On foot was impossible. A trolley stood on the siding. I had observed it before, and it occurred to me that this square, solid truck might be used in the attempt. My suggestion, supported by Captain Ewart and one, Furkievitch, a Russian, eventually found acceptance with the whole party. The trolley was brought from the side and placed on the main track, as well as a second truck, with the object of dividing the weight on the tottering rails; and, also, that in the event of an accident happening to one car, the occupants might be helped by their companions on the other.

The die was cast. It was finally arranged to run the gauntlet of the immense volume of pent-up water that was tearing away the lofty embankment, which, running along the valley for miles, acted as a dam for the time, though its demolition was inevitably at hand. To have stayed behind was to risk starvation for ourselves, and to increase the risk for those we were leaving by consuming their small stock of bread;

while to proceed under such conditions was to incur the imminent danger of being overwhelmed in the chaos of Nature.

Eight stalwart labourers were found willing to join in the enterprise and propel the trolleys; and our friend, Popovits, secured a lantern, which he lighted, placing it on the foremost track. All being on board, the workmen standing one at each corner with long staves in their hands ready to start, we waved a silent farewell to the people at the station, and in another minute were trundling along the shining metals. In front lay the track of the railway, tracing its course over the plain like a sinuous thread just above the surface, till it disappeared in the watery waste; while at intervals in the deepening gloom of evening we saw unhappy villages buried under the flood. Soon, however, all solid objects vanished from our view in a world of waters, deepening in the shadows of fast falling night.

Onward we trundled in the twilight, faster and faster, for the wind moaned over the waters in fitful gusts, and spiteful wavelets splashed across our path, dashing their cold spray into our faces. The sun had long set, and great masses of black clouds spread upwards from the north-west like a sable canopy against the opalescent light of the fading after-glow. We rushed at headlong speed, when suddenly a chasm in the line yawned before us. But we could not stop in our weird flight. On we flew with increased velocity, the men straining at their poles, for

salvation depended upon rapidity. The sound of the roaring cascade struck on our ears for an instant as it poured through the abyss below in a fountain of foam; next, we had bounded to the other side over the rails and sleepers, swaying under our weight, as they hung suspended in the air over the gaping gulf. It was one brief moment of awful suspense, as the metals seemed to bend and give under the flying weight of the trucks; but the massive bolts and rivets of the iron-way held fast during the brief but perilous passage.

Another danger was at hand. Night had closed in, dark and impenetrable, on the wild scene, and the heavy storm-clouds piled up rapidly towards the zenith, with torn and ragged edges, throwing out long shreds of driving mist before the blast. The glimmer of lightning illumined the appalling spectacle with sudden brilliance, and the growl of distant thunder pealing over the waste proclaimed the near approach of the gathering storm. Still we advanced, though dazed by the almost incessant glare as the lightning streaked the sky in its zig-zag path.

But soon the tempest burst upon us with indescribable violence. The rush of water through the wheels of our diminutive car increased momentarily, as we ploughed our way deeper and deeper in the white-crested waves lashing over the embankment in a long line of surf. Nothing was visible when the blue and blinding lightning blazed in the heavens but a

group of figures huddled together and clinging to the trolley for dear life, a fringe of foam marking the track of our course. But when the pitch-black darkness followed, only the dull glimmer of the lantern gleamed like a glow-worm in the night. Thunder-clouds, ripped open and rent asunder, poured down a deluge which swept across the storm-tossed wilderness in slanting columns, while hurricane gusts whirled shrieking past and the deep waters heaved and groaned in wrath, scourged by a fearful cyclone.

The men worked for their lives and ours, but with all the help we could give, we scarcely



"ON WE FLEW WITH INCREASED VELOCITY."

made any headway; besides, we had lost sight of our comrades, and no sound was audible above the appalling clash of the elements. The trolley swayed and rocked—seeming even to float at times, and dive into the black depths below. Yet it remained on the metals, although the waves dashed completely over us, and spray flew past in drenching showers. But the bed beneath the sleepers was breaking away, and the rails, no longer supported by a solid foundation, were fast sinking. At this supremely critical time one of the pole-men, working frantically, lost his balance and was precipitated into the seething wash that raced across

fell upon the watery desert; and through the dank, opaque atmosphere we could just discern the "white horses" rearing and tossing their manes as they chased across the iron road.

It was a pause in the storm: the whirlwind had passed beyond us. Now was our chance—now or never.

Bending low, and calling into play all the strength that remained to us, we plunged the staves into the bed of the line, straining every muscle till the trolley slowly moved and forged ahead. Gradually the opposition slackened; the swash of the water decreased, and we heard once more the rumble of the wheels as they rolled along the iron way. The gradient was ascending, and slowly we worked our path out of the boisterous billows, but continued to run for some time longer over troughs and gully-holes bored underneath the rails, through which the water was pouring in spouts; and presently, spinning along at the rate of a stage coach, we bowled past the station of Baghdan, dark, desolate, and deserted, in the midst of the vast mere that rose and fell in decreasing undulations. On we travelled with revived hope towards our destination, and as we rattled along the wet and glistening metals the expiring breath



THE MEN ENDEAVOURING TO GET THE TROLLEY INTO THE SEETHING WASH.

of the narrow track. With a wild yell the man struggled to his legs and grasped with both hands the long staff, which Giukaroyits had secured and now extended towards him. Then he was saved.

Still the end was very near at hand. The strength of all was failing fast in such a hopeless contest. Almost stunned by the mighty tumult, numbed with cold, blinded by the driving deluge, we staggered and stood still. For two long miles this battle for life had lasted. It seemed an age. We had done our utmost, and could do no more. Grim, but calm, despair settled down upon these beaten men, and no one spoke, but several removed their coats and vests for the final plunge.

But a sudden hush, an unexpected stillness,

of the wind whispered in soft cadences through the wires, trailing by the track, which had been thrown down in the storm. The cold white moon rode through the driving clouds, fringing their edges with silvery light, and a great calm settled down upon the immense solitude.

Friendly lights at length beamed forth from the station of Lapovo, where we alighted. All were stiff and numbed from immersion, added to prolonged exposure to the weather. We were received with many congratulations at our wonderful escape, and every consideration and attention from both officials and townsfolk, for now, at last, our troubles and dangers were left behind. Afterwards it became known that the boat which followed us was lost, swallowed up in the rapids with all on board.

The Hasheesh Smugglers' Museum.

By M. SCIE.

An extraordinary and out-of-the-way article by a resident in Cairo, describing the ingenious and wonderful means by which natives smuggle this insidious drug, which produces delightful dreams. Illustrated with photographs.



THE practice of hasheesh smoking in Egypt constitutes, like the opium question in China, a problem that, while it is perpetually exercising the authorities concerned, affords but little prospect of ever attaining to a satisfactory solution.

Hasheesh is a drug—similar to the Ganja juice so largely used in India—prepared from the husks of hempseed. In its manufactured state it takes the form of a fine, greenish-looking powder, which for consumption is further resolved, by a process of heating, into a thick syrup. Of the latter, an infinitesimal quantity laid upon the lighted pipe or cigarette suffices to induce the peculiar conditions of exaltation and oblivion that the smoker desires.

The effects of this most insidious form of intoxication are at once more pernicious and more deadly than those of alcohol. From the first stages of delectation, the victim soon passes into a state of permanent imbecility; his wits are sapped with his strength, and the term *hasheesh* is synonymous in the vernacular with the word *lunatic*.

Yet the law has fastened on the Egyptian people, and the force of example is powerless to turn them from their baleful habit.

The Government itself is unable to cope with the evil: the laws for its mitigation are disregarded, the measures for enforcing them are defied; while the decree prohibiting the cultivation of the noxious weed is met by its wholesale importation from abroad.

No sooner is a veto set upon its introduction than every means is employed to circumvent this proscription. No price is too high, no penalty too heavy to pay for obtaining the forbidden luxury, and the vigilance of the Customs, with the combined aid of coastguard and police, can neither appreciably diminish the supply nor effect any reduction in the consumption.

The largest quantities of hasheesh are manufactured in and shipped from Greece, and a numerous band of smugglers of Greek nationality are regularly occupied in this illicit trade. A fleet of sailing vessels, those small and graceful craft that swarm, like flocks of beautiful

sea birds, about the more sheltered coasts of the Mediterranean—ply to and fro, seeking a convenient spot and a favourable opportunity to "run" their cargo on shore.

In this undertaking they are assisted by the Bedouins, to whose independent and daring spirit the task of transporting the illicit merchandise to the inland markets affords congenial employment, as well as providing them with a lucrative means of subsistence. Armed with their long *bundukiehs* (guns) these lawless nomads lurk about the shore with their camels, in readiness for the signal from their seafaring confederates. The landing effected, they have to run the gauntlet of the coastguard, and some smart fighting frequently ensues; but, although they offer a brave resistance, discovery is, as a rule, attended by defeat, the victory falling to the well-drilled force set to oppose their operations.

The Levantine smugglers are not less cunning than intrepid, and the ingenuity which they display in their devices for evading detection certainly merits the qualified success that attends their undertakings. With an ostensible freight of wine or olives, they will sail boldly into harbour for the purpose of landing their goods in the ordinary way: taking a high tone with the guard-boat that, by reason of information received, or some other suspicious circumstances, chances to lie moored at the same buoy.

Nor is the traffic confined to such specially chartered vessels. The regular liners are often brought into requisition, without the necessity of connivance of either agents or owners. A consignment of building materials, hardware, or comestibles is shipped with invoices to correspond—the discovery of a trick perpetrated and a fraud attempted lies with the officers charged with the examination of the goods on their delivery.

At the head offices of the Customs Administration in Alexandria there exists an interesting collection of miscellaneous articles thus detected in the secret service of contraband. This "Museum" I was enabled, by the courtesy of a high official in the department, to visit not long since, and to obtain at first-hand an account of the curiosities of which it is



From a

PIANO IN WHICH HASHEESH WAS SMUGGLED.

[Photo.

composed. An order given by my friend in Arabic brought one of the attendant *caravans* with a key, with which he preceded us ceremoniously down a spacious corridor, and finally ushered us, with a *salaam*, into what appeared to be a neatly-disposed lumber-room. A variety of household commodities were ranged around the walls, in different stages of decrepitude, and wearing an air of injured innocence pitiful to behold. I gazed around me in bewilderment. Could we have come to the wrong door? By way of reply to my unspoken inquiry, my guide led me to a very smart little piano that occupied a conspicuous position in the middle of the room. He struck a few chords.

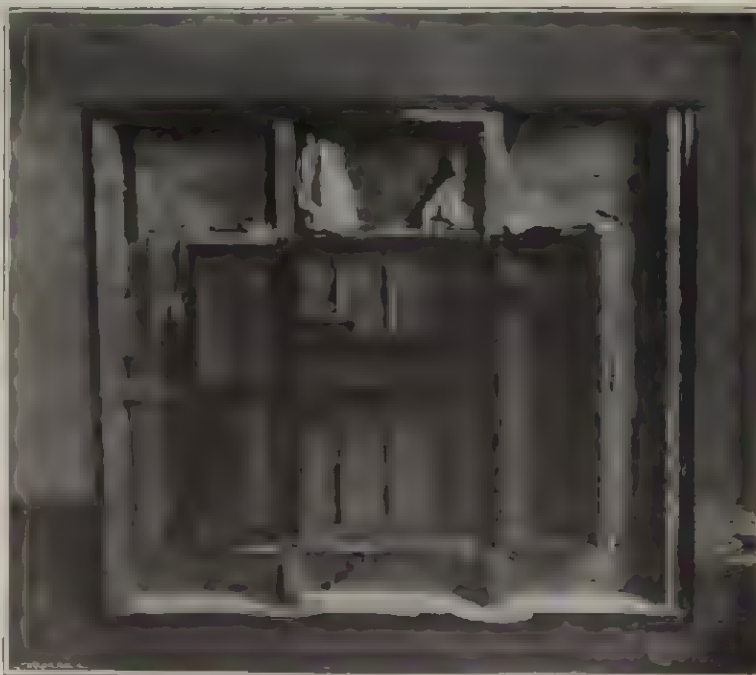
"You see, there is no deception," he said, smiling. "Our piano may be a little out of tune, but you would never suspect it of having a soul for anything but music." From this point of view, however—

And he led me to the back of the instrument, and showed me that it was honeycombed with small cells in which numerous *bags of hasheesh* were art-

fully hidden. Both back and front views of the piano are shown in our first two photos.

"This represents an interesting capture," my guide pursued, "the value of the object rendering its examination a risky matter, since, in the event of the search proving unfruitful, we stood responsible for the damage inflicted. Very cautiously, therefore, we went to work with a gimlet, and, to our increasing dismay, bored several holes without result. You may imagine our relief when at last the tool, on being withdrawn, was found to bear traces of the smuggled powder. The rest was easy enough—the false back was stripped away, and several pounds of hasheesh were brought to light; while further investigation disclosed a second store securely packed beneath the keyboard."

After this revelation, the contrivance of the hollow table-legs seemed simple indeed. "So simple," acquiesced the official, "that we should scarcely have detected it had not the unusual nature of the consignment—it numbered some twenty dozens of detached legs—awakened our distrust."



BACK VIEW OF PIANO, SHOWING CELLS IN WHICH THE BAGS OF HASHEESH WERE HIDDEN.

From a Photo.

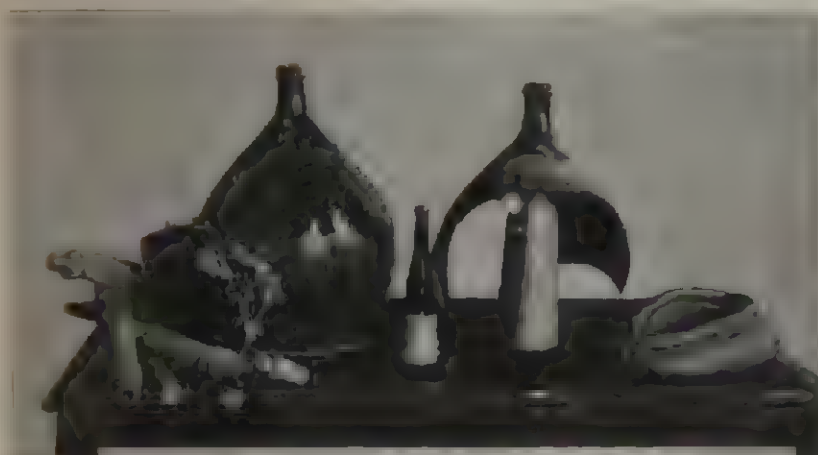


FIGURE 4. BOTTLE, JAR, LUGNA, BUTTER, DEMI-JOHN, AND BOTTLE-CAP. [Photo.]

My attention was next called to a rotund, jovial-looking demi-john, whose very aspect, on the unbroken side, seemed to ridicule suspicion.

"It is, of course," said my guide, "a principle with us not to be taken in by appearances," and he turned the jar round to show its inner mechanism and fraud. The tin cylinder in the centre of the jar was, he explained, intended to contain oil or wine, into this the *sheesha*, or examining rod, would be plunged, and with-drawn of course covered with the genuine liquid.

Sometimes, however -- as in the case before us -- the examining officer, by giving a twist to his rod, discovers that its sphere of action is limited; he then proceeds to extremities, and by breaking the outer bottle finds a lining of hasheesh bags.

"But what about this bottle of cognac?" I asked.

Holding it up to the light my patient guide showed me that it, also, contained a cylinder almost as large as the inside of the bottle.

"How did this get in?" I inquired.

"You will observe," he answered, "that the lower half of the bottle has been separated from the top by some process, probably a hot wire, and after inserting the cylinder containing the hasheesh the two parts of the bottle have been joined together again with wax, the joint being covered by the label. There were twelve dozen of this excellent cognac!"

Cleverly contrived were the blocks of stone in the hollow interior of which several pounds of hasheesh were safely stowed, the vessel being afterwards so nicely fitted with the rest as to give the block an appear-

ance of unimpeachable solidity. A shattered column, lying near, betrayed a similar secret.

"We should hardly have cared to venture upon the demolition of so imposing a 'monolith' had not an expert discovered it to be technically faulty and so emboldened us to test its opacity," was the remark passed upon its crumbling remains by my companion.

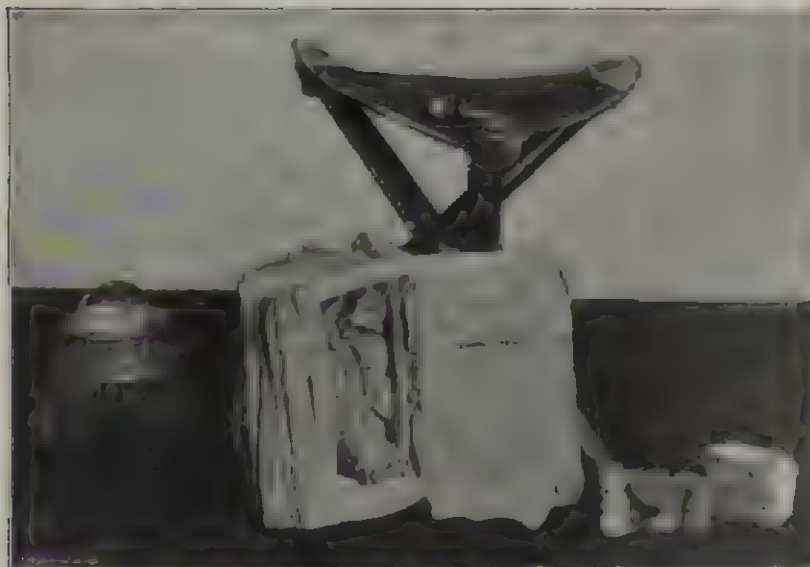
"Here you have another 'simple' de-

vice," he continued, pointing to a bale composed of small folded sheets of common brown paper, carelessly bound together with string, leaving the edges bare. The middle of the package had been neatly cut out and a tin of hasheesh inserted in the cavity. Again, from a roll of wall paper peeped the head of a hasheesh bag, concealed in the same manner. The leaves of a book had been similarly dealt with, to form a receptacle for a small tin in which the drug was stored.



BLOCKS OF STONE LATER CONTAINING TINS OF THE DRUG, AND A ROLL OF WALL PAPER FILLED WITH A SECRET RECEPTACLE.

From a Photo.



From a A METAL BOX, MADE OF SEAL, LAR OF THE

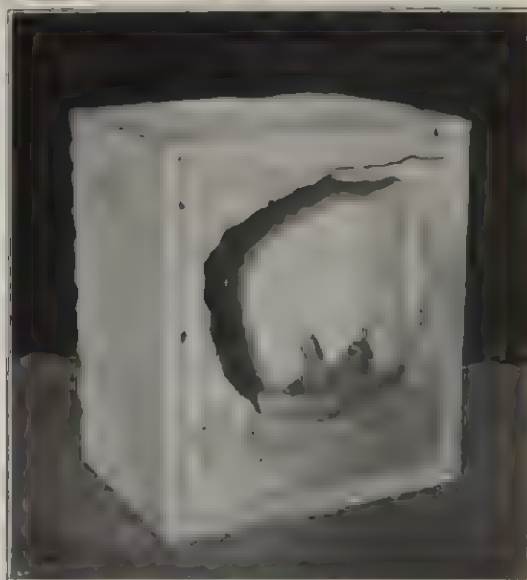
The mystery of a jar of olives was next revealed to me. Mixed with the real olives were a number of minute bags, made of black waxed cloth exactly to simulate the fruit, and



A METAL BOX, MADE OF SEAL, LAR OF THE
UP HASHEESH WERE SMUGGLED
Front a Photo

each containing a small quantity of the prohibited drug. Footstools stuffed with hasheesh as well as bran, cakes of soap moulded round tins of the compressed powder, camp stools, horse-collars, lamp-posts, a forge, and a wheelbarrow, had all been forced to yield up their secrets.

False-bottomed trunks and boxes with double sides, wine barrels with false bottoms and double staves, oil cans fitted with the



From a A TRICK ESCAPE. *Photo*

inner cylinder already described, biscuit tins, the upper part closely packed with biscuits and the lower divided into a separate partition for the reception of hasheesh, a barrel of loose nails destined to discourage the prying fingers of the searchers, added to the series of smuggling failures.

The examination of the refrigerator seen in the next illustration had resulted in a valuable seizure, a large quantity of hasheesh being crammed between the sides and their inner coating of zinc. The same illustration shows one



HA-SHEESH AND CASE WITH SUGGERS, FRAME
From a Photo.

of a set of prints commemorating the recent Greco-Turkish War—pictures of such slight artistic merit as to amply justify the assertion that the frames (which contained the hasheesh) constituted their most valuable part.

As we were leaving the Museum, we came upon a flannel jacket, or vest, ornamented with numerous rows of small pockets. "This," said my guide, "was not a hasheesh case. These little pockets contained each a gold or silver watch—the wearer of this comfortable garment being a traveller in the jewellery line. He had successfully passed the examination of his boxes, and paid the duty on the few articles he had shown, when, on his way out of the *salle de vente*, he was met by a sub-inspector, who asked him casually if he had 'passed' his things. The traveller, fearing he was suspected, faltered, turned pale, and was thereupon requested to withdraw to the inner search room, where a partial undressing disclosed to view the vest and its well-filled pockets."

The hookah, or long pipe, also shown in this

figure, renewed the subject of hasheesh. I expressed my surprise at the apparently wasteful expenditure of energy and ingenuity on a commerce involving such risks of detection and punishment.

"Despite the risk, the gains are large," said the official. "Our seizures amount to perhaps one-sixth or one-tenth only of the quantity 'run' in contraband. The drug costs about two francs a pound at the port of shipment, and it can be sold at fifteen to twenty francs a pound in the country. Many of the upper-class Egyptians use hasheesh, as the European takes a glass of curaçoa or absinthe, without being tempted to any excesses; and it is used in the pharmacopœia as a substitute for opium. Our department has received petitions from several influential personages in favour of the importation of the drug, there are, however, great difficulties in the way of a proper control of the distribution and sale in Egypt of any article under license, owing to the capitulations. But that is another and a longer story," added my courteous guide, as I took leave of him.



A CURIOUS PIPE. (THE KNOCKING VAN A WEAVER WAS
SEIZED BY MATERIAL FOR SMUGGLING GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES.
From a Photo.)

A Fight with a Conger.

By C. REYNOLDS.

The graphic narrative of a long and terrible fight between a skilful fisherman and a giant conger seven feet in length.



THE sight of some very large conger eels in Billingsgate Fish Market has recalled an incident in my fishing experience which will, I believe, be found interesting to many of your readers. I had been staying during the autumn upon the south Welsh coast near Tenby, and had frequently occupied myself with sea fishing, fraternizing with the fishermen, occasionally going out with them in their smacks for a whole night, and making myself acquainted with all their operations.

I heard wonderful yarns of sharks, whales, porpoises, dog fish, and other denizens of the deep which they had met with in the course of their business, but was particularly struck with their reports of the great congers which were to be found in the Bristol Channel. The accounts of their size, strength, and ferocity excited my interest so much that I became very anxious to meet and try conclusions with one of these monsters.

With this object in view I applied myself more particularly to conger fishing, and gathered all the information I could on the subject. For some weeks I had varying success; I caught a variety of fish and a few congers of good size, up to 20lb. in weight, but the giants I was hoping for did not visit me. Those of lesser size and other kinds of fish being so much more numerous, the baits fell to their share before the rare monsters came nigh, and I saw that I must devise some fresh method of baiting,

or I might go on fishing indefinitely without accomplishing my purpose.

What I wanted was a bait not very tempting to the majority of fish, but which a big, omnivorous conger would not refuse, and also too large for the smaller eels to swallow entire. This might lie long unmeddled with by the common crowd of the deeps, and thus give an opportunity for one of the great eels to come within range of its attractions. I might have to wait long, but I did not mind that, and could occupy myself meanwhile by ordinary fishing.

Having talked the subject over with my fishing friends, various suggestions were made for feasible baits, when one more promising than the rest was unexpectedly presented to me. One of the fishermen called at my lodgings, and, upon my appearing, he pulled two dead sucking pigs from under his arm, wrapped in paper.

"Them's the baits as'll do it, sir, I believe," said he. "They's only a week old, and was overlaid by the sow last night. My neighbour as owns her chucked 'em away, but as soon as I spotted 'em, I says to myself: 'That's the bait as the gentleman wants; it'll do the job if anything will. I'll gut um and stuff um wi' herrin', they'll want that.'"

I thought the idea a good one, and resolved to try them without delay, and made an arrangement with the man to go out fishing the same night. I had also an idea of my own, which I thought might increase our chances of success. This was to introduce something like



BEHOLD THE BAITS AS THEY ARE, SIR.

the fresh water angler's plan of ground baiting into my sea fishing. I accordingly procured an old sack, got it filled with fresh fish garbage and beach stones, and proposed to sink it at our fishing place.

The smell was sufficiently pronounced, and as water conveys the scent of anything within it very readily, when there is a current, and as eels have good noses, I expected the tide flow would advertise its whereabouts to congers afar off, and they would be sure to follow it up and come within range of my lines, without being able to glut themselves, unless they swallowed the sack whole. Congers, like fresh water eels, being chiefly nocturnal, we purposed fishing all night, but it being midsummer, we should have daylight most of the time.

We had all aboard an open rowing boat by the evening. The fisherman, his boy, and myself went off for a bank, or elevation of the bottom, about a mile from the shore, where there was about seven or eight fathoms of water at high tide. Having sunk our sack by a rope, so as to know its exact whereabouts, I baited my conger line and let it lie near the sack. I had about 60yds. of good strong line, with a double gorge-hook of large size fastened on to a thin zinc chain about 1ft. 6in. long, for the conger's teeth to operate upon. The bait was threaded lengthways with

part to the sack having attracted them and stimulated their feeding.

I kept a sharp look out upon the conger line, which was fastened to the thwarts within reach, for there was no necessity to hold it and to pull up at the first sign, as we intended any worthy aspirant for the pig to gorge the bait, and he would doubtless give ample signs of his proceedings before it was time to pull in.

I lighted my pipe and confined my attention to the conger line, while Sim and his boy went on with their ordinary fishing. The sack had evidently gathered many fish about the place and excited their appetite, for they bit well, and we had a good show of flounders, plaice, whiting, etc., and several of the wretched dog-fish, which were summarily murdered. Of eels there were plenty about, as the boy caught one about 10lb. and the father one a little smaller, besides hooking a heavy fish which broke away, and which he knew by the feel to be a conger.

My bait did not appear very tempting to them, but I was in hope that when taken it would be by a giant. My previous visitors, the crabs, favoured me several times again, and forced me to raise the line, but their movements were now familiar to me, and excited no false expectations.

About three-quarters of an hour had passed in this manner. I was again raising the line slowly



THE SACK WAS SUDDENLY SEIZED AND DROVE DOWNWARDS.

the points of the hooks at the mouth, like a night line for fresh-water eels. A heavy plummet was needed to prevent dragging, and we fished ledger fashion.

Having set this principal line, we got out our ordinary tackle for general fishing, and soon began to catch fish fast, which I attributed in

in the hope of bringing a good crab to the surface, when the bait was suddenly seized, dragged downwards with a violent pull, and held for some moments at the bottom and then carried straight away from the boat.

"That's him, sir!" yelled Sim. "Give him time! Let him get it down!"

I did so, and let him have about half the length of the line before I struck. It did not turn him one whit, and then I felt his weight and power both were tremendous. No shooting or darting as with the dog-fish, but a strong, heavy, struggling strain forwards; it was like a man palling against me, and the boat was swept round into the line of tension as though it were but a hand-box. As I tried to haul in I could not gain a yard of line: in fact, it was as much as I could do to hold him, and I feared every moment that hook or cord must go. It could not last, and I let out more line, not knowing what else to do. Sim was much excited. "He's a conger, I'll lay a crown, and a rattler too! I know his pull! That's no dog!" cried he. Of course we might have dragged in at all risks, but I dared not do this, and dreaded a break every moment, for the line was as taut as a bow-string when a thought struck me.

"Up with the anchor, Sim! Quick, quick! that'll ease him a bit," said I.

No sooner said than done: Sim at the anchor

the boy at the sack, which he cut free, and we were loose upon the waves. Now began a singular and exciting contest. The boat was fairly towed about in various directions, while the struggle went on between myself and the monster. For more than a quarter of an hour this went on, without our catching a

glimpse of him. As he frequently bored furiously for the bottom, I kept a heavy strain on to prevent this, for fear of rocks or sunken wreckage, and to avoid his twisting himself with the line, for either of these contingencies would have been fatal.

The boat being loose was a great advantage, as we were lugged about hither and thither in a most extraordinary way. Had it been fast I am convinced the : would have been a smash with my tackle. There appeared no probability of tiring him out or drowning him—we are not to be vanquished thus—and the sooner I got him in the better.

The extent of line out made this a lengthy task, but I shortened by degrees until I had but a dozen yards out; then for the first time we saw the great white coils beneath the water, and presently the ghastly, hideous head of a huge conger appeared above the surface. Now was the critical time! How I blessed my stars for good tackle!

Sim stood ready with the gaff, while I hauled in, for get him aboard we must.

His struggles became increasingly violent as he neared the boat, plunging, writhing, and diving like a mad thing.

He was now close in, within striking distance, lashing the water into foam and splashing it over the boat like a shower bath. He must be gaffed and dragged aboard without the loss of a moment's time or the line will part, but this is no easy feat, for he is not an exhausted fish even yet.

Sim makes several abortive strokes, getting no sure hold. I am in a fever of excitement and apprehension, when a lucky blow at the



THE CHASE. THE GREAT WRITHES CLEAR OF THE GAFF-HOOK.

mouth strikes the big meat-hook through his lower jaw, and gaff and line together we haul him into the boat with a loud "Hurrah!"

But we have not done yet: he is full of life, longer than anyone in the boat, and thicker than my thigh—a veritable scaserpent, and writhes himself clear of the gaff-hook almost immediately, only the line holds him! The boat is not big enough for such a floundering monster, and he will be in the sea again if we do not cripple him speedily.

I kept hold of the line despairingly. Sim strikes again and again with the gaff and wounds

him, but can get no hold on his tough, slimy skin as the monster dashes about the boat. The boy brings him with an oar and is knocked over by a blow from his python-like head. He fights savagely, striking like a snake, and his huge jaws snap upon the chain and snap together like a steel trap. I am amazed to see such ferocity, and a bit, from that great mouthful of serrated teeth would be indeed terrible. Blows appear to have little effect, and he flounders half over the gunwale. I pull frantically and get him back, just as a clumsy blow from an oar strikes my tight knee close at his head, and, to my utter horror, the chain snaps from the hooks.

"Dad blus!" he is loose, and we shall miss him out. Sim drops the gaff, and, seizing a big oilskin overall, patches it over the twisting brute and flings himself on the top of it. This is only a momentary expedient, for he cannot keep him under, but it may give me a chance with the gaff, and I stand back ready and look out for the head.

Sim keeps up the battle grandly, rolling and jumping like a man in convulsions, and shouts for his trusty knife, with which he stabs through the oilskin furiously. Out comes the grizzly head, bloody and torn, up the side of the boat, and I get a fair stroke and drive the gaff hook right through both upper and lower jaws into the planking. I drag it down against the bottom of the boat and hold on as for my life. The filthy coars wind round my hips like a boa-

constrictor's, and I can hardly keep my feet, and am covered with blood and slime.

Now is Sim's chance, and he stabs into the monster's gills up to the hilt, time after time. The blood flows copiously, and this quickly tells upon the twisting mass; his contortions become weaker, and in another minute the giant conger lies dying at the bottom of the boat. It has been a desperate struggle, but the fight is won and we have time to breathe.

From the time we got "the King of the Congers," as Sim dubs him, on board, not more than five or six minutes have elapsed, though it may appear longer in the telling, and it has been the most exciting five minutes I have ever experienced. We were in high glee, you may be sure, and I never tired of gazing on my gigantic capture. I had never seen anything like him before. The expression of the head impressed me as truly diabolical: a brutish, cold, cruel ferocity is stamped strongly upon it, as with congers generally, but far more pronounced in one of such an amazing size. We stretched him out full length, and he reaches almost from stem to stern of the boat.

"Over seven foot, if he's an inch! I've never seed a bigger and but one or two as big, and on the water over thirty year, man and boy," says Sim, who was English, and had been bred upon the Dee shore. "I reckon we'd better go ashore and clean oursel's, mister!" added he, with a triumphant grin. "And, Jim,

there's a nice job o' swabbin' for thee, lad!" referring to the state of the boat, besmeared with blood and slime; as, indeed, were the crew also.

We accordingly rowed ashore with our prize, which proved to be 7ft. 3in. in length and 27in. in girth. Sim made a good thing of showing it round Tenby. The skin and head I had stuffed and afterwards presented to the Mechanics' Institute of my native town, where it was long an object of interest in the reading-room. Of its fate upon the collapse of that institution I have no information, having since left the locality.



THE CONGER I WENT ROUND MY DEN LIKE A BOA-CONSTRUCTOR.



Lodovico Photo. by

GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWN OF VARALLO

[G. H. Wilson & Co.]

An Italian Jerusalem.

By G. E. THOMPSON.

Here is an almost unknown European town in which, centuries ago, a monk discovered a wonderful resemblance to Jerusalem, and he forthwith proceeded to reproduce the holy places. Forty chapels are scattered among the woods of the Sacred Mount, and are filled with marvellous terra-cotta figures and frescoes.



THE early sculptors and painters of the Middle Ages spent their lives in working with an inspired zeal in many a far away spot of the fair land of Italy. We flock in thousands to view the great galleries of Rome, Florence, and Venice. We go to Ravenna, Palermo, and Monreale to study the finest mosaic work of the Italians; to Padua and Assisi to view the frescoes of Giotto, but how few of our countrymen are acquainted with the mine of wealth which they may see within a day's journey of the Italian Lakes.

You may reach Novara by way of Turin, and from Novara three lines of rail branch off: the one to Lake Maggiore; the second, further west, to Lake Orta, and the third, yet farther west (a line of but forty or fifty miles), to Varallo, the subject of our present sketch. You can enter the Lake District from Varallo, enjoying a glorious walk over the pass of the Colma, and down to the beautiful lake of Orta. From thence you may proceed by way of five other lakes, finishing at the great lake of Garda, to take train for Venice.

In a valley dominated by mountains, with the towering crest of Monte Rosa to the north, we find the ancient and romantic—and amazing

town of Varallo. Modern civilization has reached without as yet spoiling it. From the railway station you soon reach the market-square, and find yourself among a people whose picturesque dress stamps them with an individuality of their own. The girls of Varallo still dress in Masaniello cap, white front, and embroidered jacket, with short skirt of dark blue cloth, and trousers and boots of the same material.

The primitive but comfortable hotels, and the beautiful old houses of the town, stand along the banks of the clear, rushing, rock-strewn torrent of Sesia. The wooded heights tower up all round, while immediately at the back of the town, its summit crowned with an extraordinary collection of churches and chapels, stands the wonderful Sacro Monte which we have come to visit. Varallo is 1,500ft. above the sea, and the Sacred Mount is 500ft. higher.

In the year 1686 Canon Torrotti wrote of Varallo: "The neighbourhood of this our own Jerusalem is the exact counterpart of that which is in the Holy Land, having the Mastallone on the one side for the brook Kedron; the Sesia for the Jordan, and the lake of Orta for that of Cæsarea."

It was in the year 1401 that Bernardino Caimi, a monk and patriarch of the Holy Land, came to Varallo. It is said that he wished to produce in Italy a copy of Jerusalem and some of its most important sites. He thought he found it in Varallo, and, climbing the mount, threw himself in an ecstasy on the ground, thanking God for the fortuitous discovery. He obtained from the authorities the right to build a new Jerusalem on the summit. The circle

of him: "Mine old Master Gaudenzio (though he was not much known) was inferior unto few, in giving the apt motions to the saintes and Angels. He was not only a very witty painter, but also a most profound philosopher and mathematician, amongst all whose all-praiseworthy workes (which are almost infinite, especially in this point of motion) there are divers mysteries of Christe's passion, of His doing, but chiefly a crucifix called Mount



[From photo 2]

VIEW OF THE WOODS - SACRO MONTE.

[From photo 2]

tion of certain miraculous stories soon brought pilgrims and money, and the work was begun with enthusiasm and vigour. Caimi died in 1406, having seen practically the completion of his unique work.

While examining certain of the chapels, we can speak of the various artists who were engaged in forming the great collection of figures and fresco backgrounds that are to be found within the forty chapels congregated on this marvellous mount.

Passing through the town itself, we find, in the centre of a large piazza, a statue of Gaudenzio Ferrari, an artist of whose work we shall see much when we reach the chapels on the hill. Ferrari was born about 1484. Lomazzo wrote

Calvary at the sepulchre of Varallo; where he hath made admirable horses and strange angels not only in painting but also in plasticke, a kinde of earth wrought most curiously with his hands.'

The Church of S. Maria delle Grazie faces the piazza behind the statue. The interior is adorned by a famous screen, the work of Gaudenzio during the years 1510 to 1513. It illustrates the principal events in the life and death of Christ, and looks wonderfully fresh, considering the centuries which have passed by since it was painted.

We soon reach the path winding up the hill through the chestnut woods to the piazza on the top of the Sacro Monte, where stands a fountain,



VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN FROM WHICH THE CHAPELS ARE SCATTERED.
From a Photo. by G. W. Wilson & Co.

surrounded by many chapels having the appearance somewhat of dens in a zoological garden, for they are each viewed through glass or wire work fronts.

For the purpose of photography, I was permitted to enter the chapels, often having to creep through an unlocked wooden doorway near the ground, for all the world like the back entrance to the lions' cages at the Zoo. The floors of the various chapels are strewn with copper coins, thrown there through the wire-work by the faithful. When the custodian is absent, I grieve to say the *un*-faithful—the small boys of Varallo, that is to say abstract those coins which they are able to reach by the aid of limed twigs, from which it is evident that the species *gamin* is quite universal.

A large number of pilgrims visit the sanctuaries, many with the hope of obtaining benefits both spiritually and bodily. Whether the numbers are as great as they were two hundred years back, I cannot say; but in Torrotti's day Varallo must have attracted people somewhat in the same manner that Lourdes does at the present day. Hear him as follows.

"Assuredly it is one of the wonders of the world to see here, amid the amenities and adornments of the country, especially during the summer season, what a continuous Festa or holy fair is maintained. For hither come and go

torrents of men and women of every nation under heaven. Here you see pilgrims and persons in religion of every description: processions, prelates, and often princes and princesses, carriages, litters, calèches, equipages, cavalcades accompanied by trumpeters, gay troops of cavaliers, and ladies with plumes in their hats and rich apparel wherewithal to make themselves attractive; and at intervals you shall hear all manner of songs, concerts, and

musical instruments, both civil and military, all done with a modest and devout cheertfulness of demeanour, by which I am reminded of nothing so strongly as of the words of the Psalmist, in which he saith, 'Come and see the works of the Lord, for He hath done wonders upon earth.'"

The first chapel one comes to contains life-sized figures in terra-cotta of Adam and Eve. They are coloured to life, and have real hair. Animals of somewhat questionable make play about in the foreground, while Eve hands Adam an apple. The serpent—a weird reptile—leers at them from a bough of a tree. They have stood here for upwards of three centuries, and are the work of the great Tabachetti, of whom comparatively little is known. He is supposed to have come from Dinant, in Belgium, and worked hard at many of the groups on the mount.

The chapels of "The Circumcision" and of "The Second Vision of Joseph" follow, and we next reach "The Flight into Egypt."

Though not ranking very high as a work of art, this is a telling picture, and one pleasant to look upon. The background in fresco shows a wide stretch of landscape with palm trees dotted about. A small window at one end of the chapel lights up the group, as though the sun were shining on the landscape. An angel points



The Flight into Egypt

"THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT"

[G. B. Wilson & Co.]

the way, leading the ass by a cord. The Mother and the Child sit naturally and easily on the animal, and Joseph follows, carrying a basket and a gourd. His figure is so accurately and beautifully modelled, that it photographs as though it were direct from Nature. Altogether, the representation is simple and realistic, leaving a pleasant impression on the mind of the interested beholder.

The next chapel contains a marvellous group, but one as harrowing in character as "The Massacre of the Innocents" could well be. Herod looks on from his throne while the Roman soldiers are snatching and murdering the young children, their distracted mothers in vain trying to save

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them. It is said that the graces vouchsafed to worshippers at this chapel are chiefly on behalf of sick children. The authorship seems to be somewhat uncertain, but it is supposed to be the work of Michael Angelo Rossetti. Though quaint, the figures are wonderfully life-like, and the whole wonderful tableau leaves a painful impression on one's mind.

After "The Baptism in the Jordan," we come to the striking chapel of "The Temptation in the Wilderness," which is faithfully depicted in the next one of the photographs to be reproduced.

Christ is represented sitting on a rock among numerous animals and birds. We have a porcupine (with very real quills); a fierce lion



From a Photo. by

"THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS."

[G. B. Wilson & Co.]



THE PARALYTIC. (See page 97.)
 Photo by C. H. Brown & Co.

tableau of "The Paralytic." Here we see that the afflicted man has been let down through the roof by cords attached to his bed. Those pilgrims who are afflicted with fever or paralysis are supposed to receive great benefit at this chapel. The statues are said to be by Giovanni d'Enrico, an architect and sculptor, who was a child at the time of Tabacchetti's death. The Paralytic himself and the half-circle of figures are all beautifully wrought in terracotta.

Passing by "The Widow's Son of Nain," "The Transfiguration," and "The Raising of Lazarus"

devouring a kid; a bear and her cubs; and many other beasts more or less peculiar. A benevolent-looking, long-eared individual is represented as offering Christ stones. Mr.

Butler, in his excellent book, "Ex Voto," says: "This last personage is a most respectable-looking and patriarchal Jewish Rabbi. I should say he was the leading solonto in some such town as Samaria, and that he gave an annual treat to the choir. He is offering Christ some stones, just the same as any other respect-able person might do, and if it were not for his formidable, two-clawed feet, there would be nothing to betray his real nature. This curious-looking work is also by Tabacchetti.

The next photograph we reproduce depicts the impressive

we come to "The Entry into Jerusalem," which is also depicted in the photograph we reproduce here. Christ rides on an ass, while the people strew their garments in the road and lay branches



THE ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM. (See page 98.)
 Photo by C. H. Brown & Co.



The Last Supper.

The Last Supper.

The Last Supper.

in the way. The authorship is uncertain, but many of the figures are strikingly perfect.

"The Last Supper" is the next chapel we visit with our all-recording camera. This is one of the oldest groups. The figures are of wood, and are by no means so life-like or natural as the later works by the artists in terracotta. Wood was abandoned when the art of taking the clay figures was discovered. The Apostles have no napkins round their shoulders, and the long linen covered table is set out with various incongruous and anachronistic modern crockery, glass, and trinkets of all kinds wrought in wood. After "The Agony in the Garden," "The Sleeping Apostles," and "The Capture of Christ," we

find a chapel containing an eighteenth-century group (the latest on the mount), "Christ before Annas." The figures, however, do not appear to have the repose and dignity which characterize those of the earlier masters.

In the chapel containing "Christ before Caiaphas" there are no fewer than thirty-three figures, the best of which are those of the artist D'Enrico. Caiaphas has stepped down from his throne, which is left vacant; his figure is remarkably life-like as he commands Jesus to say whether He is really Christ the Son of God. The bowed

statue of Our Saviour is one full of nature, feeling, and reality. A small chapel contains "Repentant Peter and a Cock." The said



Christ before Caiaphas.

Christ before Caiaphas.

Christ before Caiaphas.

cock has been known to crow—at least, so the reverent local gossip has it; and he has even gone so far as to flap his wings—both actions being miraculous demonstrations on the part of a terra cotta bird. "Christ before Pilate" adjoins the chapel of Repentant Peter. This chapel contains nineteen statues by D'Enrico. Pilate's face and general expression are excellent, and one of the Roman soldiers wears a look as though he were much interested in the proceedings.

In the group of "Christ before Herod," there are thirty-five statues by D'Enrico, the Roman governor himself seated on his throne and two laughing boys among the crowd being the three best figures in the whole chapel. The boy to the right looks exceedingly like a Scottish lad—about to dance the "Highland fling." The chapel of "The Flagellation" is small and rather dark. Some of the figures are of the highest order of artistic merit, and are probably the work of Tabachetti; the Christ is admirable, and is said to be an actual portrait communicated by Divine inspiration. The figure of the man binding Christ to the column is also very fine.

Passing a few of the smaller chapels we find a masterpiece by D'Enrico, the "Ecce Homo." The figures, thirty-seven in number, are in a roomy hall. Christ has been led out on to a marble balcony, and the crowd below stand apparently in an untrained and careless way, looking upward, and talking amongst themselves. The central figure is painfully realistic.

In the next chapel is seen "Pilate Washing His Hands." The figures in this chapel are again the work of D'Enrico, and that of Christ presents a somewhat dreadful spectacle through the effects of the flagellation. Then follows "Christ Condemned to Death," comprising twenty-seven statues by D'Enrico.

"The Nailing to the Cross," by Giovanni d'Enrico, though not equalling Tabachetti's great work, is a wonderful production, containing as

it does sixty human figures and ten horses, all wrought in fully-coloured terra cotta.

"The Crucifixion" chapel, by Gaudenzio Ferrari, is a very early one, dating from 1524. The two thieves are said to be of wood, while the rest of the statues are in terra-cotta. As has already been stated, the artist was a great painter as well as sculptor, and in this chapel his fresco background shows 150 figures; besides which there are twenty-six life-sized statues, two of them on horse-back.

Of our last illustration, "The Journey to Calvary," Mr. Butler says: "This, having regard to the terra cotta figures alone, is by far the finest work on the Sacro Monte, and it is hardly too much to say that no one who has not seen it knows what sculpture can do." It was the work of Tabachetti, and was completed in 1626. The grouping, which is natural and easy, comprises forty figures of men, women, and children, and nine horses—all of the size or larger. The fresco background introduces many more figures, which harmonize well with the terra cotta



THE JOURNEY TO CALVARY

THE JOURNEY TO CALVARY

THE JOURNEY TO CALVARY

crowd. Christ is stumbling under the weight of the cross. All the figures carry out the idea of a surging mass of people, and it would be hard to imagine anything more perfect or natural than this magnificent tableau. Tabachetti lost his reason for a short time, and it is supposed that the mental strain caused by this gigantic work was the actual cause.

Tiger versus Cigars.

By LIEUTENANT C. A. CLEGHORN, R.A.

Telling how a man fell into a pit that had been dug for a tiger trap, and the amazingly ingenious way in which, during the whole of that fearful night, he kept the man-eater at bay.



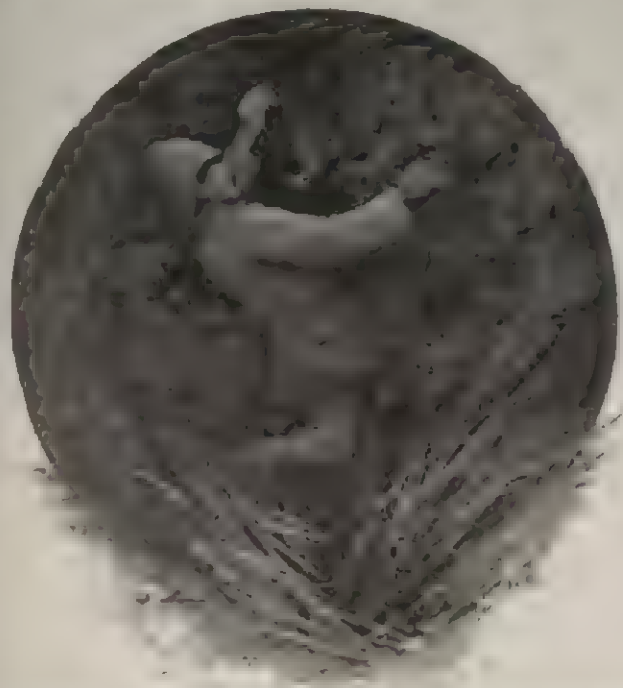
THE following story is not a personal experience of my own, but was related to me whilst on leave at Simla, by an old civilian of the Woods and Forests Department, whom I knew well, and in whose word I have perfect confidence.

"Some thirty years ago, I was a young forest-guard in Central India, full of youth and inexperience, perfectly happy, and with a thorough enjoyment in the novelty of my new life. I had been asked to come over and dine with Barrett, who was my senior in the district, and whose bungalow was about five miles distant. I had accepted gladly. Barrett was an excellent fellow, kept the best of whisky, the finest of cigars, and a native cook who, with a few bucks, a charcoal fire, and some round tin pots, turned out dishes worthy of a *cordon bleu*. There were five of us—all young, all unmarried, and all determined to get as much enjoyment out of life as possible, and we had a most convivial dinner. When it was over we played a few rubbers of whist, had some supper, and then sat smoking in the veranda—our feet up on the arms of our long chairs. With refreshing fogs by our sides, to sip as the inclination served us, we walked fitfully and gazed into the moonlight, which lit up the jungle surrounding the house.

"At last it was time to go. I had ridden over to dinner, and my pony with girths tightened was waiting sleepily, with a yet more sleepy 'sais,' ready to take me back again, but I remembered that there was a short cut home by which I could go if

I walked, though the path was too broken to ride over comfortably at night. In my heated condition, the idea of a moonlight stroll through the fresh night air was delicious, and tempted me strongly. Telling my sais to put a blanket over the pony, I sent them home, and set out, feeling in the best of tempers with myself and all the world; well primed with my friend's excellent whisky, and with one of his best cheroots in my mouth. Ten similar beauties reposed in my case, which he had insisted on filling before I started. The night was beautiful, as only an Indian night can be. The exquisite freshness of the air—the calm, mysterious peace which seemed to reign over everything; the silvery, delicate light flooding the trees and undergrowth, and accentuated by the mysterious blackness of what shadows there were—all seemed as if Nature, touched by remorse, had resolved to make amends for the burning heat of the day by her perfect night. All the jungle seemed alive—calmly, peacefully alive, and basking in the cool moonlight—free from man the tyrant, who alone was sunk in sleep. Suddenly from out the silence there arose a plaintive bleating; and a short

way from the path I saw that there was a kid, apparently entangled in a thorn-bush, and crying piteously for help. In my benevolent frame of mind (due, I fear, partly to the excellence of my friend's whisky), the little creature's distress appealed to me strongly, and I left my path to set it free. Following my way with some difficulty through the thick undergrowth, I had just reached it when, with a crash, and without a moment's warning, the ground gave way



"WITHOUT A MOMENT'S WARNING, THE GROUND GAVE WAY UNDER MY FEET."

under my feet, and I fell heavily into darkness. For a few moments I was too bewildered to think; and, the wind having been knocked out of me, I lay where I had fallen. Then I rose slowly, and in a dazed sort of way stretched out my arms and legs; I felt a bit stiff and bruised, but there was nothing broken, at all events.

"Where was I? What on earth had happened? I got on to my feet and looked about. At first I seemed to be in blank darkness, but on looking up I perceived that a faint light entered through an irregular hole above, evidently that through which I had fallen. Its edges were ragged with pieces of stick, twigs, and leaves, and the light of the moon filtered weakly through, much broken by the foliage overhead. There was a smell of damp earth, and my hands and clothes on the side on which I had fallen seemed to be covered with a sandy sort of mould. Gradually getting my sight, I found that on each side there was a wall of soft earth. These walls were about 12 ft. apart, and at the end nearest to me were joined by a similar one; at the far end they ran down into darkness. I had matches—what real smoker is ever without them?—and, advancing to this far end, I made out that the pit ran funnel-shaped into a sort of natural cave. The other sides seemed to have been artificially sloped inwards, effectually precluding any chance of escape by climbing out.

"Evidently I was in a place fashioned by man; and then in a flash the whole truth broke upon me. Infernal idiot that I had been—in my whisky-born benevolence I had confidently walked straight into a tiger trap! Hence the bleating kid, the hollowed-out walls, the roof of twigs and brittle sticks covered lightly with sods and vegetation. Very little work had been needed to convert this natural pit to its present use, and once in it there was but small chance of escape to man or animal. A nice fool I felt, and nicely I should be chaffed by my friends when the adventure got about. However, there was no use in worrying about future contingencies. I was in it—that at least was obvious; I could not get out of it—that appeared equally plain; and in the face of these two facts, all I could do was to sit down and philosophically make the best of my enforced imprisonment.

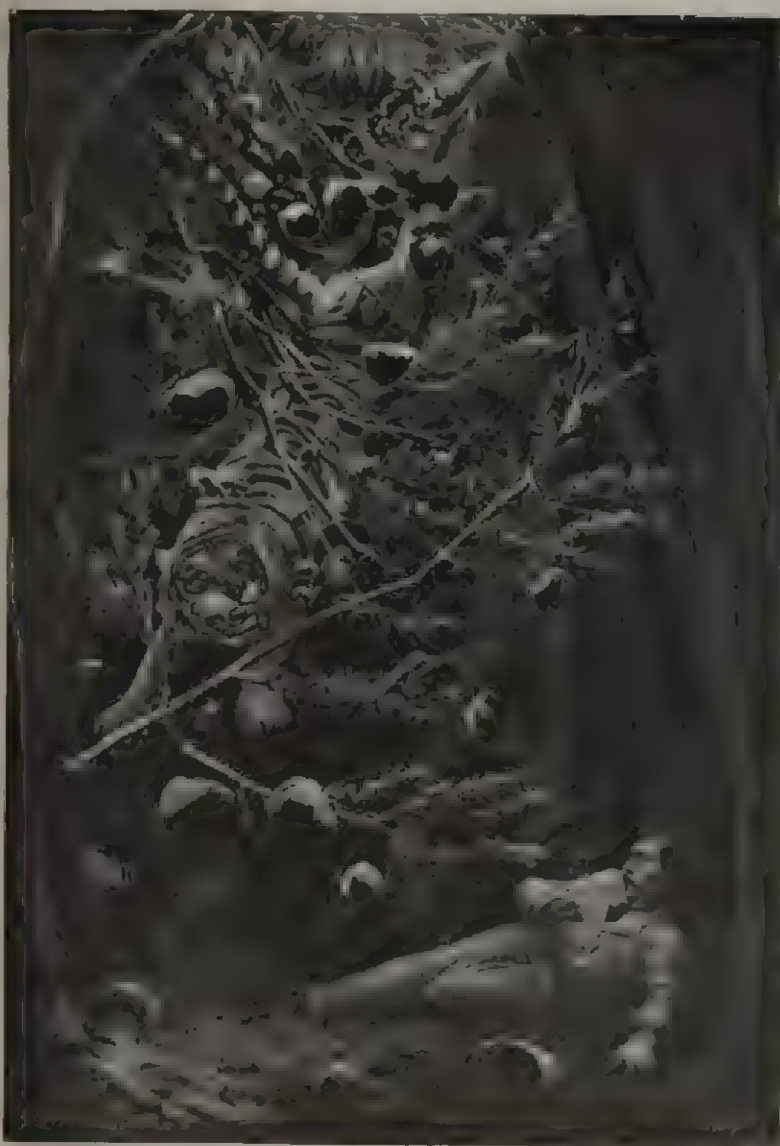
"Someone would come in the morning, to see what luck there had been, and I should be released. Meanwhile, I was stiff, sleepy, cold, and thoroughly uncomfortable; and I heartily hoped that the morning release would be an early one, and that I should not be left lonely for long. My wish was granted: my

loneliness was indeed soon relieved, and by a visitor moreover in whose company it was impossible to feel bored—in whose engrossing presence, in fact, all the minor inconveniences of the situation disappeared like magic.

"Hardly had I settled myself down in the dark corner, with a cheroot in my mouth and resignation in my heart to await the morning, when there was a crash overhead, a deafening roar; and with a heavy thud, a dark mass struck the floor of the pit immediately in front of me, quickly resolving itself into the striped coat and powerful, evil-looking shape of a young tiger. My cheroot dropped. I sprang up, only to quickly crouch down, however, trembling in every limb and trying to make myself as inconspicuous as possible in the back of my cave. For a short time the creature hardly moved; he seemed stunned and dazed by his fall, but presently he began to utter low snarls of rage and fear, and tried to rise to his feet; but he had evidently hurt himself in falling, and the effort was painful. So he lay down again and, still growling at intervals, looked about him suspiciously.

"It took him a very short time to discover that my corner was not empty; the growls increased, and two wicked eyes, which in that semi-darkness shone like those of a cat, were turned upon me. I broke into a cold sweat; all sorts of wild ideas flashed through my brain—things I had heard of the power of the human eye—escapes by shamming dead—all sorts of wild projects. If only I had a revolver, or even a sword, or knife! But I had nothing! The tension of my nerves became awful. I felt inclined to spring upon the animal and end the dreadful suspense; when suddenly my good genius sent me a lucky thought. All animals hate and fear fire, and most of them dislike tobacco smoke. Hastily picking up the cheroot I had dropped, and taking out two more, I put them all three into my mouth; but my hand shook so much, I could hardly light up.

"At last, however, I got them into a fine glow, and the clouds of smoke almost suffocated me—hardened smoker though I was. Up to this time the animal had seemed too bewildered to take much notice of anything, but when I lit the cheroots he started up, making me give such a jump that I almost dropped them again. He then began to sniff suspiciously, but, to my joy, seemed as much afraid of me and my three glowing cigar-ends as I was of him, and crouched back as far as he could into the opposite side. Poor creature! It must have seemed a strange experience to him, to be first precipitated into the bowels of the earth, and then to find himself in company



THE TIGER AND A CIGAR, A TIGER AND A CIGAR, A TIGER AND A CIGAR

with a dim and fearful object, surrounded by evil snarling smoke, out of which shone three glowing points of fire. Thus we sat in mutual fear for some time.

"At last I began to have such aches and pains from squatting down in that cramped position that I cautiously essayed to rise. My first movement produced a deep growl, and I sat down again. Anything rather than provoke his majesty. The next move in our little drama came from him. He rose (and as he did so my heart leapt into my mouth), and began to limp slowly backwards and forwards up and down

on the far side—always keeping his head turned uneasily in my direction. How long was this to last? I have been a pretty constant smoker, but nevertheless three cigars at a time were beginning to tell. Besides which, the first three had been burnt out, and I had had to start three fresh ones. It was a question whether my case full would last until the morning.

"Again familiarity breeds contempt, and my companion seemed already to be becoming less afraid of me. Would that he might become indifferent also, but, alas! that seemed hardly

likely. The fall could not have improved his temper, the smoke was irritating his eyes and throat. Being his natural hunting time, he was probably hungry; and all animals man included become aggressively inclined if the dinner hour is unduly delayed. Worst of all, my own feelings began to tell that Nature

enough, but when the only barrier between oneself and a lively young tiger consists of the fire and smoke which one is producing, it must be admitted that the idea of succumbing to them becomes worse than the sensations themselves.

"Soon the second batch of three became



THE TIGER IN THE CAVE.

might soon demand an interval in my smoking. I will not enter into details, but those who remember the emotions succeeding the fearful joy of the first cigar, when as schoolboys they tasted this forbidden pleasure, will sympathize with me. The feelings themselves are bad

near their end. Cautiously removing one at a time I lighted fresh ones, this time, however, perforce contenting myself with two. The smoke now was hanging so thickly at my end of the cave, that in the weak light that struggled through from above nothing further off than a couple of

feet was visible, and I could not observe the cheetah's movements.

"As a matter of fact, I was rapidly becoming so dazed and stupefied by the continual nicotine, that I really hardly cared to know, and in a short time should probably have succumbed altogether, when there suddenly came a sound which roused me from my lethargy. Voices were approaching—came nearer and louder—then louder still in excitement, as it was seen that the roof of twigs was broken. The little light that was in the cave became obscured for a moment. I gave a hoarse shout. There was a shriek and yell, followed by an outburst of native exclamations, getting fainter and fainter as the owners of the voices fled. Then silence. My hoped-for visitors had come—and gone."

"I noticed, in a dull way, that the smoke seemed lighter; dawn must have come, and then the sudden nausea from the hope which had roused me to utter despair, and my actual bodily state of nausea and sickness, proved too much for me. My head swam; spots of light danced before my eyes, and rushed upwards as I seemed to be falling—falling into a black abyss. I lost consciousness."

"Suddenly there was a bang, a roar, then another bang, seemingly all in one. Next someone was lifting me: I felt a cool wind in my face; a strangely familiar voice seemed to be giving orders, and I went off again. The rest is soon told. When I at last awoke, with a splitting headache and a poisonous taste in my mouth, I heard all about it. It appears that Barrett was calmly enjoying his morning sleep when he was roused by a hubbub of native voices. With sturdy British epithets he sprang up, and demanded to know the reason why such 'swindlers' (pig people) dared in that manner to disturb the rest of a sahib. His aged sluknee, Boddhoo Khin, came forward salaaming to the ground.

"'Oh, huzoor, defender of the needy, verily here is Shritan ke hat' (a doing of Satan's). The sahib's coolies, according to order, had laid a cunning trap for the tiger fiend, which had been preying on the flocks and herds of the villagers—nay, even upon the villagers themselves, and on going in the early morning to look at the pit, beheld the tiger devil himself, smoking "tamako," and shouting at them with the voice of a white man."

"Their consternation was so evidently genuine, that Barrett concluded something extraordinary really must have happened, and, throwing on some clothes, seized his rifle and hurried off with them. No one would accompany him to the mouth of the cave, but, stepping gingerly to the edge of its brittle roof, he peered in, and catching sight of the tiger, at the close range



THEIR CONSTERNATION WAS SO EVIDENTLY GENUINE.

quickly disposed of him, giving a second barrel to make sure. Then after throwing a few stones down to ascertain that the animal was quite dead, he had himself lowered into the pit—to find me lying, as he thought, dead also in the far cave. The rest has been told.

"There were marks of the tiger's feet right up to me; but, evidently concluding that I was dead, he had not touched me, so my fainting was probably the best thing I could have done under the circumstances. In any case, I do not suppose I was a particularly tempting looking morsel. It was a long time before I completely recovered from the effects of my night out with the tiger; and yet longer before my friends let me hear the last of it, or ceased making inquiries as to whether I had caught any more tigers lately, or rescued any more lambs; but the adventure was a serious enough one to me, and for months I could not even smell a cheroot without feeling sick; and to this day I cannot bring myself to smoke one."

Odds and Ends.

Everyone photographs nowadays. Here is a selection from thousands of photos. dealing only with extraordinary and remarkable things seen in every country of the world, civilized and uncivilized.



COOLIES DRAGGING THE ROAD ROLLER IN HANKOW. HUMAN LABOUR IS CHEAP IN CHINA.
Frank A. Photo.

WE first pass to that incomprehensible and topsy turvy country, China, and reproduce an extremely interesting photo. taken in Hankow. Human labour is almost exclusively employed throughout the Celestial Empire. The photo here given shows how the streets in the British concession at Hankow are rolled, and, if they are not kept in absolutely perfect order, they are at least a little better than the unspeakable "thoroughfares" characteristic of most Chinese cities. In Shanghai the convicts of the municipal prison are made to pull the road roller; which should teach the British prison authorities how to utilize convict labour in a sensible manner, instead of wasting the prisoners' energy in such detestable and utterly indefensible punishments as the crank

and treadmill. In Hankow, however, it is not convicts who drag the roller, but hired coolies, whose wages are exceedingly small—a few pence a day constituting a first rate living wage. These men work, as you may see, like horses, and they live on next to nothing in the way of food.

Very different indeed is the next photo. we have to deal with, which is a most curious and amusing snapshot by an English lady. The remarkable

little creature seen is the changing lizard, and it remained in the position here depicted, *ticking its nose with its own tail*, for upwards of twenty minutes. The photo. was taken through a thick sheet of plate glass, and, therefore, is the more creditable to the lady who took it.



A CHANGING LIZARD. THE LIZARD HERE KEPT ITS POSITION FOR TWENTY MINUTES.



FIG. 4

A JEWELLERY DRIVING CONTEST, IN ROSSLAND, B.C.

17-5070

The next photo is apt to give a wrong impression without some few words of description. At first sight you might think you were looking at some blood-curdling scene of public execution. The group suggests executioner, assistant, unwilling victim, officials, and Press-men, and completes a somewhat remarkable illusion; whilst the presence of fair women and young children in the crowd of interested spectators strikes a still higher note of horror. The incident depicted, however, is of a very harmless, entertaining, and novel character. The scene is Rossland, a little township in British Columbia, which is the distributing centre of a very rich gold-bearing country. It is Jubilee Day, and the miners, as loyal sons of the British Empire, are holding high festival in honour of the occasion. In our photo, a wedge-driving contest is in full swing. One of the competitors swings aloft a mighty sledge-hammer and brings it down upon a rock drilling tool, which another miner holds in position upon a block of quartz. Time keepers and umpire, chronometer in hand, occupy the fore-

ground, in order to judge the performance fairly. Scarcely five years have passed since the West Kootenay district was opened up by that giant pioneer, the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in those days Rossland had no place on the map. Now, however, an ever-growing town of 8,000 or 9,000 inhabitants has sprung up, lighted by electricity, and well supplied with churches, banks, public schools,

newspapers, hospitals, and waterworks. Probably the most magnificent instance on record of municipal red-tape is illustrated in the next photo, which has a history so amazing as to be all but incredible. The city of South Norwalk, Conn., wanted to widen a certain street. The owners holding property along the side to be widened, however, refused to sell their land at any price. The city then countered heavily upon these people by compelling them to sell by process of law. On one lot, which forms the subject of our photo, there were two old boilers, which were considered worthless. These boilers after the street had



FIG. 5

THE VACUUM-HOISTING, IN THE CITY OF SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

17-5071

been surveyed, lay across the line of improvement at an angle of about 45 deg. Now, one boiler lay almost entirely upon city property, whilst the other lay almost entirely on private property - the lot aforesaid. The South Norwalk authorities then notified the owners to remove the obstructions without delay. "But," said the owners, "that amount of boiler which is on city property belongs to you, whilst the boiler on our land belongs to us. If you want your piece moved away, why, move it, but don't touch our property." Now, the city considered the proposition; it found favour in their sight. Forthwith, they hired two men, who cut up the boiler in the astonishing manner shown. "The job was timely executed," we learn, "and reflected great credit on all parties concerned. The cutting cost the city \$150. What remains of the boiler is a veritable monument of meanness, and a curiosity to all travellers on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railway."

"Here we grow cabbages 10 ft. high," is a more or less well known boast of the beautiful Island of Jersey, but the statement has often been doubted by those who have never been

The Scotch kail grows upon a central stem about 2 ft. high, and the tall or German greens grow to a height of 4 ft., but the kind of cabbage we are describing far exceeds them all. It is found in Guernsey, and also in parts of Brittany, where it is planted in rows wide enough apart to allow of a barrow being wheeled between them. It is an open-leaved variety, called the *choux cavalier*, or great cow-cabbage, and sometimes the Jersey, or branching cabbage. As it grows, it throws out leaves from the central stem, which, when large, are stripped off and form food for pigs and calves, or are used for packing butter and potatoes. A small "crown" is left to grow at the top, which gives the plant some resemblance to a palm tree, and this, when left through the winter and allowed to be nipped by the frost, becomes sufficiently succulent to be eaten by the Jersey farmers themselves. The roots are small, and sown deeply, but the stems when dry become as hard as box wood, and are very serviceable for palisades and pea-sticks; while some of them are used by the islanders as rafters to bear the thatch on the cottage roofs. The stouter stalks

are made into walking-sticks, and few visitors to Jersey return without one or more of these curiosities as a memento of their stay.

Of all the peculiar monarchs we have yet come across, we should imagine the Queen of Old Calabar to be the drollest, as she stands up in our photo. among her attendants, not over clothed, but very much in her right mind. She is a person of much dignity and weight. "When

in Old Calabar,

West Africa, some four or five years ago," writes the traveller who sent us the photo, "I was walking through the European cemetery with one of the missionaries, and passing down a road we met the King and Queen, with their slave attendants. I was introduced



CHOUX CAVALIER, IN JERSEY.

J. H. B.

However, it must be a wonderful thing, chiefly noted for its height from 8 ft. to 10 ft. and a height



THE QUEEN OF THE CAYUSE, WITH ATTENDANTS.
From a Photo.

to them, and as they spoke a weird kind of English, they invited us up to the castle to break bread with them. The 'castle' is a large, indescribable wooden building with a courtyard in the middle. The living apartments are on top, and all refuse is hurled into the courtyard of the palace, whence, sooner or later (generally later), it is removed by the slaves. Our meal, too, was peculiar. It consisted of corn-bread, fish, plantains, and yams, washed down with rum and gin, of which there seemed to be an inexhaustible supply. When leaving, the Queen, much to my amazement, presented me with her photo in full regal dress, which she only wears on State occasions. She is quite the tallest and finest woman in her tribe, and is, I should say, also the ugliest. The crown she wears is mainly of grass and silk, with silver and ivory ornaments and large ostrich feathers on top. The necklace is a really beautiful work of art, made by the slaves from balls of silver and

ivory, shells, dried berries, and nuts. In the Queen's right hand is a large ebony stick, ornamented with silver and ivory; and her massive legs are covered with small bells, which make a hideous uproar when she walks. Her ankles are covered with brass, silver, and ivory anklets, and she has several large rings on her toes. Her slave attendants include one carrying a weighty sunshade; another bears a casket containing the Queen's handkerchief; and the third is a general servant, whose duties are best left undescribed."

Another very remarkable native Royalty is the aged Indian Princess Angelina, daughter of the famous Chief Seattle, after whom Seattle, in Washington, is named. The Princess's portrait is here reproduced, and a very remarkable portrait it is, by reason of the extraordinary lining and marking on the picturesque old face. The photo. was sent to an English family by a friend living in a small township in Oregon, who frequently mentioned the Princess as being a well-known character, living in the Indian Reservation close by. She was often seen in Seattle also, and was very much beloved by all. At the time the photo. was taken, the Princess was between ninety and a hundred years old; and no doubt her reminiscences would make interesting and thrilling reading, even for the readers of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE. No doubt, also, the aged Princess mourned over the present



THE INDIAN PRINCESS ANGELINA.
From a Photo, by the Sterling Studio, Seattle.

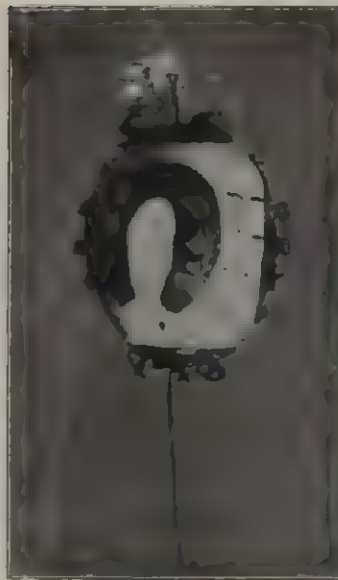


ONE OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS EVER TAKEN. A HUGE LIONESS, WITH A FULL GROWN DUKER CUN WHICH IT HAD SWALLOWED WHOLE.
(Photographed on the spot in the African jungle.)

degenerate condition of the red people in the North West States, but she always seemed contented with her own lot.

Our next photo (on page 110) well deserves the description of one of the most impressive ever taken by a camera. We owe it to the kindness of Mr. Grenville B. Matheson, the courteous and energetic representative of the famous and go-ahead firm of Messrs. Donald Currie and Co., owners of the Castle Line of South African steamers. Mr. Matheson borrowed the photograph from one of his principals especially for reproduction in *THE WORLD MAGAZINE*. Here we are looking right into the primeval African wilderness at a very extraordinary spectacle, which has often been described in school books and elsewhere, but has never before been realized with such grim and terrible power as in this magnificent photograph. We see an enormous python, which was suddenly discovered by a shooting party at Mount Edgecumbe, in Natal, on the 1st of May, 1897. When the monster was shot and opened, for the purpose of preserving his superb skin, it was found that he had swallowed a full grown duiker buck, which is shown beside the dead snake in this fine photograph. The body of the big antelope had already begun to be digested. The python when killed, by the way, measured eight feet in length. So amazing did the circumstance appear to the hunters, in view of the respective sizes of prey and predator, that they photographed the scene then and there.

The little strip shot that next appears represents a very remarkable egg, used by the Arabs in Tunis as a charm against the evil eye. It is an ordinary hen's egg,



LUCKY EGG, USED BY THE TUNISIAN ARABS AGAINST THE EVIL EYE.
Engraved Photo.

with three leaden horseshoes fixed on the sides. The remarkable thing about the arrangement is the way in which the nails (which are also of lead) are fastened into the egg. It is a little difficult at first to say how they are passed into the shell and out again about a quarter of an inch apart, and then turned over as you see in the photo. But the most curious thing of all is that the Tunisian Arabs should use the horseshoe for "luck," so to speak, precisely as it is among certain classes in our own country.

Photos. of supposed resemblances in tree-trunks are apt to grow a little wearisome, but the Australian specimen here reproduced is of exceptional interest. It represents a tree in the forest of Tallangatta, known in the district as the "Man Tree," on account of

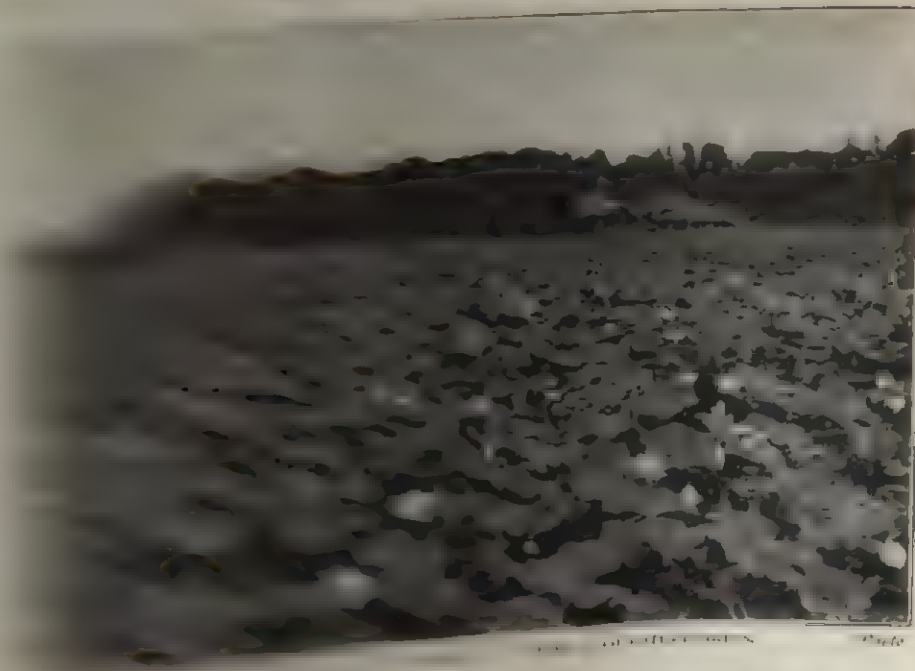
the extraordinary formation taken by a portion of the old trunk in its process of decay. Owing to the elevated position of this remarkable natural curiosity, the "statue" stands out in startlingly bold relief as one of the last and

most curious relics of the primeval Australian forest, which in that district consisted chiefly of gigantic gum-trees.

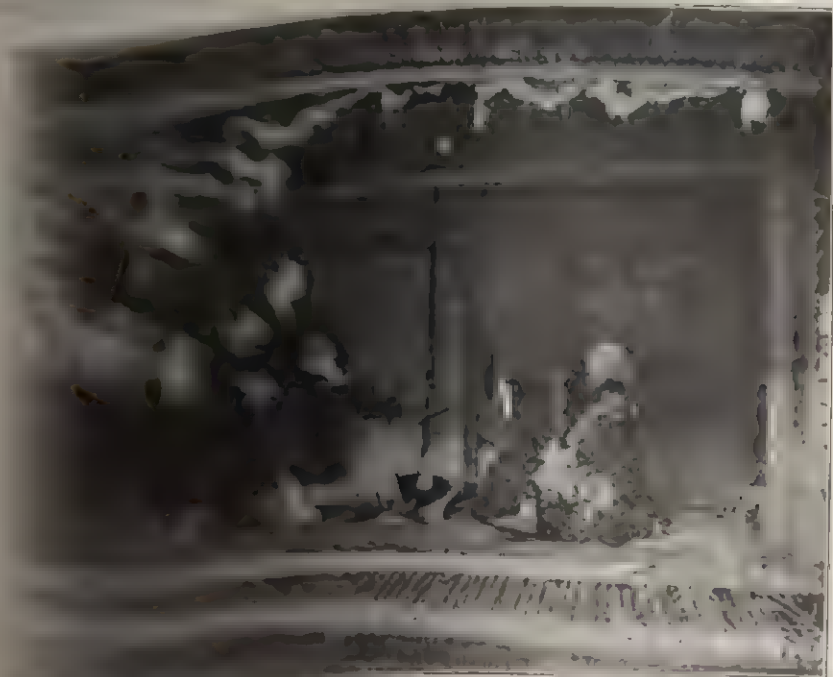
Japan, as everyone knows who has had an opportunity of visiting that bizarre and beautiful country, is full of peculiar and out-of-the-way sights to the Western observer—none more curious, however, than the display of wistaria, cherry-blossom, and other lovely flowers. The very remarkable photo. reproduced on the following page was taken on Lake Shimbarn, at Nono, and it shows the whole vast surface of the lake entirely covered with lotus flowers, which here grow in incredible luxuriance and abundance.



THE "MAN TREE," TALLANGATTA. *Photo.*



Chrysanthemums make very extraordinary
and although all kinds of devices were
seen at the exhibition above mentioned,
two figures in our illustration attracted more
attention than anything else in the buildings.



MADE ENTIRELY OUT OF CHRYSAEUMS. (Photo)





"AN ENORMOUS BULL RUSHED AT HER AT FULL SPEED."
(SEE PAGE 133.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 8.

*The Adventures of Louis De Rougemont.**

BEING A NARRATIVE OF THE MOST AMAZING EXPERIENCES A MAN EVER LIVED TO TELL.

IV.

By the time these lines are printed M. de Rougemont will long ago have read his great scientific papers before the British Association at their Bristol Congress. The publication of the preceding incidents has, we may say, caused some truly amazing developments of the story, people having turned up who were long since believed to be dead. We cannot yet say much about these developments, but we earnestly advise our readers to follow the story with the closest interest. Arrangements are already being made for its translation into every European language from Spain to Sweden. M. de Rougemont begs his hundreds of thousands of friends not to think him discourteous if he is at present obliged, through pressure of work, to decline all social engagements, lecture arrangements, etc., etc.



WHILE I was asleep the second time, Yamba had gone off with the dog in search of food, and had returned with a young opossum, which was trizzling in an appetizing way on a tripod of sticks over a blazing fire. I was able to eat a little of the flesh, and we obtained all the water we wanted from our wonderful tree. I have since learnt that my life was saved by the well-known Australian "bottle tree," so called from the shape of the trunk. Of course, Yamba was unacquainted with the fact that water was stored in its interior, because this wonderful tree was unknown in her country. As a rule her instinct might be depended upon implicitly, and even after years of her companionship I used to be filled with wonder at the way in which she would track down game.

How
Yamba
Caught
Opossum.

She would glance at a tree casually, and discern on the bark certain minute scratches, which were quite invisible to me even when pointed out. She would then climb up like a monkey, and would return to the earth with a good sized opossum, which would be roasted in its skin and accompanied with many different varieties of delicious roots. When I had recovered, Yamba told me she had walked many miles during the night, and had finally discovered a full water-hole in a new country, for which she said we must make as soon as I was sufficiently strong. Fortunately this did not take very long, and on reaching the brink of the water hole we camped beside it for several days, in order to recuperate. I must say that the liquid we found here did not look very inviting

— it was, in fact, very slimy and green in colour; but by the time we took our departure there was not a drop left. Yamba had a method of filtration which excited my admiration. She dug another hole alongside the one containing the water, leaving a few inches of earth between them, and then forced a stick through the partition. When we wished to drink, this stick was withdrawn. A stream of comparatively clear water then spurted through the opening. She would also filter the water by letting it drain from the water-hole into another hole dug at the side.



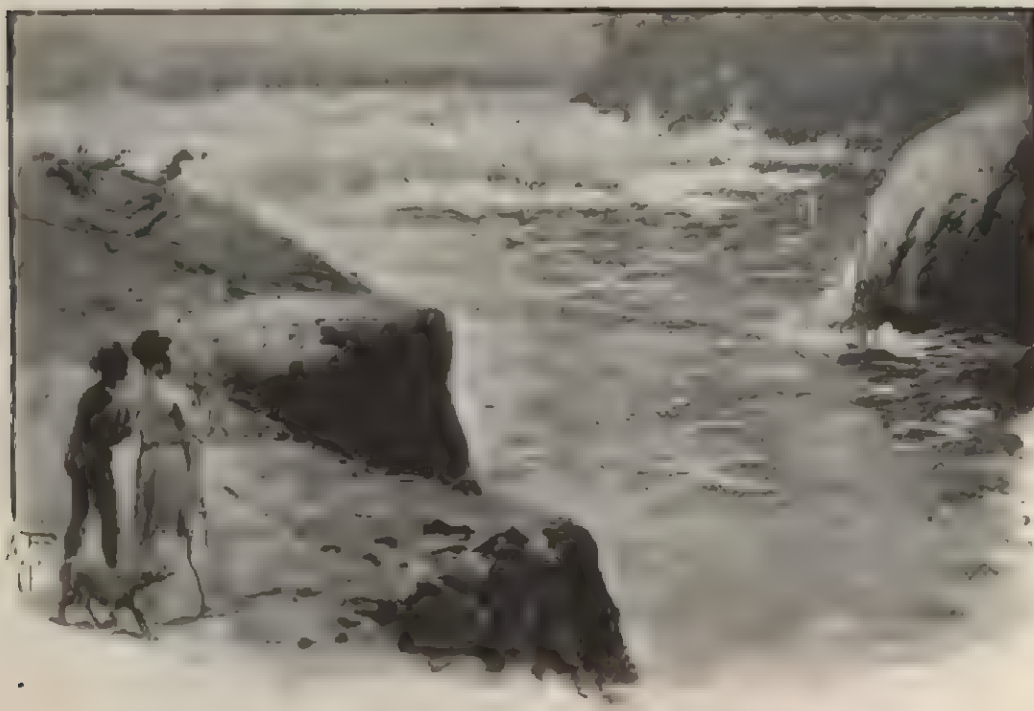
* YAMBA CAPTURED BY DE LOUIS ROUGEMONT.

At other times, when no ordinary human being could detect the presence of water, she would point out to me a little knob of clay on the ground. This, she told me, denoted the presence of a frog, and she would at once thrust down a reed about 18 in. long, and invite me to suck the upper end, with the result that I imbibed copious draughts of delicious cold water.

At the water hole described above birds were rather plentiful, and when they came down to drink Yamba knocked them over without difficulty, and they then, of course, appeared as a very welcome addition to our daily bill of fare. In this way we had a very pleasant spell of rest for four or five days. Continuing our journey once more, we pushed on till we came to a well-wooded country, where the eucalyptus flourished mightily and water was plentiful, but yet, strange to say, there was very little game in this place. Soon after this, I noticed that Yamba grew a little anxious, and she explained that as we had not come across any kangaroos lately, nor met any blacks, it was evident that the wet season was coming on. We therefore decided to steer for higher ground, and accordingly went almost due north for the next few days, until we reached the banks of a big river, where we thought it advisable to camp.

One day I saw a number of small snakes swarming round the foot of a tree, and was just about to knock some of them over with my stick when Yamba called out to me excitedly not to molest them. They then began to climb the tree, and she explained to me that this clearly indicated the advent of the wet season. "I did not wish you to kill the snakes," she said, "because I wanted to see if they would take refuge in the trees from the coming floods."

Up to this time, however, there had not been the slightest indication of any great change in the weather. Many months must have elapsed since rain had last fallen in these regions, for the river was extremely low between its extraordinarily high banks, and the country all round was dry and parched; but even as we walked a remarkable phenomenon occurred, which told of impending changes. I was oppressed with a sense of coming evil. I listened intently when Yamba drew my attention, but at first all I could hear was a curious rumbling sound, far away in the distance. This noise gradually increased in volume, and came nearer and nearer, but still I was utterly unable to account for it. I also noticed that the river was becoming strangely agitated, and was swirling along at ever increasing speed. Suddenly



"SUDDENLY AN ENORMOUS MASS OF WATER CAME RUSHING DOWN."

an enormous mass of water came rushing down with a frightful roar, in one solid wave, and then it dawned upon me that it must have already commenced raining among the hills, and that the tributaries of the river were now sending down their floods into the main stream, which was rising with astonishing rapidity. In the course of a couple of hours it had risen between 30ft. and 40ft. Yamba seemed a little anxious, and she approached me with a suggestion that we had better build a hut on some high ground and remain secure in that locality, without attempting to continue our march while the rains lasted, and it was evident that they were now upon us.

We therefore set to work to construct **The Coming Deluge.** a comfortable little shelter of bark,

fastened to a framework of poles by means of creepers and climbing plants. Thus, by the time the deluge was fairly upon us, we were quite snugly ensconced in our little hut. We did not, however, remain indoors throughout the whole of the day, but went in and out, hunting for food and catching game just as usual, the torrential rain which beat down upon our naked bodies being rather a pleasant experience than otherwise. At this time we had a welcome addition to our food in the form of cabbage-palms and wild honey. We also started building a substantial catamaran, with which to navigate the river (which I afterwards learned was the Roper) when the floods had subsided. My versatile companion procured a few trunks of very light timber, and we fastened these logs together by means of long pins of hardwood, and then knitted them still more firmly together with strips of kangaroo hide. We also collected a stock of provisions to take with us—kangaroo and opossum, of course; but principally wild honey, cabbage-palm, and roots of various kinds. These preparations occupied us for several days, and by the time we had arranged everything for our journey the weather had become settled once more. Yamba remarked to me that if we simply drifted down the Roper River we should be carried to the open sea, nor would the time necessary be very long, since the swollen current was now running like a mill-race. Our catamaran, of course, afforded no shelter of any kind, but we carried some sheets of bark to form seats for ourselves and the dog.

At length we pushed **on** off on our eventful voyage, and no sooner had we got fairly into the current

than we were carried along with prodigious rapidity, and without the least exertion on our part, except in the matter of steering, which was conducted by means of paddles from the side of the craft. We made such rapid progress that I felt inclined to go on all night, but shortly after dusk Yamba persuaded me to pull in-shore and camp on the bank until morning.

We passed any number of submerged trees, and on several of these we found snakes coiled among the branches. Some of these reptiles we caught and ate. About the middle of the second day we heard a tremendous roar ahead, as though there were rapids in the bed of the river. It was now impossible to pull the catamaran out of its course, no matter how hard we might have striven, the current being absolutely irresistible. The banks narrowed as the rapids were reached, with the result that the water in the middle actually became *convex*, so tremendous was the rush in that narrow passage. Yamba cried out to me to lie flat on the catamaran and hold on as tightly as I could until we reached smooth water again. This she did herself, seizing hold of the dog also.

Nearer and nearer we were swept to the great seething cauldron of boiling and foaming waters, and at last, with

We Plunge into the Rapids.



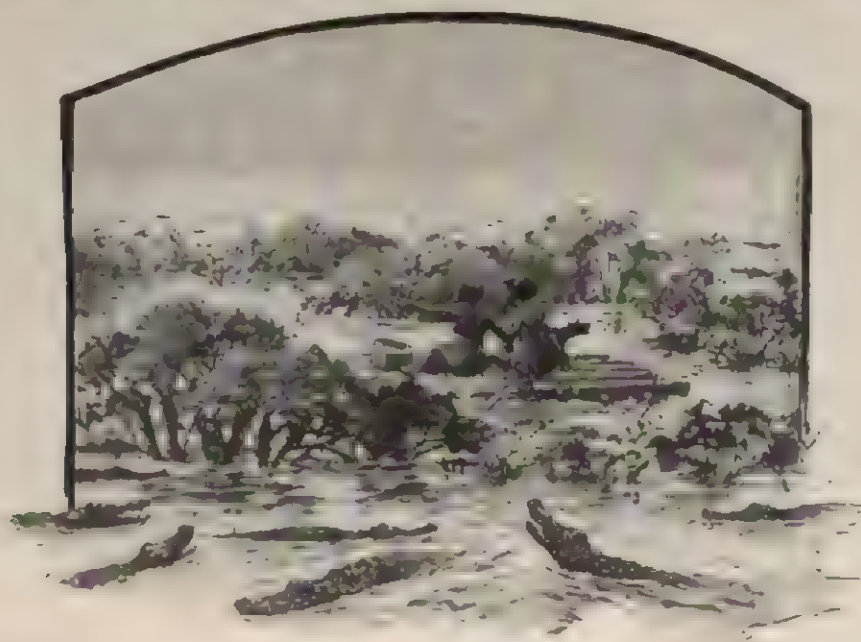
a tremendous splash, we entered the terrifying commotion. We went right under, and so great was the force of the water that had I not been clinging tenaciously to the catamaran I must infallibly have been swept away to certain death. Presently, however, we shot into less troubled waters and then continued our course, very little the worse for having braved these terrible rapids. Again we camped on shore that night, and were off at an early hour next morning. As we glided swiftly on, I noticed that the river seemed to be growing tremendously wide as we went. Yamba explained that we were now getting into very flat country, and therefore the great stretch of water we were now paddling over was caused by the flooding of the river. She also prophesied a rather bad time for us, as we should not be able to go ashore at night and replenish our stock of provisions. Fortunately we had a sufficient supply of food with us on the catamaran to last at least two or three days longer. The last time we landed Yamba had stocked an additional quantity of edible roots and smoked meats, and although we lost a considerable portion of these in shooting the rapids, there still remained enough for a few days' supply.

In consequence of the ever increasing width of the river, I found it a difficult matter to keep in the channel where the current was, so I gave up the steering paddle to Yamba, who seemed instinctively to know what course to take.

A Waste of Waters. On and on we went, until at length the whole country as far as the eye could

reach was one vast sea, extending virtually to the horizon, its sluggish surface only broken by the tops of the submerged trees. At length we sighted a number of little islets some distance ahead of us, and then we knew we must be nearing the mouth of the river, and that the open sea could not be many miles away. The last day or two had been full of anxiety and inconvenience for us, for we had been simply drifting aimlessly on without being able to land and stretch our cramped limbs or indulge in a comfortable sleep. Thus the sight of the islands was a great relief to us, and my ever faithful and considerate companion remarked that as we had nothing to fear now, and as I was weary with my vigil of the previous night, I had better try and get a little sleep. Accordingly I lay down on the catamaran, and had barely extended my limbs when I fell fast asleep. I awoke two or three hours later, and was surprised to find that our catamaran was not moving. I raised myself and looked round, only to find that we had apparently drifted among the tops of a ring of trees rising from a submerged island. "Halloa!" I cried out to Yamba, "are we stuck?" "No," she replied, quietly, "but look round!"

A Fearful Situation. You may judge of my horror and amazement when, on complying with her direction, I saw outside the curious ring of tree tops scores of alligators peering at us with horrid stolidity through the branches, some of them snapping their capacious jaws



"I SAW SCORES OF ALLIGATORS PEERING AT US."

THE ADVENTURES OF LOUIS DE ROUX

with a viciousness that left no doubt as to its meaning. Yamba explained to me that she had been obliged to take refuge in this curious but convenient shelter, because the alligators seemed to be swarming in vast numbers in that part of the river. She had easily forced a way for the catamaran through the branches, and, once past, had drawn them together again, so as effectually to prevent the ferocious monsters from following her. Judge, then, our position for yourself—with a scanty food supply, on a frail platform of logs, and literally besieged by crowds of loathsome alligators! Nor did we know how long our imprisonment was likely to last. Our poor dog, too, was terribly frightened, and he sat whining and trembling in a most pitiable manner in spite of reassuring words and caresses from Yamba and myself. I confess that I was very much alarmed, for the monsters would occasionally emit a most peculiar and terrifying sound—not unlike the roar of a lion. Hour after hour we sat there on the swaying catamaran, praying fervently for the hideous reptiles to leave us and let us continue our journey in peace. As darkness began to descend upon the vast waste of waters, it occurred to me to make a bold dash through the serried ranks of our besiegers, but Yamba restrained me, telling me it meant certain death to attempt to run the gauntlet under such fearsome circumstances.

The night came on. How can I describe its horrors? Even as I write,

Barking Alligators. I hear the ceaseless roars and barks of those horrible creatures, and the weird but gentle lappings of that limitless waste of waters that extended as far as the eye could reach. Often I was tempted to give up in despair, feeling that there was no hope whatever for us. Towards morning, however, the alligators apparently grew tired of their vigil, and one after another they slid backwards and disappeared. Some little time after the last alligator had gone under, the catamaran was being swept swiftly and noiselessly down the stream again.

We made straight for a little island some distance ahead of us, and found it to be uninhabited. Black and white birds, not quite so large as pigeons, were very plentiful, as also were eggs. Soon my Yamba had a nice meal ready for me, and then we lay down for a much-needed rest. After this we steered for a large island some nine or ten miles distant, and as we approached we could see that it was inhabited from the smoke-signals the natives sent up the moment they caught sight of us.

As we came nearer we could see blacks assembling on the be

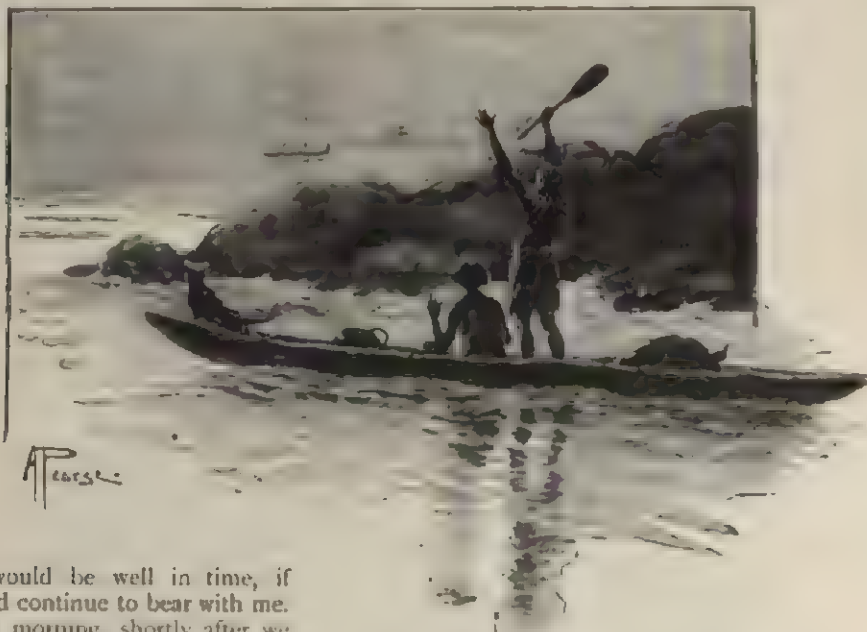
meet us, but, far from —
ness, they held their spears poised threateningly, and would no doubt have thrown had I not suddenly sprung to my feet and made signs that I wished to sit down with them—that I wished to parley with them. They lowered their spears, and we landed, but with great disappointment neither Yamba nor I understood one word of their language, was totally different from the tongue spoken in Yamba's country. Our first meeting was conducted in the usual way—squatting down on our haunches, and then drawing nearer and nearer until we were able to rub noses on another's shoulders. I then explained by means of signs that I wanted to stay with them a few days, and I was inexpressibly relieved to find that my little passport stick (which never left my possession for a moment) was recognised at once, and was most efficacious generally. After this I became more friendly with my hosts, and I told them by signs that I was looking for white people like myself, whereupon they replied I should have to go still farther south to find them. They then took us to their camp, and provided us with food, consisting mainly of fish, shell-fish, and roots. So far as I could ascertain, there were no kangaroos or opossums on the island. After two or three days, I thought it time to be continuing our journey, but I decided not to go south at all, but to strike due north, where I felt certain Cape York lay; and I also resolved to travel by sea this time, the blacks having presented me with a very unsubstantial "dug-out" canoe. Leaving behind us the catamaran that had brought us so many hundreds of miles, we set out on our travels once more—taking care, however, never to lose sight of the coast-line on account of our frail craft. We passed several beautiful islands, big and little, and on one that we landed I came across some native chalk drawings on the face of the rock. They depicted rude figures of men—I don't remember any animals—and they were not nearly so well done as the drawings I had seen in caves up in the Cape Londonderry district.

English-speaking Natives. We also landed from time to time on the mainland, and spoke with the chiefs of various tribes. They were all hostile at first. On one occasion we actually met one or two blacks who spoke a few words of English. They had evidently been out with pearl-shells at some time in their lives, but had returned to their native wilds many years before our visit. I asked them if they knew where white men were to be found, and they pointed east (Cape York), and also indicated that the whites were many moons' journey

from us. As, however, I felt confident Cape York lay immediately to the north, I continued my course in that direction, paddling all day and running in-shore to camp at night. We lived mainly on shell-fish and sea birds' eggs at this time, and altogether life became terribly wearisome and monotonous. This, however, was mainly owing to my anxiety. Day after day we kept doggedly on, hugging the shore very closely, going in and out of every bay and visiting every island, and never seeing a single human being. We were apparently still many hundreds of miles away from our destination. To add to the wretchedness of the situation, my poor Yamba, who had been so devoted, so hardy, and so contented, at length began to manifest symptoms of illness, and to complain gently of the weariness of it all. "You are looking," she would say, "for a place that does not exist. You are looking for friends of whose very existence you are unaware." I would not give in, however, and I persuaded

with all possible despatch. We very soon came up with her, and found her almost stranded, in consequence of the lowness of the tide. Nor was there apparently a soul on board. I thought this rather strange, but as I could see a hut not very far away, close to the beach, I steered towards it. This little dwelling, too, was uninhabited, though I found a number of trays of fish lying about, which afterwards I found to be *bêche-de-mer*, being dried and smoked. Suddenly, while Yamba and I were investigating the interior of the hut, a number of Malays unexpectedly appeared on the scene, and I then realized I had had the good fortune to come across a Malay *bêche de mer* expedition in these regions.

The fishermen were exceedingly surprised at seeing Yamba and myself, but when they found I could speak their language a little they evinced every sign of delight, and forthwith entertained us most hospitably on board their craft, which was a boat of ten or fifteen



"SAVED! SAVED!"

her that all would be well in time, if only she would continue to bear with me.

One morning, shortly after we had begun our usual trip for the day, and were just rounding

a headland, I was almost stupefied to behold in front of me the masts of a boat (which I afterwards found to be a Malay prau) close in-shore. The situation was between Cook's Island and the main. I sprang to my feet in a state of the greatest excitement. "Thank God! thank God!" I shouted to Yamba; "we are saved at last!—saved—saved—saved!" As I shouted, I pulled the canoe round and made for the vessel

tons. They told me they had come from the Dutch islands south of Timor, and they promptly made me an offer that set my heart beating wildly. They said they were prepared to take me back to Kopang, if I wished. They even offered Yamba a passage along with me; but, to my amazement and bitter disappointment, she said she did not wish to go with them. She trembled as though with fear. She was afraid

that when once we were on board, the Malays would kill me and keep her.

I Abandon Hope.

One other reason for this fear I knew, but it in no way mitigated my acute grief at being obliged to decline what would probably be my only chance of returning to civilization. For this I had pined day and night for four or five years, and now that escape was within my grasp I was obliged to throw it away. For let me emphatically state, even if civilization had been but a mile away, I can truthfully say I would not have gone a yard towards it without that devoted creature who had been my salvation, not on one occasion only, but practically every moment of my existence.

I tried to persuade Yamba to change her mind, but she remained firm in her decision, and so, almost choking with bitter regret, and in a state of utter collapse, I had to decline the offer of the Malays. We stayed with them, however, a few weeks longer, and at length they accompanied me to a camp of black fellows near some lagoons, a little way farther south of the Malays' own camp. Before they left, they presented me with a quantity of *hêche-de-mer*, or sea slugs, which make most excellent soup. At this place, which was in Raffles Bay, the chief spoke quite excellent English. One of his wives could even say the Lord's Prayer in English, though, of course, she did not know what she was talking about. "Captain Jack Davis," as he called himself, had served for some little time on one of Her Majesty's ships, and he told me that not many marches away there was an old European settlement, and he offered even to guide me to this place, if I cared to go. He first showed me to an old white settlement in Raffles Bay, called, I think, Fort Wellington, where I found some large fruit trees, including ripe yellow mangoes. There were, besides, raspberries, strawberries, and Cape gooseberries. Needless to remark, all this made me very happy and contented, for I felt I must now be getting near the home of some white men. I thought that,

after all, perhaps Yamba's refusal to go with the Malays was for the best, and with high hopes I set out with Captain Davis for another deserted settlement he spoke of. This turned out to be Port Essington, which we reached in two or three days. Another cruel blow was dealt me here.

The Deserted Settlement.

You can perhaps form some idea of my poignant dismay and disappointment on finding that this dreary-looking place of swamps and marshes was quite deserted, although there were a number of ruined houses, gardens, and orchards there. The blacks told me that at one time it had been one of the most important penal settlements in Australia, but that it had to be abandoned on account of the prevalence of malarial fever arising from the swamps in the neighbourhood. I came across a number of graves, which were evidently those of the exiled settlers. There was food in abundance at this place—raspberries, bananas, and mangoes grew in profusion—whilst the marshes were inhabited by vast flocks of geese, ducks, white ibis, and other wild fowl. Indeed, in the swamps the birds rose in such prodigious numbers as actually to obscure the face of the sun. The blacks, by the way, had

a very peculiar method of catching water-fowl. They would simply wade through the reeds into the water almost up to their necks, and then cover their heads with a handful of green stuff. Remaining perfectly still, they would watch their opportunity, and simply seize a goose or a duck by the leg and drag it down under the water until it was drowned. The number of water-fowl caught in this way by a single



THEY WOULD SIMPLY SEIZE A GOOSE OR A DUCK BY THE LEG.

black fellow was truly astonishing.

After having remained a fortnight at Port Essington itself, we returned to Raffles Bay, where Yamba and I made a camp among the blacks and took up our residence among them; for Captain Davis had told me that ships called there casually, and it was possible that one might call soon from Port Darwin. "Woe-ness"

he added, came for buffalo meat, of which more hereafter. I had decided to remain among these people some little time, because they knew so much about Europeans, and I felt sure of picking up knowledge which would be useful to me.

I had not been established in this camp many days, however, before I was struck down, for the first time, with a terrible attack of malarial fever, probably induced by the many hours I had spent wading in the swamps at Port Essington. There were the usual symptoms—quick flushings and fever heats, followed by violent fits of shivering, which no amount of natural warmth could mitigate. My faithful Yamba was terribly distressed at my condition, and she waited upon me with most beautiful devotion; but in spite of all that could be done for me, I grew gradually weaker and weaker, until in the course of a few days I was wildly delirious. The blacks, too, were very good to me, and doctored me, in their quaint native way, with certain leaves and powders. All to no purpose, however, and for several days I was even unable to recognise my Yamba. Then the fever subsided somewhat, and I was left as weak and helpless as a little child.

When I came round a little, I fancied I noticed a great change in Yamba, and I asked her if anything had occurred to her during my illness. I then learned something which will haunt me to my dying day. There is perhaps no more extraordinary instance of womanly devotion recorded in the annals of the human race. To my unspeakable horror, Yamba quietly told me that she had recently given birth to a child, *which she had killed and eaten!* It took me some time to realize a thing so ghastly and so horrible, and when asked why she had done it, she pleaded: "I was afraid you were going to die—going to leave me; and besides, you know I could not have nursed both you and the baby, so I did what I considered best."

Here I ought to explain that the women among the Australian aborigines did frequently eat their children, but the reason is one which, if possible, palliates in some degree this shocking custom. You understand that the various tribes or sections of the blacks are perpetually shifting their quarters according to the state of the various water supplies and other conditions, and when the mothers find themselves with several young children to look after, it is difficult, nay, almost impossible, for them to carry the little ones about from place to place and yet fulfil their own domestic duties. I time.

The system of killing and in is

therefore dictated solely by motives of love and consideration, strange as this may appear. Rather than leave the little ones to perish of neglect and decay before their eyes, the mothers kill and eat them, as I have before described. They do this, however, when the child is only a few days old, and before they have learnt to love it very much.

There are things, of course, too sacred to be spoken about here, but I think it may be mentioned as an instance of wonderful devotion that, as I lay raving in the delirium of fever, the heroic woman who attended me had given me her own breast as nourishment. This she also pleaded to me as an additional palliation for the horrible act she had done. I felt, therefore, that I could not reproach her, and indeed, by mutual consent, we let this fearful matter drop, nor did we ever mention it again.

She saw I was perfectly horror-struck, but she altogether failed to understand my point of view. For a long time after this incident, however, Yamba carried a little parcel wrapped in bark round her neck, and this she appeared to treasure very much.

One day when I had quite recovered she told me that the little bag contained some of the small bones of the infant, which she was preserving out of love for its memory.

It was some time before I quite recovered from the fever, and I was frequently seized with distressing fits of shivering. I also experienced an overwhelming desire for a drink of milk; why, I am unable to say. Therefore, when some of the blacks told me that wild buffalo were to be found in the neighbourhood—beasts that had formerly belonged to settlers, but were now run wild—I resolved, when sufficiently strong, to try and capture one of the cows for the sake of its milk.

Yamba, of course, accompanied me on my expedition, and her bushmanship was altogether quite indispensable. We came upon buffalo tracks near a large water-hole, close to my hut, and here we each climbed a gum-tree and awaited the arrival of our prospective prey. We waited a long time, but were at length rewarded by seeing a big cow buffalo and her calf meandering leisurely in our direction. My only weapons were a lasso made out of green kangaroo hide, fixed to the end of a long pole; and my bow and arrows. I slid down the tree a little way, and when the calf was near enough, I gently slipped the noose over its neck, and promptly made it a prisoner under the very nose of its astonished mother, who bellowed mournfully.

My success so elated Yamba that she too slid down from her hiding-place,

and was making her way over to me and the calf, when suddenly an enormous bull which we had not previously seen *rushed at her at full speed*. Yamba instantly realized her danger, and swarmed up a tree again like light ning, just as the great brute was upon her. I called out to her to attract the attention of the old bull while I attended to the mother and calf. I dropped my pole to which the lasso was attached, and allowed the little one to walk quickly away with it; but, as I anticipated, the trailing pole soon caught between the stumps of some trees, and made the calf a more secure prisoner than ever. It was a curious repe-

tion of the story of the two whales. The mother walked round and round, and appeared to be in the greatest distress. She never left her little one's side, but continued to bellow loudly and lick the calf to coax it away. Quietly sliding down my tree, I made my way to where Yamba was still holding the attention of the bull—a fiery brute who was pawing the ground with rage at the foot of her tree. I had fitted an arrow to my bow, and was preparing to shoot, when, unfortunately, the bull detected the noise of my approach, and rushed straight at me. I confess it was rather a trying moment, but I never lost my head, feeling confident of my skill

with the bow—which I had practised off and on ever since I had left school at Montreux. I actually waited until the charging monster was within a few paces, and then I let fly. So close was he that not much credit is due to me for accurate aim. The arrow fairly transixed his right eye, causing him to pull up on his haunches, and loudly roar with pain in the most agonized way.

Yamba, full of anxiety, hurried down her tree, but she had scarcely reached the ground when the baffled bull wheeled and charged upon her, with more fury than ever. She simply hurried behind a tree, however, and then I showed myself and induced him to charge down upon me once more. Again I waited until he was almost upon me, and then

I sent another arrow into his other eye, blinding him completely. On this, the poor brute brought up sharply and commenced to back in an uncertain way, bellowing with pain. I forgot all my fever in the excitement, and rushed upon the bull with my tomahawk, and dealt him a blow on the side of the head that made him stagger. I brought him to the earth with two or three other blows, and in a few minutes I had administered the *coup de grâce*. No sooner was the big bull dead than I determined to test the efficacy of a very popular native remedy for fever—for shivering fits still continued to come upon me at most



"I RUSHED UPON THE BULL."

awkward times, usually late in the day. No matter how much grass poor Yamba brought me I never could get warm, and so now I thought I would try some animal heat.

A Blood Bath.

Scarcely had the life left the body before I ripped the buffalo open between the fore and hind legs, and then crawled into the interior, fairly burying myself in a deluge of warm blood and intestines. My head, however, was protruding from the animal's chest. Yamba understood perfectly well what I was doing, and when I told her I was going to indulge in a long sleep in my curious resting place, she said she would keep watch and see that I was not disturbed. I remained buried in the bull's interior for the

Yamba in Danger.

rest of the day and all through the night. Next morning, to my amazement, I found I was a prisoner, the carcass having got cold and rigid, so that I had literally to be dug out. As I emerged I presented a most ghastly and horrifying spectacle. My body was covered with congealed blood, and even my long hair was all matted and stiffened with it. But never can I forget the feeling of exhilaration and strength that took possession of me as I stood there looking at my faithful companion. *I was absolutely cured*—a new man, a giant of strength!

I made my way down to the lagoon and washed myself thoroughly, scrubbing myself with a kind of soapy clay, and afterwards taking a run in order to get dry. This extraordinary system of applying the carcass of a freshly killed animal is invariably resorted to by the natives in case of serious illness, and they look upon it as an all but infallible cure. Certainly it was surprisingly efficacious in my own case. Next day we directed our attention to the capture of the cow, which was still wandering around her imprisoned little one, and only leaving it for a few minutes at a time in order to get food. I constructed a small fence or inclosure of sticks, and into this we managed to drive the cow. We then kept her for two days without food and water, in order to tame her, and we did not even let her little calf come near her. We then approached her, and found her perfectly subdued, and willing to take food and water from us precisely as though she were the gentlest Alderney.

I found I was even able to milk her, *A Luxury Indeed.* and I can assure you that I never tasted anything more delightful in my life than the copious draughts of fresh milk I indulged in on that eventful morning. In fact, I practically lived on nothing else for the next few days, and it pulled me round in a most surprising way. The flesh of the dead buffalo I did not touch myself, but handed it over to the blacks, who were vastly impressed by my prowess as a mighty hunter. They themselves had often tried to kill buffalo with their spears, but had never succeeded. I removed the bull's hide, however, and made a big rug out of it, which I found very serviceable indeed in subsequent wet seasons. It was as hard as a board, and at least half an inch thick.

When I returned to Captain Davis and the rest of my friends at Raffles Bay, I was quite well and strong once more, and I stayed with them three or four months, hunting almost every day (there were even wild ponies and English cattle—of course, relics of the old settlement), and picking up all the information I could. I had many conversations *of,* and he told me that I *d*

white men at Port Darwin, which he said was between three and four hundred miles away. The tribe at Port Essington, I may mention, only numbered about fifty souls. This was about the year 1868. Captain Davis—who, by the way, was passionately fond of tobacco, and would travel almost any distance to obtain an ounce or two from the Malay *bêche-de-mer* fishers—pointed out to me a blazed tree near his camp on which the following notice was cut:—

LUDWIG LEICHARDT,
Overland from Sydney,
1847.

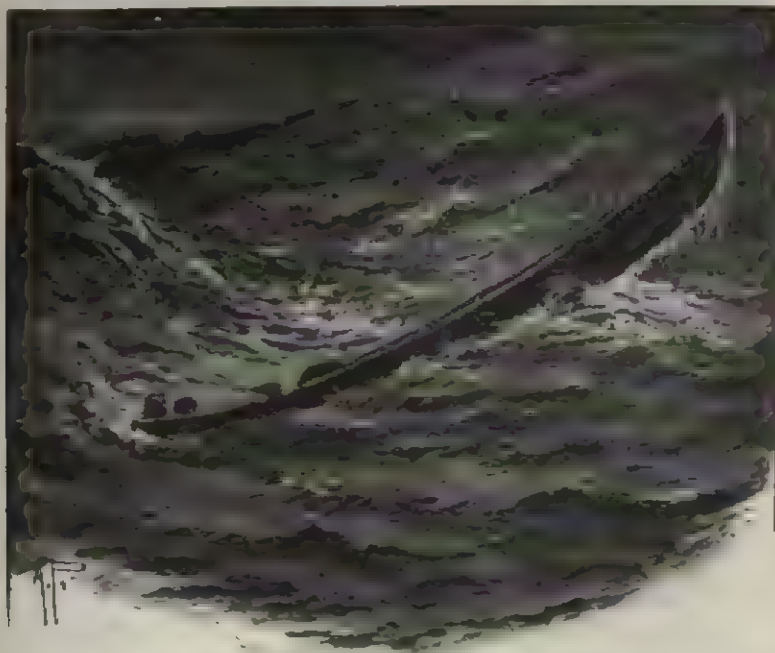
It was therefore evident that this *Signs of Civilization.* district had already been visited by a white man, and the fact that he had come overland filled me with hopes that some day I, too, might return to civilization in the same way. The English-speaking black chief assured me that his father had acted as guide to Leichardt, but whether the latter got back safely to Sydney again he never knew. The white traveller, he said, left Port Essington in a ship.

Having considered all things, I decided to attempt to reach Port Darwin, in the hope of finding Europeans living there; and, after some preparations, Yamba and I and the dog pushed out into the unknown sea in our frail canoe, which was only about 15ft. long and 14in. wide. Of course, we kept close in-shore all the time, and made pretty good progress until we passed Apsley Straits, avoiding the huge Van Diemen's Gulf, with its alligator-infested rivers and creeks. We must have been close to Port Darwin when, with little or no warning, a terrific storm arose, and quickly carried us out to sea in a south-westerly direction. In a moment, of course, our frail little craft was partially swamped, and Yamba and I were compelled to jump overboard and hang on to the gunwale on either side to prevent the canoe from totally swamping. This was about a fortnight after I left Captain Davis. We knew that if we were swamped, all our belongings, including my poor old dog, my live geese, water, and other provisions, would be lost in the raging sea. The night that followed, by the way, was perhaps one of the most appalling experiences that ever befell me; but I had by this time become so inured to terrible trials that I merely took it as a matter of course.

Imagine for yourself the scene. The *The Great Storm.* giant waves are rolling mountains high, the darkness of night is gathering round us fast, and I and my heroic wife are immersed in the billows, hanging on for dear life to the little dug-out canoe, only 14in. wide. Although we were soon thoroughly

exhausted with our long immersion in the water, we dared not climb aboard. Will it be believed that all night long we were compelled to remain in the sea, clinging to the canoe, half drowned, and tossed about like the merest insignificant

perfect calm settled on the sea. When we were somewhat rested we paddled on in a direction where we concluded land must be (we steered south-east for the man), and in the course of a few hours had the satis-



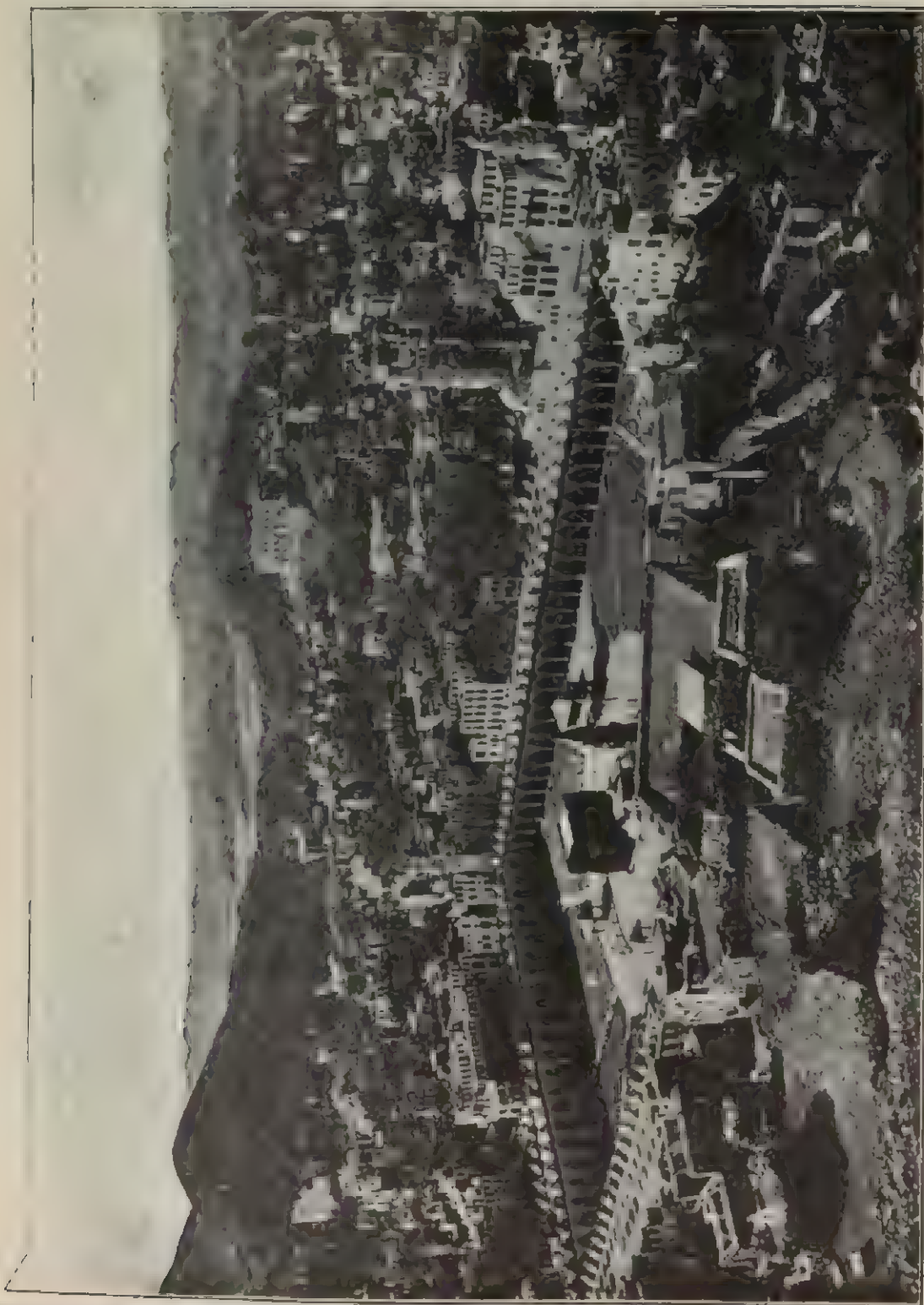
"IMMERSED IN THE FLOODS, AND HANGING ON FOR DEATH OR

atoms in the midst of the stupendous waves, which were literally ablaze with phosphorescent light? Often as those terrible hours crawled by I would have let go my hold and given up altogether were it not for Yamba's cheery and encouraging voice, above the terrific roar of the storm, pointing out to me how much we had been through already, and how many fearful dangers we had safely encountered together. Towards the early hours of the morning she advised me to get into the canoe for a spell, but she herself remained hanging on to the gunwale, trying to keep the head of the little canoe before the immense waves that were still running. I was very cold and stiff, and found it difficult to climb into the canoe. As the morning advanced, the sea began to abate somewhat, and presently Yamba joined me in the canoe. We were, however, unable to shape our course for any set quarter, since by this time we were out of sight of land altogether, and had not even the slightest idea about our position.

Drifting. All that day we drifted aimlessly about, and then, towards evening, a

faction of seeing a little rocky island, which we promptly made for and landed upon. Here we obtained food in plenty in the form of birds; but drinking water was not to be found anywhere, so we had to fall back on the small stock we always carried in skins. Judging from the appearance of the rocks, and the smell that pervaded the place, I imagined that this must be a guano island. I now knew that we were near Port Darwin, *but had passed it in the great storm, while we were fighting for our lives.* We slept on the island that night, and felt very much better next morning when we started out on our voyage once more, visiting every bay and inlet. Hope, too, began to reassert itself, and I thought that after all we might be able to reach Port Darwin in spite of the distance we must have been driven out of our course. Several islands studded the sea through which we were now steadily threading our way, and that evening we landed on one of these and camped for the night. Next day we were off again, and as the weather continued beautifully fine we made splendid progress.

(To be continued.)



From a]

GENERAL VIEW OF MECCA.

1795.

A Pilgrimage to Mecca.

By BECHIR IBN ALI EL HAJ.

[SPECIAL NOTE. - Photographs of Mecca are only prepared at the imminent risk of the operator's life. These photos. were taken by a Turkish officer, and it is well known in Tunis that he lost his life in consequence of taking them.]

This narrative, we venture to say, is perfectly unique, being a faithful account of the surprising experiences of a Christian gentleman who actually undertook a pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca, the metropolis of Islam, into which no Christians are admitted; his narrow escapes from detection, the muddles he got into, and his final triumph.



FORBEAR to set down my real name, or even the name by which I was known to my fellow pilgrims, for I hope before long to accomplish other pilgrimages to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and perhaps even to visit the mysterious Snoussi, who, in the deserts of Tripoli, are hatching schemes for the subjugation of all Christendom. Should it become known that I had revealed my observations of the sacred recesses of Islam in the pages of a glib magazine, my purpose would be misunderstood, and it might one day go hard with me.

I must begin, however, by setting forth that I bear no ill-will to the religion which circumstances have compelled me during many months to profess. Indeed, I consider it to embody the highest civilizing influences suitable to the lower grades of humanity. I am not sure that I may not even go further, and accept in a measure the Moslem contention that Islam is the complement of Christianity, and that the Prophet (on whose name he peace!) was "the Comforter" foreshadowed by Christ.

In any case, I have had abundant evidence that the Mohammedan religion tends to make all its adherents better citizens, as well as more sober and more chivalrous men. It has its fanatics, like every other religion, but some of their susceptibilities are after all by no means unreasonable. Anyone who has seen the disturbance of devotion in Christian cathedrals by chattering tourists can sympathize with the feelings of pious Moslems who object to the dirty boots of infidels upon prayer carpets where they must prostrate ~~themselves~~ heads. Beyond this the suspicions of

rarely go, and I consider that most of allers who have made the pilgrimage to greatly exaggerate its danger. This increase their reputation and to swell ilation of their books, but it renn as a libel upon the teaching of ubt a stranger who penetrated thout due preparat

do something to offend zealous pilgrims, and might fare badly if he exposed himself to their resentment. But no Moslem would venture to kill on religious grounds a man who had pronounced the formula, "La ila ilalla Mohammed Ras ou l'Allah" (there is no God but Allah; Mohammed is the prophet of Allah). With this sentence carefully committed to memory, and with a reverent respect for the feelings and opinions of others, any man may go where he will throughout the Mohammedan world. Dangers there are, of course, for, though religious men will respect him, he may need protection against robbers in a country where there is practically no police; he must have a fever-proof constitution, and he must be inured to bad food and a complete absence of drainage.

My first idea of making a pilgrimage to Mecca arose from a conversation I had with Abdullah, my teacher of Arabic, one evening at Tunis. We had been discussing the alleged dangers of the pilgrimage, and I had sought for confirmation of my theory that a mere professor of belief was a sufficient passport for any European who wished to go to Mecca. Finding he agreed with me, I went on to ask, half in joke, whether I could not become a Mussulman and set out at once.

To my surprise, though I could see he thought I was merely inspired by motives of curiosity, he jumped at the suggestion, and volunteered to accompany me. The fact was, he had hastened to the conclusion that I must be a very rich man, and he foresaw pretty pickings if he accompanied me on such an expedition. He assured me that all I had to do was to accompany him next morning to make a declaration of faith before the Sheik-ul-Islam, give up wearing a hat, become a teetotaler, pray at stated times, and observe the fast of Ramadan. "Your only danger," he said, "will be the possibility of not making yourself understood if I am with you, I can always guard

at his proposal for some time, by

he evidently meant it seriously, and constantly returned to the charge. As for me, the more I thought about it, the better I liked it. I am, of course, a Christian, but I could not see that I should be in any way abandoning Christianity by the adoption of Islam. I should be merely adding to my creed, not taking away anything from it.

So, one fine morning, I went with Abdullah to the bazaars and bought a *chechia*, the fez of Barbary. We then repaired to the Sheik ul-Islam, who received me in a private room adjoining the chief mosque, and embraced me with much cordiality. He was an old man



"HE WAS AN OLD MAN, WITH A LONG, WHITE BEARD."

with a long, white beard, and a very benevolent expression; but his piercing eyes looked me through and through, and, if I had meant any harm, I should have felt exceedingly uncomfortable. As it was, however, I came through the ordeal very satisfactorily. A few formal questions were put to me, and when I mentioned that I was going upon a journey (I took care not to say where) with Abdullah, he was told to give me the necessary instructions in the faith by the way.

My appearance in the hotel and among my

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romantic endeavours to win for themselves an immortal soul, the pranks which they played upon their enemies, and the marvels which they would accomplish for those who had any hold upon them. I was also astonished by the infinite variety of amulets which were worn as a protection against the evil eye, the spells against shipwreck, and the various preservatives against the bites of serpents.

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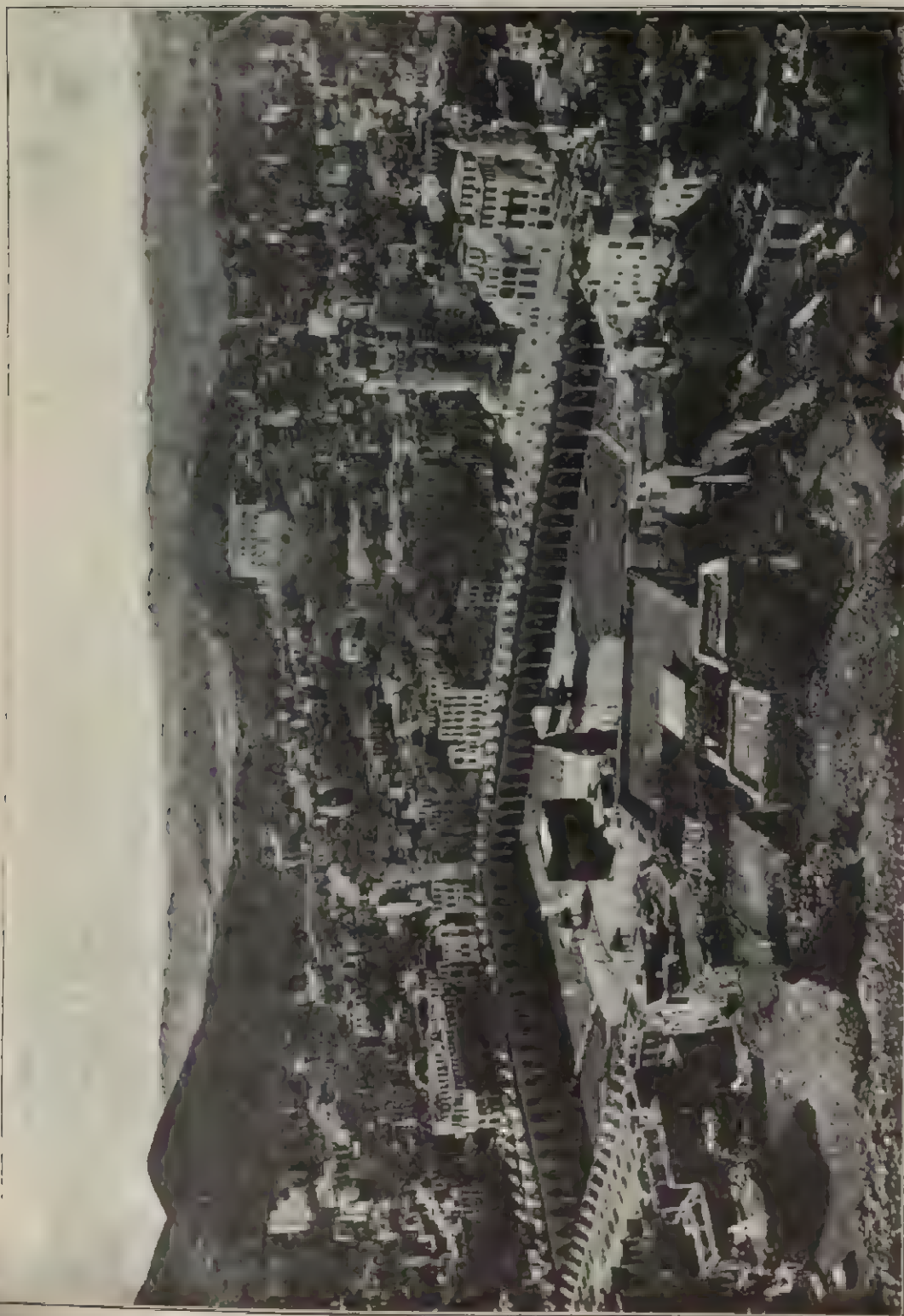


WE MANAGED TO SNEAK AWAY FOR A WHILE.

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From a]

GENERAL VIEW OF MEXICO.

1890

A Pilgrimage to Mecca.

BY BECHIR HIN ALI EL HAJ.

[SPECIAL NOTE. Photographs of Mecca are only prepared at the imminent risk of the operator's life. These photos. were taken by a Turkish officer, and it is well known in Tunis that he lost his life in consequence of taking them.]

This narrative, we venture to say, is perfectly unique, being a faithful account of the surprising experiences of a Christian gentleman who actually undertook a pilgrimage to the holy city of Mecca, the metropolis of Islam, into which no Christians are admitted; his narrow escapes from detection, the muddles he got into, and his final triumph.



FORBEAR to set down my real name, or even the name by which I was known to my fellow-pilgrims, for I hope before long to accomplish other pilgrimages to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and perhaps even to visit the mysterious Snoussi, who, in the deserts of Tripoli, are hatching schemes for the subjugation of all Christendom. Should it become known that I had revealed my observations of the sacred recesses of Islam in the pages of a gaudy magazine, my purpose would be misunderstood, and it might one day go hard with me.

I must begin, however, by setting forth that I bear no ill will to the religion which circumstances have compelled me during many months to profess. Indeed, I consider it to embody the highest civilizing influences suitable to the lower grades of humanity. I am not sure that I may not even go further, and accept in a measure the Moslem contention that Islam is the complement of Christianity, and that the Prophet (on whose name be peace) was "the Comforter" foreshadowed by Christ.

In any case, I have had abundant evidence that the Mohammedan religion tends to make all its adherents better citizens, as well as more sober and more chivalrous men. It has its fanatics, like every other religion, but some of their susceptibilities are after all by no means unreasonable. Anyone who has seen the disturbance of devotion in Christian cathedrals by chattering tourists can sympathize with the feelings of pious Moslems who object to the dirty boots of infidels upon prayer carpets where they must prostrate their foreheads. Beyond this the suspicions of Moslems rarely go, and I consider that most of the travellers who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca greatly exaggerate its danger. This serves to increase their reputation and to swell the circulation of their books, but it requires correction as a blot upon the teaching of Islam.

No doubt a stranger who penetrated to the holy places without due preparation might unwittingly

do something to offend zealous pilgrims, and might fare badly if he exposed himself to their resentment. But no Moslem would venture to kill on religious grounds a man who had pronounced the formula, "La ila illa Mohammed Ras ou l'Allah" (there is no God but Allah; Mohammed is the prophet of Allah). With this sentence carefully committed to memory, and with a reverent respect for the feelings and opinions of others, any man may go where he will throughout the Mohammedan world. Dangers there are, of course, for, though religious men will respect him, he may need protection against robbers in a country where there is practically no police; he must have a fever-proof constitution, and he must be mured to bad food and a complete absence of drainage.

My first idea of making a pilgrimage to Mecca arose from a conversation I had with Abdullah, my teacher of Arabic, one evening at Tunis. We had been discussing the alleged dangers of the pilgrimage, and I had sought for confirmation of my theory that a mere profession of belief was a sufficient passport for any European who wished to go to Mecca. Finding he agreed with me, I went on to ask, half in joke, whether I could not become a Mussulman and set out at once.

To my surprise, though I could see he thought I was merely inspired by motives of curiosity, he jumped at the suggestion, and volunteered to accompany me. The fact was, he had hastened to the conclusion that I must be a very rich man, and he foresaw pretty pickings if he accompanied me on such an expedition. He assured me that all I had to do was to accompany him next morning to make a declaration of faith before the Sheik-ul-Islam, give up wearing a hat, become a teetotaler, pray at stated times, and observe the fast of Ramadan. "Your only danger," he said, "will be the possibility of not making yourself understood, but, if I am with you, I can always guard against that."

I laughed at his proposal for some time, but

he evidently meant it seriously, and constantly returned to the charge. As for me, the more I thought about it, the better I liked it. I am, of course, a Christian, but I could not see that I should be in any way abandoning Christianity by the adoption of Islam. I should be merely adding to my creed, not taking away anything from it.

So, one fine morning, I went with Abdullah to the bazaars and bought a *chechia*, the fez of Barbary. We then repaired to the Sheik-ul-Islam, who received me in a private room adjoining the chief mosque, and embraced me with much cordiality. He was an old man,



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with a long, white beard, and a very benevolent expression; but his piercing eyes looked me through and through, and, if I had meant any harm, I should have felt exceedingly uncomfortable. As it was, however, I came through the ordeal very satisfactorily. A few formal questions were put to me, and when I mentioned that I was going upon a journey (I took care not to say where) with Abdullah, he was told to give me the necessary instructions in the faith by the way.

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thought and he was to earn, and had spoken only of the simplicity of our undertaking; but now he seemed filled with apprehension, and I could see that he anticipated a catastrophe in which he might easily be involved.

His impatience increased visibly when we were stranded outside the town for nearly six hours waiting for a pilot, and when he found that fresh difficulties confronted us on shore, it needed all my firmness to induce him to persevere with the undertaking. I am very fond of the Turks in private life, both in their towns and in their villages, but their officials do not appeal to me on arriving in their territory. Though my passport was in perfect order, they took it away for some hours and plied me with all sorts of unnecessary questions. Though we had a clean bill of health, we were subjected to all sorts of vexatious medical examinations, and even threatened with quarantine; and when I incautiously proposed a bribe as a short cut out of the difficulties, we were all hurried off to the lock-up. I began to reproach myself for not having remembered that it would be a suspicious action on the part of a pilgrim to offer a bribe, but I found after a few hours' detention that it had really been good policy, for so soon as I had paid as much as could be squeezed out of me I was released with many apologies, while the rest of my companions were still kept under lock and key. I obtained at this time many illustrations of the antipathies which exist between the Turks and the Arabs, and I am inclined to think that if I had begun by taking the Turkish officials into my confidence, and telling them that I was a well-to-do Englishman travelling to Mecca out of curiosity, they would have done all they could to help me on my way. As it was, I found it a great deal more difficult to obtain Abdullah's release than my own, and during the two days of our enforced separation I ran many serious risks.

Being in the dress of a pilgrim, I thought it wiser to take up my quarters at an humble Arab caravanserai, but my ignorance of Arabic and the strangeness of my manners aroused suspicions, which were quickly reported throughout the whole town. What told most against me was, I believe, the great clumsiness of my attempt to wrestle with a dish of boiled rice in the absence of fork and spoon, and many were the sneers of my fellow-guests at this gross mark of ill-breeding. Three times I was mobbed in the streets, and ran a grave risk of being stoned. Once I was observed making my ablutions in the mosque in an unusual way, and came very near being knocked on the head at the instigation of an old, green-turbaned fanatic, who

cursed me for a spy and an infidel. Several times I was awakened in the night, and had to defend myself by a display of my revolver against stealthy designs upon my purse, without which I could scarcely have hoped to be able to proceed on my journey. But most, if not all, these inconveniences would, I am convinced, have been avoided if I had been in a position to make myself understood, and to win the friendship of my associates by lavishing the compliments which are the most acceptable currency among every kind of Arab.

When at last Abdullah rejoined me, I had come very near to despair of being able to continue the journey, and had indeed already begun to make arrangements with the captain of a merchantman for my return to Egypt. With Abdullah, however, I found that all serious difficulties were at an end. I was never popular, to be sure, for, by Abdullah's advice, I took refuge in the utmost taciturnity in order to hide my shortcomings, whereas cheerful confidences are always expected of a pilgrim on his way to the holy city.

Now began what I had been led to expect would prove the most dangerous part of my journey, but, as it turned out, all my troubles seemed now to be at an end, and I grew to look upon the pilgrimage as the simplest of promenades. Before starting, I took the opportunity of exploring Jeddah, which has little to distinguish it from the average town in the East. It consists for the most part of stone houses in a sandy plain close to the sea. Its position as the portal of Mecca makes it natural that you should find there an unusual number of mosques and minarets, but it is equally remarkable as a trading centre, and I have rarely seen more animated bazaars. It is surrounded by what was no doubt once a strongly fortified wall, but now amounts to little more than a heap of ruins. The only sights worth visiting are the tomb of Eve, the interest of which depends entirely upon your faith in tradition; and a deserted cemetery, where a small number of Christians have been buried unceremoniously in the sand.

Abdullah insisted upon my having my head completely shaved before starting, in accordance with strict Mohammedan usage. I confess I did not much enjoy the operation. I had to sit down on a bench in one of the principal streets while the barber plied a murderous-looking but very blunt razor upon my head; and it was aggravating to find that, whenever I received a cut, not only the barber but the crowd of loafers who had gathered round to witness the sport were moved to huge merriment. I am no hat he did not give me a



From W.

THE TOMB OF EVE, JEDDAH

[I help.]

few extra cuts for the amusement of the gallery; at any rate, my head smattered for a great many days afterwards.

When all other preparations had been completed, I had to divest myself of my flowing Arab robes and put on the *irham*, which is the only garment permitted to a pilgrim. It consists merely of a seamless piece of stuff, twisted round the loins so that the end may be thrown over one shoulder at pleasure. I found it a very insufficient protection against the broiling sun, but there was nothing for it but to submit. The unwritten law is very strict on the subject, and no pilgrim would be allowed to enter Mecca without this garment. Even an inhabitant of the holy city who absents himself for forty days is bound to wear it on his return. One great disadvantage of the costume is the difficulty of accommodating it with pockets. I had a girdle underneath it to hold the little money I took with me, and I managed to stow a revolver and a small

detective camera into the folds, though Abdullah warned me that they might expose me to much unnecessary risk.

The distance from Jeddah to Mecca is only some fifty-four miles, so that, for those who have arrived by sea, the pilgrimage really amounts to a very small undertaking. After all the vauntings of my predecessors on this journey, and the many warnings of well meaning friends, it seemed something of an anti-climax to find that I was only confronted by a pilgrimage which could easily be accomplished on donkey-back practically at one sitting. As I

was by no means accustomed to ride a donkey sideways without a saddle as the Arabs do, I



"FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF THE GALLERY"

was anxious to travel on a camel, but Abdullah pointed out that I should, in that case, have to spend a night by the way in a caravanserai full of suspicious pilgrims, and the sooner I reached Mecca the better.

I have known many bad roads during my travels in the East, but none of them, I think, can quite come up to this one. For the first ten miles or so we passed through a hideous plain, where my donkey's legs sank fully ten inches into the sand at every step, and a stifling wind raised blinding clouds, which prevented our seeing more than a dozen yards or so ahead. This had the advantage of distracting my companions' attention from the shortcomings of my riding, but when we came to the rocky hills, where the track was like the dried bed of some huge torrent, and the jolting of my mount was like that of a switch back, I came off again and again, to the intense amusement of my fellow-travellers and the evident anxiety of Abdullah. It was a great relief when a cool, fresh night came on, and, though I was by this time horribly tired, I could not be insensible to the many charms of my surroundings. The brilliant light of the moon cast blue shadows among the bronzed rocks, and a deep silence, broken only by the tinkling of animals' bells, brought home to us the solemnity of our great religious enterprise. Few remarks were exchanged and no greetings were offered to passing travellers, as is the custom among Arabs everywhere else. On the top of the hills we could discern the twinkling red lights of Turkish military posts, but somehow or other they seemed strangely far off, and did not add to our sense of security.

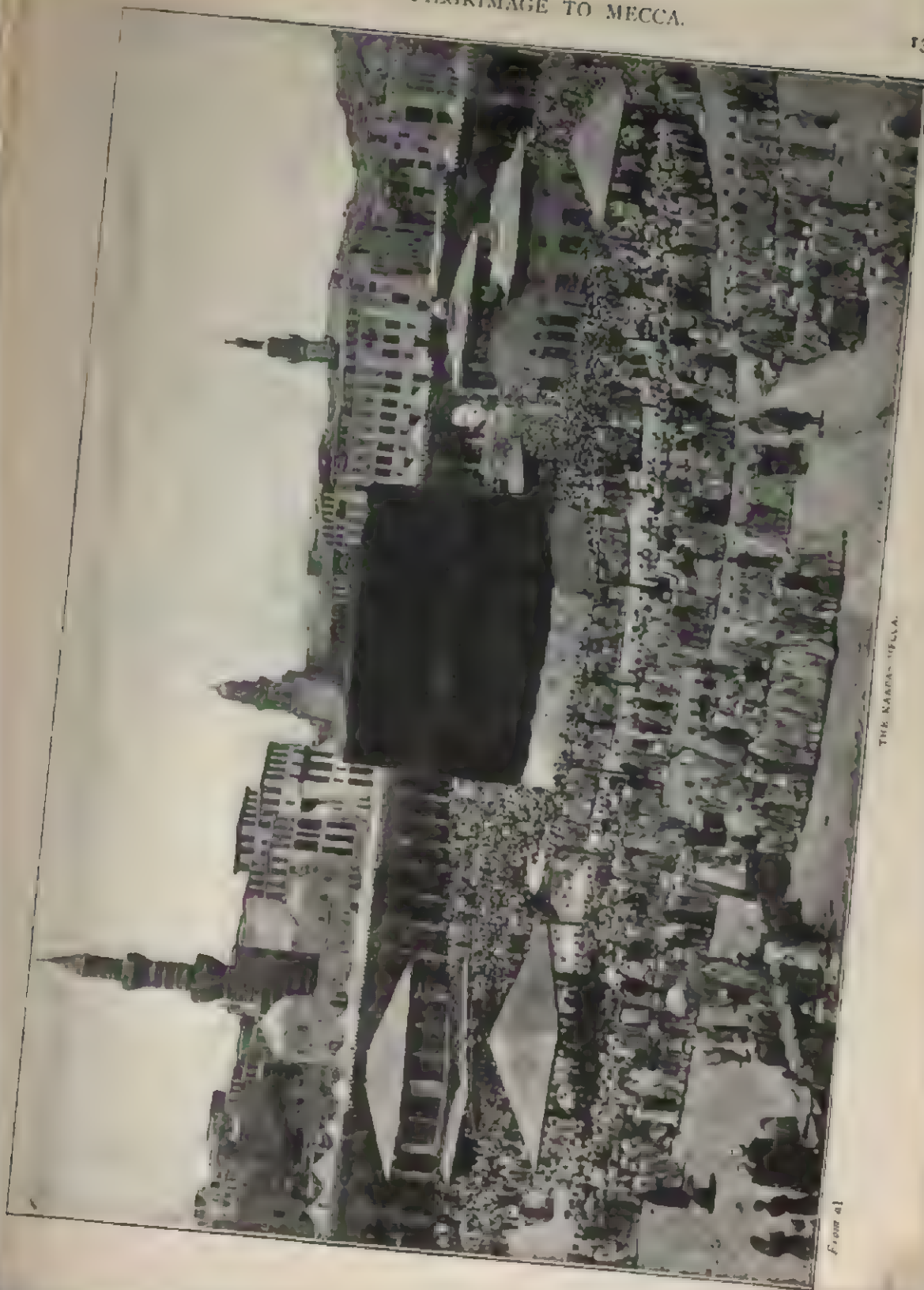
On and on! It seemed as if the pilgrimage would never come to an end. The only incidents were the various hours of prayer, when we dismounted to prostrate ourselves by the roadside, and the various stumblings of my ass, which checked all possible desire to slumber. At last we mounted a crest, and perceived in the rosy rays of the rising sun the fanciful outline of Mecca—an infinity of houses huddled together in a hollow, and satisfying every expectation by the mystery of their outline and the romance of their site.

By the road usually taken, you get no glimpse of Mecca until you are actually within its streets, but after we had passed through the gateway which marks the avenue to sacred soil, we found the crowd so great, that it was quicker to take a side path and climb one of the hills which surround the basin in which the city is built. Once on the sacred soil, no life may be taken—with the exception of the sheep, which are slain by heads of households at one of the chief Mohammedan festivals; and excepting,

perhaps, also any infidel who might be suspected of having come to spy out the holy mysteries.

As in many Christian churches—Saint Mark's at Venice, for instance—there are large flocks of pigeons maintained by the faithful in the principal mosque at Mecca, and sacred associations would render it doubly heinous to kill any of them. As a large number of these birds were now hovering about the road, picking up whatever fragments the pilgrims had to bestow upon them, and as my donkey was by no means under proper control, I felt considerable anxiety as to what would happen if it trod upon one of them and crushed it. It was, therefore, with peculiar satisfaction that I fell in with the suggestion that we should turn aside and enter Mecca by the more arduous passage over the hills. And the glory of the panorama atoned for every difficulty. To my dying day, I shall never forget the wonders of that scene. The mysterious blue hills, stretching away in every direction; the huddled houses, with their long verandas, like Venetian palaces, or, better still, like the lace-work of some exquisite arabesque; the slender minarets and graceful domes standing out at intervals on every hand; and, beyond all, the broad square of the great mosque, with all its inspiring associations—all these made up an impression which has not its like upon the face of the globe.

My first duty on entering the city was to present myself to my *metwaf*. This is a kind of authorized guide and landlord in one. There is a *metwaf* appointed for each of the peoples, nations, and languages that congregate at Mecca: one for the Algerians, another for the Syrians, another for the Egyptians, another for the Persians, another for the negroes of Central Africa, another for the Indians, and so on. Though we have a small band of Mohammedans in England, the number of their pilgrims to Mecca has not yet been large enough to warrant the appointment of a separate *metwaf* for their convenience, and, as I was passing myself off as an Indian, I had to direct myself to the *metwaf* responsible for my fellow-subjects of Hindustan. To my dismay, he addressed me in English, but I pretended not to understand him, as I might have been subjected to inconvenient questions, and he was glad to delegate his duties as a guide to Abdullah, who had performed the pilgrimage before. He was, however, very polite and accommodating, particularly after I had made him a present rather larger than the ordinary, and he promised to do all he could for my comfort. After seeing the roof on which I was to sleep during my stay, I set out with Abdullah to visit the great mosque, in accordance with custom.



12/11/1900

THE KAABA - MECCA.

From al

It is situated at the lower part of the town. The centre of attraction is the large courtyard, on three sides of which is a beautiful colonnade, surmounted by some seventy five white domes. In the centre of the square is a circular white pavement, on which stand the Kaaba and other sacred edifices, inclosed with iron posts and a rope some 12 ft. high. The Kaaba is a high cubic construction entirely draped in black. Some travellers have imagined that it was the tomb of the Prophet; but he was buried at Medina, and this appears to be merely a stone construction, known to Moslems as the "House of Allah," and supposed to occupy a site at the centre of the world. It is towards this building that all Mohammedans in every part of the world turn when they say their prayers.

I found an immense mob of pilgrims congregated in the square. The greater number of them were lounging or squatting about, discussing the incidents of their pilgrimage. Some were reciting portions of the Koran, and new arrivals were going through the ceremony of marching solemnly seven times round the Kaaba. In this I had to take part. Then I was taken up by Abdullah to kiss the sacred black stone which is set in silver at one of the corners of the Kaaba. This is one of the most important parts of the ritual connected with a visit to Mecca, for the stone is supposed to confer all sorts of good fortune upon those who press their lips upon it. When I did so, I seemed to breathe in a strange, delicate perfume, not unlike that of amber, and the stone was unusually warm, almost like the face of a human being. I could understand that it should have given rise to superstitious feelings, as indeed black stones have done in all ages. Among other amulets I possess a piece of black stone from the amphitheatre of El Jem, in Tunisia, which is considered to be absolutely infallible in keeping off serpents.

The next business was to accompany a band of pilgrims on a procession of some four miles, seven times round a holy portico outside the mosque. We went at a great pace, and the day was growing hot. I began to feel the consequences of my insufficient food during the pilgrimage. When the procession was over we came back to the mosque, and were each given a bowl of limpid water. I was so thirsty that I drank me down at a draught and asked for more, which, I noticed, produced a very good impression, for, as I learned afterwards, this was the sacred water of Zemzem, which an infidel cannot drink without being choked in the process. Then a large razor was produced, and an official of the mosque gave us each a sharp cut with it upon our shaven pates!—a ceremony which

made me turn dizzy for the moment, but which is indispensable and highly valued. For the rest of the day I was left pretty much to my own devices, and I enjoyed the opportunity of repose, spending most of the time in the mosque in an attitude of prayer or meditation, digesting all my new experiences, and observing the manners of the infinitely varied crowd.

Towards evening Abdullah and I strolled through the town, and made a meal of mutton in one of the principal eating houses, amid a babel of all the languages of the earth. I soon found that, so long as I was with Abdullah, I aroused neither comment nor suspicion. But when, later on, after he had retired to rest at the quarters selected by his *mektaf*, I presumed upon my sense of security and sallied forth to explore the town alone, I had reason to regret my temerity. There is a close comradeship among all the pilgrims at Mecca, and they require no introduction to address each other. When I was with Abdullah he was always able to satisfy inquiries, with some well-imagined story about me; but when I was alone, I seemed to develop a peculiar knack for blundering.

One night when the array of sleepers on my terrace seemed denser than ever, and the prospects of slumber most hopeless among perspiring pilgrims and every variety of vermin, I looked out over the parapet upon the silver city, and felt that at all risks I must wander forth in pursuit of mystery and adventure. I would have left my camera behind, for it protruded both uncomfortably and suspiciously under my *irham*, where I had secured it, but I had no place where I could safely dispose it, and I dared not confide it to the care of my *mektaf*. As bad luck would have it *mektub!* it was written. I had not gone very far when I ran into a dervish at the corner of a small street, near the saddlery bazaar, and contrived to knock him with the butt end of my revolver.

He would probably have contented himself with an expostulation and passed on, if I had known enough Arabic to make some show of apology and explanation. But, what is strange in a town so full of strangers from all parts of the world, not to understand Arabic always arouses suspicion. Moreover, the dervishes are always among the most intolerant of their religion, and the presence of a parcel concealed inside a pilgrim's garment was unusual enough to require explaining. The dervish began to hustle me, and was soon joined by three or four members of his brotherhood who had just issued from their little mosque hard by. They had no weapons, but they were men of great physical strength, and my only chance of resistance would have been to draw my revolver, which

could only have served to attract a mob and seal my fate.

So I suffered myself to be gradually pushed into the courtyard of their mosque, where they searched me with some roughness and took away my camera and revolver. Then they sought to interrogate me in various dialects, of

ing some sort of explanation before further suspicions were aroused, I thought it better to admit that I spoke English, though there was always a risk that he might put himself into communication with my *metwaf*, to whom I had said the reverse.

To cut a long story short, I was put through



'THEY TOOK AWAY MY CAMERA

which I did not understand a word. I could only appeal to them by gestures, and stammer out the fact that I was a pilgrim residing with the *metwaf* Hamed Ullah. At last I heard them use the word "sheik," and I concluded that they were going to take me to their chief. Accordingly, I made no resistance when they conducted me along a corridor and pushed me through a doorway. I found myself, however, in a dark and very unsavoury cell, where I was left in a state of great anxiety for what seemed an interminable age, but was I daresay not more than half an hour. Then, at last, I heard a key turn in the lock, and I was led into a long, low room, where a venerable old man reclined upon many cushions on a divan. To my amazement he addressed me in a kind of pigeon-English, remarking that as I was residing with the *metwaf* of the Indians no doubt I could understand him. As my best hope seemed to lie in afford-

an endless interrogatory on all kinds of irrelevant subjects, and I had begun to flatter myself that I was acquitting myself very well, when my revolver and camera were produced, and I was called upon to explain the unusual act of carrying such things inside a pilgrim's *irham*. With respect to the revolver, I said that I had come from barbarous countries and had forgotten for the moment that I enjoyed the blessing of inhabiting the holy city, where a true believer has nothing to fear from his co-religionists. This was allowed to pass, after I had been read a long homily on my foolishness and my barbarous instincts.

But the camera was far more difficult to get over, and I had a tough job to find out whether they knew what it was. After much beating about the bush, I said that I was a physician, and that this was an instrument for testing the diseases of men. To my horror, however, when

the sheik had translated this to the other dervishes, one of them coolly remarked that he had seen in Cairo a similar instrument which was used among the gjaours for the purpose of taking sun-pictures. I replied with an affectation of astonishment that indeed it did outwardly resemble those accursed instruments, but that the construction was different, and I had said nothing but the truth. The sheik seemed still suspicious, but presently he observed that it was easy to put my veracity to the test. Let me take my instrument and pronounce what ailment now afflicted him.

Luckily it was easy to see, without the aid of a photographic camera or any other instrument, that he was suffering from a touch of fever, and I judged, from the fact of his having passed his hand constantly over his forehead, that he had a bad headache. I accordingly bade him place his ear against my camera, and, when he



"I BARE HIM PLACE HIS EAR AGAINST MY CAMERA."

had done so, I examined it deliberately at the back, and proceeded to describe his symptoms. His gratification was only equalled by his astonishment, but he took me somewhat aback when he called upon me to cure him at once. I replied that I could only do so if he

would dismiss the other dervishes and allow me to administer my remedy in private. I was trusting to an off chance of being able either to bribe him or to overpower him and make good my escape; but the latter I soon saw was out of the question, for he bade the others wait outside within hearing. So I put my hand to my money-belt, and, presenting him with a Turkish pound, said, with a smile: "This is a sovereign remedy against every ill." However, this only aroused his indignation, and I saw that he was about to summon the other dervishes, when I suddenly remembered that I had also in my belt a small box of quinine pills. I hastened to assure him that I had made a mistake, and had meant to give him one of my pills. Then he smiled somewhat grimly, pocketed my coin, and proceeded to swallow all the pills before I could stop him. I do not know how many there were, but I am certain that they contained

enough quinine to make me very anxious. It was a case of kill or cure, and in the former alternative I felt that I should have an uneasy time of it. I half expected him as it was to shut me up again in my black cell for the rest of the night, but I suppose he reflected that if anything went wrong with him he could always find me at my *metraf*'s. So he allowed me to depart with a certain show of apology for the inconvenience I had undergone, and even returned the possessions which had brought about all the trouble.

Luckily the quinine, aided no doubt by a large provision of hope, completely cured him, and next day he came round to the house of my *metraf* to express his thanks, and even went so far as to offer to return the pound I had given him. When I begged him to accept it as a contribution to his mosque, his delight knew no bounds, and he adjured me never to fail to apply to him if I ever found myself in difficulties again.

A detailed description of all the various ceremonies at Mecca would be beyond the scope of the present article, but I must not omit

to mention my visit to Muna, which is one of the strangest and most famous of the sights of the place. It is the place where, every year, on the festival of Kurban Bairam, each head of a family must slay a sheep in memory of the sacrifice of Abraham. Moslems go through



COURT-YARD OF THE PRINCIPAL MOSQUE—MECCA.

Fig. 11

this ceremony all the world over, but it is their great ambition to perform it at Muna, and the great mass of pilgrims arrange their journey so as to be there on the right day.

The ceremony there is probably one of the most extraordinary to be seen in the world. Hundreds of thousands of sheep are imported from all parts of Arabia for the purpose, and many people have asserted that the putrefaction of the bodies after the carnage is one of the main causes of the cholera which so often has its origin at the pilgrimage. This, however, I believe to be an error. I visited Muna the night after the sacrifice, and have carried away indelible impressions of the gruesome sight presented by all these dead bodies, and all the streams and pools of blood on every hand. The whiteness of the starlight increased the fantastic character of the scene, and the rocky wilderness around suited the ghostly surroundings. But as only one sheep is killed for each family, the meat is nearly all either eaten up or taken away, and the bones, which are left, though they suggest an immense open-air charnel-house, do not cause any danger to health. Indeed, pilgrims who have been there at other periods of the year tell me that in the course of a few months the bones have all either turned to powder, or been covered up by the sand.

The place where Abraham performed the sacrifice is supposed to be close to Muna, and you may still see a cut in the rock alleged to have been made by the sword of the patriarch when he cut off the head of his sheep with one tremendous blow. Mohammedans assert that this sacrifice at Muna has been going on ever since the days of Abraham, that the Israelites wished to come there when Pharaoh would not let them go, and that Christ came there when He spent forty days in the desert. Another interesting sight at Muna is the *Shaitan*, a little, whitewashed building supposed to represent the devil. It is the duty of every pilgrim who comes here to throw seven pebbles at the edifice to show their detestation of the Evil One, but as they use the same stones over and over again, I did not find a very large collection there.

If the holocaust of sheep is not dangerous to health, the same cannot be said of the practice of bathing in the fountain of Zobaida, a kind of tank in a narrow valley near Muna. Every pilgrim, whatever his state of health, is expected to take a plunge here, and, as the water supply of Mecca passes through the tank, infection may be easily and rapidly spread. Many writers have ignorantly confused this tank with the

fountain of Zemzem; but this, which is supposed to have supplied Hagar with water when she was perishing in the desert, is situated in the court of the big mosque, and is as clear as crystal.

The water of Zemzem has so great a reputation among Mohammedans, that every pilgrim is always entreated by his friends to bring back a supply with him, and the manufacture of little, air-tight tin boxes for holding it has assumed immense proportions. Besides this, pilgrims generally bring back with them green turbans and certain peculiar rosaries which can only be purchased at Mecca. A pilgrim may generally be recognised when he comes home by the possession of these articles, which it would be considered bad form for anyone who had not performed the pilgrimage to display. But it is a mistake to suppose that the green turban is in any sense the badge of the pilgrim. It is generally worn by Mohammedans to show that they claim descent from the Prophet, and it is only a green turban of particular material which affords incidental evidence of the pilgrimage. Pilgrims, however, always assume the title of *El Hajj*, the pilgrim, which is for ever after associated with their names and earns them the respect of all their acquaintances.

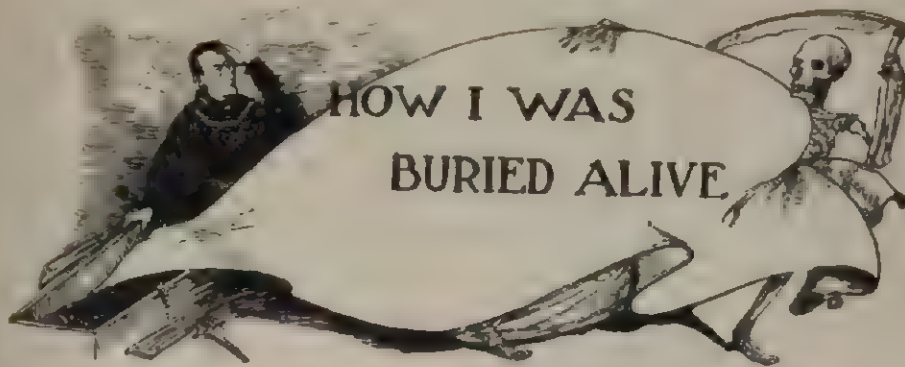
I am glad to have been to Mecca, for apart from the intense interest of a visit to that mysterious city, it is important to show that stories of Mohammedan intolerance are grossly exaggerated, and that a traveller who knows how to behave incurs no greater risk than he would do in other out-of-the-way parts of the world. I am also glad to be able to testify to the excellence of the arrangements for the entertainment, comfort, and sanitation of the pilgrims. These are, of course, of a rough-and-ready character, and must remain so in presence of the vast numbers who congregate annually in one small corner of the globe. Mohammedans are, for the most part, representatives of conservative races, by whom all change is viewed with suspicion, but the reforms which have been accomplished during the last few years have been accepted without serious opposition, and I am convinced that, by a continuance of the same enterprise, there will soon remain small cause for reproach.

Improved arrangements still, however, remain necessary for the conveyance of pilgrims and for a more stringent application of quarantine, both on arriving and departing from Jeddah. The various European Powers have, no doubt, concerned themselves with this aspect of the case, but if I can induce them by any words of mine to redouble their vigilance, I shall feel that I have not made my pilgrimage in vain.





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By BARON CORVO.

Baron Corvo's fearful experience described in minute detail by himself, and illustrated with drawings done under his own supervision.



OWARDS the end of 188- I went into a Roman college to make a course of study for the priesthood. I entered as what is called a "Church Student," which means that I had promised my Archbishop that I would serve as a priest in his arch-diocese till the end of my life. But, after some months, I was kicked out into the streets of Rome late on a Saturday night, it being alleged that I had no Vocation.

It happened that my friends were away at the time, arranging for the coming villeggiatura.

When they returned, I presented myself to them as an expelled Church student with no Vocation. They were disgusted with me for making myself ill for what they called a fad, and quite surprised when a closer acquaintance than can be made at afternoon teas revealed how very nearly I had come to wrecking my constitution altogether. Rome was beginning to get very warm, and so we packed up and went to a villa on the hills;

the idea being that we should spend the summer there, and that I was to be carefully fed and cockered back to health again before considering any plans for my future.

I was very happy indeed. I do not think there is a more beautiful place in the world than the Villa San Giorgio. It stands on the top of a rock amid the hills. Behind it, a glorious old garden winds down the crags to the

Lago San Giorgio. Before it, the little town ripples to the foot of the rock till it meets the Campagna, and there the broad magnificences of verdant plains lose their outlines in the horizon of a turquoise sea. Close at hand we had a convent of Capucini, and at least once a week mass was said in the chapel in the garden. It would be strange if I failed to get well and strong in this lovely spot, where I had only to command, and where I was surrounded by delightful people of all ages and ranks, who were devoted to me.

I was not so feeble as to be unable to get



1 FOM-1

BARON CORVO

1 FOM-2

about, or to be precluded from following my favourite pursuits; but I had to be careful not to do too much, and to refrain from prolonged exertion either of mind or body. The doctor seemed to think that mine was not a case for medicine; but he exhibited *solfanella* to make me sleep, and said that time and a good rest from mental worry were all that was necessary to repair the mischief which my health had sustained from the long strain I had put upon it.

I ought to have explained I have a horror of all reptiles and creeping things, toads, lizards, snakes, *et hoc genus omne*. And already, while at the villa, I had received one serious shock, to say nothing of minor frights. I got my second shock on the 28th of September. It was Saint Michael's Eve, and I went to the chapel in the

garden for a mouthful of prayer before going to bed. As the night was dark, I took a lantern and one of the Duke's walking-sticks. Coming back through the still, dark Italian night, I heard a strange flip-flap, flip-flap on the path behind me. Thinking that it was Picchio, the Dowager's (R.I.P.) black-and-tan, who is very pious and will always accompany any body to chapel, I took no notice; but presently I became aware that the old feeling of fright was coming over me. Resolved not to give way to it, I looked round for Picchio, turning the light from the lantern on to the path behind me. He was not there, but I found that I was followed by a lot of yellow hump-backed frogs, who had been attracted by the light of the lantern from the fountain where they lived. There was a positive swarm, and wherever the light fell upon the ground thither they hopped with rhythmical regularity. I

swept them away with the Duke's great stick (he affects the branch of a tree for walking purposes), and they solemnly picked themselves up again and went on hopping after the light. I did this again and again, and the same thing happened. I might have put the light out, but the idea of being alone in the dark where I could tread on or fall over one of these horrors was not to my liking, and so I took to my heels. When I got home I was ill. I suspected everything on the floors, and was nearly hysterical. But I did not lose hold of my resolution, and fought hard against my weakness until I was fairly myself again. Then I took a dose of *solfanella*, and they advised me to get a good night's rest, promising that I would be none the worse in the morning. But I was not

at all sleepy, and sat and played bezique with Mario till the small hours. Before I went to bed I felt quite well, and exceedingly cock-a-hoop at the thought that once more I had conquered my habit of losing my faculties in the presence of reptiles.

Toto roused me at half past six in the morning. I was very drowsy and all my limbs ached, but I got up, and went down to the chapel for mass at eight. After breakfast I did not feel up to work, and lay on the couch in my studio reading the *Gulistan* of Saadi. I seemed too tired to do anything else; but my mental faculties were all right, and the day was a drowsy one. I exerted myself to go down to the family breakfast at noon, and I remember

we were very merry because one of the boys accused his sister of wearing false hair, and pulled out some of her front curls with hair-pins at the ends to prove his words. I on my part had a most agreeable conversation on the subject of Africa with P—
A—, the great Cardinal's nephew, *not*



"THERE WAS A LOT OF SCARE."

son, who went out to the "refugium peccatorum" at Massowah, after that little affair with M—— B——. At four, I took the bodyguard and went out to catch butterflies.

A new billiard-room had been added to the villa just before we began our villeggiatura. It was entered either from the garden, or from the corridor, which leads from the round dining-room where the Prince of W——— lunched when he was on his tour in Italy many years ago. The roof of the billiard-room was paved with red tiles, and there was a marble parapet round three sides of it. The fourth side was formed by the wall of the house, and thus the window of my studio had become a door opening upon this new terrace. You descended from it to the garden by a straight flight of steps at one side. When the terrace was still in the builder's hands, I had given strict orders that all lizards found thereon were to be put to death, because I did not want to give them a chance of breeding there, that I might keep at least one place free for myself, and my orders had been carried out so far that I had not as yet been troubled with the pests.

I came back from my walk a little before six, without having caught anything, and the walk had been more of a toil than a pleasure, because of the limp and drowsy feeling which still pervaded my frame. The boys went into the lower regions of the house with the sticks and the lethal bottles, and Toto came with me to the foot of the terrace steps, where I took the butterfly-net from him because I like to keep it in the studio. When I got to the top of the steps there was a small grey lizard on the parapet, and I switched at it with the butterfly-net. I was quite close to it, and, dropping its tail, it jumped up my left sleeve. I gave a yell, and Toto came rushing up the steps. Frantic, I tore off my clothes, explaining the reason of my fright amid gasps for breath. I had stripped off my coat and shirt, and then all the power went out of me and I fell to the ground.

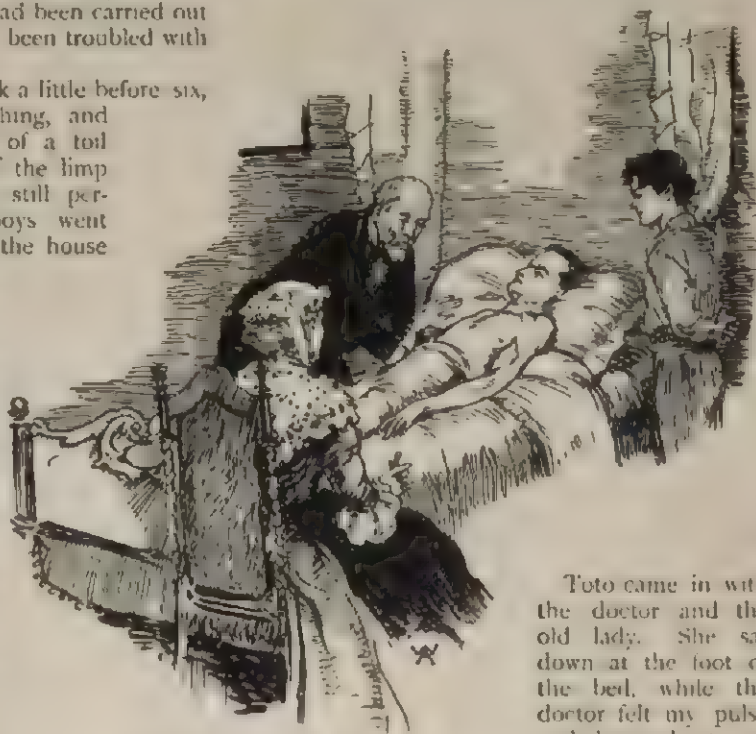
Let it be clearly understood that I was perfectly conscious.

I made an effort to move, and I tried to

speak, but I could do neither. My eye-glasses fell off and I wanted to put them on again, but I had no power to do so. Hence, after this, though I could hear what went on well enough, I could only see indistinctly.

Toto howled, and tried to pick me up, and a lot of people came to see what was the matter. I made out Francesco, the butler, and I heard him send Toto flying for the doctor. While he was gone, I was lifted up and carried to my bed.

This is curious—that I did not feel them carry me. I saw them stoop—it was Sabbatino and Vittorio, the porter's son—and I saw the latter take my legs round the knees, and the former lift me under the arms; also I saw that I was lifted and carried through the studio window and up the main staircase to my bedroom; but I felt neither the grasp of their arms, the movement of carrying, nor the putting me down on the bed.



"THE DOCTOR FEELS MY PULSE."

Toto came in with the doctor and the old lady. She sat down at the foot of the bed, while the doctor felt my pulse and listened at my chest. Then he told the servants to fill the

bath with warm water. I heard them turn the taps on in the next room. While this was being done, the Dowager kissed my hand and retired, saying nothing, but when she stooped I saw that she was crying. This hurt me, and I tried to rouse myself, to speak to

her, but could not. When she was gone the doctor and Sabbatino took off the remainder of my clothes: my flannel trousers, socks, shoes, cord, and scapular, and I was put in the bath. I could see that the water, which came up to my chin, was steaming, and that Toto, stripped to the waist, supported me. Presently the doctor put a thermometer under my tongue, and took my temperature. After a while he told them to take me out of the water and rub me briskly with the towels. I saw them do this, but felt nothing. The doctor left the room while they were rubbing me, and when he returned I saw that he had a Winchester quart bottle in his hand, like those I used in my photographic dark room. He poured some of its contents into a basin, holding his nose at the same time, then he put in water, and brought it to the marble slab on which I was lying. Now the room was filled with a somewhat pungent smell, which I recognised at once. The bottle contained my ammonia at '880. Toto and Sabbatino sponged my body and limbs with this solution, and the doctor held a little sponge, which he had squeezed out after soaking it with a few drops of the undiluted ammonia, to my nostrils, and at intervals he pressed the same sponge to my temples. I perfectly remember wondering why my eyes, which I was unable to shut, though I had instinctively tried to do so several times, did not water, and why the smell of the ammonia did not seem up to its normal strength. I could make out that both the servants and the doctor were greatly inconvenienced by it, but on me it had no unpleasant effect whatever. In fact, I may say that all through these proceedings my mental attitude was that of an onlooker with not very much interest in the affair.

I tried to make out the expression on the doctor's face, but it did not come within my limited focus, and, though I could see well enough to distinguish outlines to some extent, I was not able to fill in the details.

It began to get dark, and the doctor sent for lamps. Then he refilled the bath with hot water, and had me placed in it, Toto supporting me as before. The doctor turned up his sleeves, and he and Sabbatino, instructed by him, began a kind of massage on my body as it lay in the water.

In a little while they stopped this, and opened the waste-pipe of the bath. I saw the water flowing away. Then Toto laid down my head, and, directed by the doctor, stood on a chair by the side of the bath, having in his hand the rose which hangs from the ceiling by an india-rubber tube. The doctor turned the tap

at the bath-foot which governs the shower, and I saw the spray rush out from the rose and come down upon me. Toto moved it about for some time, so that each part of my body and limbs received the shower. Then he held it off while Sabbatino turned me over on to my face, and when this was done they gave me the shower on the back.

I cannot say that I felt it; but whether through some natural process unknown to me, or whatever else, I did begin to think that I could distinguish between hot and cold. Of course I knew that the bath water was hot, because I saw the steam, and that the shower water was cold, because I could see no steam. Besides, I knew that the shower was not supplied from the hot-water pipe. Nevertheless, when I had been rained on, back and front, for some minutes, I was certainly conscious of a new sensation.

After a bit the doctor shut off the shower, and Toto came down from the chair. While Sabbatino turned me over, so that I lay on my back in the bath, the doctor took Toto's place on the chair and unscrewed the rose. Next he had the shower turned on to the full, and at the same time he directed the solid rush of water on to my chest, holding the tube from which it flowed high over his head. As this went on, the sensation of being able to feel, as well as to hear, smell, and see, came more strongly upon me, and I began to be conscious of the bottom of the bath in which I was lying and of the sides against which my arms rested. As the stream of water fell upon me, I heard it trickle away down the open waste-pipe. I felt the glow of my skin with the friction and the cold water, and a drowsy peace seemed to overwhelm me. That is the last thing I can remember.

In relating this experience I am taking great pains to be very minute about the things I can speak of from personal knowledge. What happened during my unconsciousness was gathered by me from the people actually concerned, and I place the facts here to render my narrative a consecutive one.

After I had been subjected to the cold douche for nearly a quarter of an hour, I was taken out of the bath and dried, laid on a bed, and covered with a sheet. Then I was left alone, while the doctor went downstairs and informed the family that all his efforts to restore me had failed, and that I was dead through the failure of the heart's action, which had undoubtedly been caused by a shock of fright to a hyper-sensitive organization.

The arrangements following a death in an Italian family are somewhat different from those which have place in England, and according to

the law the burial must be accomplished within forty eight hours of the death.

The Fr. Guardian of the Cappucini had been summoned with the doctor, and was present when the latter made his report. On hearing it he went up to the convent for some of the friars to get me ready for the tomb, and meanwhile the whole household left the villa, and went to a house across the gardens for the night, for it was now eleven o'clock. The friars came down and dressed me, put me in a coffin which they brought with them, nailed me up, and carried me down to the chapel in the garden, where they left me for the night.

At nine the next morning the whole convent came to make the final arrangements. The masons had been at the chapel since six, and their work was already done. The friars then put the coffin on a small catafalque in the middle of the floor, covered it with a pall (the Italian coffin is not made for show), and stood lighted candles round it. Then they made the usual preparations for a Black Mass. At ten, the family filled the chapel, and servants and the tenantry knelt on the steps and in the garden.

I had better describe the chapel before going

further. It was built by the Dowager (R.A.P.) as a resting place for the body of her second son, Don Muzio, who died excommunicated for the share he had taken in the Unification of Italy. The shape was an oblong, about 40ft. by 20ft. At one end was an apse 15ft. deep, wherein the altar stood, and at the other end a large doorway, approached from the garden by a flight of steps. The side walls were double, each wall being 2ft. thick, and there was a space of 5ft. between them. This space was fitted up like the walls in the catacombs, with a series of "loculi." They were oblong chambers, 10ft. long, by 5ft. deep, by 5ft. high, and the white marble slabs which closed them formed the interior walls of the chapel. Only one of the wall slabs bears any inscription yet, it is the *loculus* of Don Muzio mentioned above, which is the middle one of the second tier on the epistle side of the chapel. The *loculus* they had opened for me was exactly over it. The method of burial was simple enough. The coffin was placed on the shelf prepared for it when the service was over, and after the people had gone away the masons filled up the space with concrete, and closed it with the marble slab, on which the name and style of the dead person were afterwards engraved.

I am now able to take up the story from my own point of view. I mentioned before that I lost consciousness just as I was gaining my sense of touch, and that this losing of consciousness was like nothing else than falling asleep. I cannot fix the exact moment when I did fall asleep, any more than I can say to a minute or two exactly when I woke up. The first thing I can distinctly remember is a slight clanking of metal, the sound of footsteps, and the rustle of silk, then I smelt incense (*gum olibanum*, a smell one can never mistake), and felt the air to be warm and very stuffy.

The footsteps and the rustling ceased, and the strong voice of Fra Leone chanted quite close to me, "*Et ne nos inducas in tentationem*"; and a body of voices responded, "*Sed libera nos a malo.*"

Whether my eyes were open or shut I could not tell, because I could not feel them, but I knew that I was in darkness and covered with perspiration. I had by no means as yet realized my situation, though I was conscious that I was lying on my back, with my hands folded over something on my breast, in some hot, dark place.



THE PROCESSION TO THE GRAVE

Presently I heard Fra Leone break out again: "Pater noster," and then the clanking of the chains of the thurible, and the rustling, and the footsteps.

"This," I said to myself, "is a Requiem."

I lay there quite undisturbed, except by the heat, and listened to the rest of the service. When it was over, I heard the people go away. The old lady waited behind the rest, and chatted with the Fr. Guardian at the door. She was not many feet away from me, and I heard distinctly every word she said. I will not put it all down, for reasons of my own; but I was amused when she suddenly got into one of her rages and said it was a murder.

"A cold-blooded murder. The poor boy swore that he had a Vocation, and he put up with all the miseries in the world for it, and never told us. They ruined his nerve and broke down his health, and then turned him out, because he wouldn't take the rector's hints to give him his dressing-bag (it was my present to him, the dear child), and pretended that he had no Vocation. I sent Lucio to find out all about it, I did."

"But, Excellency," protested the unfortunate Fr. Guardian, "they were holy men, and men of rank and experience, who pronounced upon his Vocation——"

"Yes, I know," interrupted the Dowager, "and though I can't excuse their brutality, I thought they might be right about the priesthood. Who could be if they were not? But the boy stuck to it through thick and thin, and I didn't let him know my opinion because he was so very sore about it, and I just filled the house all through the summer with the loveliest girls I could get hold of, any one of whom would have made him an excellent wife, and I watched to see if he would take a fancy to any of them, but no, not a bit of it. He was always very nice and kind and polite, and all that, and made himself very much liked by everyone, but he never took any interest in them—he wasn't that sort of man. Oh, and you know what I mean." And so on and so on. Then she walked away with the Fr. Guardian, still rhapsodizing.

When she had gone there were some more movements in the chapel—footsteps, and men's voices speaking low. I heard Fra Leone say:—

"Take off the pall."

I heard the movement of a heavy cloth, and immediately the air in my box became much cooler; then I tried to open my eyes, and succeeded. I could see narrow streaks of light between the planks in front of my face. While I was looking, I became aware that the coffin was being slowly raised with a kind of swinging

motion. Presently it stopped rising, and went sideways. Then the bottom of it grated, and it remained still. I felt them take off the loops at the head and foot, and I felt them push the coffin a little. I heard them tidying up the chapel, and then I was left in silence. Still I was not able to make any sign, nor did I feel either anxiety, or fear, or interest of any kind whatever. I was quite comfortable, and rather drowsy.

It appears that I must have succumbed to my desire to sleep and that I must have slept soundly for some hours. I should state here that after opening the *loculus* early in the morning the mason had been obliged to send to Rome for the concrete to wall me up, which did not reach San Giorgio till the evening.

When I woke again I confess that I woke with a start. At first I could not understand the position at all, but on collecting my thoughts I began to recall what had passed since I saw the lizard on my parapet. I did not move; indeed, I made no attempt to do anything but to mentally recapitulate my recollections. While I was doing this, I noticed that, though the light which came through the four crevices in front of my face was dimmer than I remembered it before, it was stronger from the left hand one than from the others. On considering this, after I had settled with myself that I was shut up in a coffin in my tomb in the chapel wall, with a crucifix in my hands (I could distinctly feel the feet of the Figure under the ball of my forefinger) and the beads of a rosary trickling over my knuckles, I was able to judge that the light was stronger on the left, because that side of the *loculus* was still open to the interior of the chapel, while on the other side was the blank wall. Then I wondered whether I really should be buried alive. I resolved to say some prayers (it arranges one's thoughts somehow), and I repeated the one: "O, Angelo benignissimo, mio custode, tutore, maestro, guida, e difesa, sapientissimo consigliere, e fedelissimo mio amico, al qual io sto raccomandato per la bontà del Signore," etc. I concluded by begging my Angel Guardian to help, if it were God's will that I should get out, and to take my soul to purgatory if I had to die where I was.

Then I made up my mind to try to move. I said, "Glorious Saint Michael, give me some of your strength with which you drove the devil down to hell," and then I moved my head a little to one side. That was all right, and I knew I was going to get out.

I was quite happy, and very deliberate in what I did. First, I began to investigate the

dimensions of my coffin, and found that it fitted me tightly. It was just a long box of unplanned planks, like an orange box, and the top sounded thinner than the sides. I could lower my hands on to my thighs, and pass them over my face, and I could just uncross my feet. The thing to do was to try and turn over on to my side so that with my hands under me I could lever the lid open with my shoulder. I knew perfectly well that I ought to be cautious, for the shelf on which my coffin rested might very well be on the top row, and in that case, if I burst it open with much violence, I might break my neck by falling about 25 ft. on to the chapel floor. So I began slowly to try to turn. Pressing my shoulders and heels against the bottom was the first movement, for the box was too narrow for me to get my hands to my sides. In this way I found that I could make a good lever with my knees, and after all, though my natural desire was to get my head free first, it seemed better to loosen the lid any way, and do the turning over when I had made a little more room. So I started again by planting my heels firm, and drawing my body down to my feet. I remember chuckling when I became aware that I had on a pair of sandals and a loose gown, but I found out what it was later on.

Gradually I felt the lid bending, and the moment when I experienced the first slip of the nails was one of absolute bliss. My head was soon off the pillow, and then I gained a good purchase on the lid. A steady pressure loosened the nails thoroughly and I heard a riving and a rending. Now I was able to use my hands to push upwards, and little by little I got the three planks loose, and pushed them away. One clattered down into the chapel on my left hand and another remained sticking to the side of the coffin by its own splinters.

Then I sat up. The one thing in the whole world that I wanted at that moment was my eye-glasses. My short sight was bad enough, but added to that I could hardly bear the light which streamed in through the open door. But to take things calmly, I sat there

shading my eyes, and saying the *Latines* of Loretto to the *Madonna del Portone*.

Then I considered how I should get down. It did not then occur to me that, if I only wanted long enough, the masons or somebody would be sure to turn up, but I set to work to carry out plans of my own. The floor looked a long way off, and I was afraid to let myself drop on to the tops of the faldstools which lined the wall under me. If I jumped clear of them I should land on the marble floor, which was as slippery as glass, and hard, too. Then I remembered that the friars had raised the coffin to its *loculus* by something of the nature of a pulley; and, sure enough, I could make out a rope dangling from some point in the roof of the chapel, which was beyond my sight. I fished for it with one of the planks of my coffin lid, and thanks to a zin. wire nail which projected at right angles to one end, I soon had the rope in my grasp. I pulled on it and found that it went up, perhaps a yard. Then I let it out the other way, and found that it ran over a grooved wheel and had a large hook at the other end. So I pulled again till I got the hook fixed in such a way that it jammed in the wheel, and then I



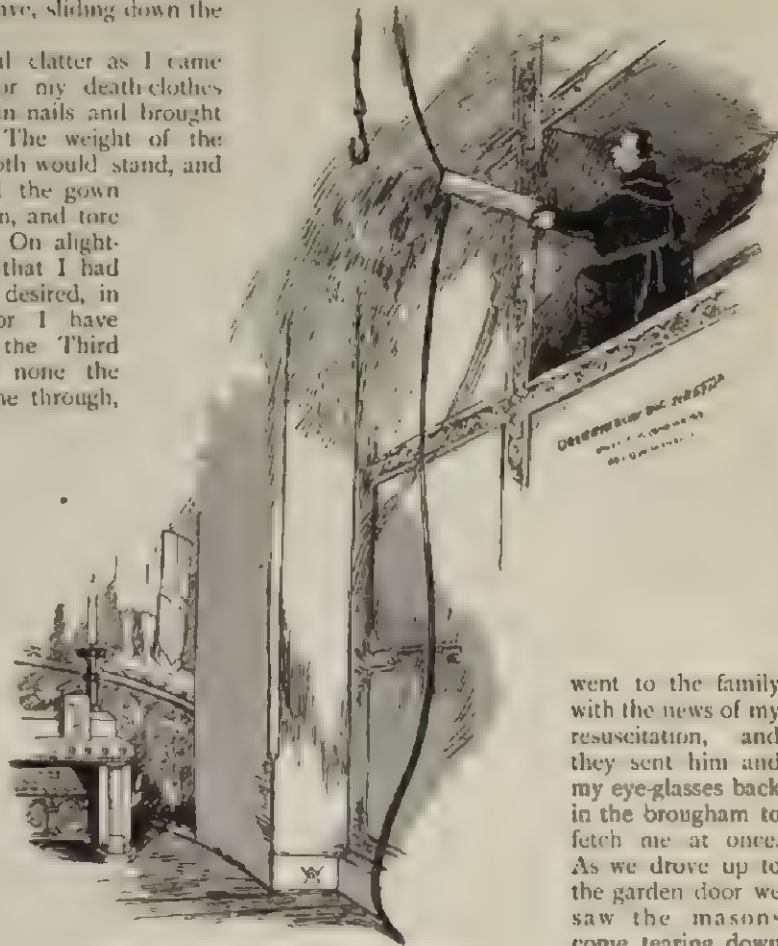
I FISHED FOR THE ROPE WITH ONE OF THE PLANKS.

swung myself out of my grave, sliding down the rope at the same time.

There was a most awful clatter as I came away from the loculus, for my death-clothes caught on one of the coffin nails and brought the whole thing down. The weight of the box was more than the cloth would stand, and as I descended it ripped the gown from the hip to the bottom, and tore my legs at the same time. On alighting on the floor, I found that I had been buried, as I always desired, in the Franciscan habit, for I have made my profession in the Third Order; and that I was none the worse for what I had gone through, except my scratched legs and the chafing of my hands as I slid down the rope.

The next thing to do was evidently to get home, but I knew that there would be a scene, and that everyone would be frightened into fits, if I made my appearance unannounced, and so I resolved to go up to the Cappuccini. An application to the sacristy pin-cushion disguised the rent in my habit, and having brought the hood well down over my face, I set out with my head bent down, in case I should meet anybody. If I had done so, it would not have mattered, for no one could have known me from one of the Frati.

There is little more to say. Of course, there was a hullabaloo at the convent. Padre Pio



"THE ROPE HAD A LARGE HOOK AT THE OTHER END."

went to the family with the news of my resuscitation, and they sent him and my eye-glasses back in the brougham to fetch me at once. As we drove up to the garden door we saw the masons come tearing down the Olmata with the fragments of my coffin.

Oh, and then I was put to bed, and wept over, and made a lot of, and a few days later the old lady and I made our escape to Spezia, and went for a little yachting, till we all went back to Rome at the beginning of November.

Savages at School.

I.

BY JOHN HENRY NICHOLS.

A collection of extremely interesting photographs showing children at school in strange lands, savage and otherwise, and giving many remarkable facts about these peculiar seminaries.



NE of the most striking results of the American Civil War was the number of schools that immediately sprang up in the Southern States for the use of liberated slaves. These unfortunate people had been purposely kept in the darkest ignorance, not merely as regards the rudiments of general knowledge, but also in the most elementary principles of religion. The story is oft repeated how after the war a negro was asked, "Who is God?" and how he answered with pathetic simplicity, "Massa Linkun." He had vaguely heard of an all-powerful and benevolent Being—and concluded that it must be Abraham Lincoln. But when the chains of bondage were broken, no greater proof of the passionate eagerness of these men for knowledge could be adduced than the vast multitude of liberated slaves that flocked to school. Hoary-headed men were seen doubled up on hard benches, side by side with their own grandchildren, learning the alphabet with visible earnestness.

And so it is in all savage or semi-civilized lands. With the first taste of knowledge, the first glimpse of a new and wondrous world, these people hanker after truth with an intensity that would put to shame the children of light. They drink deep of the Parian spring

till the fountain ceases to flow. No matter what be the age, or what the condition of life, it is the same. In this first photograph of ours is seen a group of Zanzibari natives learning the first principles of religion and knowledge from an English teacher. They are of both sexes, and all grown up. The teacher, Mr. Allen, was a carpenter and builder employed in one of the *shambas* (plantations) in the neighbourhood of Zanzibar. His duty it was to instruct the workmen on the plantation in carpentry, building, repairing, etc. But after the regular hours of work, he would sometimes take a class of older natives in the open air, and teach them higher things. The classes were quite voluntary, no compulsion being deemed necessary to induce the workmen to attend. Whenever Mr. Allen found that he had some spare time to hold a class, he merely rang a bell (shown on the extreme right of the photo.), and the pupils came to him for their instruction. The environments were highly picturesque—tall grass in the immediate background, a dense jungle in the distance, and a cool evening breeze blowing from the sea in front. Thus, in the very lap of Nature, they improved their morals and extended their knowledge.

In most Mohammedan countries, on the other hand, the alpha and omega of knowledge



[Frame]

AN EDUCATIONARY SCHOOL IN ZANZIBAR

[Photo.]

is limited to the Koran. The same spirit rules there now as in the days of Omar, who, in ordering the priceless Alexandrian Library to be burnt, argued that if it contained the truth, it was superfluous—as the whole truth was already embodied in the Koran—but if it contained aught that was false, then it was pernicious: in either case it was to be destroyed. Notwithstanding, therefore, a temporary Saracenic renaissance, the Koran still continues to be the sole source of knowledge in most Mohammedan lands.

In our second photograph is shown an Egyptian *kātib*, or village school, for felaheen boys. Their one object, of course, is to learn by heart certain texts of the Koran. The method of procedure is unique. In lieu of so many copies of the sacred book, large sheets of tin are used—made out of empty kerosene oil cans! On these are written, by means of reed pens, the *sunas* or precepts of Mahomet. One of these tin sheets is given to each pupil, while the teacher holds one also. He reads a sentence from his copy and the pupils repeat it after him, referring to their own sheets to aid the memory; then the next is read, repeated by the pupils, and so on to the end. Then the pupils start again in chorus, and go through the whole sheet repeatedly, till it is committed to memory. They don't speak the words, but chant them in about two full notes of our musical scale, and sway their bodies to and fro the while in unison the teacher's stick serving the purpose (among others) of a bandmaster's *bāton*. As Arabic is not an unmusical language, the voices are rather pleasant to hear when the singers manage to

keep perfect time together. The mischief begins when the corrective influence of the teacher's presence happens to be withdrawn for a while. Then a perfect babel arises, as some of the mischievously inclined (boyish nature being identically the same all the world over) go up to a shrill soprano, or fall to the lowest bass, sing positively flat, run ahead of the text, or lag behind, and generally make themselves a nuisance to the neighbourhood. Harmony is instantly restored, however, at the first glimpse of the master's cane.

In the background of the picture may be seen a screen of the beautiful *mouch-nabeen* work, for which Egypt is so famous.

In some of the Indian missionary schools, in contrast, knowledge is imparted under less gorgeous surroundings and more trying circumstances. Next we have an illustration of a school-room at Chupra, India, damaged by the late earthquake. The room was in the mission-house, and very simply furnished—just a few plain benches, a table, a blackboard propped up on a desk against a door, and that was all. And yet these missionary schools



FIGURE 1. AN INDIAN SCHOOL-ROOM AT CHUPRA, INDIA. (Photo.)

in India form the nucleus of secondary education in the country (as opposed to *primary*, which shall be mentioned presently), and have repeatedly merited the highest encomium of the Government. The pupils are chiefly drawn from the native Christian community of the town, though there are a large number of heathen children, owing to the policy of non-interference, in religious matters, in the case of such pupils. As will be noticed from the photo., the walls of this schoolroom, as indeed the whole mission-house, were in such a



From 4

SCHOOLROOM AT CHULIZA, INDIA, WRECKED BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

[Photo

dangerous condition after the earthquake, that they had to be pulled down and built anew.

If one were to consult Indian statistics he would find that out of a total population of 287,000,000 mentioned in the last census (1891), only about 2,000,000 were returned as "literate." From this he would naturally conclude that the vast mass of people in India were "illiterate," *i.e.*, unable to read and write. That would be a serious error. As Lord Beaconsfield once observed, statistics are the worst form of lies, because they give only a part of the truth, and consequently are plausible and misleading. The fact is, those 2,000,000 refer only to those literate as regards the *English* language. As regards the vernacular, there is hardly an Indian child that is entirely ignorant of it. In every Indian village there is a *patshala*, or vernacular primary school, attended by the children of even the poorest classes. In the adjacent photo. will be seen such a school in Bengal. It is simply a mud-walled, straw-thatched hut, and that not in the best of condition. A number of ragged little urchins are seen sitting on a

low long bench or squatting on the ground. [In this photo. the class is being held outside owing to the heat; in case of rain, etc., the hut itself is requisitioned.] In front is the *guru*, or master, sitting on a low cane stool. The pupils vary in age from about five to twelve, and are of both sexes—though girls, as a rule, are rare. In the foreground will be seen a little girl squatting on the ground, who has come to look on as a pre-

liminary to her own admittance. The instruction is given orally, though cheap spelling-books and elementary readers are sometimes used. Some of the older boys possess a number of palm leaves on which they practice writing or sums with a reed pen, the writing being erased with a wet rag for fresh work. These Indian children are terribly precocious. The writer has personally met with boys of twelve who knew practically the whole



From 5

BENGAL: PATSHALA, OR VERNACULAR PRIMARY SCHOOL.

[Photo



FIGURE 1. THE CEREMONY OF PUTTING THE CHALK INTO A NEW PUPIL'S HAND (INDIA). (Photo.)

of arithmetic, and some even a few propositions of Euclid. Moreover, their knowledge of geography and history would put to blush many a European child of the same age.

The method of initiation into these schools is highly interesting. In the above photograph a quaint ceremony is depicted with a little girl candidate (the same one as in our last photo.); but it may be mentioned in passing that the ceremony is identically the same in the case of boys as well. As soon as a child has passed the age of four years, four months, and four days, an

auspicious day is chosen, and the child, after bathing and putting on a new garment, proceeds to the temple of *Sarasathi* (the Goddess of Wisdom), and there prostrates himself (or herself) before the shrine in humble supplication. Then he (or she) comes to the school and prostrates himself again before the master (as in the photo.) who, as the vicergerent of *Sarasathi*, is entitled to such honour. The master then performs the ceremony of *hathkhor-kec*, or "putting the chalk into the hand of the neophyte" a sort of baptism of learning. He sits on the ground by the side of the candidate (as in the

photo.), places a piece of chalk between his fingers and guides them to trace on the ground the first five letters of the vernacular alphabet. After this ceremony the name of the candidate is enrolled in the school register, and he thenceforth attends as a regular pupil. The ceremony has to be performed in every case, and in the event of the pupil having well to do parents, it is done at home by a tutor, who, in fact, instructs the pupil privately through the entire elementary course.

We now come to something equally interesting, though in a different manner. In our next



From a Photo. by

DINNER HOUR AT THE CHRISTIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, DASKA, PUNJAB.

(G. Wilkins, Bournemouth.)

photo will be seen the boys of the Christian Training School, Daska, Punjab, at dinner. There being no question of caste in their case (being all Christians) they of course dine together. This is the method of procedure: At the appointed hour all the boys assemble in the school compound (weather permitting) and sit round in a circle, each with a plate and a curious drinking cup in front. At the centre will be seen the master with a large *dekehi* (enamelled vessel) containing curry and rice. Behind him stands the *bhisti* (water-carrier) with his *mussuck* (water-skin), from which he fills the cups of the pupils. This gentleman, it may be mentioned in passing, has been immortalized by Kipling in his appreciative poem, "Gunga Deen." Each pupil in turn goes to the master, and has his

school when his pupils began to increase beyond the dimensions of a humble hut. Without any previous knowledge of building or carpentry, and guided merely by a few hints from books, he started a large stone structure with the eager aid of his pupils. In the photo. he is standing, square in hand, superintending the work of the boys around. It turned out a fine building, and the boys were justly proud of their handiwork. Indeed, one of them was overheard boasting of the important part he had played, and when asked what, replied with due solemnity, "Sir, I helped to carry the stones!" Evidently he was of a different opinion from the Irish hodman, who, having emigrated to America in search of work, wrote to Biddy in Ireland to come over and join him, "as he fwas havin' a foine toime av ut; he merely carrid the bricks



From a

BOYS BUILDING THEIR OWN SCHOOL, LEULUMOEGA, NEW GUINEA.

[1 foto.

share of the curry and rice. When all are served they stand up, and grace is said; then they fall to with a gusto, the curry and rice disappearing under their nimble fingers with marvellous rapidity. A second helping is given, or perhaps a quota of chappaties. They seem a merry lot, and are all grinning in happy expectation—especially the boy on the extreme left.

We next have what is perhaps the most extraordinary phase of primitive education, to wit, **boys building their own school.** Missionary work in heathen lands has to be carried on hand in hand with general education, so the Rev. J. W. Hills, of Leulumoega, New Guinea, deemed it necessary to build a new

to th' top" (up thirteen stories!) "an' th' spalpeen there did all th' wurk!"

In our next photo. will be seen a very interesting little group, composed of the boys of the Kilimani School, Universities Mission to Central Africa. Its origin is of unique, if not pathetic, interest. The youngest boys, rescued from slave dhows by the British men-of-war in the neighbourhood, are handed over to Miss Mills, a lady who for many years has been a true mother to about fifty of these orphaned or kidnapped children. The photo. represents a few of these boys at her school in Kilimani. They are baptized, taught the rudiments of knowledge, and, perhaps, some us



From a

SOME OF THE PUPILS IN A GENERAL ARBIAN SCHOOL.

[Photo.]

trade. As they grow up, they are transferred to the Mission's college at Kiungani for further training—at least, if they be promising pupils. Some of these latter become missionaries in time, and Miss Mills has had the happiness to see one of her little waifs grow up to be ordained deacon. Another pupil of hers came under her charge under most remarkable circumstances. When a mere baby, he fell ill on board the slave dhow, and was in consequence thrown overboard by the Arab slavers to save any bother. He was washed ashore by the tide in some miraculous manner, and picked up alive by some of Miss Mills's boys. By constant care and nursing she managed to pull him through, and thenceforth he became the pet of the whole school.

In some of the poorer parts of India, the work of mere education in the vernacular primary schools has to be supplemented by that of maintenance.

This is done chiefly with funds contributed by kind-hearted Europeans, or wealthy natives of the neighbourhood. In the photo. at the bottom of this page will be seen such a ragged school, in the district of Jubulpore, being washed and cleansed—a very necessary operation—as a preliminary. A barber (that man of all work in India) is deputed for the purpose. Where the hair has been unwashed and unkempt for a long period, the only way to get rid of the odorous accumulation is to shave the head clean as a billiard-ball—as in the photo. After that,

the urchins are well soused in a pond and scrubbed hard with pieces of burnt brick—in lieu of soap. Though necessarily belonging to the very poorest classes, they nevertheless look plumper and fatter, owing to the charitable aid they receive, than most children of Indian villages.



HAIR-CUTTING AND CLEANING PRELIMINARY TO BEING RECEIVED INTO SCHOOL AT
From a [Photo.] JUBILPORE.

(To be continued.)

A Brush with a Sea Lion.

BY THEO. GIFT.

A remarkable story, telling how a gentleman in the Falkland Islands went to sketch some sea lions from Nature and was attacked by one of these savage monsters. The fight is terrible and thrilling, and the identical sketches that brought about the encounter are now reproduced for the first time.

"**L**PON my word," said the Manager, "it's a regular family party."

He had dismounted, and, still holding his horse by the bridle, was gazing steadily at a group of objects on the sands some little distance off. Below him was a steeply shelving bank of large, loose shingle, extending for some twenty yards, and terminating in a strip of sandy beach, which marked the inner circle of a little crescent-shaped bay. At either point of this crescent a rugged headland, formed by an advancing spur of the range of bleak, dark coloured hills filling up the background, sheltered it from the winds; and between those hills and the beach stretched an expanse of flat, boggy country, covered with long, yellowish grass, and broken here and there by clumps of the grey-green *vachanal* bushes or pools of shallow water, shining faintly in the pale sunbeams, where both teal and snipe were sporting themselves with a freedom which showed how little cause they had as yet found for fear in the vicinity of man.

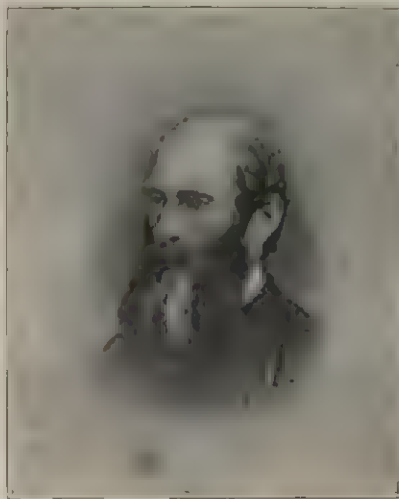
"A regular family, by Jove!" the Manager repeated. "Two lions, one only a young 'un, and three four-five ladies and their

babies. What an opportunity for a sketch, if one can only get near enough!"

He had turned, while speaking, to take a battered tin paint-box and sketching-block from the valise at the back of his saddle; and having only waited to hobble his horse, which was already quietly cropping at the thin, stunted grass fringing the top of the bank, he proceeded to descend the latter: not at the spot where he had been standing—there the shingle was so deep and loose, that at the first attempt to plunge through it his legs, in their long, heavy riding-boots, sank far above the ankle—but about a dozen yards

in the rear, where a row of rock ledges jutting through this shingle afforded a securer foothold; and having gained the sands he walked briskly along till he had passed the spot above which his horse was tethered, and was in full view of the objects of his quest: two fine sea lions, one still only a calf; the other a full-grown and truly magnificent specimen, measuring nearly 15ft. from head to tail, and with a great, ruddy brown mane, sprawling lazily on the wet sands; while about him lay, or fawned, three or four slender lady seals, looking almost impossibly small beside their huge mate, and accompanied by their young ones.

They could not see the Manager, who was sheltered from their view by a big boulder of rock, behind which he crouched; besides, the wind was blowing from them to him; so that he had no fear of their detecting his vicinity and making a sudden bolt into the sea; while of any other sign of the disturbing presence of humanity the place was as free as though these sea animals were the first ever created on the quiet bosom of the new made world before the Voice had spoken which called man into the world for their destruction.



MR. T. HAVERS, WHO FOUGHT THE SEA LION.
From a Photo by W. Forbush, Rayswater.

The day was calm and pleasant: calmer, indeed, than days in the Falkland Islands generally are in the brief spring and summer which visit their desolate shores; the sea rolling in in long, lazy, grey-green ripples, striped with a broad band of dark brown, where the kelp beds showed their suff entanglement of fleshy leaf and stem, impenetrable, unbreakable, tougher and more cruel than the tentacles of an octopus, in their power of clutching, constricting, and embracing in a thousand and one knots and meshes the most powerful swimmer that ever tried to reach shore from a foundered vessel, and holding him until he drow

beneath the surface of the waves. Between this kelp line and the sands, big speckled "logger-head" ducks and a whole crew of scarlet-eyed, spry looking little bell divers were dipping and floating in the sunny space of smoother water within, while further out the sleek black head of a king penguin was just visible above the waves making steadily for the opposite headland; and high overhead a long string of gulls, many hundreds in number, were passing out to sea, uttering their shrill, wailing cries as they flew.

As for the sea lions, unconscious of observation, they were, as the Manager said, disporting themselves like a happy family: the young, ungrown male sitting up, his round, clumsy head thrown backwards, engaged in a sort of romping game with two still more juvenile members of the household, while his huge senior lay on

sketching block propped upon his knees, the tin paint box, and a little flask of water he always carried in his pocket, on the sands beside him; and placed so that he saw his group framed between two granite boulders, which also served as a shelter for himself. He had already put in the main outlines with a few broad touches, and was beginning to work at the details of the old lion's head, chuckling gently to himself at how envious Abbott would be when he showed him the sketch next day (Abbott was the officer in command of the small detachment of marines whom a disdainful British Government considered sufficient for the protection of this smallest and loneliest of British colonies, and the only person in that colony who shared its Manager's taste for natural history), when it



SEA LIONS AND PELLEGRINE. PAINTED FROM LIFE AT 4750' DISTANCE BY MR. T. HAYES, FAULKLAND ISLANDS.

his side, submitting to the worshipful attentions of his harem, his enormous dark brown body, still wet from the sea, glistening like polished rosewood against the smooth dun yellow of the sands; his maned head—the great white tusks showing fiercely as if, even amid endearments, warning off possible foes—slightly lifted from the ground, while every now and then he emitted a low, thunderous sound less like a roar than a deep, purring groan.

But for this, and the cry of the gulls overhead, the silence was so intense that, in the pauses between, the Manager could hear the crop, cropping sound of his horse still trying to make a scanty meal along the crest of the bank twenty yards away.

He was getting on splendidly, with his

struck him that the lion's roar pealed out much more loudly and angrily than it had done before. He looked up sharply from his block. The huge beast was still extended on its side, its head a little turned as if to permit one of the lady seals to press her cheek in quite a human-womanly fashion against his. No Eastern Sultan could be taking life more luxuriously; but in the same moment the angry roar sounded again, still nearer than before, and the Manager recognised the fact now with a start of anything but pleasure *from behind*, not in front of him!

He turned quickly; and there, about twenty paces from him, just coming up from the sea, which still washed over its tail and hinder quarters, was a second lion fully as large as the other, its big white teeth bared as if for the



BY TURNER, 1845

emission of a third roar, its great, dark, blood-shot eyes fixed menacingly on the puny human intruder on this primeval solitude.

At the same instant the crop, cropping sound above ceased, and there came, instead, a shrill, startled neigh from the horse, frightened by the sudden intrusion of this strange apparition on the sands below him. "By Jove!" cried the Manager, and sprang to his feet; for simultaneously with the horse's neigh, as if, indeed, taking it for a shout of defiance from his human antagonist, the sea lion had made a lunge forward which brought him clean out of the water and within a dozen paces of the latter.

The Manager was not a coward, and he was an ardent naturalist: two statements which may, indeed, be said to include one another. Ten minutes before he had been exceedingly anxious to get near enough to a fine male specimen of the species *otaria jubata* to be able to paint its portrait accurately and in detail. Only a month prior to that he had inspected

with admiration not unmingled with envy a magnificent and remarkably perfect set of lion's teeth which his friend Abbott had obtained from a sailor who had shot the owner of them from a boat.

But the lion to whom *those* teeth had belonged was dead and skinned before they were prepared and handed round for admiration by their exhibitor; and the lion whose portrait the Manager was desirous of painting was well in front of him, and in such a position as to keep the artist out of view of his model: both of which cases were very different from having the lion within a few paces' distance in your own rear, and the teeth all generously visible indeed, but firmly fixed in their owner's jaw, and gnashing and dripping foam with perfectly insane fury at your discovery.

A seal is one of the gentlest and most helpless beasts in creation. A child might butcher it with impunity so far as resistance goes. Even a sea lion is peaceful and non-combative *ex*

except in such seasons as Kipling styles the "time of new song," and that which the Manager called "the family party season"; but at these times he waxes as fierce and dangerous to those who rashly intrude upon his company as any of his maned brothers of the desert; and when a creature, weighing something like a ton, measuring from fifteen to twenty feet long, and with teeth powerful enough to crack the thigh-bone of an ox, waxes ferocious, it is not well to be within his reach.

The Manager realized all that in the second in which he looked into the red, vicious anger in the lion's eyes, and sprang to his feet, kicking over paint-box and water-bottle, and letting his sketching-block fall unheeded on the sands.

"The deuce!" he said to himself. "What has put the old man's back up? Has he just escaped from some sealers with the point of a harpoon in him; or is he a soured bachelor irritated by the connubialities of Mahomet and his spouses over yonder; or, has Mahomet stolen one of his wives to add to the harem, and does he mistake me for the despoiler? Anyhow——" his hand went to the pistol-pocket at the back of his belt, but it came back empty. The revolver was there, but unloaded, as he remembered at the moment, and the cartridges were in his valise. It was a case for heels, and the Manager took to them.

Not forward! It would have been easy enough for a man to distance a sea lion on level sands or dry land. Five seconds would do it; but in front, and taking up the entire width of that strip of sand, sprawled lion number one; and Mahomet surrounded by his wives was likely to be even more pugnacious than Mahomet wifeless, who, in his turn, barred the way to that rocky staircase by which the Manager had descended to the sea level. He dashed upwards through the shingle.

And exactly the same thing happened as on his previous attempt in that direction! At the second step his legs sank so deeply in the loose, shifting pebbles as almost to engulf him. He dragged them out with such force as to leave one boot partially behind, and with it still dangling, half on, half off his foot, sprang forward just as the huge body of the lion came with a kind of flopping leap right across the wet sand and on to the shingle, making the whole surface of it quiver, and sending a rain of pebbles clattering downwards under its weight. It was so close behind him that he had barely time to tear off the encumbering boot and fling it from him as he ran; and in doing so he stumbled again, righted himself with a jump, struck his unshod foot (he had forgotten its *condition*) against the sharp edge of a rock,

cutting it to the bone and making the blood spout as from a siphon, staggered wildly under the sudden pain, and fell, head foremost, with outstretched arms clutching at the shingle, within two yards' length of his pursuer, whose blunt snout, flaked and dripping with foam, inflamed eyes, and gaping, cavernous jaws, seemed to tower over him like a ghastly vision above a mountain of rough, greasy mane and dark, evil-smelling flesh, inflated with blubber and slimy with foam, seaweed, and the scales of countless small fishes which had served it for its prey.

In the same instant there came a mighty, booming roar; the monster stopped short, and lifted up a huge, clumsy flipper, solid and massive as a block of living ironwood. The Manager saw it rise between his face and the sky as he lay there for the moment beneath it; and in that moment he also *saw* quite distinctly, painted as it were against it, an old Elizabethan manor-house, gabled and creeper-covered, seven thousand miles away across the troubled ocean in Old England, with the Squire, 6ft. 4in. in his shoes, lean, upright, and ruddy skinned, despite his sixty-odd years, pausing, gun under arm, before starting for his morning tramp over the turnip fields, to listen to a letter just received from abroad, which his wife, a tiny, bright-eyed, little old lady, in a lace mob-cap and kerchief, was opening with dainty mittened fingers . . . *the letter that was to tell them of their son's death!* while on the sunny lawn, just outside, Jack, the black retriever, and Spot, the good old pointer—he could remember how, as a boy, he once shot Spot by accident while fooling with a fowling-piece, and how Spot would lick his hands all the while the pellets were being extracted to show he bore no malice—whimpered impatiently under the keeper's hands. He saw all this; and yet more clearly, and in the same instant, he saw four little, motherless children—three curly-haired girls and a small, blue-eyed boy—racing along the broad, wooden veranda of the Managerial house in Stanley, some fifty miles away across the island, to bid him good-bye before he started on his ride to the distant cattle station from which he was now returning. He could see, gazing wistfully into his, the grave, steadfast eyes of his little Lily—Lily, his eldest and favourite, who had all her dead mother's gentle ways; and beyond them—what he was not conscious of having noticed at the time—the shamed flush on Dora's face (careless little baggage, that Dora, always!) because he spoke sharply at the sight of an ungartered stocking wrinkling down her chubby leg. Fathers *had* to speak sharply when there was no mother to teach tidiness; still, if that was the last time!

... And what a selfish—what an insensate fool he had been to keep the children with him in that desolate island after their mother's death, instead of sending them home to be properly cared for by—

The huge flipper came down with a "smash" like a hod of coals; but in that instant, and with those two pictures in his eyes, he had managed to twist round and fling himself on one side, so that, instead of descending on his face and crushing the life out of it and him simultaneously, it struck the shingle just six inches away, with such force as to scoop out a deep hole in it and to send half a bushel of stones scattering over the prostrate man. He was struck on the face, the hands, the head, bruised, half hidden, almost stunned by them; but before the unwieldy member could be drawn out for a second blow, he had struggled on to his knees, and seizing a great lump of stone from the loose masses around him, hurled it,

straight and true as ever he launched a cricket ball in the old school house playing fields years before, full in the brute's mouth.

There was a stifled roar, a crunching, grinding sound as the huge jaws closed on the rock, crushing and splintering the solid granite like a crust of bread in a mortar; and in that momentary check the Manager was on his feet and had gained a dozen paces. Then he stumbled again; but, in the act of doing so, clutched at another boulder and hurled it at his pursuer with the same result as before, only this time his next stride brought him within reach of a straggling branch of vetchinal bush overhanging the bank. He caught hold of it, sprang, and the next moment was standing on the grass, breathless, hatless, panting, with only one boot on, and the blood streaming from his wounded foot; but *safe*—as safe as in his own drawing-room!

His horse stopped cropping at the poor, dry herbage (he seemed to have heard the sound

going on all the time), and, lifting its head, looked at him in mild inquiry. Far off, the much married lion, irritated and disturbed by the roars of his unseen rival, roared in response, while his wives huddled themselves behind him, or glided discreetly down to the water, driving their off-spring before them; and the second lion, baffled and bewildered by the disappearance of his human victim, and beginning to be stupidly aware, through this distant trumpeting, that the real foe was in that direction, stopped short, and, after an instant's hesitation, began, slowly and lumberingly, to turn round. In another minute he might have been gone—but for the Manager!

And just then the Manager was a very angry man!

In that minute he had loaded the heavy Colt's revolver he carried; and, coming to the edge of the slope, knelt down, took steady aim, and fired. The bullet hit the brute full on the head, *flattened itself* against the skull, and fell with a clink on to the stones below. The animal never even troubled to turn. The Manager fired again, the second bullet hitting the ear, cutting a deep slice in it,



"HE HURLED IT FULL IN THE BRUTE'S MOUTH."

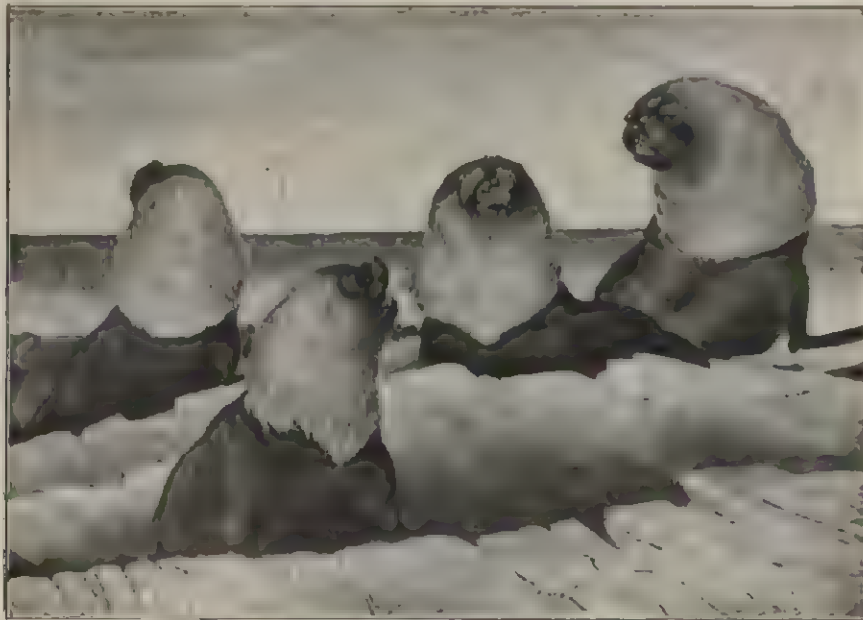
losing itself among the dense tangle of the mane. The lion, irritated by the smart, lifted its head and stared angrily in the direction whence it came; and in the same moment the Manager fired a third time, the shot piercing the centre of the right eye and penetrating to the brain. He only knew what he had done when he saw the huge carcass quiver from end to end, heave suddenly upwards, and roll over with a crash which shook the solid ground and raised every echo in the bay.

It was nearly an hour later when the Manager (having refreshed himself with a pull of brandy, bound up his foot, got his boot on again; and last, not least, achieved a very fair sketch of the head of his now prostrate foe) climbed back again into his saddle and gave the reins a jerk. It had been painful work hobbling up from the beach with his recovered painting materials. His hat was gone altogether, crashed under the enormous carcass of the dead sea lion. There was a bruise on one of his temples,

and a cut on his under lip where a sharp fragment from that rain of shingle had struck it; but the Manager's eyes were full of serenity, and the lips under his long moustache smiled contentedly.

"Abbott will be mad with envy," he said to himself, "when he sees both the sketches and the head. The teeth mayn't be as perfect as his set; but he hadn't clipped those by feeding their owner on granite pills. And it's a magnificent skin! I'd better get back to the station and send two of the *peons* over to take it off. It'll mean not seeing the children for another night; but this cursed foot of mine isn't fit for a sixty-mile ride till I've doctored it a bit, and" (the smile deepened under his moustache) "Now, I wonder," he said, aloud, "if that Dora child's stockings will be wriggling round her ankles when she comes to meet me! Well! —"

For once the thought of his little daughter's iniquities crossed his mind with a half-pathetic sense of amusement rather than reprobation.



(It will select work of their identical sketches that Mr. Havers was attacked by the angry monster.)

The Carnival of the Mystic Shrine.

By S. BLAIR McBEATH.

A remarkable festival pictured by snap-shots, and described by the amateur photographer himself. This article reveals the peculiar inventive genius of the great American nation for organizing ceremonial functions.



WHICH way would most people direct any gentleman requiring a carnival? To Rome, of course, or to Nice, or, maybe, Mentone—perhaps by preference to Rome, because the proverb assures us that all roads lead that way, and the gentleman wouldn't get lost. But the New World can supply a carnival as well as the Old—can supply carnivals, in fact, in good number. Perhaps the best known of these is that of New Orleans, taking place at the orthodox time—just before Lent. In future let Fargo, of North Dakota, rear its head as proudly as New Orleans.

Fargo's carnival takes place every June, and it commemorates the destruction of the town on June 7th, 1893. Here arises the voice of the Superior Person. "No," observes the Superior Person; "you mustn't call a June festival a carnival—that applies only to the festival before Lent, because the word carnival means a farewell to flesh eating." But the Superior Person is wrong as usual—the word means nothing of the kind. It comes from the late Latin *carnele vamen*, and it means "solace of the flesh." And since there is nothing in the calendar to prevent the good people of Fargo from solacing their mortal flesh in June if it please them—then the word is right, and Fargo is right, and everything is quite correct. And if anybody is justified in solacing his flesh, it is the man who has had it scorched in the fire of 1893. But as a fact, the fire did Fargo ultimate good. It swept away a prairie town of shanties and cabins, and now Fargo is a decorous, prosperous town of the brickiest and stoniest. So the anniversary of the fire is celebrated in Fargo with much rejoicing.

The secret society is an institution that flourishes exceedingly in Fargo, and it was at the suggestion of the "El Zagal Temple of the Mystic Shrine" (very noble, that), a branch of the Freemason's order, that the carnival took its beginnings, in the year 1894. In the four anniversary festivals since that date great progress has been made, so that now great preparations are made, and vast quantities of brain power and mid night electricity are squandered on the devices intended for display in

the procession. Money is spent also, and this year the procession alone cost \$4,000, of which the El Zagal Templars expended half. We give a few photographs of parts of this procession.

First, in the morning there was, of course, a baseball match. Then, in the afternoon, the Fire Department gave an exhibition run to an imaginary fire. At 2.14 p.m., the exact time at which the fire alarm was given in earnest on the day when Fargo was destroyed, an alarm in sham was given. Out came the engines, and, amid great excitement, they tore off to the terrible scene of destruction, gallantly put out nothing, and returned amid enthusiastic plaudits. Then the procession started.

First came the herald of Rameses the Great, with officers of State at his heels, bearing the King's arms. Then the monarch himself, sitting on a gorgeous throne, borne on the shoulders of many slaves. His majesty was a very popular character, and was received with vast enthusiasm, remarkable in a democratic country. His perspiring slaves toiled sturdily under the hot sun, and the chocolate stain on their faces ran gay in stars and stripes. After his majesty came a mighty retinue, and the bearers of the treasury on foot. As will be seen in the photograph, these latter carry a mighty strong box



From a)

THE BEARERS OF THE TREASURY.

Whe



[Frontal]

THE OBELISK.

[Photo]

on their shoulders, hasped and clasped and massive, suggestive of bullion and diamonds in pecks and bushels. No attempt seems to have been made by the crowd to capture this chest *en route*, which is a great testimony to the honesty of Fargo; for, indeed, it was as valuable a soap box as the town could produce, embellished with most excellent paint; and it had been found most convenient to carry it empty. It is not stated what penalty was decreed for any sightseer so daring as to look at the heels of the treasury bearer, and there to perceive the ends of their ancient Egyptian tweed trousers.

Then there were more priests, and after them Apis, the sacred bull, with a neat emblematical cloth across his back. Behind him came the masters of the horse, gaudily

as the photograph shows (although it doesn't show all of them), in a sort of rational dress with white skirts, and presided over by a hairy, chocolate hued despot, with a long whip. On one side of the obelisk (not visible in the picture) there appeared the inscription: "Great King Rameses greets the nobles of the desert, and hangs out the rope of welcome to the novices - His

bedight, and the horses themselves brilliantly caparisoned, and kicking up nobly before and behind; and then such a crowd of "specimens - various," as would have bemuddled the wits of Mr. Venus; the keeper of the records, more banner bearers, slaves with rolls of papyrus, overseers of public buildings with instruments of office, and others.

Next came an obelisk curiously inscribed, drawn by sixteen "slaves," got up,



[Frontal]

AN EGYPTIAN STREET.

[Photo]

Selamux Aleikune." Which nobody can deny. There was also added the remark: "The sands are hot," which was very likely indeed.

After the obelisk came a sort of panorama, meant to illustrate an Egyptian harvest scene.



FROM A

THE EMBALMING WAGON.

[Photo]

Labourers brandished ancient implements, and bullocks drew an Egyptian plough fashioned of a forked log, while behind walked the sowers with their bags of seeds about their necks— all correct, of course, though perhaps rather liable to be mistaken for the hares starting out on a paper chase. Then came a string of mules, with sacks of grain just visible in the photograph, behind the sowers. And the agricultural department finished up with an Egyptian thrashing machine drawn by oxen.

Next a big wagon carried a tableau representing the embalming of the dead.

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In the photograph one gets capital views of the grave and reverend signiors presiding over the operation, but the corpse is to some extent hidden by mystic draperies. It is satisfactory to know, however, that he took readily to the embalming fluid, and (the day being hot) was even understood to ask for more, also that the process was so entirely successful that he is in excellent health now, and very active. A terrible warning to politicians was hung from the tail of the waggon.

After the embalming of the dead naturally followed the judgment, according to ancient Egyptian ideas, and a tableau of the allegory of the passing of the soul of Menes over the sacred lake in care of Charon. And then — the feature of the procession. This was a sinuous, low, many legged monster, 140ft. long, illustrating the transfiguration of unaccepted souls. It would seem that the unaccepted soul of the naughty ancient Egyptian was apt to be transmigrated into the body of a gigantic centipede or caterpillar — unless the thing is a dachshund. A long file of small boys provided the legs and the locomotion, and great enthusiasm greeted the somewhat wobbly progress of the brute. But disaster awaited this procession within a procession. The burden of the unaccepted souls grew very heavy, and the close heat under the covering,



FROM A

THE CENTIPIDE.

17



From a

CLEOPATRA

Photo

warmed by the blazing sun, grew more than the boys (unpoetic rascals!) would stand, and so the weird monster drooped and died by the wayside, became transfigured into a rebellious and thirsty mob of parboiled school-boys, and the procession knew it no more. But it was a great wonder while it lasted.

No Egyptian procession would be complete without Cleopatra, and there she was, barge and all, being drawn, as an improvement on classic traditions, by mules. And a very handsome Cleopatra he was, too, and she bore himself right royally, with her majestic head on his broad shoulders towering above those of her attendants in his barge a mixture of genders due to

the fact that the character was sustained by a big man. And then came a rush of dancing dervishes, and all was gas and gaiters.

But there was no bigoted adherence to things Egyptian in this procession. Topical matters had their share, and Admiral Dewey's flagship *Olympia* came steaming down

the street, as the next photograph shows, banging off terrific cannonades at the shop windows. It did actually steam down the street, being neither drawn nor pushed, but carried by a traction engine in its interior. Perhaps to represent the trail of foam beaten up by her propeller, a detachment of sailors in white uniforms followed, every man bearing the national flag.



From a

ADMIRAL DEWEY'S FLAGSHIP

Photo



From a

THE BOY VOLUNTEER COMPANY

Photo.

Boys, moreover, were not done with the procession yet. They might be beaten at a centipede or a dachshund, but they *could* play at soldiers all the time. And so they marched, a full company of them, with guns at the slope—terrible guns, made of the most murderous broomsticks in all North Dakota, with flat stocks nailed on.

A long lorry carried a representation of the log cabin that was familiar in the district ages ago, in 1893. The washing was realistically hung out, and round behind the neighbours fiddled merrily the old dance tune of "Hoe Down." This tableau (or "float," as it is called in America) was the contribution of the Ancient Order of Woodmen.



From a

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF WOODMEN

Photo.

Another secret society—a weird and terrible organization spoken of (with bated breath) as the "Order of the Hoo-Hoos," came out with their own ship of war, with deadly stove-pipe guns complete. The terror-inspiring ensign of the order—the direful Black Cat—was conspicuously displayed, and a vigilant look-out was kept from the tower by an eagle-eyed member armed with a pair of binoculars, made especially large, by the simple process of lashing together two empty beer bottles. It is freely rumoured that upon news reaching Madrid of the completion of this formidable war-vessel, the Spanish Government instantly made overtures for peace.

Another topical feature, and not the least of them, nor the last, was furnished by the



FROM A

THE GULL OF THE DEEP SEAS

(Photo)

crowding the other; also that Uncle Sam and John Bull take up all the street between them.

And so went the June carnival of 1898 at Fargo, North Dakota—no bad bit of fun in its size for a town of no more than 10,000 inhabitants.

And in the evening there was great business at the lodges of the societies, for it was the great occasion for initiation of new members.



FROM A

UNCLE SAM AND JOHN BULL

(Photo)

Dan Judson's Ride.*

A STORY OF THE LATE MASHONALAND REBELLION. BY EDWARD JOHN HART.

A plain, unvarnished tale from South Africa, dealing with the glowing heroism that seems to be part and parcel of every one of our Colonial kinsmen. This incident will be particularly interesting to South African folk.



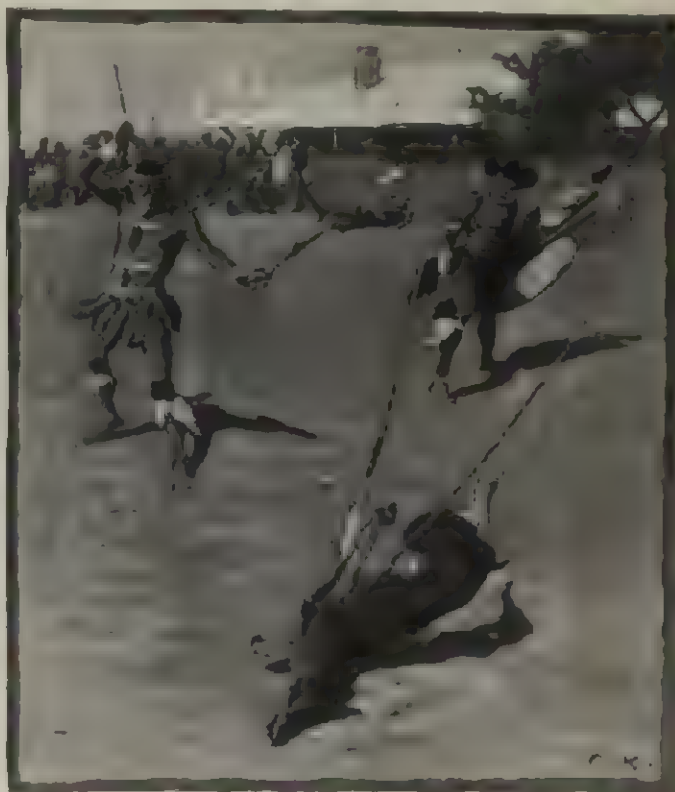
SALISBURY, the capital of Mashonaland, was seething with consternation, and in a state bordering on panic, in the month of June, 1896. Against all likelihood, the Mashonas had risen to aid their former oppressors, the Matabele, and from the 15th to the 18th of June, and thence onward for many terrible days, almost every hour brought tragic tidings.

Prospectors, miners, and travellers, unsuspecting of danger, were being attacked and slaughtered in all directions. Stores and lonely houses were besieged, looted, and burned, after the owners were slain. Refugees were cut off in attempting to come in. On a farm a few miles from Salisbury, a Mr. and Mrs. Norton, their infant daughter, an English nurse, and two white assistants, were all massacred and hideously mutilated, and even the very sheep-dogs were assailed, in the brief interval of time it required for a messenger to cycle into town for news and out again to the farm at topmost speed. Various little outlying communities were fiercely besieged; and on several roads waggons were standing abandoned, near the remains of what had once been human beings, but were now an outrage and offence against the morning sun.

Judge Vincent, the Chartered Company's acting administrator, could only muster 250 burghers armed with but eighty rifles and one Maxim between them, to protect the 300 women and children in Salisbury. Desperate efforts were being made to divert a column on its way to the front from Natal, but transport difficulties connected with rinderpest were likely long to delay its arrival.

Mr. Dan Judson, chief inspector of the Chartered Company's Telegraphs, and a then recently gazetted captain in the Rhodesia Horse, was one of the few men who had

prophesied that the Mashonas would rebel. Though a young man, he was an old pioneer, had taken part in two campaigns, and knew the country well. He had recently performed the daring feat of riding alone and by night through the enemy's camp fires from Gwelo in Matabeleland, across country into Mashonaland, and had been struck by the appearance of armed watchfulness he had observed among the Mashonas.



"SHEEP-DOGS WERE ASSEAILED."

Having friends at the Mazoe—a small settlement centring round the Alice Mine at the head of the Mazoe Valley, about twenty-seven miles from Salisbury—Judson wired to Mr. Salthouse, manager of the Goldfields of Mazoe Company, the news of the murders as it came in. This was to put him on his guard against treachery, as the first crimes were not, for the most part, accepted as indicating a general uprising. When, however, early on Wednesday, the 17th June, the Inspector had occasion

* The main outlines of this stirring incident were related to the writer by Captain Dan Judson, and details of the part played by the latter in the expedition had to be gleaned from other, but equally authentic, sources.

wire the Mazoe people the terrible list of murders ending for that day with the blood-curdling Norton massacre, he suggested that their womenfolk at least had better come into Salisbury, where a strong laager was being constructed. A little later the same evening the Government received reliable information that a large impi, evidently the same responsible for the Norton and other massacres, was marching on to the Mazoe. This made matters so much more serious that the Inspector went to Judge Vincent and obtained his permission to take a conveyance to the Mazoe, there being no other means of the women getting quickly into the town. Consequently at midnight a wagon, or large wagonette, and six mules left the telegraph office in charge of Mr. J. O. Blakiston, Captain Judson's clerk, and Trooper Zimmerman, of the Rhodesia Horse. Blakiston, a young man of twenty-seven, the son of an English vicar, had persuaded the Inspector to be allowed to take his place, having previously extracted a promise from his superior to be allowed to accompany him. He had pleaded hard for this indulgence, saying, "Let me go, Mr. Judson. I have had no excitement since I came to this country; there is sure to be some now. Let me go this once!" A speech of infinite pathos as seen by the light of after events.

It may be here said that the party at the Mazoe consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Salthouse, some Cape boys, fourteen Mashonas (who afterwards revolted); Mr. and Mrs. Cass, Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson, and Messrs. Archer-Burton, Speckley, Routledge, Fairbairn, Pascoe, Stoddard, Faull, Goddard, and Darling. Most of these, with the exception of Mr. Cass, who had a farm, and Mr. Routledge, who was in the Telegraph Department, were connected with the mines.

At nine the next morning (Thursday, the 18th) a telegram was received from Blakiston announcing his safe arrival; that he had met nothing on the road, and was ready to

leave with the women as soon as they had breakfasted.

Meanwhile the news from outside had become increasingly grave. There was no longer room to doubt that the rising was general, and that swarms of rebels were moving rapidly over the face of the country, to attack the whites. Therefore the refugees were warned that they would run less danger in laagering up at the Mazoe than in attempting to come in, as had been previously arranged. The answer to this was that, owing to a misunderstanding, some of the men had already started off, and hence the remainder were not in a position to hold their own. Judson then—by wire, of course—im-

mediately ordered the Mazoe telegraph office to be closed, after first instructing Blakiston, Salthouse, and the men with them to start off at once with the ladies. The Inspector passed the next few hours feverishly anticipating their arrival.

On going into the office later on, he was astonished—believing Mazoe to have been deserted since morning—to hear the Mazoe instrument clicking. It ceased as he entered, and Lieutenant Harrison, then in charge of the Salisbury Telegraph, silently handed him this message:

"Blakiston to Inspector Judson. Three men killed. Alice Mine surrounded. Send help at once. Our only chance. Good-bye."

Three minutes after the instrument ceased

clicking in the Salisbury office the heroic signaller of that message was lying dead on the grass. The news from the Mazoe greatly distressed Judge Vincent, for he was now being harassed on all sides with the most piteous appeals for assistance, which, for the most part, he was unable to grant. Now, when Judson asked him if nothing could be done to assist the Mazoe people, he said he was afraid no men could be spared. After some talk, however, the Inspector was granted permission to take four men, and these he chose from the members of the Rhodesia Horse. He did not tell them the contents of Blakiston's message, which he also withheld from the knowledge of



From a Photo. by F. Ward, Bishop's Road, W.

his own young wife—the parting with whom and his four months' old child was not, under the circumstances, an easy matter.

Just before sunset, the little patrol of one officer and four men rode out of the town on its forlorn errand. The party consisted of Captain Judson, and Troopers Honey, Guyon, Godfrey King, and Hendriks; but three miles out it was joined by Captain Stamford-Brown, who was chief paymaster of the Rhodesia Horse, but not on its ordinary fighting strength.

Five miles out the patrol met two Salisbury outposts, who reported that they had been ten miles along the road without seeing a sign of anything coming in the distance. This news deepened the gravity of the situation. The fact that no sign of the refugees was forthcoming was strong presumptive evidence, either that the party had been cut up, or were in laager somewhere, and in urgent need of assistance. After consultation, Judson decided to ask for reinforcements, and accordingly ordered Trooper King to ride back to Salisbury with a letter to the Commandant describing the situation.

The patrol then pushed on, and near the Gwebi River unearthed a native, who, when challenged, fled precipitately. After a brief chase he disappeared in the dense bush, pro-

loaded with "loopers"—a very effective weapon at short range.

With one brief halt to loosen girths and allow horses and men a hasty meal, the patrol rode on to Mount Hampden, and again halted, keeping a sharp look-out the while. Here, at half-past three in the morning, they were joined by a reinforcement from Salisbury, consisting of Troopers Finch, Pollett, Niebuhr, Coward, Mulvancy, and King. At 4.15 a.m. the whole party made a start, and after a series of mishaps struck the Mazoe River, proceeding thence without opposition to the farm house, which was found to have been recently deserted. Here, during a halt of nearly two hours, a plentiful supply of food and drink for man and horse was taken, the long halt and refreshment being rendered necessary by reason of the extreme fatigue of both horses and men.

The Mazoe Valley is exceedingly picturesque. It is eight miles in length and 500 yds. wide at the base, formed by low, rocky hills, heavily timbered on the west; and the lofty Iron Mask Mountain on the east. The Alice Mine lies just beyond the northern end of the valley, but a little to the westward; and near it are the Mining Commissioners' and Native Commissioners' offices, two stores, and some houses,

while at the foot of a small kopje, a mile or so north east of the mine, is situated the telegraph office. The narrow road from Salisbury runs along the west side of the valley, and on both sides is completely fenced by long coarse grass and reeds, about 6 ft. high. At intervals it is intersected by dongas or deep gulleys. Mahobhob trees, thorn acacias, and wild oats abound in the valley, which is moreover enlivened by the chattering of numerous baboons, but the members of the patrol this hot June morning cursed its picturesqueness, and the rank jungle growth which would afford such close cover for their enemies.



JUDSON SENT A SHOT AFTER HIM.

bably escaping, though Judson sent a shot after him. The leader of the patrol (following the example of Colonel Burnaby in the first Sudan campaign) carried a double barrelled duck gun,

The vedettes posted during the halt to guard against surprise had reported that they saw swarms of natives running about on the distant kopjes, evidently in a great state of excitement.

But close at hand there was everywhere a strange silence. The absence of natives at work in the meadic fields wore an ominous look, and all members of the patrol felt they had stern work before them.

Before starting, Judson addressed his comrades, pointing out that they were about to enter what might prove a veritable death trap, and that there must be no thought of turning back after they had once started. Not a man of them, however, shrank from the mission; and descending the rise on which the farm stands, they crossed the Tatagora River and proceeded in single file, Judson leading, with Captain Brown a close second. The commander now dispensed with an advance guard, not feeling justified in risking the life of any member of the party for the sake of the remainder.

After covering half a mile or more, they entered a stretch of very tall, dense grass, in length about 300 yds., terminating in a perfect jungle. It was an ideal spot for an ambuscade, and turning in his saddle, Judson gave the abrupt order, "Gallop!" Still going in single file they tore along, the only sound being the thunder of the hoofs of the horses. Judson dashed through the extremity of the patch about ten yards ahead of Brown, who was closely followed by the others. Then he wheeled his horse round, and raising his gun covered the thickest clump of grass, past which Niebuhr and Pollett were then galloping. As he did so, a dozen shots rang out in rapid succession: fire and smoke burst out of the grass not six yards from the two men, and at the same moment both of them were on the ground, horses and all. In the same instant Judson caught sight of the natives crouching in the grass and fired his slug-charged barrels, telling two of them. This alone prevented a

volley being fired on Honey and Coward, the latter of whom was thrown by his horse—who was frightened at the sudden discharge—right in front of the enemy.

The two horses were killed outright; Pollett was badly shaken and Niebuhr severely wounded, his hand having been shattered by slugs. Brown, Hendriks, Coward, and Honey then opened a hot fire on the enemy to engage their attention, while, with great difficulty, Judson got the wounded man on to his horse behind him, Pollett clambering up behind Hendriks. Then they fired a volley into the rebels at forty yards, and again started off at a gallop, Niebuhr's wounded and useless arm hanging limply over Judson's shoulder, and



"A DOZEN SHOTS RANG OUT IN RAPID SUCCESSION."

saturation the front of the latter's tunic with his blood.

Before they had galloped many hundred yards, a large party of the enemy was seen running parallel with them along the mountain side to cut them off. Judson at once halted his detachment and poured volley after volley into the enemy, the Martinis at 300yds. range doing good execution among the natives and forcing them to retire.

Once more the party started forward, but this time at a gentle canter, emptying their rifles as they rode, and keeping up a running fight. On approaching thick clumps of grass which swarmed with concealed natives, they dislodged them by firing volleys into them as they advanced, and then rushed past the dangerous spots at a flying gallop. The men's faces, streaming with sweat and grimed with powder, were set and stern, for all realized their imminent danger, and felt that the odds were heavily against their reaching the end of the valley alive.

Judson gave orders that, in the event of any more getting wounded, and the survivors being unable to carry them, they were to stick together and endeavour to secure a position on one of the kopjes, where they would be able to hold their own, at least while the ammunition lasted—a prospect that must have recalled to the minds of his hearers the fate of the heroic Wilson patrol on the Shangani River in the last Matabele War.

About four miles farther on they passed a wrecked cart with a dead donkey in the traces, while a wounded one, standing a few yards off, looked at them piteously. Lying quite close to the cart was the body of a white man, who turned out to be Faull, neatly covered with branches.

At this portent, the same thought occurred to all—that the inhabitants of the Mazoe had probably been completely wiped out, and that their desperate ride had therefore been in vain. Judson decided, and so informed his comrades, that if they were unable to discover their friends alive, they were to fight their way to the telegraph office and inform the Salisbury authorities of their plight. They would then laager up as best they could, the fact of their having no food and but little ammunition left forcing all to realize that such a proceeding—though the only one possible under the circumstances—could be but a preliminary to certain death.

The fire that was opened on them as they approached the end of the valley was simply terrific, and had not their enemies' aim been disordered by their return fire and galloping tactics, not a man of them could have lived through it. Just as they were heading for the

telegraph office, they heard a great shout of mingled triumph and despair, and looking round they beheld, standing up and waving to them from within an improvised laager on a small kopje near the Alice Mine, the men and women they had fought their way so gallantly to rescue. But for that shout the patrol might have ridden past, so hidden was the laager by masses of the enemy. Through these blood-thirsty savages the relief force now shot a pathway for themselves; and whilst under a hail of lead, but still firing volley after volley, they came up the slope at a gallop, and in a minute rescuers and rescued were united.

Thus Dan Judson's patrol had had to fight their way in under a continuous, heavy, close-range fire from dense cover, for a distance of eight miles. But the besieged had also a terrible experience to relate.

When on the Thursday it was decided that all the Mazoe people should proceed to Salisbury, a party of the men, as before related, started on ahead, taking with them fourteen native carriers and a cart drawn by two donkeys to carry their provisions. About 11 a.m. they left the rough laager of logs and boulders which had been constructed the previous day, but had not gone above three miles when their carriers led them into an ambush. Cass and Dickenson were done to death on the grass with assegais and knobkerries, whereupon the rest turned the cart round and jumped in, but had not proceeded far when Faull, who was driving, was shot through the stomach by a native concealed in the grass not four yards from him. Almost at the same moment one donkey was killed and the other wounded, and the men, abandoning the cart, then ran for their lives.

They met the wagonette containing the three ladies and turned it back. Finally shooting for all they were worth at fifty or sixty natives who chased them and fired as they ran, they regained the shelter of the laager.

And then occurred a strange thing, which for heroism is not to be excelled in the annals of war. A message had to be wired to Salisbury for relief, but who in the face of certain death would volunteer to take it?

Then Blakiston, who was a telegraph clerk, but not an operator, volunteered to take the message, if Routledge, who was an operator, would accompany him to transmit it. To plunge head-foremost down a 1,000ft. precipice was not a surer way of ending existence than to run the gauntlet of the two miles separating the telegraph office from the laager, with the bush swarming with native riflemen. But the chance of speedy relief, and possibly the lives of depended upon that telegram being sent.

Every one in the laager knew that it was *certain death* to whomsoever of the party should take the message. The two men knew it was certain death, too—and yet they went.

Blakiston was wounded in the foot before he reached the telegraph office, but sent his message—and his good bye.

The people from the laager caught sight of them on their return, when they were some 1,700yds. distant.

They saw Blakiston fall on the road, man and horse, riddled with bullets. Routledge ran for cover into the bush, but was never seen again.

induna shouting to his companions to call up their men. This meant either the final rush of the foe, or that relief was at hand; and to the indescribable joy of the besieged, it proved to be the latter. Judson's patrol was sighted more than a mile away, and when it was observed to be heading for the telegraph office, men and women, regardless of risk, left the cover of the boulders, and, springing to their feet, joined in one tremendous shout.

After the arrival of the relief, the enemy for a time practically ceased firing, though the watchers knew they remained concealed in their



"THEY SAW BLAKISTON FALL ON THE ROAD"

All through that dreadful day, under a blazing sun, the rebel Mashonas, among whom were the revolted native police, led by Matabele warriors, poured a hot fire into the laager. But its defenders shot well, and were behind cover, and by killing a number of their swarming foes, prevented them from rushing the place. The fire abated somewhat during the darkness, but was resumed with redoubled vigour at dawn, the enemy having crept up, under cover, to within 150yds. of the breastwork. The narrow escapes of the besieged were miraculous, but they suffered from lack of food and water, and were nearly exhausted, when about 2 p.m. they heard a Matabele

vicinity. Judson took in the situation at a glance. The position was untenable for a prolonged defence, if for no other reason than that it was commanded by a higher kopje some 400yds. away. But to cut their way through to Salisbury, more men and more horses—and, above all, more ammunition—were imperatively needed.

For the promised reward of £100, a singularly plucky Cape boy named Hendritz was induced to ride to Salisbury with a despatch asking for a reinforcement of forty men and one Maxim gun. He started after midnight mounted on a black horse, and by ways inconceivable to an ordinary courier, got through the enemy unscathed.

On the Gwebi Flats he met Inspector Nesbit, of the Police, with a patrol consisting of Troopers Ogilvie, Harbord, McGregor, Byron, Edmonds, Arnot, A. Nesbit, Berry, Van Staaden, Zimmerman, McGeer, and Jacobs—thirteen men in all. The Inspector elected to proceed at once to the Mazoe without waiting for further reinforcements, and partly on account of the darkness, and partly owing to the enemy making sure of them on the return journey, they reached the Mazoe without fighting. Nesbit and his men arrived at the laager just before dawn (Saturday, the 20th), and the anxious garrison, who had suffered from several false alarms since sunset, broke the ominous stillness with a second shout of joy.

The party now numbered thirty men and three women; and after the new arrivals had fed and rested their horses, all hands set about preparing for departure.

Judson had the two sides, and to an extent the back, of the wagonette armoured with sheet-iron, which—as was observed at the time—fitted so well, that it seemed to have been made for the purpose. This measure unquestionably saved the lives of the women and wounded. The mules had all been shot or lost, so six men were dismounted, and the six troop horses inspanned in their place, though they had never been in harness before. The order of march was: an advance guard of five mounted men and eight on foot, and then a rear guard of seven mounted and eight footmen. A start was made before noon.

The enemy had again opened fire while the wagonette was being fortified, and this was kept up in a desultory fashion for the first mile or more of the route. But it became simply terrific when they reached the first donga, near the Vesuvius Mine.

The thick bush and kopjes were alive with thousands upon thousands of the enemy, officered by experienced mounted Matabele, and armed with Lee-Metfords, Martinis, and elephant guns, crammed with pot-legs and every variety of slug.

At the first donga, Pascoe, who was formerly a member of the Salvation Army, climbed to the roof of the wagonette, and with unconscious heroism remained there till the end, indicating the enemies' movements so that the rest might direct their fire, and using his own rifle the while with deadly effect. Mounted natives never ceased to harass the rear guard, and pressed it so close that at one point a halt had to be made, and volley after volley fired to drive them back. A few minutes afterwards Lieutenant McGeer fell, and his horse bolted, but was most pluckily ridden after and re-

captured by Hendriks. Then two of the patrol had their horses shot dead under them. Judson and Stamford-Brown ran back to see to McGeer, and found him lifeless, with several bullets through his head. All this while the enemy for the most part remained hidden, the grass edging the roadside being from 8ft. to 9ft. high. In this dense cover the natives squatted, and took pot-shots at the patrol, who had only flashes and puffs of smoke to aim at in return.

Half mad with thirst and weariness, the forlorn hope struggled forward, men and horses growing weaker and weaker as they advanced. At times many of the men on foot became too exhausted to lift their rifles, and had to hang on to some part of the waggon, or a companion's stirrup leather, till they regained a little strength. A perfect hailstorm of bullets, directed at the armoured waggon, made a continuous deafening rattle against the iron plates, which soon became a mass of dents; but amid the fearful uproar the women uttered no sound and made no movement, save to pass out handful after handful of cartridges to the men as they emptied their bandoliers. About a mile from the Tatagora Drift, where the road winds between the foot of a large kopje and the river, annihilation seemed certain. The blacks swarmed to within three yards of the road, and bullets seemed to rain upon the horses from every quarter. The valley was a raging hell of fire and death. The very grass bordering the roads seemed aflame, from the continuous discharge of rifles. Here one of the leaders of the team was shot through the head, but not killed, and kept its place. Immediately after, however, the off-side wheeler fell mortally wounded, and while Brown and Salthouse were struggling to cut him loose, the near-wheeler was killed and almost fell on Salthouse. Next Jacobs and Van Staaden were shot dead, the latter falling with the side of his head completely blown away. Arnot was cut off from his comrade, but eventually escaped. Hendriks in the advance guard was shot right through the jaws and mouth, and was ordered to abandon the convoy and save himself. Ogilvie was shot and severely injured; and Burton, receiving a terrible wound—right through the face—just managed to clamber into the waggon, and fell bleeding among the horrified women.

Still the agonized procession forged slowly ahead, and still the four remaining horses painfully dragged the wagonette, blood pouring from the nose and mouth of the wounded leader.

The advance guard now made a series of charges on the ambushes ahead, and so diverted some of the fire from the wagonette. All hoped to be able to slake their unbearable thirst



"THE DRIFT HAD TO BE TAKEN AT A RUSH."

river, but the firing was too terrific. The drift had to be taken at a rush, only a few of the men being able to scoop up water and mud in their hats, as they tore past in the rear of the flying waggon. The ground afforded less cover beyond the river, and here the whites were able to shoot down a number of their cowardly foes, who, if they had only had the pluck to make one determined charge, would still have annihilated the entire party. At the end of that terrible valley, a *ruse de guerre* was attempted, the advance guard riding forward and cheering wildly as if they sighted advancing relief. The cheering was taken up by the rest—and the ruse succeeded.

that returned were wounded.

Inspector Nesbit—possibly because he was connected with a force more nearly allied to the regular forces—was given a Victoria Cross, but he was the only member of that gallant little band whose services were recognised by Government. Captain Dan Judson, the organizer, leader, and moving spirit of the most heroic expedition in Colonial annals—despite the strenuous recommendations of Judge Vincent—received nothing! But his heroic feat of arms is not likely to be forgotten by the people of the veldt side, and will be remembered by most Englishmen who know the story.

The firing slackened off perceptibly, and soon ceased altogether; and before they reached the Gwebi River all pursuit was abandoned. Near this river they unharnessed the wounded leader, who had stood by them so gamely, and pulled with such splendid pluck, in their worst predicament. With one halt, varied by a false alarm that the natives were again in sight, they toiled painfully over the intervening seventeen miles, reaching Salisbury Laager about ten o'clock.

They received an indescribable ovation, it having been reported that all were killed. The attack on the Alice Mine and the reliefs had lasted, with but little intermission, more than sixty hours. Nearly 50 per cent. of the defending and relieving forces had been placed *hors de combat*. In all they numbered thirty-five white men, and of these, eight were killed outright and six or more wounded, including Judson, the commander. Six mules, two donkeys, and eleven horses were killed, while most of the nine horses

Among the Humming-Birds with a Camera.

BY ELIZABETH GRINNELL.

A charming article on these exquisite little creatures, illustrated by remarkable snap-shots taken in the Island of Dominica.



HE business of the camera is to represent things exactly as they are, and in photographing a bird's nest it is just as well not to try to help old Dame Nature in any way. A camera man some little time ago found several birds' nests of the same species close together, and, thinking that he would have a good picture of one of them while he was about it, put two or three of the clutches together in one nest and photographed them. A short while afterwards he was giving a lecture dealing with his travels to an audience composed largely of ornithologists, and after lauding the camera to the skies as an instrument for recording absolute facts, he flashed his bird's-nest picture on the screen, and a great roar of laughter instantly went up from the audience.

The way in which I commenced to photograph members of the feathered world was rather peculiar, and I propose to tell the story in this article, and illustrate my narrative by reproductions of some of my first attempts at natural history photography.

I was wandering in my garden one morning in December with my camera under my arm, when a humming-bird poised itself above some weather-beaten pampas plumes, and seizing a tuft darted off with it. My eye followed the swift flight of the wee bird to a low eucalyptus tree close to the path from the street into my house. I watched her deposit the pampas feather and then fly to a cypress hedge, where a number of spiders' webs were glistening and shimmering in the sunlight. Selecting one which appeared to commend itself to her judgment, she collected as much of it as she could carry in her slender bill, and journeyed back to her nesting site. She quickly placed it in position and flew off in search of fresh materials. Directly she had taken her departure I stole up to have a peep. Not two feet above the ground I discovered the beginning of the tiniest bird structure known to science. It was a mere filmy platform, fixed just where two twigs branched out from a stem, and well hidden beneath a sheltering cluster of pale, bluish green eucalyptus leaves.

I kept perfectly still in the hope of seeing the little builder return to her work, but she was evidently anxious not to betray the whereabouts of her future cradle, and sat and watched me from a branch some fifty feet away.

Some acrid sage has said, "It is only children and fools who think of attempting the impossible." Anyway, I should never have thought of attempting to photograph an object so tiny and so swift as a humming bird had it not been for my little daughter, who, joining me during my observations, said: "Why don't you photograph the humming-bird, mamma?"

The idea took hold of me from that moment, and I began an attempt to establish myself in the bird's confidence. Before the nest was as large as a walnut its builder had become so trustful of me, that she would come and work away at her neat little structure whilst I stood within a few feet of it. Of course, it was necessary for me to exercise the most important faculty of all successful observers of wild creatures at home, namely, that of keeping absolutely still.

On New Year's Day the first elliptical white unspotted egg was laid. It was no bigger than a navy bean, and looked like a wee gem in a setting of silver-grey. By-and-by another was deposited, but I did not attempt to make any photographic studies of the mother bird at the nest for fear I might make her forsake it.

Some people imagine that birds always finish their nests before they lay their eggs in them. This is a great mistake, for this particular hummingbird added to hers day by day as incubation advanced. I watched her placing frail bits of lichen and spiders' webs around the edges of her tiny cradle, and turning round and round rapidly inside it, so as to give it shape and symmetry. Some birds, such as shags, add freshly gathered flowers to their nests, in a way that leads one to believe that they have some ideas upon decoration, right up to the time their chicks are hatched.

About a fortnight after the second egg had been laid I peeped into the humming-bird's nest and discovered two very tiny dark objects, strangely suggestive of a pair of ugly little grubs.

The male birds of many species make excellent husbands, and not only feed their mates whilst they are brooding, but take a turn at the work themselves, and help to gather food for their offspring; but humming birds know none of these virtues, and when the serious work and responsibility of house-keeping commence in earnest, away fly the males to the mountains, and spend their time in sucking nectar from the wild flowers and dancing about in the sweet sunshine.

I kept up my observations until the female humming-bird and I understood each other thoroughly, and she had become so familiar with my form, that she would come and feed her chicks whilst I stood quite close to her nest; then I brought my camera out and began my work of picture making.

At first the young ones kept quite low in the nest, which still retained its beautiful cup-shape, as if to escape observation until their mother

I hear some of my readers saying: "But I do not see any food in the mother humming bird's bill." No, because she feeds her offspring by thrusting her long, slender bill into their throats, as shown in our second illustration, and regurgitating a supply of her own half-digested food.

Some idea may be gathered of the familiar terms upon which I became with this particular humming-bird and her young ones by a reference to our third illustration, which I induced a friend to make for me whilst I examined my tiny friends with my face within a few inches of them. Indeed, I held my face so close to the nest on one occasion, that when the parent bird returned to it she fanned my cheeks with her

swiftly vibrating wings, and even looked at her own reflection in my eyes.

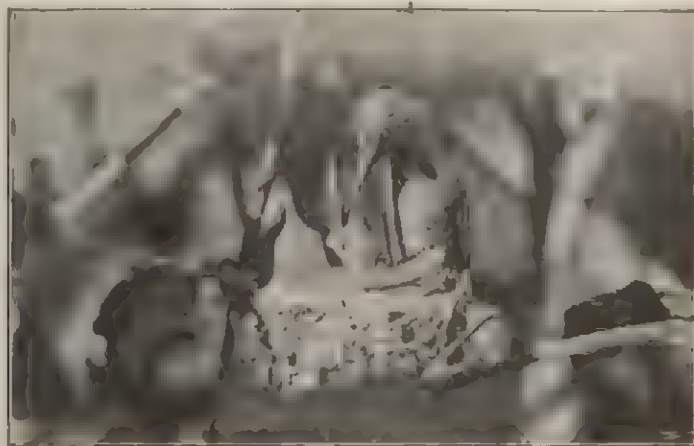
As the chicks grew larger the nest lost its beautiful shapeliness and became flattened out. The upper parts of its outer rim began to look



[From a]

"THE HUMMING BIRD"

[Photo.]



[From a]

"THE HUMMING BIRD"

[Photo.]

turned up with a supply of food for them, then they shot up their little heads like jacks in boxes and opened their mouths ridiculously wide, as shown in our first illustration. I can just fancy

torn and ragged by reason of its contact with the old bird's oft returning feet. Instead of squeezing down into its nether regions and hiding themselves, the two youngsters began



[From a]

"A CLOSE INSPECTION."

[Photo.]

to sit upon its edge and look out eagerly for the return of their mother.

About this time I thought that I might make up a bit for the desertion and neglect of the humming-bird's husband by assisting her to feed her children, so placed a small quantity of sugar syrup on the tip of my index finger and placed it within their reach. They sucked it up eagerly with their long, black tongues, which were no thicker than a linen thread, and tickled my finger greatly in the process. It will be seen in the next picture that one of the chicks was just in the act of feeding from my finger tip when my friend exposed the sensitized plate upon them.

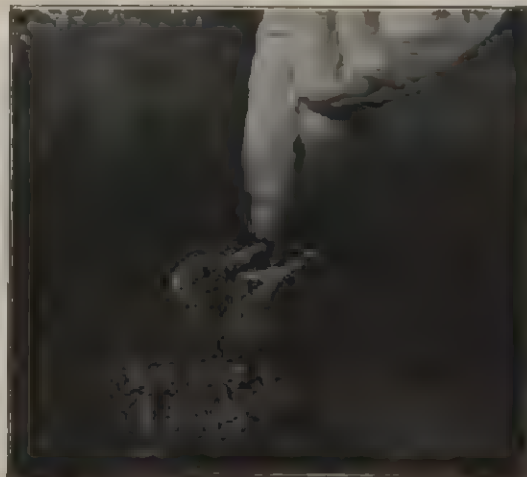
When the parent bird came back to her nest, she seemed in hovering near it to be suspended in the air rather than sustained by the rapid movements of her strong little wings, and the buzzing sound made by their swift vibrations at such close quarters made me feel the very appro-

priateness of the general name of the family to which she belonged, for the noise was a literal hum.

I was very desirous of making an attempt at the exceedingly difficult feat of photographing whilst in the above-named attitude, so chose a day when the light was good for rapid work and sallied forth, camera in hand, ready for the fray. I fixed up my apparatus, focused the nest and its occupants, and waited for the return of the owner. By and by, along came the brilliant little creature like a flash of

light, and whilst she hovered on the edge of the nest with her rapidly-vibrating wings in full motion, I snapped off and secured the picture which is reproduced at the top of the next page. The gauzy impressions left by the swiftly-moving wings are strangely suggestive of those of a dragon fly.

In course of a while, the two chicks grew uneasy, and the circumscribed character of



[From a]

"WE LIKE SUGAR TOO."

[Photo.]



[FROM A]

"MOTHER BIRD FEEDING ON HUMMINGBIRD WING."

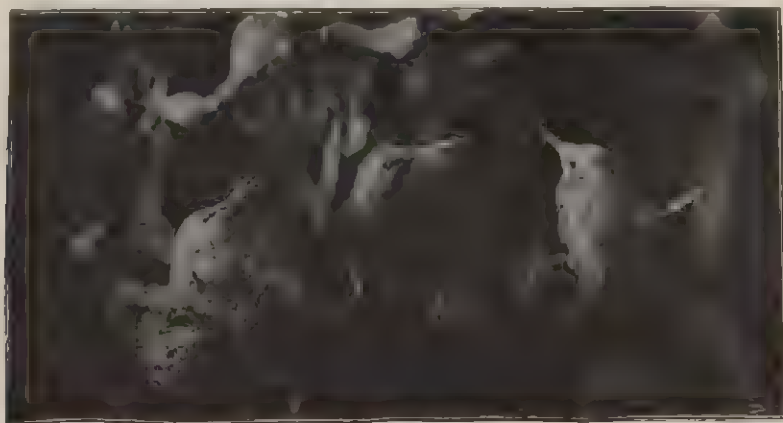
[Photo.]

the cradle in which they had lived since they left their little prison houses of white shell became too small for them, and the elder of the two began to hop out on to small branches round about, and boldly view the greater world around him. Not so his younger brother - he sat timidly upon the edge of his now dilapidated old nest and listened for his mother's welcome note of "Tsp, tsp," by which she heralded her presence on a branch above. Once or twice the young adventurer amongst the branches did a flutter round just by way of exercising what he felt instinctively to be a new power added by the growth of his feathers, and I knew that my chances of picture making were soon to be at an end. I, therefore, broke off the twig which supported the nest, and bringing it away a little from the tree of which it formed part, held it in my hand and waited to see what would happen. The elder chick flew out, and persisted in wandering aimlessly about for a while; however, he came back in due

course, and perched upon the branch.

The mother bird was watching all this from a branch above and called out "Tsp, tsp." When all was quiet she flew down and alighted upon the branch which I held in my hand. She looked a little scared, as may be seen upon reference to our last illustration, but her eldest son seemed to regard the whole business with a great deal of equanimity, whilst her younger one seemed chiefly concerned as to whether she had brought him any-

thing to eat. The click of my friend's camera ended the last sitting, and in a very short space of time the whole family had left my garden, and gone forth into the world to enjoy the sunshine and nectar and small insects which they extract from the recesses of flowers by the aid of their long, slender bills and retractile tongues. They gather their food whilst poised in the air upon their wonderful wings. They are not at all disinclined to the society of mankind, but it is an exceedingly difficult matter to keep them in confinement. The males are very bad-tempered birds, and hardly ever meet each other without having a fight. Indeed, they will attack other birds much larger than themselves, and even condescend to an engagement with a humble-bee, but the last named fact is hardly to be wondered at when it is taken into consideration that the members of some species of humming birds are no larger than a bee themselves.



[FROM A]

"LEAVING THE NEST"

[Photo.]

How We Hid the Nihilist

BY A MARINE ENGINEER.

Those who go down to the sea in ships have many strange and weird adventures to relate, as many thousands of our readers are aware. We have to suppress the real name of the ship, and the name of the author, who is now a well-known officer in the merchant marine. The incident is most extraordinary.

HOW we came to be let in for the job of hiding a Nihilist, and bringing him safely to England, I never knew exactly. Suffice it to say that it caused my fellow-engineers and myself a period of great anxiety. Our steamer was loading at Odessa in October, 1889, and the Chief, the Fourth, and myself (I was acting as third engineer at the time) were ashore one evening, in a ship-chandler's shop, in company with many other engineers of different steamers lying in the port. The proprietor of this establishment (whom for the purpose of this tale I will call George Dimetri) was a man well known to seafarers trading to that part of the world.

Several of those present, who knew the Greek better than I did, had remarked that he seemed to be in a most uncomfortable mood that night, and he had evidently told them the cause of his troubles, for much whispering had been going on between the Englishmen. Our Chief, who appeared to be "in the know," later on proposed that we should go for a walk, in the course of which he explained that a certain Nihilist, who had been captured by the Russian Government, and sent to Odessa for transportation to Siberia, in one of the volunteer fleet, had escaped, and was actually at Dimetri's shop in hiding. We were told, furthermore, that Dimetri had begged us Englishmen to get the man safely out of the country.

The Chief asked our opinions on the matter; sounded us, in fact, and I, for one, was strongly against having anything to do with the affair. I

cannot say whether I was won over by the pitiful yarn that was spun about the poor fellow's condition, or the fact that it was understood that money was no object; suffice it to say, that at last we three engineers consented to smuggle this Nihilist to England. It had been decided that the representatives of those steamers in port should draw lots as to which one was to undertake the risk, for risk it undoubtedly was. We fully understood that to be caught aiding this man would be a serious business for us.

Well, our Chief lost the toss, and we had to arrange the matter as best we could. I may mention here that the looks of the fugitive himself (we could never grasp his crack jaw name, and so always referred to him as "Him") were not by any means prepossessing, and so repelled was I when first I crawled into the hole under Dimetri's roof, and was introduced to the man as one of his would-be saviours, I could have recalled my decision there and then to aid and



abet his escape. You see, there's no getting away from facts. In fiction the fugitive would be a really noble-looking fellow, possessed of every attribute that commands one's admiration.

"Him," however, was fully 6ft. in height, with a shaggy head of hair, reminding one of the traditional pictures of poets; a beard that covered the whole of his chest, and had apparently never been trimmed, and a face that generally seemed never to have known the cleansing properties of soap. His clothes, which had evidently at one time been Dimetri's, and were ridiculously too small all round, by no means improved his appearance. Such were our first impressions of our romantic hero. In dismay, we decided to leave "Him" where he was, for that night, at any rate, and hold a consultation with our second engineer, who was aboard the ship, before doing anything further in the matter.

Perhaps it would be as well to state here how matters stood in our steamer. The *C—* was a new vessel, owned by a Greek firm, and flying the Greek flag. The whole of the crew, with the exception of the four engineers, were Greeks, and we were put on board by the builders of the machinery, a well-known north-country firm, as their guarantee men.

Now, four English engineers, all fellow-townsmen, and all likely to be employed on this same steamer for about six months only, and then to return to the same engine shop together, were more than friends. As a fact, we were more like four brothers. Therefore, when we told our second engineer what had occurred, he readily acquiesced, and we all four sat down in the mess room and worked the problem out. I will not weary you with an epitome of the suggestions offered; let it suffice to say we decided that the best place to stow "Him" in was the evaporator.

Without diving into technicalities, let me say that the evaporator is a machine used in modern marine engineering for making fresh water (in the form of vapour) by boiling salt water. A powerful jet of steam is run through a series of coils. When the dome is raised, these coils can be removed, and then a cylindrical space is left, some 6ft. in height by 3ft. 6in. in diameter. Of course, the machine can be worked or left unused as required, all ingress of steam and water being regulated by valves.

When we started work as usual next morning at seven o'clock, I got my men to raise the dome within; we then took out the coils, which, when clipped, I put carefully away in the locker in the Chief's cabin. At dinner-time the Chief himself, who had been ashore all the forenoon, came on board with a stranger. Believe me, I

should never have recognised the uncouth, weird-looking "Him" in the person that now stepped aboard. Our Chief had evidently not wasted his time, for he had taken a comb, a pair of scissors, and a razor ashore, and cut off all the Nihilist's superabundant hair. Much soap had evidently been used on the large person of "Him," and now he really looked a smart fellow, arrayed in naval clothes. Old Mac, our beloved chief, had bought a suit of clothes from a very tall engineer belonging to a Swedish ship lying close to us, and had equipped "Him" in them.

That evening, when the men had left work, and our steward, who was also a Greek, had gone, as usual, to gamble on the fore hatch, we took "Him" down into the engine-room, and silently placed him on the evaporator base, finally covering the dome over him. Next morning I didn't forget to explain to the stokers that I had had to lower the dome myself, as the Chief didn't like to see it hanging in the slings all night. We next put in the bolts and fastened down the dome as if ready for use. No one would ever dream that the coils of the evaporator were not in the machine, their place having been taken by a stalwart Nihilist, whom we were kidnapping, so to speak, in this very extraordinary manner. This evaporator was fitted with a safety valve on top; this I took out, so as to give our captive fresh air. Through the hole food was also lowered to him, but we couldn't send down very large parcels because the hole was only 3in. in diameter.

In the course of the day we received a visit from the Russian police. They had been to other ships also; and let me tell you they searched our steamer from end to end almost as thoroughly as English Custom-house officers would do, but no one dreamt of looking into the evaporator. I really thought we had got off very nicely when we sailed for Antwerp that night; but we soon found out that our troubles had only just begun.

Of course, we had fully intended to liberate "Him" as soon as the ship was fairly at sea; according to our calculations, he was then to be located in the store-room, which, as it was only used by ourselves, would have made "Him" a comfortable home for the three weeks' run. The ship rolled so heavily, however, that the Chief would not allow us to raise the dome; he was afraid, and rightly so, too, that it would carry away and either smash something, or kill poor "Him" in its mad movements.

But what *were* we to do with "Him"? We understood that he had been used to roughing it, and could stand pretty nearly anything. As a fact, he had to, whether he liked it or not,

before he finished that journey, at all events. We passed as much food down to him as we could, and although he didn't understand a word of English, we cheered him up constantly.

Forty hours' steaming brought us to the Bosphorus, and as we had to coal here, and should be very busy on deck, we pulled up the dome, and dragged poor "Him" out. Oh! what a sight he was. He had been very seasick, poor wretch, while the heat had made him lose much flesh, even in that short time, so that his clothes hung about him like sacks.

I think our sense of pity at his condition made us fairly wild at our folly in leaving "Him" there so long; we really hadn't calculated on the heat of his prison, for you must remember that he was in a part of the engine itself. We bathed him, however, and changed his clothes as far as we could; we fed him on beef-tea, wine, and arrowroot biscuits; walked him gently up and down the engine-room floor, and finally, when we thought he was coming round a bit, we locked him up in the store room, and went on deck to see that we were not robbed of coal by those rascally Turks.

The usual bustle and excitement were at their height, when the steward ran up to me and said he had been into the engine-room, and that a strange man was walking round examining everything.

Could "Him" have got out, I wondered, crossly: "what a fool he must be thus to expose himself to danger." Hastily I told the Chief the news, and ran down to the engine-room to expostulate with "Him." You may judge of my amazement on seeing quite another individual calmly walking the "starting platform," as though to the manner born. At first I thought he was a thief, but he politely informed me that

he had booked a passage to Antwerp in this very boat, and he went on to apologize for going into the engine-room without leave. I might, he said, be quite sure that he had done nothing wrong. The fellow evidently understood modern machinery, for he calmly asked me where the evaporator coils had got to. I was so thunderstruck that I couldn't reply for the moment, for there was the evaporator dome still in the slings—you see, we had been so

horrified at our charge's condition when we dragged him out, that we forgot to put it down again. Noticing my embarrassment, he smiled and said, "So the bird has flown, eh?" Without waiting for an answer, the stranger quickly ascended the engine-room ladder and was rowed ashore. I didn't know what to make of the affair. It was evident that "Him" had been betrayed, however. At any rate, I thought we had got rid of our mysterious visitor pretty easily, and I was complimenting myself on not being quite such a fool as he had evidently taken me for, when, to my dismay, on leaving the Golden Horn behind us, I

saw the same man talking to the captain on the poop. Evidently he had found out that no one had left our steamer at Constantinople, and so had hurried back, determined not to be balked of his prey. We held a hasty consultation as to what was to be done with "Him" under these very alarming circumstances. The captain would undoubtedly search the engine-room and stoke-holds, and if found, put both "Him" and the Russian officer, for such the polite stranger was, on to the first steamer we passed bound for Russia.

"Put 'Him' in the evaporator again," said the Second.

"What! and boil him to death?" said I, horrified.



"WHAT A SIGHT HE WAS!"

"Not at all," said No. 2. "We can run a jet of water over it, to keep it cool. The water will only wash the bulges out, and that they sadly need."

"Good," said the Chief. "And we'll raise the dome every night when we have an opportunity, and let 'Him' have a walk round."

These plans were carried out at once. "Him" protested violently, poor chap, but we thrust him into his ghastly tomb, with all the food we could lay our hands upon. It seemed

come to my assistance the Russian had got round the evaporator (I had shut off the water, as soon as I saw them coming) and, good heavens! I saw with a beating heart and feeling of indescribable horror *he was going to open the steam valve on to the coils, and boil poor "Him" to death.* I was about to shriek out, so great was my excitement, when a noise overhead attracted my attention. The Chief with magnificent presence of mind had dashed on to the boiler top and shut off the auxiliary valve, a thing which



HE WAS GOING TO OPEN THE STEAM VALVE.

partly like burying a man alive, and partly like thrusting him into an oven. All went well till the mid day watch next day, by which time we had left the mouth of the Dardanelles far behind us. I fancy our captain didn't want to start the search till we were quite beyond the power of the Turks, who will do anything for Russia in a matter of this kind.

About two o'clock in the afternoon the captain, accompanied by the Russian, came to the engine room door, and said he was about to search the whole place. I called the Chief, who was lying down just then, but before he could

I had been told to do, but had forgotten in the excitement.

Quick as lightning, however, the Chief did it, and our poor, bottled up fugitive was saved. The Russian police officer deliberately opened the valve, and then, turning round on me, laughed sardonically in my face. There was no longer any doubt in my mind that the whole of our plot had somehow been given away to the Russian police. In his pride at having, as he thought, baffled us, however, *he forgot to feel the dome to see if it were getting hot.* I should say that the anxious look on my face had told its own tale,

'The officer at any rate had fairly done his work, for when he had kept me talking for some time, he said, blandly, "Well, Mr. Engineer, you are now at liberty to have what is left of that fellow. Good afternoon." And walking out of the engine-room, he never troubled us again that run.

We had a good laugh at his expense, though, when, later on, we again restored "Him" to liberty. He was an awful wreck when we lugged him out and made him a nice bed in the waste locker, for we now wanted the evaporator to do its own legitimate work. Our next port of call was Algiers, and we spent our spare time here in maturing a nice little surprise for our Russian enemy. We created a fine, stalwart-looking man out of waste, using an old fire-bar for a backbone. This dummy was about the same build as "Him."

We reached Algiers after dusk, too late to coal that night, but the agent at once came on board with our letters. We begged the loan of a boat, and then, lowering our dummy carefully into it, three of us jumped in, and pulled quickly for the shore. But, as we intended, our spy saw us as we passed the stern of the steamer, and we saw him running frantically to the captain for a boat to be sent in pursuit.

When close to the quay, we quietly dropped the dummy overboard, and pulling round some coal-lighters glided swiftly back alongside our ship: we then climbed aboard and awaited the result.

All night long that Russian searched Algiers for "Him," but of course in vain, and next day

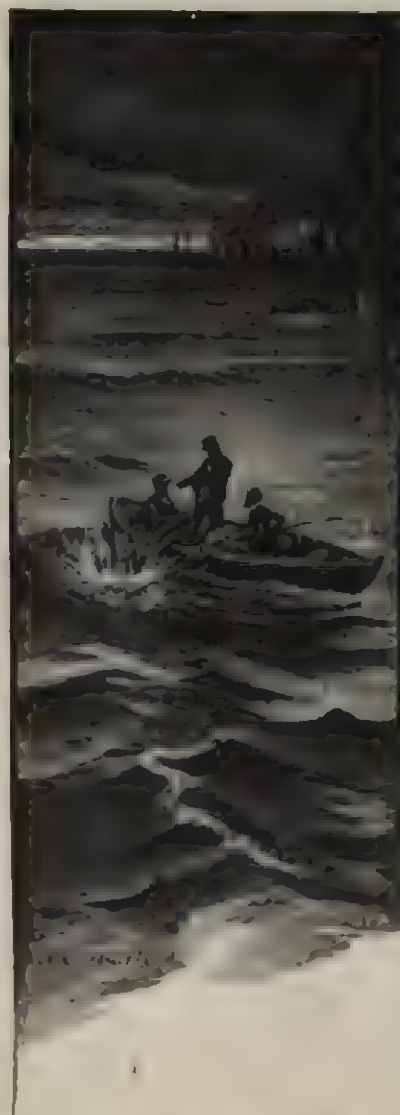
we saw the indefatigable officer dragging the harbour. It had evidently leaked out that a man had been thrown from our boat.

It was a good job for us, by the way, that the relations between France and Russia were not so cordial then as they are now, otherwise we might have had to bid good-bye to the good ship *C*— at Algiers, and accompany our Russian back to Odessa.

The latter suddenly declined to proceed any farther on his eventful voyage to Antwerp, and we afterwards learned that the dragging operations were crowned with overwhelming success during the evening, with the natural result that the Russian became the laughing-stock of the entire city.

Putting into Dartmouth for a further supply of fuel, we smuggled "Him" ashore, and the Chief and I were not sorry when his train left for the Metropolis. On arrival at Antwerp a letter was put into the Chief's hands; it contained no communication, but twelve £5 bank-notes, and I confess that my share came in very handy.

But the most extraordinary part of the whole story I learned the following year when again at Odessa. Poor "Him," it appeared, was, after all, a mere scapegoat for a far greater Nihilist than he—a "political" of high rank. "Him" was deliberately smuggled out of Odessa on board our ship, not so much because it was necessary that he himself should escape (though he certainly *was* very much wanted) as to throw the Russian police off the track of the more important conspirator.



"WE QUIETLY DROPPED THE DUMMY OVERBOARD."

The Quaintest Country in the World.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

All about the Republic of San Marino. The far-famed miniature Republic illustrated by photographs and described by a resident. Clamorous Europe surges around this delightful relic of the Middle Ages.



WHEN we remember that, not so very many years ago, all Italy was a jumble of kingdoms, duchies, and little independent States, and that the successful revolution of Garibaldi and the Sardinian Government depended upon the fascination of their cry for United Italy, it seems little short of a miracle that the only survivor of the old state of things should be a republic with an area of thirty-two square miles, and a population of about eight thousand peasants, earning a precarious existence upon a rock among the Apennines. The wonders of cannibal countries, the strange pre-historic customs which still survive in the unexplored interior of other continents, are not more extraordinary in their way than the survival of this fantastic political freak in the middle of a very modern country, whose every aspiration is for uniformity and commonplace progress.

No one has been able to explain it, but there it is, a close oligarchy, governed in paternal fashion by two Captains-Regent and a Council of Sixty, with its own mediæval laws and customs, living on peacefully and happily in much the same way that it has done during the last sixteen centuries. It would scarcely be more surprising if we found, on a village green in England, a specimen of some antediluvian animal long pronounced to be extinct by the naturalists, and learned that it had been allowed to live out its own existence without being molested by yokels, shot by a sportsman, or carted off to a museum.

It is strange how few people have taken the small amount of trouble required to visit this extraordinary spot. There is no difficulty whatever in reaching San Marino. Rimini is on the main line to Brindisi, and, therefore, to Egypt or India, and thousands of travellers who have passed that way must have discerned, from the windows of their trains, the three castled crags scarcely three leagues away to the west. Those few whose love for the Middle Ages has tempted them to stay and see this their last survivor have generally contented themselves with an afternoon drive, and come away with but scanty and fleeting impressions.

The history of San Marino has been curiously uneventful compared, that is, with the exciting romance of the whole neighbourhood. It was founded in the third century by a quarryman or, some say, a hermit named Marino, who fled there from a persecution of Christians, and

appropriated the rock for himself and his friends. The fact that it belonged to someone else did not seem to disturb him, and, when the owners tried to evict him, they were struck down by a mysterious illness, and only relieved from it on consenting to make over their property "as a free gift until all time."

A still narrower squeak—indeed, the narrowest squeak which the Republic ever knew—was in 1739, when Cardinal Alberoni seized the town and proclaimed its annexation to the Papacy. However, the sturdy mountaineers did not lose heart, and, when he assembled their notables in the church to swear allegiance, he was met with shouts of defiance, in which the very priest at the altar took part. The only result of this was imprisonment and pillage; but, after three months, the traditional good fortune of the Republic came to the rescue, and, by the intervention of Louis XV., independence was re-established.

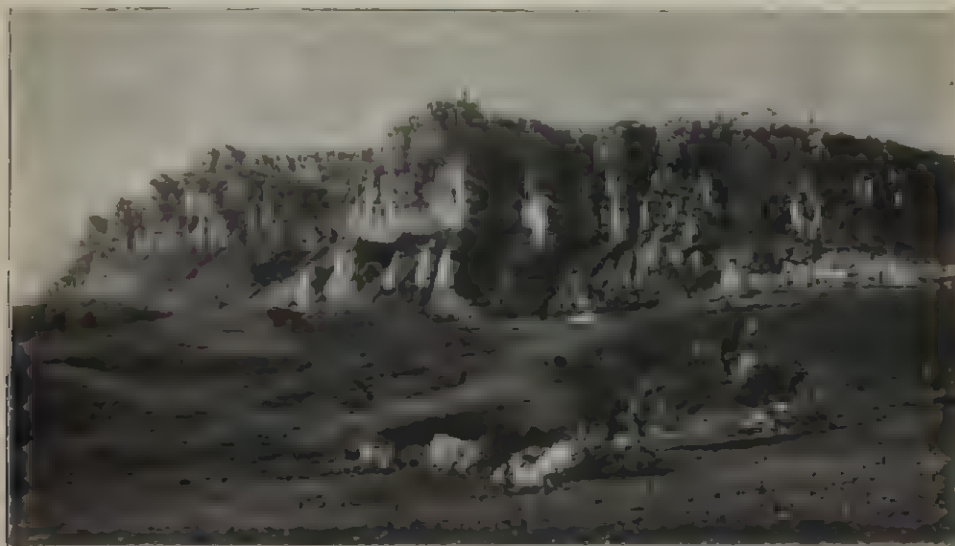
The next dangerous visitor was Buonaparte, who discovered the existence of the Republic during his Italian campaign of 1797, and good humouredly sent a messenger to offer an increase of territory. This was prudently refused, and, far from being offended, he wrote a very polite letter, promising to exempt the citizens from all contributions, and offering four cannons and some wheat as a mark of his distinguished consideration.

If he had pursued his inquiries a little more closely, the revolutionary general would doubtless have been somewhat less amiable to this highly aristocratic oligarchy. Throughout my stay, I was constantly coming across examples of ideas which were as contrary as possible to the modern acceptance of the word Republic. There are various orders of nobility, and the Captains-Regent maintain quite a show of ceremonial state, sitting upon a throne with a carved canopy, and being waited upon by an individual known as the *Cameriere del Principe*—Chamberlain to the Prince. "What Prince?" I was inclined to ask; and, though I found that it was only a convenient alias for the Sovereign Republic, it certainly struck a significant note. The Chamberlain to the Prince turned out to be the son of my landlord, and he was very useful in getting me access to all the sights. He even went so far as to hint that, if I were anxious to obtain a title, he could probably arrange to obtain for me a knighthood or even

a dukedom, if only I were willing to pay the usual fees, which, in the case of a dukedom, would probably have been rather heavy. A title was thus conferred upon an American named Tucker in return for his subscription of £100 a year to the library of the Republic.

In spite, however, of their aristocratic traditions and their various Royal attributes, the citizens are seriously imbued with modern democratic notions. No doubt they find this good policy in the present age, and, after all, it is only a theory, for they take care to adhere to their old form of Government, and value their national independence more than anything else they possess. For United Italy they express an enthusiastic regard, but they take good care to

to see San Marino must make up his mind to spend the night there unless he goes in his own conveyance. The roads are rough and hilly and, for the last portion of the way, indulge themselves in wearisome zigzags. The pace of the diligence is disheartening—three hours to do three leagues—and the thick clouds of white dust do not improve the temper. But the driver proves delightfully garrulous, and time flies faster than the horses. San Marino itself stands out against the horizon for the greater part of the way, growing more and more imposing on closer acquaintance. Scarcely anywhere else in the world may you see a natural rock so fantastic in its appearance. Every detail bears out your conviction that it must be the fastness of some



From a Photo. Ly.

CHARACTERISTIC VIEW OF THE APPROACH TO SAN MARINO.

[Emilio, Bologna.]

have neither part nor lot in it, having a wholesome dread of its conscription and grinding taxation. My landlord, who was quite a typical citizen, after explaining at length to me the details of the Constitution, told me with great complacency that "the people" had nothing to do with the laws except to obey them; and, when I drew his attention to the words, "We demand universal suffrage," which had been scribbled up on some of the walls, he replied indignantly that that was merely the work of a few coffee house babblers, and did not represent in any way the sentiments of the citizens.

The Republic is a good deal easier to leave than to visit. A citizen of the Republic may rise early, take the diligence to Rimini, and return home the same evening after attending to his business in Italy. But an Italian desiring

medieval robber duke, if not the abode of a giant ogre.

Presently, as we cross a little stream, the driver gives a loud crack with his whip and exclaims, triumphantly, "*Ecco!* we are now in the territory of the Republic." Some authorities have sought to identify this stream with the ancient Rubicon, and it is certainly strange if that has remained a frontier down to the present day. The inscription on its bridge suffices to convince you that you have strayed back into the old times. On one side of it are the letters "R. S. M." (Republic of San Marino); on the other you may still discern the arms of the old Papal States. Where else in Italy would this have been allowed to remain? But no one seems to trouble about San Marino, and the strangest instances of forgetfulness might be quoted with regard to it. For

instance, when Austria made peace with Italy, she forgot that the Republic of San Marino had also declared war upon her, so no separate peace was concluded, and, strictly speaking, the tiny Republic still remains at war with the Dual Monarchy.

The real business of the ascent begins at the frontier village, and, after one more long delay for rest and refreshment, we are supplied with an extra horse, and proceed to climb the hill at a snail's pace. Our next stopping-place is Borgo, a flourishing village at the neck of the hill, just before the ascent begins to be serious.

This is the aristocratic part of the town, where the nobles and other rich peasants reside, and the best of the humble shops are to be found. It has a modest inn, where a traveller would probably do better to alight, but the driver immediately decides for me that I must go on to "Bigi's" at the top. That is the resort of all intelligent travellers, for Bigi understands foreigners, and shows them all that they should see. So to Bigi's I determine to go, and we proceed up an endless zigzag to a pretty terrace with soothing trees and creepers, where the young men and maidens of the Republic are enjoying their evening stroll.

At last we find ourselves outside a fine old gateway, where a crowd of loafers awaits the arrival of the diligence, evidently the event of the day. The driver greets his wife, and bids her shoulder my bag and conduct me to Bigi's, which turns out merely a peasant's cottage, with a bush hung up outside it to show that it is a place of entertainment. Food and every necessary have, however, to be obtained all the way from Borgo, and the accommodation is of the most primitive character,

though Bigi could not have been prouder of a palatial caravan-serai.

Outside his house is a little square with a wine-shop, a chemist, and a pump, forming an obvious resort for all the gossips of the Republic. It becomes one of my chief amusements to lounge at my windows and take in with eyes and ears the cheerful, happy-go-lucky, uneventful life of the Republic. On the left is a great rock, with houses looking giddily down more than roosts from the summit, where a number of laughing girls are eagerly letting down baskets by a string to receive fruit from an itinerant vendor below.

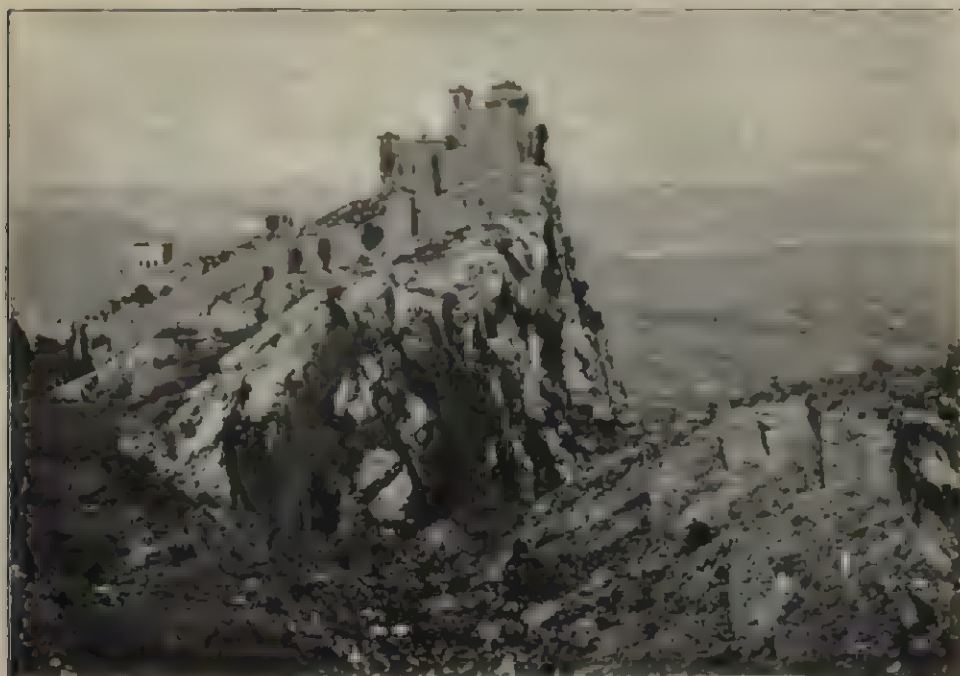
As a town, San Marino would be very like any other remote corner of Italy but for the consequences of being set upon so sheer a rock. Each street is either a precipice or a staircase, and would recall parts of Valletta, but that it strays very far from the perpendicular.

On the way down to the entrance-gate is a coffee-house with an inscription to the effect that: "On the 31st of July, 1849, Joseph Garibaldi, hard pressed by the German arms, refused the conditions of surrender, reserving himself for better times." Nowadays, he is as much of a hero to the Sanmarinese as he is



From a (Kodak) SAN MARINO ENTRANCE GATEWAY. (Engraving, Bologna)

to the most ardent Italian. But when he visited them in 1849, they were by no means so pleased to see him as they would have us believe to-day. Not having yet afforded themselves the amusement of declaring war upon Austria, they pleaded the neutrality of the Republic when Garibaldi proposed to pass through their territory. He was, however, in no mood to consider punctilios of international law, and next morning he forced his way in and demanded food and shelter. The Republic was now in a quandary, with several hundred ragged red shirts clamouring within its walls,

[Phipps, *Illustration*]

SAN MARINO—A TOWN SET UPON A SHEER ROCK.

[Phipps, *Illustration*]

and Austrian bayonets glittering upon the neighbouring heights. The Captains-Regent attempted to play the rôle of mediators,

but the Austrian terms were too severe for Garibaldi, and he preferred to make a dash for it with 200 picked men across the hills to Venice, leaving the Republic to explain her connivance to the Austrians as best she might. Altogether, the incident was not so agreeable as is now sought to be represented. Garibaldi's

letter is, however, preserved among the greatest treasures of San Marino, and **runs as follows:** "Roman Republic. Command of the 1st Italian Legion. San Marino, 31st July, 1849. Citizen representatives of the Republic, the conditions imposed upon you by the Austrians are not acceptable, and we will therefore quit the territory. — J. GARIBALDI."

From Bigi's square I ascend a winding staircase-street and find myself in a big open place, commanding an

[Phipps, *Illustration*]

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[Phipps, *Illustration*]

panorama of rocks and wooded valleys stretching away to the Adriatic. It enables me to realize what an eagle's nest I have invaded, but the view is monotonous and suggests second rate stage scenery. In the middle of the square is a gaunt statue of Liberty, which figures conspicuously upon the post-cards of San Marino.

At one end is the post-office, with the standard measures of the Republic on the stone let into the wall. The post-office is one of the institutions of which the citizens are most proud, and they derive quite a respectable portion of their revenue from the sale of their various issues to collectors. I have before me a long printed document, issued by authority, setting

one of the giddiest experiences I know. The council chamber is of severe ecclesiastical aspect. On one wall is an elaborate fresco of no particular artistic pretension. In the background it has a view of the three turreted peaks of San Marino; in the foreground a variety of mediæval personages are doing homage to the saint himself, who is being wafted upon a cloud attended by a couple of angels. In front of the fresco is the throne of the Captains Regent, which, with an array of standard candle-sticks, a dais, a long desk, and the fresco, might easily be mistaken for a simple form of altar, while the rows of arm chairs along the walls suggest cathedral stalls of a primitive pattern.



From a Photo. by

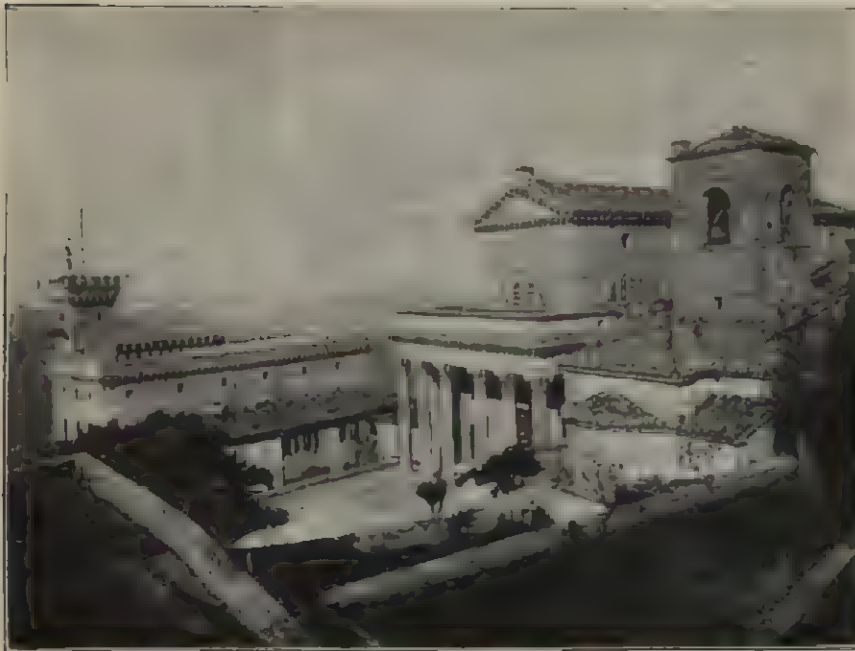
SAN MARINO. THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

(Peppi, Bologna.)

forth the style and price of all stamps, both obsolete and in present use. In 1894 there was a special commemorative issue, by which they made a handsome profit. The Republic has also issued a number of pennies and half pennies, which are accepted as currency in Italy, but these are rarely to be met with in San Marino itself, where the ordinary Italian paper is the regular currency.

At the other end of the square is the Government palace, a gaunt, grey brick building, with two of its walls standing sheer from the side of the precipice. To look out of its windows is

The library or museum, which was a council chamber before the erection of the present palace, is perhaps most remarkable for its confusion. There are some 11,000 volumes, the greater part modern works of no importance, all in the utmost disorder and destitute of a catalogue. A Madonna by Giulio Romano jostles a portrait of George Washington; an ugly medallion of Victor Emmanuel chaperones a modern allegorical picture of the saintly Founder conferring liberty upon a buxom maiden, intended to represent the Republic. The people of San Marino seem to have no



From a Photo by]

SAN MARINO—THE CATHEDRAL.

[Chappi, Bologna.

sense of proportion, for as much store seems to be set by trumpery coins, medals, ribbons, and various documents relating to Victor Emmanuel or Louis Napoleon Buonaparte as by an old charter of the year 885 and a document signed by Cæsar Borgia.

After this there only remains to visit the cathedral and the three dovecote castles, which figure on the ubiquitous coat of arms, and are so particularly characteristic of the place. The cathedral is a large bare building containing a life-size statue of the saint and a gilt bust, said

to contain some of his remains and elevated on the occasion of his feast-day for the adoration of the populace. Two of the castles are little more than ruins, and the third is now used as a gaol. With its smiling garden it must render imprisonment almost a pleasure, and so the gaoler seems to think, for when I part from him he expresses the somewhat alarming hope that we may meet again.

I am fortunate enough to be present at San

Marino on one of the national holidays, and accordingly enjoy an opportunity of observing a march past of the whole army, which consists of 124 soldiers, who, like the people of another Republic, appear to be "mostly colonels." Some of the uniforms with their cocked hats and plumes are distinctly magnificent, and every man struts about with as ferocious and self-satisfied an expression as any Prussian veteran. I understand that honorary rank in this army, conferring a right to wear the uniform, is as easily obtained as the titles of nobility.



From a Photo by]

SAN MARINO—TO CENTARMERIE.

[Chappi, Bologna.

The laws and Constitution are not the least remarkable points about this extraordinary little State. The Captains Regent are elected in April and October by the Council, one of them must always be a nobleman and the other a commoner. In the photograph it is the less distinguished one, standing to the reader's right, who is the nobleman, but perhaps a closer inspection will reveal the fact that the commoner appears less at his ease. The Council of Sixty comprises twenty nobles, twenty citizens, and twenty countrymen, and, whenever a vacancy is created by death, the remaining councillors elect a successor. All legislative and executive powers belong to the Sixty, who govern the State in true paternal style. There are regulations prohibiting locksmiths from selling latch-keys to young men, determining the opening of drinking shops and billiard saloons, and forbidding games of chance either in public or in private. In this connection may be mentioned the fact that the Republic is very proud of having refused a concession for the establishment of gambling tables, although this would, no doubt, have greatly assisted the Budget. There are fines for "doctors, chemists, or blood-letters revealing professional secrets"; for people disturbing Roman Catholic services, but not those of heretics; and for "usurpation of public esteem," by taking unauthorized titles. There is imprisonment of one to three months for "cursing the most holy name of God, or the Holy Virgin, or the Founder of the Republic," and for "breaking out into invectives on the publication of a law"; while to write or speak in favour of a dissolution of the Council exposes a culprit

to ten years' penal servitude. Special licenses are required for growing tobacco, keeping she-goats, going up in balloons, or climbing the town walls. It would be rather amusing to present a humble petition to a Council of Sixty for leave to climb the town walls of a Sovereign Republic.

How long will the quaintest State in Christendom be spared by its big neighbour? The beginning of the end will come when some enterprising tourist agency persuades the Council of Sixty to sanction a railway and provides cheap tickets to the Republic. Already many travellers in Italy must have regretted their omission to explore the strangest group of villages in the whole peninsula, if not in Europe, and, for a time, no doubt, San Marino would derive a handsome profit from their advent. But once this had led to its natural consequence, and the little old wizened Republic had been swallowed up in the great parvenu kingdom, the whole attraction would be gone, and San Marino, bereft of her special privileges, would once more be forgotten by the world. Already politicians at Rome speak of her as an anomaly and a blot upon the unity of the country, and in 1895 the Italian

Government denounced the treaty of protective friendship, which it concluded in 1872. Long may this happy and contented people be spared the intrusion of modern progress! We may smile over what in these days may strike us as an atmosphere of comic opera, but we cannot refuse our tribute of admiration to the rugged virtues and the simple felicity of the last survivor from the heydays of romance.



THE CAPTAINS REGENT OF THE STATE OF SAN MARINO.
From a Photo. by Lombini, Bologna.

The Cobra.

By A. SARATHKUMAR GHOSH.

A learned Indian gentleman discourses about this fearful and deadly reptile, illustrating each point in his fascinating narrative by means of exceedingly thrilling and dramatic true stories taken from his own experiences.



F all the poisonous snakes of the world the cobra-di-capello, or the hooded cobra, is, perhaps, the most deadly. A bite from this snake invariably proves fatal within a few minutes, except in certain rare cases which will be mentioned presently. No remedy has yet been discovered for cobra bite, nor even any species of Pasteurian inoculation as a preventive. Yet many a human life has been saved by the knowledge of the peculiarities of this terrible foe of man, without which death would inevitably have resulted in most cases. It will therefore be perhaps interesting to consider these peculiarities, with certain incidents in illustration thereof within the writer's personal knowledge.

The cobra is found throughout the plains of India and the neighbouring countries, and in rare cases up to an altitude of about 8,000ft. in the hill districts. Even on the plains it is not frequently met with during the cold weather, from November to February, when it is generally in hiding or lying in a lethargic state. It is the heat that draws it out from its lair, and consequently renders it dangerous to man or beast. But by far the worst season for the cobra is from June to September, during the rains. The fact is, driven by the inundation to escape from holes and other natural hiding places, the cobra takes refuge on higher grounds, in houses, etc.

During this season alone the cobra is the cause of five times as many deaths in India as result from tigers, leopards, panthers, and other wild beasts. The commonest lurking-place of the cobra is rat-holes, whether in or about dwelling houses or in corn-fields. The reason is simple. The cobra cannot burrow holes for itself; it therefore attacks a rat-hole, de-

vours its occupants, and takes up its abode there. Another dangerous place for it is house debris, which unfortunately are very common in India, and which, being slightly higher than the surrounding ground, offer a safe retreat during the rains.

The cobra's food consists chiefly of rats, frogs, lizards, eggs, small fish, etc. It has a particular liking for cow's milk, as the two following incidents will illustrate.

A villager going to milk his cow one morning, the proper time in India for the purpose, found the supply very much less than usual. This thing happened for several days in succession. At last he began to suspect that someone probably one of the neighbours — had been there before. So he kept watch at night. Nothing happened till early dawn, when he saw the cow suddenly start, quivering all over the limbs, its eyes glazed in abject terror. From his distant hiding-place he could see no intruder approaching, and yet that cow stood motionless as if stricken with paralysis. Suddenly he heard a soft sucking sound, and stepping forward cautiously, beheld a most unique sight. There was a huge cobra coiled round and round the hind legs of the cow, with its head to the udder sucking the milk. Fearing to lose the cow altogether, he waited till the cobra, having had its fill, came back to its lair (which happened to be near the rafters of the thatched roof), and then killed it.



THE COW STOOD MOTIONLESS AS IF STRICKEN WITH PARALYSIS.

The other incident is still more remarkable. A couple of snake charmers (who, by the way, were brothers) had in their collection some half a dozen cobras, with their poisonous fangs intact. These were kept carefully in separate baskets for some special purpose. The charmers lived in a hut containing two rooms, one used for sleeping, the other as a kitchen. The floor of the former was of black clay, and the bed of the brothers consisted merely of a mat thrown on the floor, and covered over with a white sheet. In a corner of the room were the baskets containing the snakes. Now, one morning, one of the brothers got up early to prepare breakfast in the next room, leaving the other still fast asleep. The latter waking up a short time after, just happened to open his eyes without actually moving. A terrible sight met his gaze. Sur-

rounding his bed, with their hoods expanded, and half their lengths off the ground, were the fanged cobras! They watched him steadfastly, their darting tongues alone indicating any motion. The snake charmer closed his eyes in terror—he knew it was all up with him. If he moved, down would come those merciless fangs upon his bare flesh.

mind. But why had not the cobras attacked him already? Why did they stand there motionless, and watch, and watch, and watch him with those glittering eyes? Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the thought dawned upon him. Yes! The floor on which the cobras stood was black, and his bed was white! The sudden transition was unwonted, and the cobras paused in hesitation. With rising hope, he realized that he was safe so long as he lay motionless and within the charmed circle.



"A TERRIBLE SIGHT MET HIS GAZE."

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In that helpless position a terrible death awaited him. Had he been up and opposed to a single cobra, he might have won easily, with his accustomed skill. But there he lay, helpless as a log of wood. How the snakes had got out, he knew not; perhaps the baskets had not been so carefully fastened as he had believed. These and other thoughts passed through his

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But how long could he endure that terrible siege? Already his nerves were giving way under that fascinating gaze. Once he thought of jumping up and making a dash into the next room, but—cobras stood to the right of him, left of him, before him, behind him. He closed his eyes again in horror. Suddenly he heard his brother moving about in the next room. Strange he had not thought of him before! Scarcely above a whisper, scarcely with moving lips, he called his brother's name. The brother, snake-charmer that he was, and, therefore, used to perils of every sort, heard the whispered word, and with wonted instinct realized that there was fear of death, and appeal for aid, in that word. He crept to the door on tip-toe and peeped in. He realized the situation at a glance. Hastening back, he seized the steaming milk that he had just boiled for breakfast, poured it on a large flat dish, ran swiftly and noiselessly to the door and placed it on one side within, then ran back to the kitchen. The cobras smelt or saw the delicacy; in a moment

they rushed forward and plunged their heads into the dish. Their would-be victim jumped up from the bed, sprang into the kitchen, and slammed the door. The cobras were afterwards captured by a method which shall be described later on.

But before proceeding further with these interesting episodes, let us consider what this snake really is. It varies in colour from black to light brown on the upper part of the body, but is always of a bluish white about the belly. The upper portion, however, is not continuously of one colour, the dark effect being merely due to innumerable spots lying close together on a lighter surface. These spots often lie in broad bands (about 2 in. wide), with a lighter and narrower interval between. The head of the cobra, which in its natural state is of a cylindrical shape, becomes expanded in the form of a hood when the snake is roused to anger or excitement. On the top of the hood appears a beautiful marking in the form of a pair of spectacles. Withal it is a very beautiful creature, and there is no more fascinating sight in Nature than an angry cobra rearing half its length off the ground and about to strike its prey. But we are anticipating.

Its usual length is about 4 ft. or 5 ft., and girth about 5 in. But perhaps one of the largest cobras ever known was killed by the writer's father, after a thrilling midnight battle of an hour's duration. In the morning, when of course the dead snake had shrunk a few inches, it measured over 6 ft. in length, and 6 in. in girth. Curiously enough, the mate, which for a female was unusually large at 5½ ft., was killed a few days after in the same neighbourhood by the writer.

But let us hasten to describe the most interesting portion of the cobra's economy. It has two rows of teeth in the upper jaw, with successive rows of smaller and smaller teeth behind in a loose state and in varying stages of completion. Right in front of the first row, and immediately below the eyes, are two poisonous fangs, one on either side of the head. If either of the two fangs happen to be broken off, either accidentally in the act of relaxing its jaws after a bite (owing to the fangs being curved *inwards* like the teeth of a crocodile), or with a pair of pincers by a captor (as shall be described presently), then in that case the tooth immediately behind the broken fang comes to the front, and in a short time is converted into a poisonous fang by being firmly

fixed to the bone *adjacent to the poison gland*. Hence snake charmers have periodically to break off these growing fangs to render the cobra harmless again. If, however, all the loose teeth be taken off altogether, then the cobra is rendered innocuous for life, since, as in the case of most animals, these teeth never grow again.

Now, the so-called poisonous fangs are not in themselves poisonous—that is, they are not coated with poison: nor even have they a capillary tube running inside along their length, through which the cobra injects the poison into the wound. If that were the case, the cobra could not seize its food, e.g., a rat, without infecting it with the poison. No; Nature is not so clumsy or wasteful in her ordinations—notwithstanding popular belief to the contrary. The real fact is, there is a fine tube running from the *base* of each of the two fangs backwards under the eye to an almond-shaped gland or bag which contains the poison. This gland is constantly secreting the poison, with a small supply for immediate use. Hence if the tube connecting the gland to the base of the fang were kept open, the poison would be constantly running out into the mouth of the cobra, and thus wasted to no purpose. To prevent this, a circular muscle binds the tube somewhere about the middle. But when the cobra strikes its prey, this muscle is relaxed and another one squeezes the poison-bag and thus injects the poison.

But let us describe the whole process of striking, and see what the cobra does when he means mischief. He expands his head and rears at least a third of his length in the air, with the rest of the body coiled in the form of a spiral, as shown in the accompanying diagram. This spiral form gives him sufficient anchorage to rear his body by sheer muscular effort,

and also the necessary leverage in dealing the blow. His eyes glisten like obelisks, his forked tongue darts in and out with a low, hissing sound. Suddenly he throws back his head in a low curve, and as swiftly darts forward to his victim, partly as a plunge and partly as a spring, unfolding a portion of his coil to increase his range. It *looks* as if the cobra sprang into the air, but, as a matter of fact, his belly usually touches the ground



COBRA PREPARING TO STRIKE.

at the moment of striking, in order to afford him sufficient leverage to embed his fangs firmly on the body of the victim. The action is magnificent, and yet swift.



COBRA STRIKING FROM THE UNFOLDING COIL.

lightning flash. The tongue is withdrawn, the mouth wide open. The fangs fall on the victim as a *stab*, the lower jaw closing in beneath as a *bite*. If the blow has been fair and square, two small punctures are made in the flesh of the victim by the two fangs; otherwise, if the blow has been one-sided, there will be only one puncture.

Now, the mere striking of the blow is not enough, and if the cobra were *instantaneously* to withdraw the fangs after dealing the blow, his prey would suffer no worse effect than the pain of those needle-like punctures. It is still necessary to inject the poison. In certain cases indeed, by a strong muscular action, the poison has been injected almost simultaneously with the blow; nay, in a case where the cobra was inordinately roused to fury, the poison was shot out by a strong muscular effort *while the cobra was still in the act of plunging*—and in this case the would-be victim, who was really out of range, escaped the blow, but had the poison squirted all over him. Still, however, in most cases the poison is injected *after* the blow—though it be but half a second after. That half a second has saved many a life—for instance, where the blow, not being struck full in the body, but only on the edge of it, the cobra slipped off the body by the mere impetus of the blow, causing the fangs to scratch along the skin in two thin lines.

Assuming, however, that the blow has been struck full on the body of the victim, the cobra immediately after the blow (*i.e.*, as soon as he has partially recovered from his own impetus, which is in about a second or so) wriggles his head either to the right or to the left. This act of turning helps to squeeze the poison gland situated on that side to which the cobra has turned, and thus to inject the poison over the puncture on that side. [Of course, if the cobra has time to turn both ways, then the poison is deposited on both wounds—and the condition of the victim is doubly desperate.] After this discharge the cobra usually drops off the limb in an inert mass as if considerably, though temporarily, weakened by the loss of the precious fluid. There may,

of course, be sufficient secretion still left in the bag to give a second bite immediately after, but in that case the wound may not necessarily be fatal. It usually takes a few hours, sometimes days, to accumulate the full supply again. There was, however, one case within the writer's knowledge, where three small children were successively bitten by a large cobra, and all three died in consequence.

But to resume. It will, therefore, be apparent that (1) the fangs are employed merely to cause the wound or wounds, *i.e.*, to open a communication with the blood of the victim; and (2) the poison deposited on the wound mixes with the blood and eventually causes death, as will be mentioned later on. Hence it will be noted that, if the poison is not able to enter the wound, there is no danger. In other words, if the cobra bites a person, not on the naked skin, but through a fairly substantial garment, the fangs will go through right enough, but the poison will be deposited on the garment and not on the wound. In such a case, if the person bitten were to remove the garment, at least from the immediate neighbourhood of the wound, before the poison has had time to soak through it, he is in no danger whatever.

On the other hand, if there is already a wound or sore on the body, then even a blow from a *fangless* cobra will be fatal. Snake-charmers are well aware of this fact, and are particularly careful on such occasions as the following. A band of these men were exhibiting before the writer, when, after a few odd feats, they proceeded to show graphically how a cobra strikes its prey. They produced a magnificent specimen, fully 5 ft. in length and as thick as one's wrist—though, of course, fangless. One of the men struck up a monotonous tune on a wind instrument, something like a Highland bagpipe. The cobra immediately reared its head fully 2 ft. from the ground, and began swaying its body gracefully in time with the music in evident pleasure. Then one of the other men took off his tunic and stood naked to the waist. His bared back was carefully examined to see that there was not so much as a scratch on it. He knelt down about 2 ft. in front of the cobra, and waited.

Suddenly, at a given signal, the music stopped. In fierce anger the cobra launched forth at the kneeling figure as being the nearest—but, almost simultaneously with the stoppage of the music, the man dropped his head on his knees, and received the blow on his bared back. The cobra paused just one second after striking, and then turned on its head, and fell off. There

was a huge drop of poison on the back of the performer! He wiped it off carefully with a piece of cloth, and proceeded with the rest of the performance.

The cobra is passionately fond of music, and is no mean critic thereof. As a rule it only hears the bagpipe, but if there be any instrument which it loves more than another, it is the violin. It is this amiable weakness that sometimes renders it a positive danger to the musical householder in India, as will perhaps be illustrated by the following incident.

It was a beautiful night, deliciously cool after a hot day, and the full moon shone in all her effulgent glory—as she only does in the tropics. No sound broke the stillness of the night, save the rustling of the leaves in the gentle breeze. An English lady sat alone in the veranda of her bungalow, overlooking the garden, and not more than 5ft. or 6ft. above it. She was a skilful violinist, and devoted to her art. So to while away the loneliness she fetched her instrument and began playing. She had played several airs, when, casually turning round some what to her left, she beheld, to her horror, a large cobra coiled round the railings of the veranda, and not more than 2ft. from her. Its head was erect, its hood expanded, its glistening eyes fixed upon her. Its forked tongue darted to and fro with lightning-like rapidity.

Her first thought was to drop the violin and run; but a second glance showed her she was too near the snake to do that with safety. Being a woman of nerve, she realized her situation and continued playing. At first her only idea was to keep the creature thus engaged while she edged away gradually. But when she had gained a safer distance, and perhaps fascinated by the unwonted sight, a strange inspiration seized her. She played air after air and of different characters. The effect was magical. That snake behaved like an ardent, hot-blooded disciple of Paganini. Every variation in the music, whether of volume or of tone, produced instantly a corresponding change in the attitude and conduct of the cobra.

If she played a lively dance, it swayed its body sideways in quick time, and yet in graceful curves. If she took up a soft, dreamy reverie, it instantly relapsed into sudden stillness, as if lulled to sleep in that upright attitude. If she started a grand, soul-inspiring anthem, its eyes glistened with increasing lustre, its hood expanded to the utmost, its body puffed out with pride and pleasure. Once she struck a number of false notes in rapid succession on purpose. The cobra winced and writhed in pain as if suddenly struck with a whip. Thus the creature behaved like a mad musician, till the lady, getting tired of the sport, gradually worked herself farther and farther, and then made a sudden bolt into her room and banged the door—leaving the cobra to wander disconsolately to its lair in the fields.

By a reciprocity of causation this love of music in the cobra works for its own destruction. For, if a cobra takes up its abode in the neighbourhood of a dwelling house, it is customary to send for a couple of professional snake-charmers. One of them strikes up a tune near the place where the cobra is supposed to be. No matter what the creature may be doing at the time—even if it be out visiting, so to speak,

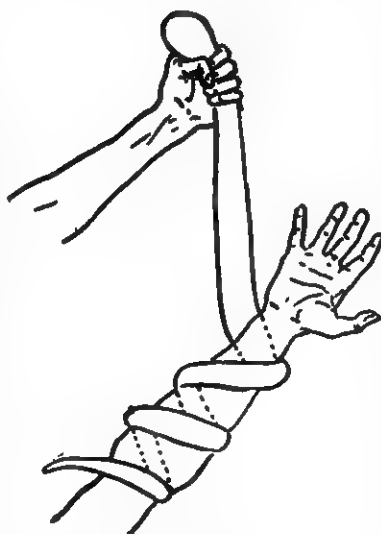


THE COBRA IN THE GARDEN.

at some neighbouring house—it is soon attracted by the music. It emerges slowly from its hiding-place, and strikes up an attitude in front of the player. There it is kept engaged with the music till the other man gradually creeps behind with a handful of fine dust. At a convenient moment, when the cobra is standing motionless, this man suddenly throws the dust over the head and eyes of the snake. Immediately the cobra falls its full length upon the ground—for one brief second. But that second is enough. Like a lightning flash—nay, with one and the same motion with which he cast the dust—he seizes the prostrate cobra by the neck just below the head. In fierce anger the snake winds and winds its body round the arm of its captor, but to no purpose: it cannot turn its head to bite.

If it be desirable to extract the fangs at once, the captor presses his thumb on the throat of the cobra, and thus compels it to open its mouth; then the fangs are drawn with a pair of pincers. If, however, the operator desires to keep the snake intact for the present, the late musician offers his aid, and, forcibly unwinding the coils, places the body of the cobra in a basket, all but the head (which is still held by the other man), and presses down the lid to prevent the cobra from wriggling out. Then suddenly the captor thrusts the head in and bangs down the lid.

In the above description, two men are needed to capture the snake; but a very expert charmer *may* do the feat single-handed, though it is highly dangerous. This is the method employed. While playing with one hand, he throws the dust sideways with the other and captures the snake with that hand. Of course, the whole action is like a lightning flash, and half a second's delay, or the merest bungling either in throwing the dust or in catching the snake at the proper place, may prove fatal to the operator. In this case the fangs are usually extracted at once, though there is a trick by which the operator may put the snake in the basket, with fangs intact, without assistance. Supposing he is holding the snake by the right hand around which the body of the snake is coiled. Then he brings his left hand under the right and catches the snake with that. Relaxing the grip of the right hand, he



METHOD OF CATCHING A COBRA SINGLE-HANDED.

unwinds that arm from the cobra's coils, keeping the cobra's body stretched taut, as shown in the sketch. When he has unwound about half the length, he grips the cobra with his right hand just below the left, and *slips that hand down tight the whole length of the unwound portion*. The effect of this action is to dislocate temporarily the muscles and small bones of that portion of the snake, and to render it powerless to coil itself. Then he unwinds the rest, and treats it in the same manner. The cobra now hangs limp and straight from the left hand, and is easily thrust into the basket.

But perhaps this action will be better understood from another trick of these experts. It is well known that if a snake is held up by the tail, say, with the left hand, it will be able by sheer muscular action to curl round, raise itself up, and bite the hand of the holder. But if at the same time the holder slips the right hand tight over the whole length of the snake—accelerating the speed as it passes over the head to escape a possible bite—the snake will hang down limp and straight like a piece of rubber. The same muscular displacement can sometimes be obtained by repeatedly flicking the snake in the air like a whip, while holding the tail in the hand. In any case, however, the cobra recovers itself after a few hours.

A variation in the above-mentioned feat of capturing the cobra is sometimes practised to obtain its poison for medicinal or experimental purposes. While one man is keeping the attention of the snake engaged by the music, another steps forward with a large plate in his hand covered over with a thick plantain-leaf. He sits right in front of the snake. At a given signal the music suddenly stops—the cobra launches forth furiously at this man as being the nearest—but quick as thought he interposes the plate and receives the bite on it. The poison goes through the puncture in the leaf and lies on the plate.

The poison is a thickish albuminous fluid like the white of an egg. One drop of it communicated to the blood is enough to cause death in a warm-blooded animal. The exact mode of death is at present still somewhat unknown, notwithstanding various experiments. But the

consensus of opinion is this: The blood of animals is composed of red corpuscles (*i.e.*, infinitesimal globules) floating in a colourless fluid. Now, the effect of cobra poison is to congregate these corpuscles into a mass, and thus to stop the circulation of the blood. The respiration becomes slower, the action of the heart weaker, the limbs are paralyzed, the victim falls into a torpor (much the same as in opium poisoning), and dies in that state. In most cases the actual breathing stops somewhat before the action of the heart, and death is immediately due to this failure of respiration. The part bitten darkens and swells, and in some cases putrefaction sets in rapidly.

It is a curious fact, however, that although all warm-blooded animals die from cobra poison, the cobra itself is not thus liable—that is, if one cobra bites another, the latter is not inconvenienced thereby. The exact cause of this strange immunity is not known, but there is an analogy in the case of man to explain at least its principle. The human body, especially the digestive organs, contains many ingredients which, if communicated to the blood in sufficiently large quantities, would cause death; but, in a healthy man, the several organs, performing their functions properly, throw away these obnoxious ingredients before they are able to reach the blood in a fatal dose.

But then one would infer that, since the poison is fatal for the blood only, it could be swallowed with impunity. This is true, to some extent, though it would be highly dangerous, say, to eat an apple bitten by a cobra. Since cobra poison passes with comparative ease through membranes, it would possibly percolate through the walls of the stomach and get into the blood in a fatal dose.

It is much less dangerous to inhale the fumes of the poison. The writer knew an inveterate opium-smoker, who had gradually increased his dose to such an extent as not to be able to attain the blissful state of intoxication without a very large quantity of opium. He wanted to get "forrader"—and couldn't with ordinary opium. Then he tried a drop of cobra poison with the opium. The effect was as expected. One smoke was enough to produce the torpor, in which he would lie for several hours like a dead man.

Of course his blood, being already impregnated with the opium, had some species of antidote to the full effects of the poison. This impregnation of the blood is not at all imaginary, as is amply evidenced by the numerous analogous cases in London alone of alcoholism. In fact, there was an extraordinary patient under treatment in the Campbell

Hospital (a large institution in Calcutta adapted for experimental purposes) the impregnation of whose blood with opium was so great that mosquitoes didn't care to suck his blood.*

At any rate, the aforesaid opium-smoker, who took cobra poison with his smoke, must have had his blood to some extent inoculated with the poison, and, therefore, rendered immune from a mild attack thereof—as the following adventure will perhaps demonstrate. He lived in a village, and the opium den that he frequented lay some distance off along a country lane. One dark night as he was returning from the den, leaning heavily on his stick, he felt the latter suddenly snatched out of his hand by some invisible agent. Hearing it rattle on the ground, he stooped down, groped for it in the dark, and picked it up. Again it was snatched away, and again he picked it up as before. This thing happened two or three times, when having finally recovered the stick, he staggered home and got into bed. As he did not get up the next day, inquiries were made, and he was discovered lying in a death-like torpor. His right arm was frightfully swollen and dark; two small punctures encircled with dried blood showed on the back of his hand. The stick was examined: it was scratched and indented all over.

The explanation was obvious. He had accidentally hit a cobra on the roadway with his stick; the snake had turned round and bitten the stick as being the palpable offender. In picking it up he had again exposed it to the snake's attack; at last, however, the cobra had bitten the hand as well, which, owing to his intoxication, he had not felt at the moment. Of course, the best part of the poison was wasted on the stick, and only a very small dose entered the wound. Still, the swelling of the arm showed that it was sufficient to cause a local injury, and had it not been for the previous inoculation, together with the counteracting influence of the opium, the damage might have been complete.

Hence there is no real remedy against a full dose of the poison. Cauterization, burning, etc., have been tried, but with success only when the injury was at the extremity of a limb. The most prominent case was that of an English doctor in the above-mentioned hospital in Calcutta. He was experimenting with a fanged cobra, when the snake suddenly bit him on a finger. Fortunately, assistance was at hand. A ligature was tied at the root of the finger, and another, for greater security, at the wrist. By

* There was even a rumour that when they *did* bite him, they fell off drunk or dead! The writer, however, is unable to vouch for the truth of this.

this time the whole finger above the ligature was darkened and swollen with the poison, and one drop of that poisoned blood communicated to the body would have been fatal beyond hope. Then the finger was slit open all round, lengthways, with a lancet. The poisoned blood was poured out, and the finger repeatedly burnt with a strong caustic, till it became hard and withered without a drop of blood. The danger was not yet over, for the nervous effects alluded to elsewhere began to supervene. Strong stimulants were administered, and the patient forcibly made to walk up and down to fight against the coming torpor—which, as in opium-poisoning, if once established completely, is liable to be fatal. After twenty-four hours of this treatment, the patient was out of danger—of course, minus the use of his finger.

We sometimes hear thrilling accounts of men being bitten in the jungle far from such elaborate assistance, and of chopping off the injured limb with a sword in frantic heroism; but one at least of such incidents is authentic within the writer's knowledge. The Eastern Bengal Railway runs due north from Calcutta, and after a couple of junctions reaches Darjeeling, on the Himalayas. Near Calcutta the stations are pretty close together, but after forty miles or so, they are more apart. At these places coal-sheds are erected near the line in case the supply runs short on the journey. One dark and dismal night, when the wind was howling and the rain just turning to a drizzle after a terrific tropical downpour, the engine-driver of a train—who, by the way, was an Englishman, as in fact they mostly are on Indian railways—was helping the stoker to shovel some coal from the shed to the tender, when suddenly he felt a sharp pain on his finger. On a light being brought, a huge cobra was revealed coiled up on the top of the coals, with its head erect and hood expanded. Driven to that refuge from the rain, it had launched forth at the driver when he had reached for the coal. What was he to do in that howling wilderness? There was no time to lose; a few seconds more, and the poison would mount up beyond his reach. He thought of cutting off the arm—but with what? He had no instrument. True, he might lay it on the line and ask the stoker to drive the train over it. But what if the arm still dangled by a line of flesh, thin, but yet enough to communicate the poison? And how to stop the subsequent flow of blood?

These thoughts flashed through his mind faster than it takes to write them. Suddenly, clenching his teeth in frantic determination, he jumped on to the engine, flung the furnace open, and thrust his arm into the fire. There,

like a modern Scævola, he held it till it was burnt down to the elbow; then he fainted. The stoker took the train to the next station, where the injured man was treated temporarily, and afterwards brought down to Calcutta, where he finally recovered.

In no case of danger is there so great a coolness required as in dealing with cobras. Without it, the smallest element of danger may be magnified a thousandfold; by it, the greatest peril finally overcomes with little suffering. The following remarkable incident occurred to people with whose relatives the writer was personally acquainted. It is well to state, as a preliminary explanation, that Indian ladies of even the highest birth and rank wear no shoes or slippers in the inner *sanctum* of their homes. Whether it be the rich carpet or the plain matting, the cold marble or the rough sandstone, their feet are bare—the red *alta* (dye on the edge of the feet) waving in picturesque curves over the half-olive surface. One evening, just at candle-light, a young girl of twelve or fourteen was moving about a room over against whose open window stood a tall peepul-tree projecting its long branches right on to the sill, when suddenly she stood still, trembling all over, her pursed lips vainly striving to stifle a shriek.

"Mother!" she cried at last, in a plaintive wail, still with her foot rooted to the ground.

"Yes! my darling!" came the soft reply from the adjoining room.

"I—I- am trampling on a snake—on its head!"

Well can we imagine that mother's agony—her child in the next room, not yet bitten, but the turn of a leaf, and she to lie a corpse by her side.

"Keep still, my child! keep still! I am coming—keep still! move not!—I am coming!"

Thus speaking to encourage her child, she approached cautiously with a light. There stood the girl, the blood gone from her face, her eyes transfixed in horror—but still rooted to the ground like a statue. The snake had coiled its body round and round her slender ankle even to the fringe of her white *sari*. It struggled hard to free its head, and had it been a little larger, it might have succeeded and bitten her long ago; but the girl pressed with all her little weight on that foot.

The mother put her foot over that of her child, clasped her to her waist—and thus they stood, mother and child, over the serpent's head. Long they stood in silent anguish; for, one little turn of that tiny foot, and mother and child had died in each other's arms. Hard the mother pressed with her full weight on the child's foot—till slowly and gradually the coils



"MOTHER OF THE COBRA" (REAR) OF COBRA.

began to relax. She pressed on and on with greater hope, till the coils fell to the ground and lay in lifeless circles around the child's foot. The cobra was suffoated, its head crushed!

The mother sat down on the ground, rocking her swooning child to her bosom, weeping like a mad thing.

It will perhaps not be inappropriate to close this article by describing an extraordinary combat between a cobra and a mongoose, which the writer was fortunate enough to witness. The mongoose is the cobra's hereditary and mortal foe; indeed, popular imagination has attributed to this lithe and sinuous creature a perfect immunity from the cobra's poison. This hypothesis, however, has been negatived by an actual experiment, where a mongoose was held down and permitted to be bitten by a fanged cobra. The little creature died in great agony, like any other warm-blooded animal. There is indeed a belief among the natives that if a mongoose bitten by a cobra be immediately set at liberty, it will run to the jungle, apply to

the wound some herb known only to its instinct, and then return to finish the battle. Whether such an antidote really exists is unfortunately unverified by any actual test. At any rate, in the majority of cases this cat-like animal trusts entirely to its own agility to secure victory against the cobra. Its shining, prominent eyes and long, brownish body render it the very embodiment of skill and wariness; and so lightning-like are its movements, that the eye must indeed be keen that can follow its actions in its native wilds. But to proceed with the story.

Happening at that time to be on a visit to a little town in Northern Bengal, the writer asked his host one afternoon to come out for a stroll. As there was no large jungle, capable of harbouring tigers and other large beasts, within several miles, they did not think it necessary to carry any other weapon than a pistol. After proceeding some four or five miles along the fields, they came upon a dense under-wood right round a small and very dirty pond covered with rotting leaves. It could hardly be called a jungle, and they would

not have even paused to direct their attention to it, when from a little heap of stones, some dozen paces in front, a magnificent black cobra emerged and made straight for the thicket. Of course, they were in no danger whatever of being attacked by the snake; still, the writer was hesitating whether to give it a dose of small shot or not, when there seemed to drop from the sky (it must have really leapt from the adjacent thicket) a brownish form right in front of the cobra, and not more than a couple of yards from it. It was a mongoose!

In an instant the cobra seemed to realize the danger; to advance was impossible; to turn to retreat was only to bring down its implacable foe on its defenceless head. The situation became dramatic in the extreme. With an angry hiss the cobra erected half its body in the air; the forked tongue darted from its hooded head, the beady eyes sparkled like diamonds. The whole upward curve began to oscillate from side to side in gentle time, as if the cobra would thus allure its adversary to advance. But the mongoose remained

less, its long-drawn body in a straight line behind it, its nose on the ground; its reddish eyes, glowing like hot coals, alone indicated that that rigidity was but a mask for the suppressed vitality.

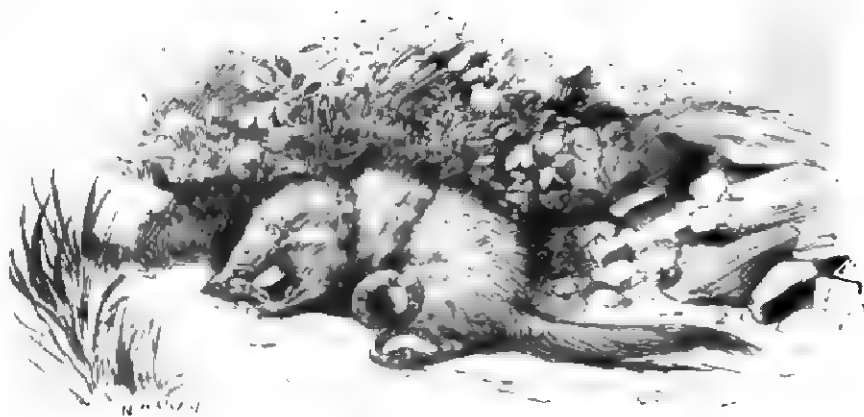
Fascinated by the sight, the strollers crept to a low bush not more than half-a-dozen yards from the combatants, and watched the battle with breathless interest. In a few minutes the cobra got tired of holding up half its body in the air (for the muscular exertion must have been very great), and seemed desirous of forcing matters to an issue. Intending to take the mongoose by surprise, it changed its oscillations from sideways to lengthways. The long curve now swung backwards and forwards, but the mongoose moved not; only its eyes glistened with greater fire. The two observers got a little tired of this monotonous movement to and fro (probably it was intended to have a similar effect on the mongoose), when with a sudden dart the cobra hurled itself on the head of the mongoose but the mongoose was too quick for that. It sprang back on its hind legs clear of those fatal fangs, and the cobra spent its force in the air and lacerated its mouth against the hard ground. But in a second the cobra recovered its erect position, and the forked tongue hissed as before from its hooded head. The mongoose resumed its former attitude; its intention evi-

dently was to tire out the cobra. Perhaps realizing this fact, the cobra made a second dart, but with the same result. It recovered, however, with an almost equal swiftness—the whole movement being as instantaneous as the flick of a whip.

Then suddenly the mongoose changed its tactics. It came dancing round the cobra and seemed to invite it to strike, keeping, however, just beyond the range of its poisonous fangs. For a moment the cobra seemed to be bewildered by these antics, and remained purely on the defensive. It curved back its head and faced the mongoose in all its varying attitudes. Being, however, still compelled to hold up half its body in the air at that unnatural angle, it soon gave signs of losing patience, by attempting to resume its former oscillations to and fro,

while the mongoose, with equal decision, quieted down just in front of the cobra. Its forepaws were planted together, and the whole body arched behind; but this time its nose was not on the ground—it remained in a line with its body. The cobra still moved backwards and forwards, till just as its body became perpendicular, the mongoose gave a sudden spring as if about to seize the cobra by the throat. Immediately the uplifted curve darted forward to fasten the deadly fangs on the head of the mongoose—no! at that very moment the mongoose swerved on one side and stood behind the cobra, the fangs falling on the ground in front. Like a lightning flash the mongoose leapt on the cobra *from behind*, before it could recover, and buried its sharp teeth on the back of the cobra's head.

The whole body of the snake curved round and began to bind the mongoose in its terrible coils. The constriction grew narrower and narrower, but the teeth of the mongoose remained on the head of the cobra. It became a test of



THE COBRA'S LAST EFFORTS.

endurance: would the body of the mongoose be crushed first, or the head of the snake be ripped open? The whole coil seemed motionless, but the tail of the cobra suddenly wriggled—then with one supreme effort it lashed itself against the side of the mongoose—the dark-brown form quivered under the terrible strain, but its teeth remained on the head of the snake. Suddenly the movement of the tail ceased, the coils slackened, the body of the mongoose arched up, its forepaws met on either side of the cobra's head—a momentary pause, the mongoose shook itself free from those lifeless coils, and crept away slowly into the thicket. The observers rushed forward to examine the cobra—its head was rent in two by the sharp claws of the mongoose!

My Escape from the Black Marus.

By CAPTAIN ELDRED POTTINGER, R.A., F.R.G.S.

How a couple of dashing British officers, filled with the adventurous spirit of their race, penetrated into a weird spot in unknown Asia, and were set upon by hundreds of murderous savages at three o'clock in the morning. The whole story illustrated in a unique manner by a complete set of photos.



CAPTAIN ELDRED POTTINGER, THE AUTHOR.
From a Photo by H. J. W. L. C. S. S. S. S. S.

SOME few years ago I happened to be stationed at Sadon, the most northerly outpost on the Burma-China frontier. The inhabitants of this part of the world are chiefly Kachins, a wild and savage tribe of Tibetan origin, who, although they possess many faults, have a number of good points which are generally overlooked by Europeans. Speaking for myself, I found them, during the time I was studying their language and customs, a cheerful and hospitable race, and I have spent very many interesting days in their company, listening to their fantastic folk-lore, and the accounts they gave of the unknown country to the north, where the sources of the Irrawaddy are to be found, and which they (the Kachins, that is) claim to be their ancestral home. For hours I have sat with these people while their descriptions were quaintly but graphically illustrated by means of maps roughly drawn on the ground, in which stones represented mountains and bits of wood villages. They assured me that some hundred miles farther north were to be found a race of people, quite black, and known throughout that region as the Black Marus. Ordinary Marus, they explained, were the same colour as themselves, but these people were quite different. This information piqued my curiosity, and I pictured to myself a tribe with negro blood living in the region mentioned. On the other hand, I could not imagine how such a race could possibly have become located

in that quarter of the world. Apart from this, however, I was interested in geographical exploration, and therefore determined to make a journey in that direction the moment a suitable opportunity offered itself.

Last year I obtained leave to travel in Western China, and after my mules and party had all been collected at Sadon, on the confines of Burma and China, I received information to the effect that, through an oversight, my passports had not been sent from Peking, and that therefore it would probably be six weeks before they reached me. This, of course, was most exasperating, but a would-be explorer must make up his mind to meet drawbacks of this sort philosophically, and generally make the best of everything.



MR. E. C. POTTINGER, THE AUTHOR, IN UNIFORM.
From a Photo by H. J. W. L. C. S. S. S. S.

At any rate, I did not care to waste six weeks of my leave doing nothing, so with my companion, Mr. R. C. Lawrance, whose portrait, as well as my own, is here given, I started off to find the mysterious Black Marus. My knowledge of the Kachin tongue stood me in good stead as I went, and for several days we marched northward, meeting with a decidedly friendly reception from all the villagers we came across.

I will not inflict upon you the usual preliminaries necessary for the equipment of even a small exploring party in this quarter of the globe, but I will pass at once to some of the photos, which show various stages of our progress. The negatives of these photos, by the way, were among the very few things we were able to save in the headlong flight that followed those terrible experiences which are related herein.

I was talking about our northward march. Well, then, in order to follow the easiest and most direct paths, we were obliged to cross and recross the Irawaddy repeatedly, and as the breadth of the river in these parts varied from fifty to two hundred yards, these crossings were no small matter, considering the pack animals and their baggage. The various crossings of the great river, however, were rendered possible by the bamboo rafts which we constructed, and a very good specimen of which is shown in the photo. here reproduced. You can see for yourself that the construction is of a very primitive description, merely a number of



MULES LOADING BAGGAGE ABOARD THE RAFT.
From a Photo.



ONE OF THE BAMBOO RAFTS BY WHICH WE CROSSED THE IRRAWADDY.
From a Photo.

bamboo poles lashed together, catamaran fashion, and propelled by means of peculiar paddles, whose broad blades were made up of many small, flat pieces of bamboo. In the photo the coolies are seen loading the baggage on to the raft. It was upon rafts of this kind that the whole of our baggage was ferried across the river each time. The mules, of course, gave us little or no trouble, and the next photo, — which, I venture to say, is a very interesting one — shows a number of these hardy and much-enduring animals timidly taking to the water at the bidding of the head muleteer's voice. The last-named individual



[From a] MULES APPROACHING THE FURTHER BANK. [Photo.]

is seen sitting in the stern of a canoe coaxing the herd of mules to follow, and encouraging the timid creatures in every possible manner.

The photo. that next appears was taken only a few minutes after the preceding one, and is a really excellent snap-shot, showing the mules nearing the opposite bank of the Irawaddy. From this it is evident that the muleteer had only to induce the boldest of the mules to take to the water, when all the others would at once follow and swim across in scattered Indian file. Incidentally this photo. conveys a very excellent idea of the magnificent vegetation and precipitous steepness that characterize the banks of the Irawaddy at this place.

We soon left the Kachin country behind us, and then found nothing but Marus. These people also

seemed quite pleased to see us—at any rate, at first. They brought into our camp presents of fowls, eggs, and rice, and did their best to smooth the difficulties of our journey. An unfailing source of delight to them, by the way, was to hear my friend Lawrance play the bagpipes he had brought with him, and the fame of these spread so far and wide, that the first request that greeted us at each village we reached was for a rousing tune—the Marus on their part entertaining us by getting the village maidens to perform a fan dance. When the proper fans were not forthcoming, we promptly threw ourselves into the breach by providing penny paper fans, which we had brought as presents, and these tawdry substitutes were much appreciated.

The only difficulty—excepting bad roads—that we had so far experienced was the desertion of the majority of our muleteers, who were Chinamen. They said they absolutely refused to risk their lives by venturing amongst unknown tribes, and having delivered themselves of this emphatic statement, they went off to their own unclean homes. More than a month passed, and yet there were no signs of this new tribe of Black Marus; and, as the road now became quite impracticable for mules, we decided to send our animals eastward to await our arrival on the Salween, until such time as we received our passports.

The photo. that is next shown illustrates a



[From a] OUR SUPPLY OF MEAT. [Photo.]

very interesting phase of exploration—one which is very frequently mentioned in books of travel and in important papers read before the R.G.S., but one which, oddly enough, I never remember having seen depicted in an actual photograph. I allude to the driving along of a flock of sheep or cattle for food, which flock usually diminishes week by week in a very pathetic manner. By the way, I have even known explorers themselves, as well as their coolies and other humble followers, to get so attached to individual members among the herds of sheep and goats as **actually to be unable to kill them for food!** The photo I am describing, however, represents our own flock of sheep for commissariat purposes at a fairly advanced stage of my expedition. I must say that as mutton these sheep were not a success. I suppose it must have been the very long marches they were forced to go that made them so very tough and stringy as meat. A couple of our mules are to be seen leading the way loaded up with our baggage.

We found that our way lay through a terribly difficult country, and the innumerable smaller streams running down in all directions into the great river, Irawaddy, caused us considerable delay and vexation, because, owing to the huge boulders and deep, dangerous pools, we were constantly compelled to halt and put all hands on

to the construction of temporary bamboo bridges across which our laden mules might pass. The accompanying photo realizes the whole of this in a very admirable manner, and it will give you an accurate notion of the kind of country through which I had to take my ill-fated expedition. In this picture can be seen the immense boulders, the deep pools, and the rushing torrent. And, although you may think it practically impossible to halt and construct bridges even of this rude kind every few hundred yards, I must say my coolies proved amazingly dexterous at the work, and could actually build one of these bridges from beginning to end whilst Lawrance and I were looking up and down for a likely place of passage.

We had a few fairly roomy tents with us, but on those occasions when our coolies were unable to reach a village for the night, the natives with my party—and there were always an astonishing number of admiring hangers-on—would clear a small camping ground and then rig up one of the grass and bamboo shelters, which were really quite comfortable dwellings.

We meanwhile hired coolies from village to village to carry our baggage, and then continued our quest northward with renewed vigour and determination to seek out and interview the Black Maras.



From a/

BAMBOO BRIDGE FOR MULES—S. TOTALLY CONSTRUCTED BY OUR COOLIES.

Photo.

The engaging of these same coolies, by the way, was a task requiring considerable knowledge of human nature which is fundamentally the same all the world over and great firmness of character. It amuses me even now to study the photo. next reproduced, which shows a group of Maru villagers exactly as they presented themselves for employment as coolies—porters, mule-

and as soon as the grass is dry they set fire to the lot. Then while clearing away all the half-charred logs and burnt *debris*, they get covered with charcoal and ashes, as is but natural, and this, combined with the perspiration, gets thoroughly worked into the pores of the skin; and so, as they *never wash*, they are always black, and are therefore called

Black Marus." Certainly appearances bore out this story, for the next day, after a long march, our new set of coolies had a dip in the stream to cool themselves, and when they came out, I noticed that the water had made no impression whatever on the dirt of ages with which they were literally caked. This disillusionment was rather a sad ending to what I had anticipated would prove an interesting ethnographical problem, but still, as we were exploring previously unknown country, we determined to push on a



GROUP OF MARU VILLAGERS (MAINLY WOMEN AND CHILDREN) FOR HIRE AS COOLIES.
From a Photo.

teers, and "general utility" men. The droll thing about this photo. is that the majority of the people depicted in it are either women, children, or mere babies, most of the able bodied men being absent at work in the fields. This delightful crowd, however, presented itself with the greatest possible gravity, and to look at it you would think that its components posed themselves especially for the photographic group. In the very front rank there is a dear little naked baby boy, who, be it remembered, has presented himself for employment as a coolie to carry a weight of perhaps 60lb. on his head.

One day an interpreter informed us that we had at last arrived amongst the Black Marus. Beyond being a finer-built and more independent-looking race than those we had hitherto met, I could see nothing particular in their complexion to justify their name. The interpreter, however, seeing that I was puzzled, volunteered the following information:—

"These people never cultivate the same ground two years in succession. Each year they clear a fresh patch of jungle. To do this they first ring all the big trees and lop off the branches,

and try and find something more startling than the Black Marus, whose blackness had turned out so prosaic and disappointing.

I reproduce next a couple of typical Black Marus, from whom the whole people may be fairly judged on the principle of *ex uno disce omnes*. When I took this photo. the women who were with these fellows were most horribly frightened of the camera; but, nevertheless, a couple of them can be faintly seen in the rear. These people are pretty low down in the scale of humanity—treacherous and bloodthirsty; but the most impressive instance of this is afforded by my own narrative, herein set forth.

A Maru guide who had been with us for ten days at last brought us to his own village, and he then declined in the most emphatic way to venture into the snow mountains to the north. We did succeed, however, in inducing him to take us by a new route across the hills to the Salween.

The next day, whilst Lawrance and I were writing up our diaries, we were startled to hear a rifle shot near the guide's house. We knew that our surveyor and a Gurkha orderly



[From a Photo.]

TYPES OF BLACK MARUS.

[From a Photo.]

had gone there with a message, and, wondering what could be the matter, my companion and I rushed off to investigate.

We found that the surveyor and the Gurkha had had a quarrel with the Maru guide, and when the latter ran away, they had actually fired at him whenever they could get glimpses of him through the trees. We were simply horrified. It was a most mad and senseless thing to do. Here were we, a small party a mere handful miles away from any assistance, and completely at the mercy of a wild and savage race noted for their treacherous ferocity; and yet two of our party without any justifiable pretext

whatever were idiotic enough to commence hostilities against one of the Black Marus! What surprised us more than anything else at the time, however, was that the villagers, who were working in the surrounding fields, looked on at the affair with utter indifference, apparently regarding it as a purely personal quarrel between the guide and our party.

The Gurkha orderly is seen in the immediate foreground of the photo, next given, whilst the surveyor stands in the background on the right, in a white cotton coat, and with his hands behind his back. It was these two wretched men who drew upon us the misfortune I am about to relate. The unfortunate Gurkha, however, paid for his folly with his life, as also did his companion. Like all his kind, the Gurkha was a merry, mischief-loving fellow, always spoiling for a fight. In the background of this photo, is seen one of the village houses. They are all of one pattern, bamboo and grass thatch, but vary considerably in length, the largest often being over 100 ft long, and inhabited by three or more families.

But to return to the alarm. Lawrance and I always wore our revolvers, but of the twelve natives who had accompanied us from Burma, the only two armed were the surveyor and the Gurkha orderly aforesaid. The village in which we had halted numbered six or seven hundred inhabitants. We could not possibly march off that day, so in the evening I sent some of my



SOME OF OUR PARTY—THE GURKHA ORDERLY IN THE FOREGROUND AND THE SURVEYOR.

From a Photo.

men round about, nominally to buy rice, but in reality to find out what had happened to the guide, and what was the general feeling amongst the people as to the way in which he had been treated. They came back and reported that the guide, who was not hit, was hiding until we left, and that the villagers were quite peaceably disposed; at any rate, so far as they could see. It was my opinion, however, that the next day, on the march, the guide and his friends would ambuscade and try to kill the two men who had fired at him. At ten o'clock at night, therefore, I posted the two armed men and a servant to do sentry-go, telling them to wake me at daylight, and then, having seen that everything was perfectly quiet, Lawrance and I went off to bed in a rather uneasy frame of mind. To tell the truth, we couldn't quite make out the attitude of the villagers. For myself, I thought they would make a row and come protesting and bullying to me; yet here they were apparently ignoring the whole business. But I was quickly disillusioned.

About three o'clock in the morning Lawrance woke me by sibilant whispers, saying that through the cracks in the wall of the hut he could distinguish men with torches moving noiselessly about outside. Seizing my revolver I rushed out to see what was the matter, and, to my amazement, ran right up against a man who was about to enter with a drawn sword, evidently bent on murdering the pair of us. He was so surprised at my sudden appearance that, instead of cutting at me, he turned to bolt, whereupon I shot him in the back, hoping at the time that the report of my revolver would give the alarm

to the rest of the party, who were in another hut a few yards away. Lawrance now joined me, and we both ran out into the open, when, by shooting some men whom we saw vaguely, we rescued the servant, who had been on guard, from the clutches of five men who were hacking at him with swords and making an infernal row. We were, unfortunately, too late to save the wretched surveyor, whom we found covered with wounds—fairly cut to pieces; and a few seconds later we discovered the orderly in a similar condition. Both these poor fellows died within a few minutes.

When we first came out of the hut, the attacking party, with the guide at their head, numbered only about twenty or thirty men, but at the sound of the firing the whole male population of the village began to assemble and join in the fray. We were hopelessly outnumbered, of course, and it was out of the question to try and run away, considering that we had no shoes on and only our night-clothes. Besides, since blood had already been shed, it was useless trying to parley, even supposing one of the interpreters, who bolted right away somewhere at the first shot, had been present. In a predicament like this one's brain seems to work like lightning, and seeing no hope of any sort whatever, and I am a pretty sanguine man—I told Lawrance that he must be prepared for the worst; in fact, that there was nothing for us but to sell our lives as dearly as possible. Our blood was up, and like wild animals brought to bay, with a ferocity more animal perhaps than human, we recklessly charged in succession those of the enemy whom we could see scattered about in small groups, shooting with our



"I SHOT HIM IN THE BACK."

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"SHOOTING WITH OUR REVOLVERS
AND WHO ATTEMPTED TO STAND
THEIR GROUND."

revolvers any who attempted to stand their ground.

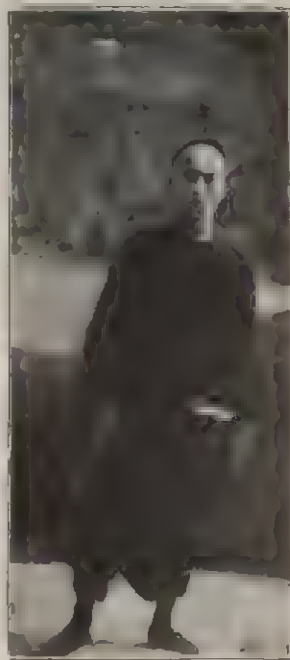
The universal arm of these people, by the way, is the "da," a short heavy sword, with a truncated tip. But they had also cross bows and a few guns. Some of the latter were fired at a distance of a few yards, and we heard the bullets whiz over our heads, while the arrows, with a stinging "zip, zip," sound, struck the ground all round us. Notwithstanding all this, marvellous to relate, we both remained unscathed, our only other casualty being a Chinese interpreter, who received an arrow in his shoulder. His portrait is here reproduced.

The villagers evidently thought that their numbers would alone be sufficient to put a speedy end to the fight, and naturally, therefore, they were quite unprepared to see us take a vigorous offensive action, with weapons that seemed to them never to require reloading. One result of their astonishment was that they disappeared as suddenly as they had come, leaving us

alone, and somewhat dazed by the misfortune that had come upon us. The fight had been short, but sharp, and not knowing how long it would be before they would again attack us, we thought it best to dress and be gone without a moment's delay. Accordingly, having collected our negatives, maps, note books, and a few odds and ends, we quietly left the village under cover of darkness, abandoning all the rest of our baggage. This, of course, was a serious and crush-

ing loss, but it was our only hope of escaping with our lives. After travelling nearly half a mile, the dawn broke just as we reached the brow of the hill. Our position was then revealed to our watchful and implacable enemies, who, with a wild shout of victory, seemed to be collecting to follow us. A warning shot from Lawrence's rifle, however, dispersed them pretty completely, and when we next looked back through our field glasses, we saw them busily engaged in rifling our baggage and dividing the loot.

Our previous keenness to see the Black Marus was now exceeded by our anxiety to get away from them; so we continued marching, with only occasional brief halts, for seventeen weary hours. We had no guide, and had to find our way as best we could from the map we had previously made and the notes on various routes that I had jotted down in my pocket-book. We procured a little rice and maize from a few villages we passed through; but this was not very sustaining, and after fording



OUR CHINESE INTERPRETER, WHO
RECEIVED AN ARROW IN THE
[From a] SHOULDER. (Photo.

rivers, clambering over rocks and boulders, and climbing hills the whole day, we arrived, dead beat, just after dark, at a village, where we agreed to stop the night. We were still amongst the Black Marus, but these particular tribes had received no news of the fight so far. Nevertheless, we were obliged to keep watch to see that none of the enemy were following us. As we could not trust our Kachin coolies to remain awake, Lawrance, myself, two Chinese interpreters, and a Madrassi cook took it in turns to do sentry-go. After a feed of boiled maize and a few eggs we started off again next morning with feverish energy, our intention being to try and intercept our mules on their way to the Salween. Our route crossed several rivers spanned by cane suspension bridges, most wonderfully made, some of them being over a hundred yards in length. The next photograph shown represents the end of one of these extraordinary bridges, and it conveys a very good idea of their workmanship.



(Facing p.)

A CANE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

(Facing p.)

The previous day had been showery, but now the rain came down in disheartening torrents; clouds shut out everything from view, and we continually lost our way by stumbling up by-paths. As evening closed in, we arrived utterly weary at another village, where we stopped the night. We were told here that this was the last Black Maru village along the route, a piece of information which we listened to with unbounded delight. Less pleasant, however, was the news that if we continued in the same direction we should meet with no villages for the next six days. This meant six days for

hardy mountaineers, mind you, who knew the road: whereas we were a party of twelve, two of whom were wounded, and we had no guide, so it would probably take us at least seven days if not more, and we should, moreover, have to carry all our food for that time. However, it was impossible to turn back, so we commenced bargaining for all food the villagers would sell us. Seeing our predicament, they were not slow to take advantage of it. They declared, in a melancholy sort of way, that they only had a very small stock of grain, and they asked exorbitant prices for it. Our stock of money was small, and, being a long way from civilization, we had to be cautious. Eventually, however, we started off with a small pig, three chickens, and a small quantity of maize. These provisions on half rations would last us, we estimated, six days, and as we had a rifle and a shot-gun we hoped to be able to supplement it. Three men accompanied us at the start to show us the right path, and in order to relieve our coolies they

offered to carry some of the loads. They were, therefore, given my box of books, the medicine-chest, and some odds and ends, but I rather suspected such disinterested help, and as these volunteers made several attempts to lag behind no doubt with the intention of bolting off with their loads—we decided to dispense with them.

At sunset we camped by the bank of a stream, and rigged up a small lean-to of bushes and grass to try and keep off the rain, which kept on persistently. We had killed and cleaned the pig before starting, so as to lighten the load, and we soon commenced on the pork, boiling the

maize in an old biscuit tin—the only substitute for a cooking pot that we possessed. I had endeavoured to bring the chickens along alive, but we found that they all died with mournful rapidity. Not quite liking the behaviour of the coolies from the last village, we again had to keep watch all night, and as an additional precaution, before turning in, we lightly tied leaves and grass across any signs of path at a radius of three hundred yards all round our camp. These precautions were very necessary in the dense jungle foliage that surrounded us on every side.



VIEW OF THE JUNGLE OF CHANAY WE HAD TO PASS ON
FROM A] OUR CASUALTY ROUTE. [Photo.

and of which the accompanying photograph gives a very good idea. Fancy sleeping in a place like this, which, for all we knew to the contrary, swarmed with would-be murderers! In the morning we examined our artful little traps, and were much relieved to find that no one had been near us.

Our route now lay over two high ranges of mountains, the first one snow-capped, and I can assure you that we experienced a cold and weary time. With the exception of a monkey, which we beheld on the far side of an unford-able river, we saw no signs of animal or bird life, and we therefore had to economize our food as much as possible. For two days the pig was good, and for two days it most emphatically was not, yet we devoured every scrap of it, and then commenced on the dead fowls. The sixth day passed without our coming across any signs of human habitation; and that night we reached some overhanging limestone rocks, under which we crawled for shelter from the pitiless, never-ending rain. Our food supply was now dangerously low; and although Lawrance shot a pheasant the next morning, which revived our spirits in some slight

degree, we were getting exceedingly anxious. At mid-day we met some Kachin trappers, who were going off to the hills on a week's excursion, and they gave us about a pound and a half of coarse ground maize, which we ate raw with great gusto. It was with a feeling of intense relief that we heard from them that the first village was only a day's march farther on. We arrived there the next day, much to the surprise of the inhabitants, who had never before seen a white man, and most certainly did not expect one to come from the direction of the Black Marus. However, they treated us well, and ten days later we reached our mules, and eventually worked our way back to Burma. The last photo I reproduce shows the European officer's house at Myitkyina, the first civilized place we reached in Burma.

I have been told by some people that it was foolish to venture into an unknown country, inhabited by savage tribes, without an adequate escort of armed men. The only answer I can give to this is, that if all explorers had gone on this principle, our present knowledge of the world would be practically limited by the borders of civilized countries, and many nations who now enjoy the protection and civilization of the British flag would still be living in a state of savage warfare and slavery.

Exploration, for those who have once undertaken it, has a peculiar fascination of its own, and in spite of the hardships and perils herein related, I am, after a few months' rest, seriously contemplating another journey in distant lands.

Only a few of the photos. shown above were taken by me. The majority of them are the work of Mr. R. C. Lawrance, to whom I am indebted for permission to reproduce them.



THE EUROPEAN OFFICER'S HOUSE, MYITKYINA, BURMA. [Photo.]

The Pariah Dogs of Constantinople.

By B. WATERS.

Constantinople's extraordinary colony of outcast dogs depicted by actual photographs, and their delightful manners and customs described by a gentleman to whom the Sublime Porte is indeed "an open door." You will find that these pariah curs have laws as rigid as those of the Medes and Persians.



It is not so much because Constantinople is the most beautiful city in the world, or because the romantic side of foreign politics is being daily and hourly developed there, or because the most varied and picturesque costumes of three continents are met at her every street corner, that I always crave to return thither. My pleasantest recollections are of the many kind and clever friends I made among the wild dogs of the streets.

The ordinary notion of these dogs is that they are mangy and ferocious creatures, only tolerated for their usefulness as scavengers—a barbarous relic in a barbarous capital. They are excellent scavengers, no doubt, and clear away every scrap of refuse far more quickly and effectively than any paid human official could do. They are also splendid watchmen, and have made burglaries unknown in a city which probably contains as many desperate characters as any other on the face of the globe. But for the traveller their chief interest lies in the proof they afford of the possibility of developing reason among the lower animals. You may see wonderful tricks at a circus, but these are mere efforts of instinct, inspired by hunger or a fear of the lash, and do not charm or surprise like the spontaneous action of these creatures who have developed their own characters for themselves.

At a rough estimate there are probably some 30,000 free and independent dogs in the city, and if ever the powers foist a Constitution upon Turkey, I think they will be exceedingly ill-advised if they do not consider the obvious claims of dog hood suffrage. In view of this possibility, the dogs have already organized themselves into small wards or electoral districts, each presided over by a feudal chief, known to the Turks as the *Captain Pasha*. Each dis-

trict is made up of some fourteen to twenty dogs, and has very clearly-defined boundaries.

To you or me the boundary is only distinguishable by a long process of observation, but the dogs are very punctilious to an inch or so one way or the other, and soon have good reason to repent any attempt at violating a frontier. They occupy a portion of the street, not bounded by any landmark or side turning, but only by a line as imaginary as any conceived by a geographer, and whenever they venture too far they are at once set upon with great violence by the sentinels of the next district. I only once succeeded in persuading a



Constantinople, Turkey.

G. ARON & SONS.

Constantinople, Turkey.

dog to run this risk, and when I did so I was much distressed by the consequences. The victim was the mother of some puppies, and I am convinced that it was entirely for their sake that she consented to expose herself. I had been giving her food for them, and enticing her to accompany me as far as she would. On a sudden she halted, and whined piteously as I held up some food and called to her to fetch it. After jumping about nervously for some time at the invisible frontier-line, she realized that I was moving off, and she dashed across towards me. In an instant two dogs, who had been strolling



From a Photo by

THEY PICK UP MANY TIT-BITS AT THE DOCKS

LORD AND LADY

about in apparent indifference, rushed at her and wounded her severely, while all the other dogs of their district hurried up with loud barks like a garrison when the alarm has been given. She at once lay flat on her back in token of surrender, and was then allowed to get up and limp home covered with blood.

Such frontier incidents are, however, exceedingly rare, for it is considered extremely bad form among the dogs to provoke them. But visits of ceremony and courtship are not unusual, provided that regular rules are observed. The visitor must come to the frontier and

then necessary, and the emigrant is not viewed with favour by his new brethren. After waiting at the frontier for the consent of the sentinels, he must stretch himself out as if he were dead,

stand in a servile attitude, with his tail down, until the sentinels have agreed to his desire. They then range themselves, one on either side of him, and accompany him to his destination; but if he raises his tail or lets his eyes wander, he is instantly recalled to his duty by angry growls and, if need be, by actual violence. Sometimes, but not often, a dog emigrates from one district to another. Lengthy formalities are

A CONSULAT-ON OF THE GOVERNMENT
From a Photo

while the Captain-Pasha, or head dog, and all his subjects, subject him in turn to an elaborate process of sniffing, and other rites of initiation. After this, if he ventured back into his old district, he would instantly be set upon and driven out just as if he had never dwelt there.

As far as I can make out, there have always been dogs at Constantinople. In Byzantine days they were probably a different breed, but lived, as they do now, in a state of independence. When the Turks took the city in 1453 they brought their own dogs with them, and some writers have supposed that these at once took the place of the Byzantine dogs. But for this to be true, the conquerors' dogs must also have played the part of conquerors and exterminated the native canine inhabitants. A Turk would never kill a dog, even though it belonged to a race of men whom he is in the habit of styling by the name of dog. There may have been friction to begin with between the new dogs and the old, but they are certain to have soon composed their differences, and the present race is doubtless descended from their joint stock. They have always viewed strangers with suspicion, but they have never been intolerant if approached in a proper spirit of submission.

When a European brings a dog to Constantinople he must, for some weeks at any rate, confine it to the house or be prepared to defend it vigorously if he takes it out into the streets. Directly he emerges with it from his door, he is surrounded by a barking mob, and must exercise a great deal of firmness and patience, but when he has lived some weeks in the town, his dog will be tolerated with some show of condescension by the dogs of his district, particularly if he is willing to show them some slight marks of attention. His dog will then be regarded as a kind of intermediary between them and him. It will be despised for its dependence, just as a pampered servant in livery is despised by the poor and free. But it will be expected to share some of its good things and make known the needs of the public. When it has sufficiently conciliated public opinion and earned the good graces of the head dog, it is free to wander where it pleases and made free of the district. But if it be rash enough to wander across the border, it will instantly be set upon, equally with its hosts, by the dogs upon whose territory it has trespassed.

A friend of mine, who took a small pet dog to Constantinople, soon obtained its friendly

recognition by the dogs of his district through his own generosity towards them, and it came to be recognised as an honoured guest. But one day, in its ignorance or obstinacy, it strayed over the border, and created quite a canine diplomatic incident. It was naturally attacked, but not with any great violence, for it was small and inoffensive. The dogs of its own district,



From a "Ante Ey"

A RECOGNISED INTERFACTOR.

[Abdullah Feras]

however, felt themselves responsible for its safety, and at once crossed the frontier to rescue it, though an invasion of a neighbouring district was wholly unprecedented. In their amazement at this extraordinary violation of canine international law the dogs of the invaded district made only a very slight show of resistance, probably reserving themselves to present a note of formal protest afterwards. The rescuers then escorted their *protégé* back to his house, and, forming a phalanx around him, set up a loud barking until its master came out to take charge of the truant. They then made a great demonstration to emphasize the service they had rendered, and

graciously accepted the banquet he provided them as a reward.

In nearly every Turkish town the dogs live and organize themselves in much the same way. The farther they are from civilization and the less contact they have suffered with tame dogs, the wiser and more natural they are. In Belgrade I have observed the full result of Europeanizing a Turkish town, and have been enabled to realize what will happen if ever Constantinople falls into the hands of a Christian power. When Servia formed part of the Turkish Empire, the streets of Belgrade were occupied by intelligent and amiable dogs, similar to those of Constantinople. But no sooner had the Servians established their own

have also suffered, and their scrupulous honesty is no longer what it used to be. I have seen a dog from my window steal pieces of paper which another dog had laboriously collected for his own bedding. Happily, the fraud was detected by an exceedingly clever ruse, the collector of paper having found his store strangely slow to accumulate, and having, after a pretence at departure, suddenly returned, caught the culprit in the act, and administered a well-deserved chastisement.

But many old-fashioned virtues are retained, and not least among them is that of gratitude. A very little attention and a few crusts of bread suffice to make the dogs of your district your devoted friends, and they will greet you

effusively on your return after many months. They are particularly susceptible to patting, for the Turks, though they are always very kind to them, and even remember them in their wills, consider themselves forbidden by their religion to touch them. If you are so fortunate as to do any one of them a signal service, he will never forget it to his dying day.

I once saved a puppy, at his mother's earnest request, from being run over

by a tram-car, and ever afterwards when I passed the wooden box where she had installed her family, she would spring out and greet me with the utmost effusion. Indeed, after a time I could never leave my hotel without being accompanied by a canine guard of honour as far as their frontier, and on my return they would hasten to escort me back again.

A surgeon who took pity upon a dog with a broken leg, which he set successfully, received his fee many times over in demonstrative affection, and one evening when he came home he found that his patient had brought him another dog to be cured of severe contusions. Another animal, which he had relieved from



(From 4)

THE DOGS INVESTIGATING A NEWSPAPER.

(From 4)

Government, than they passed a law to the effect that any dog found at large without a collar and a numbered badge should at once be lassoed and put to death. There must have been an awful massacre at first, but now the work has long ago been complete, and the only dogs to be seen are the tame curs of an ordinary second-rate town.

The dogs of Constantinople, charming as they are, have suffered a good deal in their aboriginal virtues from contact with French dogs, at the time of the Crimean War. They went through many hardships at that time, and were doubtless more than otherwise inclined to listen to counsels of discontent. Their morals

considerable pain by a timely dose of physic, tugged at his coat-tail one evening and insisted upon his accompanying her to admire her litter of puppies.

It is, however, to remote places such as Bagdad that we must go in order to appreciate the intelligence of street dogs to the utmost. There they have never seen a tame dog, and all their primitive institutions remain unimpaired.

I should tax the credulity of my readers if I set down all the wonderful stories I have heard about them. Suffice it to mention that they have established a regulation among themselves for the use of the drinking-troughs which pious Moslems have established for their benefit. So long as a dog is actually drinking with his nose down in the water he may not be disturbed, and other thirsty dogs must wait their turn in a line behind him, like foolish people outside the doors of a theatre. They are, however, at liberty to do all they can think of to induce him to raise his head, and they often amuse themselves by playing upon his curiosity with all manner of false alarms. If he is shrewd, and the weather is hot, he will keep his nose in the water for a long while after he has drunk his fill, waiting there regardless of all manifestations of impatience until he is ready for another deep draught. If, however,

he can be induced to raise his nose for an instant, there is a loud bark of triumph, and he must yield up his place to the next dog, and wait his turn again at the end of the row.

In appearance the Constantinople dogs are like large woolly collies, with pointed ears, and eyes full of expression. It is a strange fact that they never take hydrophobia. Various attempts have been made from time to time to get rid of them. Early in the present century the Sultan ordered them all to be transported to one of the islands, but during the night they all swam back again, and were enthusiastically welcomed by the citizens, who had been almost on the verge of a revolution on their behalf.

Not long ago a French financier asked leave to buy up all the dogs of Constantinople and turn their skins into gloves. But the Sultan was highly indignant, and at once gave stringent orders for their protection, even going the length of forbidding the export of any native dog under any circumstances. The dogs' worst enemies are the Greeks and Armenians, who ill-treat them wantonly, and sometimes even poison them. But the Turks associate the continuance of their own luck with the prosperity of the dogs, and so long as the present Empire lasts there is no fear of any harm coming to its delightful canine population.



From a Photo. by

THE TURKS ARE VERY KIND TO THEM.

[Abdullah Freres.]

to travel along under the line till they met, and repair damages on the way. This preamble brings me to the subject in hand.

I had arrived at Mercara, in Coorg, after a toilsome march up from Cannanore, on my first tour of inspection; and my satisfaction at the prospect of a little rest, before continuing on to Mysore, was considerably marred by the report my assistant in charge of the Mercara telegraph office made me.

"For several days, sir," said he, "between 3 p.m. and 5 p.m., there has been intermittent interruption with Mysore; it comes on and goes off at almost the same time, and I cannot account for it."

"Has the runner gone out?" inquired I.

"No, sir; I did not send him out; as the fault lasted only for a comparatively short time. Besides, knowing you would be here soon, I decided to wait for your instructions."

"Order the runner to be ready to start, and send word to my camp directly you notice anything wrong."

Sure enough, a little after three that afternoon I was summoned to the office, and found the trouble had commenced. A few beats from Mysore, then a dead stop, then a few more beats, followed by another stop, and so on, till the beats entirely ceased, and all was dumb. I tested the internal connections in the primitive method then in vogue, and found all correct. I changed the Mysore instrument on to another circuit, and it worked well. No, the fault was evidently on the line. Matters remained thus till a few minutes before five, when the Mysore instrument began to speak again, and it was not long before we were in perfect communication.

"What's wrong?" was my first question of Mysore.

"Nothing wrong here, sir."

"Has your runner gone out?"

"No, sir; waiting for orders."

"I am starting the runner from here at dawn to-morrow; tell your man to leave at the same time," were my injunctions.

"And this has been going on, you say, for several days?" I inquired of my assistant, who stood by me.

"Yes, sir."

I now interviewed the runner, who told me the line, after leaving Mercara, ran through a dense belt of jungle and at a good distance from the road—in some places, miles from it; that the jungle was infested with wild animals; that it was as much as his life was worth to follow the line through that jungle alone; that untold gold would not induce him to do so; and that he was always allowed to take a party of men to accompany him, till the open,

inhabited country was gained, about twelve miles farther on.

"Are these facts?" I asked the assistant.

"Yes, sir; Mr. Price, your predecessor, always allowed the runner to take six men with him."

I gave the necessary permit, and by five the next morning the party left.

I remained in the office the whole day, ordering my meals to be brought over from my camp. I narrowly watched the working: Mysore was behaving splendidly; and, as three o'clock drew near, we all anxiously awaited the development of events, the signallers off duty, even, crowding into the veranda to see how matters went. Three struck—the hands went creeping round—quarter-past, then half-past three! And yet Mysore was rattling away.

"The runner must have found the——"

Vanity of vanities! My utterance was cut short by Mysore breaking down, just as it did the day before!

"There it is again, sir," quietly remarked the assistant.

"Yes, I see it is. Something uncanny, surely, Mr. Rector, don't you think so?" I asked.

"Well, sir; it *is* strange: I confess I can't make it out. As to it being uncanny——" and here my assistant broke off, with a grin.

"Go on, Mr. Rector," I said, encouragingly.

"Well, sir, I was going to say that the runner and peons (messengers) all think it is the work of the devil; and that if you go down the line you may fall into his hands."

I laughed. "At all events, we can do no more till the man returns. But surely he will be able to throw some light on the mystery?"

"He may, sir."

As before, communication was restored at about five o'clock. These diurnal interruptions had now been lasting for a week; quite long enough, thought the Director of the Southern Division, who telegraphed to me from his headquarters at Madras on the subject: "What are you doing towards preventing bad work Mercara and Mysore? Reply."

To which I made answer: "Only knew of it on arrival yesterday. Both runners started this morning. Will report further."

Parenthetically, be it said that with reference to the above message I received a wiggling from my respected chief, enjoining me to condense my language in future; that the information conveyed by the missive in question could be represented by half the number of words, and so on. Well, for the next five weary days the same interruptions occurred. I carefully noted time of commencement and

and found that they varied very little. At last, at about mid-day of the sixth day, the runner returned and made his report. He had travelled along the line, and found all correct. He met the Mysore man about half-way between the two stations, and he too said he had encountered nothing wrong.

I immediately wired to the director :



"THE RUNNER RETURNED AND MADE HIS REPORT."

"Runners say line right. If any further bother, I leave." Something seemed to tell me that there *would* be more bother ; so I warned my servants and working party to be prepared to go out in the morning. Three o'clock had barely struck when communication once more broke down, and reasserted itself after the usual interval.

"I begin to believe the devil *is* in it," I laughingly remarked to Mr. Rector, as I was leaving the office that evening. "However, I am determined to get at the bottom of it, if I have to remain out a month in the jungle."

Accompanied by some twenty "coolies"—my camp, horse, and servants, of course proceeding by road, with orders to halt and have breakfast ready at a village some six miles down the "ghaut"—I started at dawn, inspecting from the terminal post at the office. It was easy enough so far as the station extended, for there all was clear. We then plunged into the jungle ; and now our difficulties began. Strictly following the course of the line, it was hard work clambering up and down ravines and scrambling through the dense undergrowth, to get from post to post. The party huddled close after me ; for the jungle

bore an evil reputation. However, beyond sighting a cheetah, which fled at our approach, and numerous snakes, we emerged, without adventure, on to the high road, striking it at the village where my breakfast was waiting for me.

It was about noon now ; so while the party were cooking their midday meal, I bethought me of interviewing the headman of the village on the subject of the interruptions. He came at my summons ; I told him what the matter was, and asked if he had any suspicions as to who had tampered with the line.

"Your honour," said he, "I am a poor old man, and never go into the jungle. I cannot tell you anything ; but I will bring Nunjah, the wood-cutter—perhaps he may give some information."

Happily, Nunjah the wood-cutter was at home, and soon stood before me.

"Do you know anything of this ?" I asked, after having explained the case to him.

Nunjah was a sturdy Coorgite, and answered somewhat independently, "I do."

"You do ! Well, tell us all about it."

"If I am rewarded, I will tell ; not otherwise. The English Government is rich ; I am a poor man. If your honour promises to give me twenty rupees, I will show you what interferes with the telegraph line. If I do not, your honour may shoot me."

We had certain discretionary powers in matters of rewards in those days ; so I agreed to the fellow's terms ; all except the last clause.

"But only your honour and one man must come with me, and you must be guided entirely by me," he added.

"All right ; when shall we go ?"

"When the sun is level with those tree-tops."

"How far is the place from here ?"

"About two miles."

It was now one o'clock ; I calculated that the sun would be at the tree-tops at about two ; say the two-mile walk through the jungle would occupy an hour, this would bring us to three—the *very hour* ! We were on the scent, no doubt.

At the time appointed Nunjah made his appearance. Telling the servants to pitch camp, and accompanied by a peon, carrying my rifle,



"NUNJAH THE WOOD-CUTTER SOON STOOD BEFORE ME."

I followed the wood-cutter, who at once plunged into the jungle, but *not* at the spot where the telegraph line entered it.

"Here! Halloo!" I cried, "where are you going to?"

"Sir," replied Nunjah, respectfully enough, "I stipulated that you should be guided by me; unless you obey me implicitly, I shall return home."

"Go on," I growled, feeling that the man was only on his rights.

He seemed to know the ground by heart. He strode along a narrow, winding track; I following and the peon bringing up the rear. Proceeding thus for some time, Nunjah turned in his tracks, and addressed us in a whisper:--

"The least noise will now spoil all. You must both take off your shoes and tread in my footsteps. I will take care there are no thorns. Above all, not a sound, not a word."

Cautiously, and at a snail's pace, we crept along the moist path in the most profound silence. Through a break in the foliage, I now spied a telegraph post, and noticed that, just beyond it, lay a clearing. Enjoining the utmost circumspection, Nunjah advanced a few steps, till we found ourselves behind a dense clump of undergrowth, which completely screened us, but through the upper branches of which we commanded a perfect view of the glade beyond. Across it ran the telegraph line: one post stood

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in our front; while its neighbour, or, rather, the upper portion thereof, was visible at the farther end of the glade: the ground rose between these two posts, and the wire, in consequence, swung not more than 7ft. above it.

"They have not come yet," remarked our guide, in a whisper.

"Who have not come yet?" I asked, in a cautious undertone.

"Those who meddle with the telegraph. Your honour," added Nunjah, "you must promise me not to fire at them. I did not notice till just now that your man carried your gun."

"Fire at them!" I exclaimed, as loudly as I dared: "I haven't come to shoot men, you idiot! The civil law will deal with them. You will have to appear to give evidence, mind."

A peculiar smile flitted across his face. "I am willing to give evidence if called upon, sir," he said.

We had not to wait long for the *dénouement*. A sound as of many children's voices, in a gradual crescendo, fell on the ear, accompanied by the frequent swishing of branches, violently agitated. Anon, the medley of voices became more distinct: the swishing nearer; and, then, on the trees, fringing the opposite side of the glade, appeared several *huge monkeys*. They were evidently the *avant couriers* of a numerous troop; for it was only after thoroughly reconnoitring the opening that they appeared to give a general order to advance. At the word, hundreds of simians, young and old, male and female, came cantering on to the ground, where they squatted in irregular groups, and chattered and grinnaced away as if for dear life.

Nunjah nudged me, and nodded in the direction of the monkeys. "There they are, your honour," he whispered.

"What about them only a troop of monkeys--what can they do?"

"They are the culprits, sir."

"Nonsense!" I ejaculated, incautiously.

"Hush! Wait, your honour will see."

I did wait, and I did see. In a few minutes the party split into two sections, one crowding off towards the farther telegraph post, the other clustering round the one opposite to us. One



"LOWER AND LOWER CAME THE WIRE."

by one the monkeys proceeded to "swarm" up the poles, and one by one they clambered out on to the wire, till the foremost of the two hands met midway. More and more they lay out on their improvised tight-rope, and lower and lower came the wire, till the united weight of the creatures bore it finally to the damp ground. The murder was out. Here was the solution to the mystery which had been puzzling the brains of the whole Southern Division for the last fortnight!

I looked at my watch: it was ten minutes past three! With a bound I was out of my cover, and, heedless of thorns and snakes, I and my companions scattered the monkeys right and left, causing them to scamper off to the trees, uttering shrill cries of terror. I again looked at my watch: eleven minutes past three.

Nunjah now became communicative. These monkeys, he said, formed a migratory troop, which had recently come to that part of the jungle. He happened to have been resting near the glade on the day of their arrival. While watching them he observed one or two of the more adventurous individuals climbing the telegraph posts, and these were soon followed by others, till the wire became so crowded that it was weighted to the ground. The creatures, he continued, appeared to think this a novel species of amusement; for, by their expression, he knew they were enjoying the fun. They had evidently made that glade their head-quarters for the nonce; sleeping in the trees at night, out on the search for food during the greater part of the day, and

returning "home" in the afternoon, but before going to "roost," winding up proceedings with a jolly good swing on the wire! He explained his anxiety lest I should fire on the brutes by asserting that *he himself was a monkey worshipper*!

We retraced our steps to camp, and early next morning revisited the glade, to shift one of the posts to the crest of the high ground, and replant the next farther back. This, though not preventing the monkeys from swinging on the wire, would put a stop to their ever being able to weigh it down into contact with the earth, the whole cause of the interruptions.

I returned to Merera office that afternoon at about two o'clock. My assistant met me with a beaming countenance. "Now, Mr. Rector, refer to your log-book please, and say at what time the interruption commenced yesterday."

"Ten minutes past three, sir."

"Good; when did it go off?"

"Eleven minutes past three, sir."

Mr. Rector and the whole staff were greatly interested with my narrative of events, and, when I had duly handed to Nunjah his thirty rupees, I dispatched the following pointedly laconic telegram to the Director, Southern Division: "Monkeys."

He replied: "What monkeys?"

I rejoined: "Caught meddling wire. Report follows."

After that report was perused, I received a very complimentary letter from my chief, and my reward to Nunjah—bestowed in anticipation of approval—was graciously sanctioned.

Odds and Ends.

Queer and quaint tit-bits from scores of travellers' photographic albums, with full descriptive notes, which serve to heighten the interest.



[From a]

THE LARGEST FLAG ON RECORD.

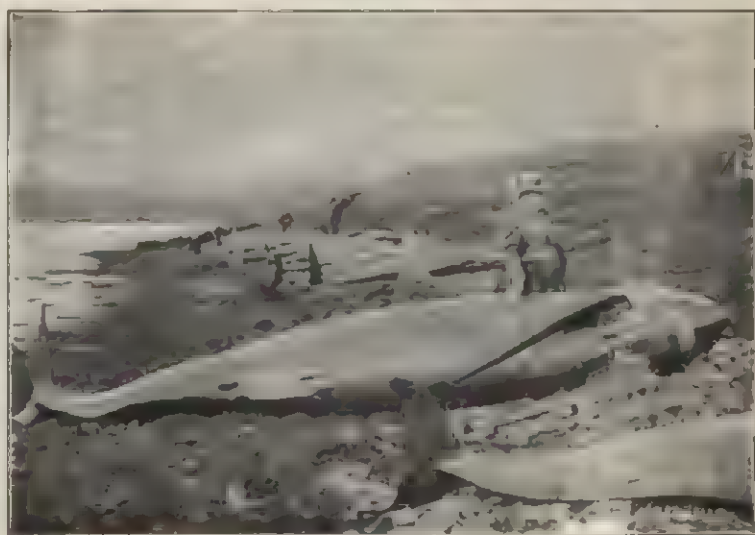
[Photo.]



VERY significant sign of the times is shown in the photograph here reproduced. Here we see the American flag spreading itself out over quite an expanse of territory—the flag being, in fact, the largest ever made. It measures no less than 75ft. 8in. in length and is 57ft. wide. This wonderful flag was made by the Keystone Regalia Co., of Hazleton, Pa. It cost \$400, and weighs 250lb.; so that it is not the kind of thing that even the most patriotic man would select to wave at the head of a procession. This great flag was first flung to the breeze at March-Chink, Carbon County, Pa., on July 4th, 1898, from a cable 1,800ft. in the air, strung from mountain to mountain, and it floated almost directly over the town. Fully 15,000 people witnessed the imposing ceremonies attending the raising of the flag. We are indebted for the photograph to Mr. Ed. A. McGeehan, of Hazleton.

But to pass to the British Islands. The capture of a school of whales is an occurrence somewhat rare in the Shetlands. Our photograph represents a marvellous catch in Gruting Voe, when about forty-five great and small whales were surrounded by boats, frightened, and then driven ashore. These occasional visitants are not the large species which

the object of whale fishing, but the smaller variety, termed by the islanders "potheads," from the resemblance of their heads to the bottom of a round iron pot. The leader of the school—the fellow of about 20ft. long—shows prominently in the picture. You will observe that the sturdy Shetlanders have laid out their catch with very striking regularity upon the broken strand.



[From a]

"A SCHOOL OUTLAIN."

[Photo.]



Now we have a very interesting photograph of a room in a simple, possibly rural, dwelling. The room is very simple, with a large window and a wooden table. The room appears to be a simple, possibly rural, dwelling.

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church, if not a "cathedral," which has been lifted bodily from the ground, placed upon wheels, and then transported by a powerful team of horses over many miles of country. This gives one an excellent idea of the way buildings, both public and private, are shifted in the famous and far away Broken Hill silver field, Broken Hill itself being an isolated city living in the middle of a desert. The buildings are, or were, mainly of wood and iron, being so constructed for the convenience of removal. The low conveyance portrayed in the photo. is styled the "ginker"; hence the native of these parts does not speak of an ordinary house removal, but rather of "ginkering" the whole of his establishment. Both horses and bullock teams are used to draw buildings when they have been placed upon wheels. This extraordinary method of transportation, however, is very slow, and the writer has even seen twenty four horses occupied for three days in dragging a house about a mile and a half. The building shown in our photo. is an Anglican edifice, and is still in use. The snap shot was taken just after the axle of the wheels broke. The parson—whose name, oddly enough, is the Rev. A. J. Wheeler—is represented standing by near the edge of the photo. on the right-hand side.

We next get a very delightful glimpse of Switzerland in the accompanying photo. This represents a very remarkable blending of summer and winter seasons in the hayfield at Davos. The photo. was taken in August, 1896. Snowfalls are by no means uncommon at this

delightful resort in summer, but it is very seldom indeed that they occur during the time of haymaking in that lovely valley. We see that the meadow is quite covered with snow, as also are the little hayricks, and indeed the scene looks quite wintry.

The next illustration shown depicts the



[Photo.]

IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE LAW.

[Photo.]

smallest cyclist in the world just taken up in the most literal sense by one of the guardians of the law outside his father's bicycle works on returning from a ride. The culprit's crime is that he has been riding on the path. It is Master Verne Trask who is seen in this way. He was born on May 19th, 1896, and almost as soon as he could walk he began to ride on his specially built miniature bicycle through the streets of Jackson, Mich. The tiny machine is practically perfect in every detail, and although the front wheel only measures 13½ in. in diameter, its pneumatic tyres are of the ordinary size. Notwithstanding that little Master Trask is new to the business, and his motive power is somewhat weak, he travelled on this Sunday



[From a]

SUMMER AND WINTER.

[Photo.]



kind. It was taken in the winter of 1897 at La Porte, Plumas County, California. La Porte is a mining town in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and lies at an altitude of some 5,000ft. Therefore La Porte holds something of a record for heavy snow-falls. The tunnel seen in the photograph shows the entrance to the shop of Messrs. Rosenberg and Jones, whose place of business is on the main street although one looks in vain for the "main street" of La Porte in our photo. The distance from the entrance of the tunnel to the

...of a condition
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...little
...and only,
...apartless
...least was bad
...the father,
...the United
...and he belongs
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...taking up
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A SHOP FRONT IN LA PORTE.
From a Photo by G. H. Schubert, La Porte, Cal.

shop proper is about 35ft. The youth on the right is the son of Mr. Jones, who has just returned from a neighbouring town seven miles away, which journey he has accomplished on his snow-shoes, which can plainly be seen to the

stone, the very site would be disputed. The whole of the rest of the town has been carried away for building purposes in every direction, many of the pillars having been appropriated for the mosques at Kairwân. The legend

which explains the sparing of this remnant is that the despoilers, finding it too heavy to carry off entire, began to saw it, and thereupon it emitted a fearful groan and blood began to trickle from its wound. This was a clear proof of the sanctity of the stone and the desire of the immortals that it should not be removed; and here it remains, with its great blood-stained gash in the variegated marble, waiting for the day when Islam shall triumph once more, and



[From a Photo. by]

AL-FUAI IS LEFT OF SABRA

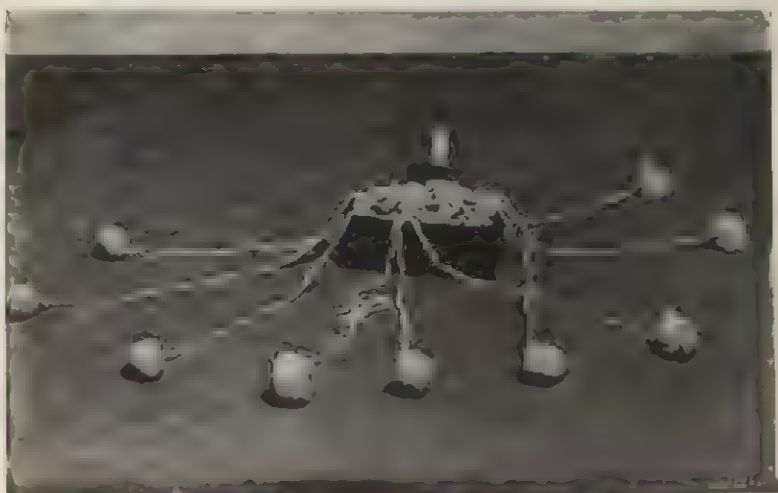
[W. J. L. S. 1890.]

left of the entrance. The condition of things as pictured in the photograph is not at all uncommon in this beautiful and picturesque little town.

The stone represented in the next illustration has a very romantic history, and may be regarded as a melancholy emblem of the present position of Islam. It lies alone in a great sunburnt plain, about a mile to the south of the holy city of Kairwân, in the North of Africa, and is venerated by the Arabs with a respect which is more than sentimental. It is the last survival of the great city of Sabra, which, in the tenth century, was the equal in size as well as in sanctity of Kairwân herself. Sabra contained no fewer than 3,000 baths attached to private houses, besides a goodly number of public bathing establishments; she possessed five gates, at the entrance of each one of which dues to the value of over £400 were levied every day; she was surnamed *el-Mansoura*, the victorious, but this name availed her little, for by the middle of the twelfth century she was uninhabited, and now, but for this one remaining

Sabra, the victorious, may be built again with all her ancient splendour.

The photograph next dealt with discloses one of the most ingenious schemes ever devised to defraud insurance companies. Some months ago a police officer in one of the eastern cities of the States, while patrolling his district, noticed an unusual light in a warehouse. Effecting an entrance in some manner, he found the identical device which the photograph here gives us. It consisted of a pasteboard box, filled with powder, in the midst of which a short candle was burning. Leading from the box in



[From a Photo. by]

WHAT INSURANCE COMPANIES OBJECT TO.

[A. Perkins, Insurance Co.]

every direction were long strings, at the ends of which were attached large balls of cotton, saturated with kerosene. These balls were placed in advantageous positions among inflammable goods, and the strings leading from the centre box to them were in the nature of fuses that would carry the fire from the powder when it was ignited by the light from the candle reaching it. Of course, the resulting conflagration would be general. Fortunately the officer was in time to prevent its efficacy, and the ingenious originator thereof is now "doing time," as it is euphoniously called on this side of the Atlantic when a man receives his just dues.

A very interesting thing is shown in the next photo. reproduced. The majority of the Zulus, as the reader is doubtless well aware, can neither read nor write. So when a Zulu "boy" — the white colonists call all male Zulus "boys," be they sixty years of age or only six — leaves his native kraal to look for work at the mines or settlements, and "the girl he has left behind him" wishes to correspond with him, she sends him in lieu of a letter a string of beads, like a necklace, which serves the same purpose. This is the universal method adopted, and any Zulu can read one of these curious "love letters" with as much ease as one of us would a letter from one of our friends. Perhaps, in all truth, more easily, for some of us civilized beings write worse hieroglyphics than ever did the ancient Egyptians. The "love letter" is composed of different-coloured beads, which, in various combinations, have abstract meanings



[Figure a]

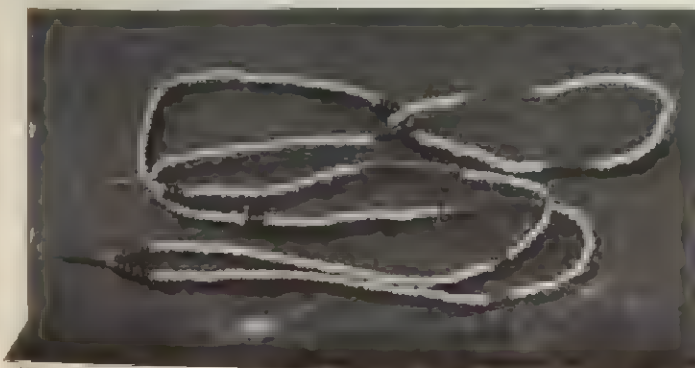
A SNOW-PLUGH IN SWEDEN.

[Photo.]

of their own; and at intervals in the string are little bits of twisted wire, each one of which is supposed to represent a "pigeon" sent by the writer to watch over her lover. Translated rather freely, the love-letter shown in the photo. reads something as follows: "I long for you. Why do you not come back to me? I am anxious at your long absence, and shall kill myself if you do not return. I send a pigeon to watch over you and see whether you are true to me. Fondest love and numerous kisses."

Our next photo. comes from Sweden. In the northern countries the railway people have much to put up with in the way of snow. Therefore, in view of the frequent and terribly heavy snow-falls, specially powerful engines with snow-ploughs are always ready to keep the line clear. And even in the worst weather it seldom happens that the train is many minutes late or has to stop altogether.

Our photo. shows part of the Hernösand - Södertälje railway near the Strömstad station, where a gang of workmen has just removed an enormous quantity of snow after a very heavy snowfall. The photo. also shows the engine with its snow-plough forcing its way through the mighty mass in much the same way that the heavily-laden steamer ploughs its way through the gigantic billows. Such a photograph showing an engine literally buried in snow to its funnel cannot possibly fail to interest all travellers.



[Figure a]

A ZULU LOVE-LETTER.

[Photo.]





"I THEN SHOT HALF-A-DOZEN ARROWS INTO THE ENEMY'S RANKS."

(SEE PAGE 230.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

DECEMBER, 1898

No. 9.

*The Adventures of Louis De Rougemont**

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

V.

THE WIDE WORLD is a Magazine started with the avowed intention of publishing true stories of actual experiences and avoiding fiction. "The Adventures of Louis De Rougemont" were commenced under the belief that they were the true account of the life of the author. It now turns out that it is not possible for him to have been thirty years among the savages, as stated. His story was told in these offices over a period of several months, during which time he never contradicted himself once. But, after what has transpired, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not publish it as a true narrative, but only as it is given to us by the author, leaving it to the members of the public to believe as much or as little as they please. It is admitted that portions of the story are founded on his experiences. In any case, the story is so crowded with vivid, graphic, and consistent details, that it marks its author, if not a speaker of the truth, at least as a master of fiction who has had no equal in our language since Dumas; so that, even if the story is an invention, it is one which cannot fail to excite the deepest interest, and we are sure that our readers would be keenly disappointed if they were not allowed the opportunity of hearing the extraordinary developments and termination of the narrative. We may conclude, in the witty lines of the *Harold*—

"Truth is stranger than Fiction,"

But De Rougemont is stranger than both.

**Yamba's
Mysterious
Gleam.**

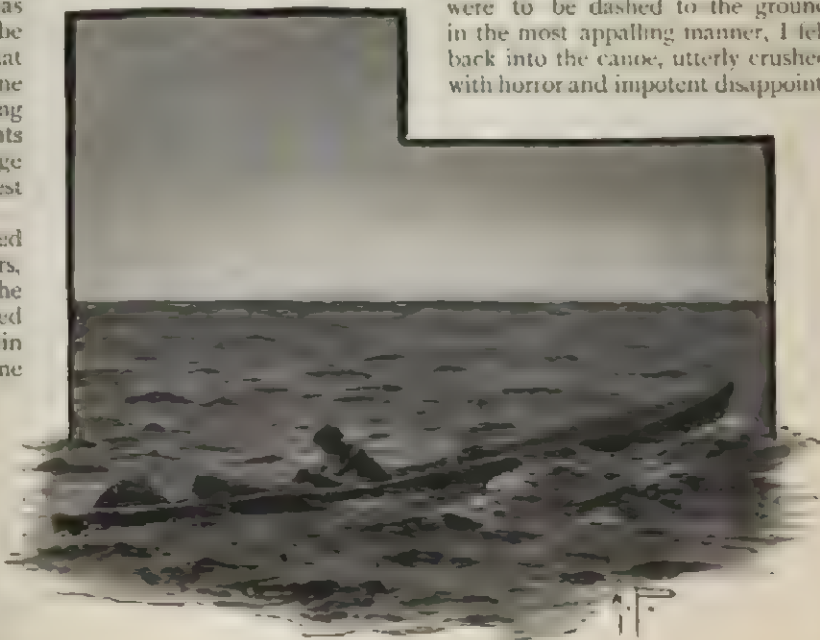
ONE evening a few days after the storm, as we were placidly paddling away, I saw Yamba's face suddenly brighten with a look I had never seen on it before, and I felt sure this presaged some extraordinary occurrence. She would gaze up into the heavens with a quick, sudden motion, and then her own intelligent eyes would sparkle like the stars above. I questioned her, but she maintained an unusual reserve, and, as I concluded that she knew instinctively we were approaching Port Darwin, I, too, felt full of joy and pleasure that the object of our journey was at length about to be achieved. Alas! what awaited me was only one more of the astounding series of disappointments so stunning as to plunge me into the very blackest despair.

Yamba still continued to gaze up at the stars, and when at length she had apparently satisfied herself upon a certain point, she turned to me with a shout of excited laughter and delight, pointing frantically at a certain glowing star. Seeing that I was still puzzled by her merriment, she cried, "That star is one you remember well." I thought for a moment, and then

the whole thing came to me like a flash of lightning. *Yamba was approaching her own home once more—the very point from which we had both started eighteen months previously!* In the storm, as I have already said, we had passed Port Darwin altogether, having been driven far out to sea.

**A Dreadful
Shock.**

I tell you, my heart nearly burst when I recalled the awful privations and hardships we had both experienced so recently; and when I realized that all these things had been absolutely in vain, and that once more my trembling hopes were to be dashed to the ground in the most appalling manner, I fell back into the canoe, utterly crushed with horror and impotent disappoint-



"I FELL BACK INTO THE CANOE, UTTERLY CRUSHED."

Vol. II. 29.

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ment. Was there ever so terrible an experience? Take a map of Australia and see for yourself my terrible blunders—mistaking the west coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria for the eastern waters of the Cape York Peninsula, and then blindly groping northward and westward in search of the settlement of Somerset, which in reality lay hundreds of miles north-east of me. I was unaware of the very existence of the great Gulf of Carpentaria. But were it not for having had to steer north to get out of the waterless plains, I might possibly have reached the north-eastern coast of the continent in due time, avoiding the Roper River altogether.

Yamba knelt by my side and tried to comfort me in her own sweet, quaint way, and she pictured to me scant consolation how glad her people would be to have us both back amongst them once more. She also urged what a great man I might be among her people if only I would stay and make my home with them. Even her voice, however, fell dully on my ears, for I was fairly mad with rage and despair with myself, for not having gone overland to Port Darwin from Port Essington, as, indeed, I should most certainly have done were it not that Davis had assured me the greater part of the journey lay through deadly swamps and creeks, and great waters swarming with alligators. I had even had in my mind the idea of attempting to reach Sydney overland, but I thought I would first of all see what facilities in the way of reaching civilization Port Darwin had to offer. Now I was back in Cambridge Gulf, in the very spot I had left a year and a half before, and where I had landed with my four blacks from the island sand spit. But you, my readers, shall judge of my feelings.

We landed on an island at the mouth of the gulf, and Yamba made smoke signals to her friends on the mainland, telling them of our return. We resolved it would never do to confess we had been driven back. No, we had roamed about and had come back to our dear friends of our own free will, feeling there was no place like home! Just think what a relief this was for me to play, with my whole being thrilling with an agony of helpless rage and disappointment.

This time, however, we did not wait for the blacks to come out and meet us, but paddled straight for the beach, where the chiefs and all the tribe were assembled in readiness to receive us. The first poignant anguish being passed, and the warmth of welcome being so cordial and excessive (they cried with *kw*), I began to feel a little easier in my mind and more resigned to inevitable fate. The usual ceremony of *moor-ool-bung* our shoulders was gone through,

and almost every native present expressed his or her individual delight at seeing us again, and besieged us with questions. Yamba, by the way, became a great woman among them. A spacious "humpy" or hut was built without delay, and the blacks vied with one another in bringing me things which I sorely needed, such as fish, turtles, roots, and eggs.

That evening a *corroboree* on a "Welcome Home!" gigantic scale was held in my honour, and on every side the blacks manifested great rejoicing at my return, which, of course, they never dreamed was involuntary. Human nature is, as I found, the same the world over, and one reason for my warm welcome was that my blacks had just been severely thrashed by a neighbouring tribe, and were convinced that if I would help them to retaliate they could not fail to inflict tremendous punishment upon their enemies. By this time, having become, as I said before, somewhat resigned to my fate, I consented to lead them in their next battle on condition that two shield-bearers were provided to protect me from the enemy's spears. This being the first time I had ever undertaken war operations with my friends, I determined that the experiment should run no risk of failure, and that my dignity should in no way suffer. I declared first of all that I would choose as my shield-bearers the two most expert men in the tribe. There was much competition for these honoured posts, and many warriors demonstrated their skill before me.

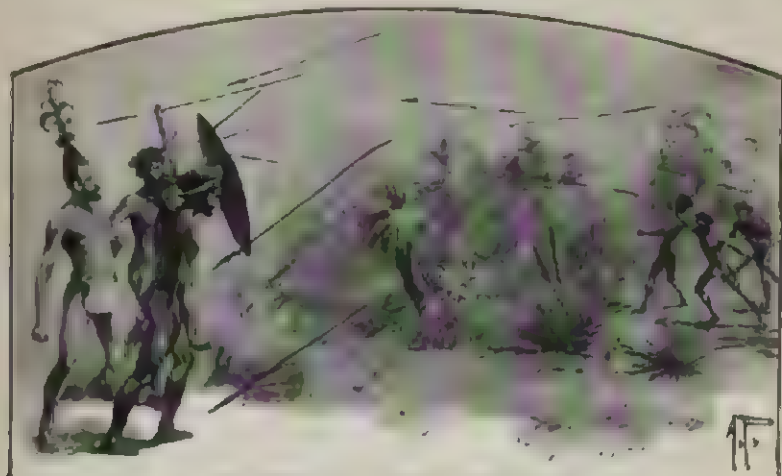
At length I chose two stalwart fellows, named respectively Mari and Yuni, and every day for a week they conducted some trial manoeuvres with their friends. There would be a kind of ambush prepared, and flights of spears would be hurled at me, to be warded off with astonishing dexterity by my alert attendants. All I was provided with was my steel tomahawk and my bow and arrows. I never really became expert with the spear and shield, and I knew only too well that if I handled these clumsily I should immediately lose prestige among my blacks.

After a week or two of practice and sham combats, I felt myself pretty safe with my two protectors, and I then began organizing an army to lead against the enemy. Altogether I collected about 500 fighting men, each armed with a bundle of throwing spears, a shield made of light wood, and a short, heavy waddy or club for use at close quarters. When everything was in readiness, I marched off at the head of my army and invaded the enemies' country, followed by the usual crowd of women folk, who saw to the commissariat department and did the transport themselves. On the first day out, we had

to ford a large stream—a branch of the Victoria River, I think—and at length reached a suitable place in which to engage the enemy in battle.

I ought here to describe my personal appearance on this important day, when, for the first time, I posed as a great chief, and led my people into battle, filled with the same enthusiasm that

to battle, attired as one of themselves in every respect, and with all their tribal marks on my body. When we reached the battle-ground, my men sent up smoke-signals of defiance, announcing the fact of our invasion, and challenging the enemy to come down from the mountains and fight us. This challenge was



"FLIGHTS OF SPEARS WERE HURLED AT ME."

animated them. My hair was built up on strips of whalebone to a height of nearly 2ft. from my head, and was decorated with black and white cockatoo feathers. My face, which had now become very dark from exposure to the sun, was decorated in four colours—yellow, white, black, and red.

There were two black-and-white arched stripes across the forehead, and a yellow curving line across each cheek under the eye. I also wore a fairly long beard, moustache, and side-whiskers. There were four different-coloured stripes on each arm, whilst on the body were four varicoloured stripes, two on each side, and a long, yellow, curving stripe extended across the stomach, belt-wise. Round my middle I wore a kind of double apron of emu skin, with feathers. There were other stripes of different-coloured ochres on my legs, so that altogether you may imagine I presented a terrifying appearance. Of this, however, I soon grew quite oblivious—a fact which I afterwards had occasion bitterly to regret. It were, indeed, well for me that I had on subsequent occasions realized better the bizarre nature of my appearance, for had I done so I would probably have reached civilization long ago.

Here, then, find me a fully-equipped war chief of the cannibal blacks, leading them on

promptly responded to by other smoke-signals, but as at least a day must elapse before our antagonists could arrive, I spent the interval in devising a plan of battle—oddly enough, on the lines of a famous historic Swiss encounter five or six centuries ago. I arranged that fifty or sixty men, under the leadership of a chief, should occupy some high ground in our rear, and these were to form a kind of ambush.

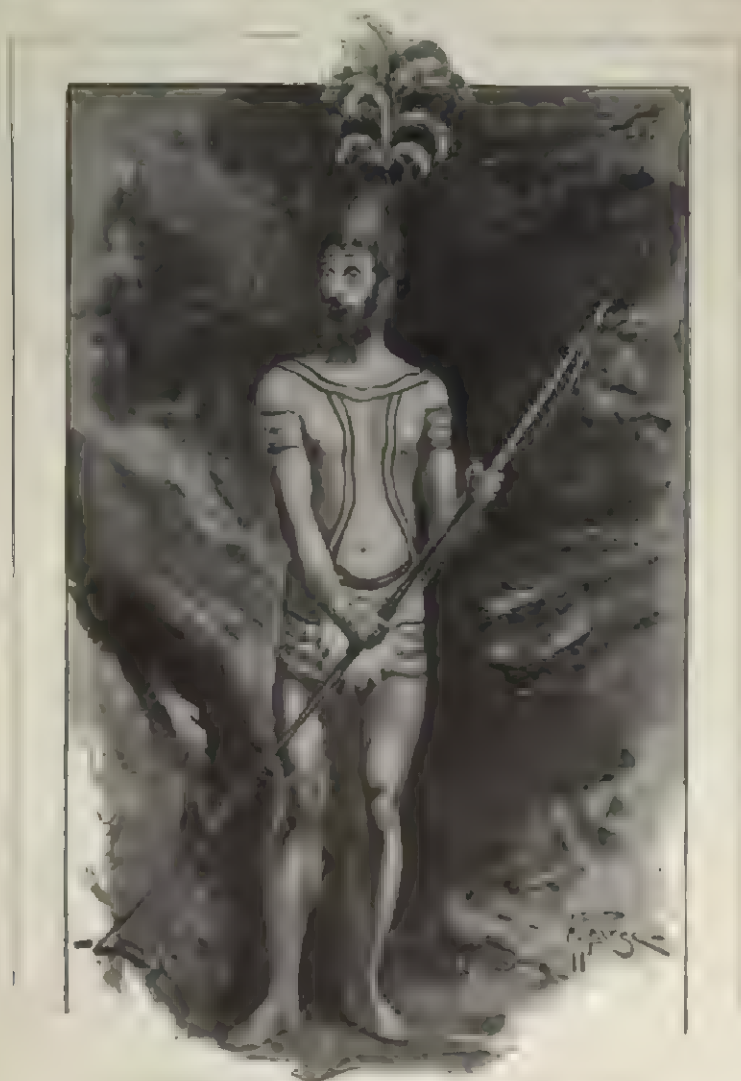
They were to act as a reserve, and were instructed to come rushing to our assistance when I signalled for them. **Preparations for Battle.** yelling out their weird war-cry of "warra-hoo-oo, warra-hoo-oo!" I concluded that this in itself would strike terror into the hearts of our opponents, who were accustomed to see the whole force engaged at one time, and knew nothing about troops held in reserve, or tactics of any kind whatsoever. The native method of procedure, as, I think, I have already remarked, was usually to dash pell mell at one another after the abuse and fight until one side or the other drew blood, without which no victory could be gained.

Just before the battle commenced I had a real inspiration which practically decided the affair without any fighting at all. It occurred to me that if I mounted myself on stilts, some 18in. high, and shot an arrow or two from my bow, the enemy would turn tail and bolt. And so it turned out. As the armies approached

one another in full battle array they presented quite an imposing appearance, and when a suitable distance separated them they halted for the inevitable abusive parley. Into the undignified abuse, needless to remark, I did not enter, but kept well in the background. The spokesman of my tribe accused the enemy of

When at length the abuse had got perfectly delicious, and the first spear was about to be thrown, I dashed to the front on my stilts. Several spears were launched at me, but my shield-bearers turned them on one side. I then shot half-a-dozen arrows into the enemy's ranks in almost as

A Weird Apparition.



"H. H. S. GENES, AS A NINETEENTH-CENTURY WAR CHIEF."

being without pluck said that they were cowards, and would have their livers eaten by the invaders. There was any amount of spear-brandishing, yelling, and gesticulating. For these blacks apparently find it impossible to come up to actual fighting pitch without first being worked up to an extraordinary degree of excitement.

many seconds. The consternation produced by this flight of invisible spears was perfectly indescribable. With a series of appalling yells the enemy turned and fled pell-mell. My men gave chase, and slaughtered many of them. In the midst of the rout (the ruling thought being always uppermost) it occurred to me that it might be a useful stroke of business to make

friends with this vanquished tribe, who might possibly be of service to me in that journey to civilization, the idea of which I never really abandoned from the day I was cast upon my little sand-spit. Furthermore, it flashed across my mind that if I made these nomadic tribes interested in me and my powers, news of my isolation might travel enormous distances inland perhaps even to the borders of civilization itself.

I communicated my ideas to my men, and they promptly entered into my views. They consented to help me with great readiness. While I was speaking with them, the vanquished warriors had re-formed into position some three or four hundred yards away, and were watching our movements with much curiosity. I now abandoned my stilts and my bow and arrows, and marched off with my chiefs in the direction of our late opponents.

**Generosity
to the
Vanquished.**

As we approached, with branches in our hands as flags of truce, I signed to the startled men that we wished to be friendly, and when we halted several chiefs came forward unarmed from the ranks of the enemy to confer with us. At first they were much surprised at my overtures, but I soon convinced them of my sincerity, and they at length consented to accept my offers of friendship. They acknowledged at once my superiority and that of my men, and presently all the chiefs came forward voluntarily and squatted at my feet in token of subjection. The two armies then united, and we all returned to a great encampment, where the women prepared a truly colossal feast for conquerors and conquered alike, and the greatest harmony prevailed. It was magnificent, but I am sure it was not war. The braves of both sides decorated themselves with many pigments in the evening, and two whole nations united in one gigantic *corroboree*, which was kept up all night, and for several days afterwards. We remained encamped in this district for about a week, holding continuous *corroborees*, and each day becoming more and more friendly. At the end of the week, however, we retired to our respective homes, but, strangely enough, I felt I could no longer settle down to the old life among my friendly blacks.

**The Old
Desire.**

The old desire for wandering came over me, and I resolved that some day in the near future I would make yet another attempt to reach civilization, this time striking directly south. For a time, however, I forced myself to remain content, accompanying the men on their hunting expeditions and going out fishing with my devoted Yamba.

I was much interested in the children of the blacks, and observed all their interesting ways. It is not too much to say in the case of both boys and girls that they can swim before they can walk. There is no squeamishness whatever on the part of the mothers, who leave their little ones to tumble into rivers, and remain out naked in torrential rains, and generally shift for themselves. From the time the boys are three years old they commence throwing toy spears at one another as a pastime. For this purpose, long dry reeds, obtained from the swamps, are used, and the little fellows practise throwing them at one another from various distances, almost all day long, the only shields allowed being the palms of their own little hands. They never seem to tire of the sport, and acquire amazing dexterity at it. At the age of nine or ten they abandon the reeds and adopt a heavier spear, with a wooden shaft and a point of heavy hard wood or bone. All kinds of interesting competitions are constantly being

organized to test the boys' skill, the most valued prizes being the approbation of the parents and elders.

**The
Children's
Sports.**

A ring of hide, or creeper, is suspended from the



"THE CHIEFS SQUATTED AT MY FEET IN TOKEN OF SUBJECTION."

branch of a tree, and the competitors have to throw their spears clean through it at a distance of twenty paces. All the chiefs and fighting men of the tribe assemble to witness these competitions, and occasionally some little award is made in the shape of anklets and bangles of small shells, strung together with human hair. The boys are accepted into the ranks of the "men" when they reach the age of about sixteen, while they become "warriors" two or three years later.

This initiation ceremony, by the way, is of a very extraordinary character. As a rule, it takes place in the spring, when the mimosa is in bloom, and other tribes come from all parts to eat the nuts and sap. We will say that there are, perhaps, twenty youths to undergo the ordeal, which is conducted far from all camps and quite out of the sight of women and children. The candidate prepares himself by much fasting, giving up meat altogether for at least a week before the initiation ceremony commences. The inspectors who judge at this amazing examination are, of course, the old and experienced chiefs.

After the fasting comes the ordeal proper. The unfortunate candidate presents himself before one of the examiners, and settles his face into a perfectly stoned expression. He is then stabbed repeatedly on the outside of the thighs and in the arms (never once is an artery cut), and if he remains absolutely statuesque at each stab, he comes through the most trying part of the ordeal with flying colours. A motion of the lips, however, or a mutter—these are altogether fatal. Not even a toe must move in mute agony, nor may even a muscle of the eyelid give an uneasy and involuntary twitch. If the candidate fails in a minor degree, he is promptly put back, to come up again for the

next examination: but in the event of his being unable to stand the torture, he is contemptuously told to go and herd with the women—than which there is no more humiliating epithet.

While yet the candidate's wounds are streaming with blood, he is required to run with lightning speed for two or three miles and fetch back from a given spot a kind of toy lance planted in the ground. Then, having successfully passed the triple ordeals of fasting, stabbing, and running against time, and without food and water, the can-

didate, under the eyes of his admiring father, is received at length into the ranks of the bravest warriors, and promptly has a young wife allotted to him by his proud parent. At the close of the ceremony, the flow of blood from the candidate's really serious flesh-wounds is stopped by means of spiders' webs and a kind of putty like clay.

With regard to the girls, I am afraid they received but scant consideration.

Judged by our standard, the women were far from handsome. They had very bright eyes, broad, flat noses, low, narrow foreheads, and heavy chins. But there are comely exceptions. And yet at big *corroborees* on the occasion of a marriage, the men always chanted praises to the virtue and beauty of the bride.

The girl who possessed an exceptionally large and flat nose was considered a great beauty. Talking about noses, by the way, it was to me a remarkable fact that the blacks consider a warrior with a big nose and large, distended nostrils a man possessed of great staying powers. For one thing, they consider his breathing apparatus exceptionally perfect.

As a general rule (there are exceptions in the case of a very "beautiful" woman), when a woman dies she is not even buried; she



A TERRIBLE ORDEAL.

Queer
Notions
of Beauty.

simply lies where she has fallen dead, and the camp moves on to another place and never returns to the unholy spot. By the way, it may be mentioned here that the blacks never allude to a dead person by name, as they have a great horror of departed spirits. And so childish and suspicious are they, that they even cut off the feet of a dead man to prevent his running about and frightening them at inconvenient moments. I used to play upon their fears, going out into the bush after dark, and pretending to commune with the evil spirits. The voice of these latter was produced by means of reed whistles.

The women, as I have before hinted, are treated in a horribly cruel manner, judged from our standpoint; but in reality they know not what cruelty is, because they are absolutely ignorant of kindness. They are the beasts of burden, to be felled to the earth with a bludgeon when they err in some trivial respect; and when camp is moved each woman carries virtually the whole household and the entire worldly belongings of the family. Thus it is a common sight to see a woman carrying a load consisting of one or two children and a quantity of miscellaneous implements, such as heavy grinding-stones, stone hatchets, sewing bones, yam-sticks, etc. During the shifting of the camp the braves themselves stalk along practically unencumbered, save only for their elaborate shield, three spears (never more), and a stone tomahawk stuck in their belt of woven opossum hair. The men do not smoke, knowing nothing of tobacco, but their principal recreation and relaxation from the incessant hunting consist in the making of their war weapons, which is a very important part of their daily life. They will even fell a whole tree to make a single spear shaft. As to the shield, the elaborate carving upon it corresponds entirely with the prowess of the owner, and the more laurels he gains, the more intricate and elaborate becomes the carving on his shield. Honour prevents undue pretence.

But we have wandered away from the consideration of the girl-children.

The baby girls play with their brothers and participate in their fights until they are perhaps ten years of age. They are then expected to accompany their mothers on the daily excursions in search of roots. When the little girls are first

taken out by their mothers they are instructed in the use of the yam-stick, with which the roots are dug up out of the earth. The yam-stick used by the women is generally 3ft. or 4ft. long, but the girl novices use a short one about 15in. in length. Each woman, as I have said elsewhere, is also provided with a reed basket or net, in which to hold the roots, the net being usually woven out of strings of prepared bark, or, failing that, opossum or even human hair.

But the unfortunate wife occasionally makes the acquaintance of the heavy yam-stick in a very unpleasant, not to say serious, manner. Of course, there are domestic rows. We will suppose that the husband has lately paid a great amount of attention to one of his younger wives—a circumstance which naturally gives great offence to one of the older women. This wife, when she has an opportunity and is alone with her husband, commences to sing or chant a plaint—a little thing of quite her own composing.

Into this song she weaves all the abuse which long experience tells her will lash her husband up to boiling-point. The later stanzas complain that the singer has been taken from her own home among a nation of warriors to live among a gang of skulking cowards, whose hearts, livers, and other vital organs are not at all what they ought to be.



INTO HER SONG SHE WEAVES ALL THE ABUSE.

Domestic
Quarrels.

The epithets are carefully arranged up a scale to *bandy legged*—an utterly unpardonable insult—and there is, beyond this, one other unpublishable remark, which causes the husband to take up the yam-stick and fell the singer with one tremendous blow, which is frequently so serious as to disable her for many days. The other women at once see to their sister, who has incurred the wrath of her lord, and rub her wounds with weird medicaments. The whole shocking business is regarded as quite an ordinary affair; and after the sufferer is able to get about again she bears her husband not the slightest ill-feeling. You see, she has had her say, and paid for it.

The girls, as they grow up, are taught to cook according to the native fashion, and they are also required to build ovens in the earth or sand, make the fires, build the "break-winds," and generally help their mothers in preparing meals. When at length the meal is cooked, the manner of eating it is very peculiar. First of all, the women retire into the background. The lord and master goes and picks out the tit bits for himself, and then sits down to eat them off a small sheet of bark. More often, however, he simply tears the meat in pieces with his hands. During his meal, the wives and children are collected behind at a respectful distance, awaiting their own share. Then, as the warrior eats, he literally hurls certain oddments over his

shoulder, which are promptly pounced upon by the wives and children in waiting. It sometimes happens, however, that a favourite child—a boy invariably, never a girl (it is the girls that are eaten by the parents whenever there are any superfluous children to be got rid of)—will approach his father and be fed with choice morsels from the great man's dinner.

Each tribe has its own particular country over which it roams at pleasure, and the boundaries are sharply defined by trees, hillocks, mountains, rocks, creeks, and water-holes. And from these natural features the tribes occasionally get their names. Outside the tribal boundary—which often incloses a vast area—the blacks never go, except on a friendly visit to a neighbouring camp. Poaching is one of the things punishable with death, and even if any woman is caught hunting for food in another country she is promptly seized and confiscated.

The blacks are marvellously clever at tracking a man by his footprints, and a poacher from a neighbouring tribe never escapes their vigilance even though he succeeds in returning to his own people without being actually captured. So assiduously do these blacks study the footprints of people they know and are friendly with, that they can tell at once whether the trespasser is an enemy or not, and if it be a stranger, a punitive expedition is at once organized against his tribe.

Gradually I came to think that each man's

track must have an individuality about it quite as remarkable as the fingerprints of your Mr. Francis Galton. The blacks could even tell a man's name and many other things about him, solely from his tracks—how, it is, of course, impossible for me to say. I have often known my blacks to follow a man's track over hard rocks, where even a disturbed leaf proved an infallible clue, yielding a perfectly miraculous amount of information. They will know whether a leaf has been turned over by the wind or by human agency.

But to continue my narrative. Yamba was very anxious that I should stay and make my home among her people, and so, with the assistance of other women, she built me a substantial



"HE HURLS CERTAIN ODDMENTS OVER HIS SHOULDER."

beehive-shaped hut, fully 20ft. in diameter and 10ft. high. She pointed out to me earnestly that I had everything I could possibly wish for, and that I might be a very great man indeed in the country if only I would take a prominent part in the affairs of the tribe. She also mentioned that so great was my prowess and prestige in the tribe, that if I wished I might take unto myself a whole army of wives! Nevertheless, I pined for civilization, and never let a day go by without scanning the bay and the open sea for a passing sail. The natives told me they had seen ships at various times, and that attempts had even been made to reach them in catamarans, but without success, so far out at sea were the vessels passing.

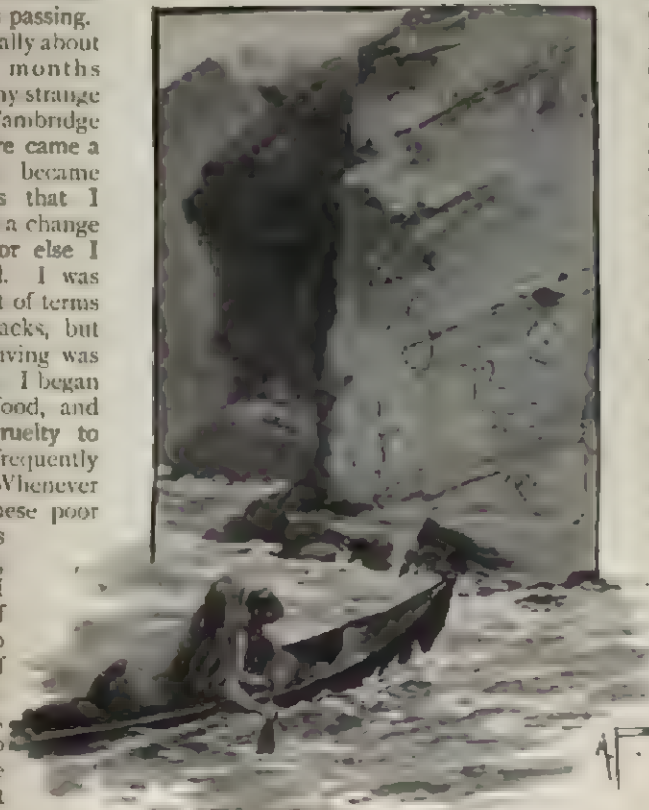
**I Grow
Weary.** Gradually about
nine months

after my strange return to my Cambridge Gulf home, there came a time when life became so monotonous that I felt I *must* have a change of some sort, or else I should go mad. I was on the very best of terms with all my blacks, but their mode of living was repulsive to me. I began to loathe the food, and the horrible cruelty to the women frequently sickened me. Whenever I saw one of these poor patient creatures felled, bleeding, to the earth, I found myself being worked up into a state of dangerous nervous excitement, and I longed to challenge the brutal assailant as a murderous enemy. Each time, however, I sternly compelled myself to restrain my feelings. At length the spirit of unrest grew so strong that I determined to try a short trip inland in a direction I had never hitherto attempted. I intended to cross the big bay in my dug-out, round Cape Londonderry, and then go south among those beautiful islands down past Admiralty Gulf, which I had previously ex-

plored during my residence on the Cape, and where I had found food and water abundant; numerous caves, with mural paintings, quiet seas, and gorgeous vegetation. Yamba willingly consented to accompany me, and one day we set off on the sea once more, my faithful wife by my side, carrying her net full of odds and ends, and I with my bow and arrows, tomahawk, and stiletto, the two latter carried in my belt. I hoped to come across a ship down among the islands, for my natives told me that several had passed while I was away.

**On on a
Long Cruise** At length we started off in our dug-out, the sea being perfectly calm,

more particularly in the early mornings; the tide was generally with us. After several days' paddling we got into a narrow passage between a long elevated island and the main, and from there found our way into an inlet, at the head of which appeared masses of wild and rugged rocks. These rocks were, in many places, decorated with a number of crude but striking mural paintings. These were protected from the weather. The drawings I found represented men chiefly. My contributions consisted of life-size sketches of my wife, myself, and Bruno. I emphasized my long hair, and also reproduced my bow and arrow. This "gallery" was well lighted, and the rock smooth. We landed here, and found the spot a very suitable one for camping purposes; in fact, there were indications on



"THE ROCKS WERE DECORATED WITH STRIKING MURAL PAINTINGS."

all sides that the place was frequently used by the natives as a camping ground. A considerable quantity of bark lay strewn about the ground in sheets, which material my wife told me was used by the natives as bedding. This was the first time I had known my people to use any material in this way. I also came across the remnants of a feast, such as empty

, etc. The waters of
by well stocked with
large cray fish for the first
and baked some, and found
very good eating. This inlet might
possibly be in the vicinity of Montagu Sound,
a little to the south of Admiralty Gulf. We
stayed, perhaps, a couple of days in this
beautiful spot, and then pushed down south
again, always keeping close under shelter of the
islands on account of our frail craft. The seas
through which we paddled were studded with
innumerable islands, some rocky and barren,
others covered with magnificent foliage and
grass. We landed on several of these islands,
and on one—it might have been Bigges Island—I
discovered a high cairn or mound of stones
erected on the most prominent point. Yamba
told me that this structure was not the work of
a native. She explained that the stones were
laid too regularly. A closer examination con-
vinced me that the cairn had been built by
some European—possibly a castaway—and that
at one time it had probably been surmounted
by a flagstaff as a signal to passing ships. Food
was very plentiful on this island, roots and yams
being obtainable in great abundance. Rock
wallabies also abounded. After leaving this
island we continued our journey south, paddling
only during the day and always spending the
night on land. By the way, whilst among the
islands, I came across, at various times, many
sad signs of civilization, in the form of a lower
mast of a ship, a wicker-basket, empty brandy
cases, and other flotsam and jetsam, which,
I supposed, had come from wrecks. After
having been absent from my home, in Cam-
bridge Gulf, two or three months, I found
myself in a large bay, which I now know to
be King's Sound. I had come across many
tribes of natives on my way down. Some I
encountered were on the islands on which we
landed, and others I met on the mainland.
Most of these people knew me both personally
and by repute, many having been present at
the great whale feast. The natives at King's
Sound promptly recognised me, and gave me
a hearty invitation to stay with them at their
camp. This I consented to do, and my friends
then promised to set all the other tribes along
the coast on the look-out for passing vessels,
so that I might immediately be informed by
smoke-signals when one was in sight. Next
came an item of news which thrilled me
through and through.

One of the chiefs told me quite
casually that at another camp, some
days' journey away, the chief had *two*

Antony's News.

a skin exactly the colour of my own, but in
spite of even this assurance, I felt confident
that the captives were Malays. The news of
their presence among the tribe in question was
a well-known fact all along the coast of King's
Sound. My informant had never actually *seen*
the white women, but he was absolutely certain
of their existence. He added that the captives
had been seized after a fight with some white
men, who had come to that coast in a "big
catamaran." However, I decided to go and see
for myself what manner of women they were.
The canoe was beached well above the reach of
the tides at Cone Bay, and then, accompanied
by Yamba only, I set off overland on my
quest. The region of the encampment to-
wards which I directed my steps lies
between the Lennard River and the Fitzroy.
The exact spot, as near as I can fix it on the
chart, is a place called Derby, at the head of
King's Sound. As we went on the country was
at first very rugged and broken, with numerous
creeks intersecting it in every direction. As we
advanced, however, it developed into a rich, low-
lying, park-like country, with water in abundance.
To the north-west appeared elevated ranges. I
came across many fine specimens of the bottle
tree, and on some of them the large pear-shaped
fruit hung very plentifully. This fruit makes
splendid eating, and generally goes by the name
"Pappa" amongst the natives. The blacks
encamped at Derby were aware of my coming
visit, having had the news forwarded to them by
means of the universal smoke signals.

The camp described by my informant I found
to be a mere collection of gunjahs, or break-
winds, made of boughs, and I at once presented
my "card" my passport stick which never
left me for a moment in my wanderings. This
stick was at once sent to the chief, who im-
mediately manifested tokens of friendship
towards me.

*A Foreign
Tongue.*

Unfortunately, however, he spoke an
entirely different dialect from Yamba's,
but by means of the universal sign
language I explained to him that I wished to
stay with him for a few "sleeps" and partake of
his hospitality. To this he readily consented.

Now, I knew enough of the customs of the
blacks to realize that, being a stranger among
them, they would on request provide me with
additional wives during my stay, entirely as a
matter of ceremonial etiquette; and it suddenly
occurred to me that I might make very good
use of this custom by putting in a prompt demand
for the two white women—if they existed.
You see, I wanted an interview with them in the
first place to arrange the best means of getting
[was consumed with an

intense curiosity to learn their history—even to see them. As a matter of etiquette, however, I spent the greater part of the day with the chief, for any man who manifests a desire for women's society loses caste immediately; but in the evening, when the fact of my presence among the tribe had become more extensively known, and their curiosity was aroused by the stories that Yamba had taken care to spread about, I attended a great *corroboree*, which lasted nearly the whole of the night. As I was sitting near a big fire, joining in the chanting and festivities, Yamba noiselessly stole up to my side and whispered in my ear that she had found the two white women.

Yamba Had
Seen the
Girls.

I remember I trembled with excitement at the prospect of meeting them. They were very young, Yamba added, and spoke "my" language—I never

said "English," because this word would have conveyed nothing to her; and she also told me that the prisoners were in a dreadful state of filth and misery. It was next explained to me that the girls, according to native custom, were the absolute property of the chief. He was seated not very far away from me, and was certainly one of the most ferocious and repulsive looking creatures I have ever come across, even among the blacks. He was over 6ft. high, and of rather a lighter complexion than his fellows, almost like a Malay. The

top of his head receded in a very curious manner, whilst the mouth and lower part of the face generally protruded like an alligator's, and gave him a truly horrible appearance. I confess a thrill of horror passed over me as I realized that two doubtless tenderly reared English girls were in the clutches of this monster. Once I thought I must have been dreaming, and that the memories of

some old story-book I had read years ago were filling my mind with some fantastic delusion. For a moment I pictured to myself the feelings of their prosaic British relatives, could they only know what had become of the long lost loved ones—a fate more shocking and more fearful than any ever conceived by the writer of fiction. Of course, the English public will understand that much detail about the fate of these poor creatures must be suppressed for obvious reasons. But should any existing relatives turn up, as they doubtless will, I should be only too happy to place at their disposal all the information I possess. Presently, however, I grasped the whole terrible affair, and realized it as absolute fact! My first impulse was to leap from the *corroboree* and go and reassure the unhappy victims in person, telling them at the same time that they might count on my assistance to the last degree.

It was not advisable, however, to withdraw suddenly from the festivities, for fear my absence might arouse suspicion.

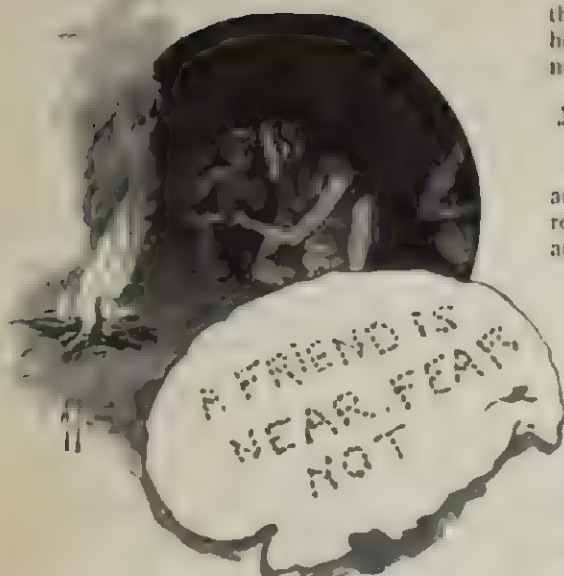
The only alternative that presented

itself was to send a note or message of some kind to them, and so I asked Yamba to bring me a large fleshy leaf of a water-lily, and then, with one of her bone needles, I pricked, in printed English characters, "*A friend is near, fear not.*" I then handed the leaf to Yamba, and instructed her to give it to the girls and tell them to hold it up before



"YAMBA WHISPERED IN MY EAR."

the fire and read the perforations. This done, I returned to the *corroboree*, still with a feigned enthusiasm for the proceedings, but determined upon a bold and resolute course of action. I must say, however, that at that particular moment I was not very sanguine of getting the girls away out of the power of this man, who had doubtless won them from some of his *confrères* by more or less fair fighting.



"I HANDLED THE LEAF TO YAMBA."

I made my way over to where the chief was squatting, and gazed at him long and steadily. I remember his appearance as though it were but yesterday that we met. I think I have already said he was the most repulsive-looking savage I have ever come across, even among the Australian blacks. The curious raised scars were upon this particular chief both large and numerous. This curious form of decoration, by the way, is a very painful business.

A Queer
Notion of
Decoration.

The general practice is to make transverse cuts with a sharp shell on the chest, thighs, and sometimes on the back and shoulders. A peculiar kind of earth is then rubbed into each cut, and the wound is left to close. Next comes an extremely painful gathering and swelling, and a little later the earth that is inside is gradually removed—sometimes with a feather. When the wounds finally heal up, each cicatrice stands out like a raised weal, and of these extraordinary marks the blacks are inordinately proud. But to return to the chief who owned the girls. I must say that, apart from his awful and obviously stubborn face, he was a magnificently formed savage.

I commenced the conversation with him by saying I presumed the usual courtesy of providing a wife would be extended to me during my stay. As I anticipated, he readily acquiesced, and I instantly followed up the concession by calmly remarking that I should like to have the two white women who were in the camp sent over to my "little place." To this suggestion

he gave a point blank refusal. I persisted, however, and taunted him with deliberately breaking the inviolable rules of courtesy; and at length he gave me to understand he would think the matter over.

Yamba as
"Advance
Agent."

All this time Yamba had been as busy as an American showman. She had followed with unusual vigour her customary rôle of "advance agent," and had spread most ridiculously exaggerated reports of my supernatural prowess and magical attributes. I controlled the denizens of Spirit-land, and could call them up in thousands to torment the blacks. I controlled the elements, and was in short all powerful.

I must admit that this energetic and systematic "pulling" did a great deal of good, and wherever we went I was looked upon as a kind of wizard, entitled to very great respect and the best of everything that was going.

For a long time the tribal chief persisted in his opposition to my request for the girls, but as most of his warriors were in my favour (I had given many appalling demonstrations in the bush at night) I knew he would submit sooner or later. The big *corroboree* lasted all night, and at length, before we separated on the second day, the great man gave way—with exceedingly bad grace. Of course, I did not disturb the girls at that hour, but next day I told Yamba to go and see them and arrange for an interview. She came back pretty soon, and then undertook to guide me to their domicile. The prospect of meeting white people once more—even these two poor unfortunates—threw me into a strange excitement, in the midst of which I quite forgot my own astonishing appearance, which was far more like that of a gaily decorated and gorgeously painted native chief than a civilized European. For it must be remembered that by this time I had long ago discarded all clothing, except an apron of emu feathers, whilst my skin was extremely dark and my hair hung down my back fully 3ft., and was bust up in a surprising way at times of war and *corroboree*.

I Meet
the Girls.

I followed Yamba through the camp, getting more and more excited as we approached the girls' domicile. At length she stopped at the back of a crescent-shaped break-wind of boughs, and a moment later eager, trembling, and almost speechless I stood before the two English girls. Looking back now, I remember they presented a truly pitiable spectacle. They were huddled together on the sandy ground, naked, covered with dirt, and locked in one another's

arms. Before them burned a huge fire of logs, which was tended by the women. Both looked frightfully emaciated and terrified—so much so, that as I write these words my heart beats faster with horror as I recall the terrible impression they made upon me. As they caught sight of me, they screamed aloud in terror. I retired a little way discomfited, remembering suddenly my own fantastic appearance. Of course, they thought I was another black fellow coming to torture them. All kinds of extraordinary reflections flashed through my mind at that moment. What would people in my beloved France, I wondered, or among my Swiss mountains, or in stately England—think of the fate that had overtaken these girls—a fate that would infallibly read more like extravagant and even offensive fiction than real, heart-rending fact?

I went back and stood before the girls, saying, reassuringly, "Ladies, I am a white man and a friend, and if you will only trust in me I think I can save you."

Their amazement at this little speech knew no bounds, and one of the girls became quite hysterical. I called Yamba, and introduced her as my wife, and they then came forward and clasped me by the hand, crying, "Oh, save us! Take us away from that fearful brute."

I hastily explained to them that it was solely because I had resolved to save them that I had ventured into the camp at all; but they would have to wait patiently until circumstances favoured my plans for their escape. I did not conceal from them that my being able to take them away was extremely problematical; for I could see that to have raised false hopes would have ended in real disaster. Gradually they became quieter and more reasonable—and my position obviously more embarrassing. I quickly told them that, at any rate, so long as I remained in the camp, they need not fear any further visits from the giant chief they dreaded so much, and with this reassurance I walked swiftly away, followed by Yamba.

The laws of native hospitality absolutely forbade anyone to interfere with the girls during my stay, so, easy in my mind, I made straight for the extensive swamps which I knew lay a few miles from the camp. In this wild and



"AS THEY CAUGHT SIGHT OF ME THEY SCREAMED ALOUD."

picturesque place I shot, with Yamba's assistance, a great number of cockatoos, ducks, and other wild fowl, which birds were promptly skinned, having in view a little amateur tailoring which should render my future interviews with the girls a little less embarrassing. As a matter of fact, I handed over the bird-skins to Yamba, and she, with her bone needles and threads made of kangaroo sinews, soon made a couple of extraordinary but most serviceable garments, which we promptly took back to the poor girls, who were shivering with cold and

neglect. I at once saw the reason of most of their suffering.

Then their own clothing had apparently been lost or destroyed, and the native women, jealous of the attention which the chief was bestowing upon the newcomers, gave them little or no food, nor did the jealous wives instruct the interlopers

*Jealousy of
the Native
Women.*



"WE SURVIVED THE TIGER WITH
STYAN'S ARMENTS."

in the anointing of their bodies with that peculiar kind of clay which forms so effective a protection alike against the burning heat of the sun, the treacherous cold of the night winds, and the painful attacks of insects. All the information I could elicit from the girls that evening was the fact that they had been shipwrecked, and had already been captives among the heathens for three and a half months. The elder girl further said that they were not allowed their liberty, because they had on several occasions tried to put an end to their indescribable sufferings by committing suicide. Anything more extraordinary than the costumes we made for the girls you never saw. They were not of our same design, being of the shape of a long cork with holes for the arms and neck. They afterwards shrunk in the most absurd way.

At our next interview, thanks to Yamba's

good offices, both girls were looking very much better than when I first saw them, and then, consumed with natural curiosity and a great desire to learn something of the outside world, I begged them to tell me their story.

The first thing I learnt was that they were two sisters, named Blanche and Gladys Rogers, their respective ages being nineteen and seventeen years. Both girls were extremely pretty, the particular attraction about Gladys being her lovely violet eyes. It was Blanche who, with much hysterical emotion, told me the story of their painful experience, Gladys occasionally prompting her sister with a few interpolated words.

Here, then, is Blanche Rogers's story, told as nearly as possible in her own words. Of course it is absurd to suppose that I can reproduce *verbatim* the fearful story told by the unfortunate girl.

My sister and I are the daughters of Captain Rogers, who commanded a 700-ton barque owned by our uncle. [I am not absolutely certain whether the girls were the daughters of the captain or the owner, I. de R.] We were always very anxious, even as children, to accompany our dear father on one of his long trips, and at length we induced him to take us with him when he set sail from Sunderland [not certain, this] in the year 1868 (or 1869) with a miscellaneous cargo bound for Batavia [or Singapore].

The voyage out was a very pleasant one, and was practically without incident, although, of course, full of interest to us. The ship delivered her freight in due course, but our father failed to obtain a return cargo to take back with him to England. Now, as a cargo of some kind was necessary to clear the expenses of the voyage, father decided to make for Port Louis, in Mauritius, to try what he could do among the sugar-exporters there.

On the way to Port Louis, we suddenly sighted a ship flying unmistakable signals of distress. We promptly hove to and asked what assistance we could render. A boat presently put off from the distressed vessel, and the captain, who came aboard, explained that he had run short of provisions and wanted to buy a fresh supply, no matter how small, to tide him over his difficulty. He further stated that his vessel was laden with 1,500

tons of guano, and was also *en route* for Port Louis. The two captains had a long conversation together, in the course of which an arrangement was arrived at between them.

We said we were in ballast, searching for freight, whereupon our visitor said: "Why don't you make for the Laccpede Islands, off the north-west Australian coast, and load guano, which you can get there for nothing?" We said we did not possess the necessary requisites in the shape of shovels, sacks, punts, wheelbarrows, and the like. These were promptly supplied by the other captain in part payment for the provisions we let him have. Things were eventually arranged to the entire satisfaction of both parties, and then the *Alexandria* (I think that was the name of the ship) proceeded on her way to Port Louis, whilst we directed our course to the Laccpede Islands.

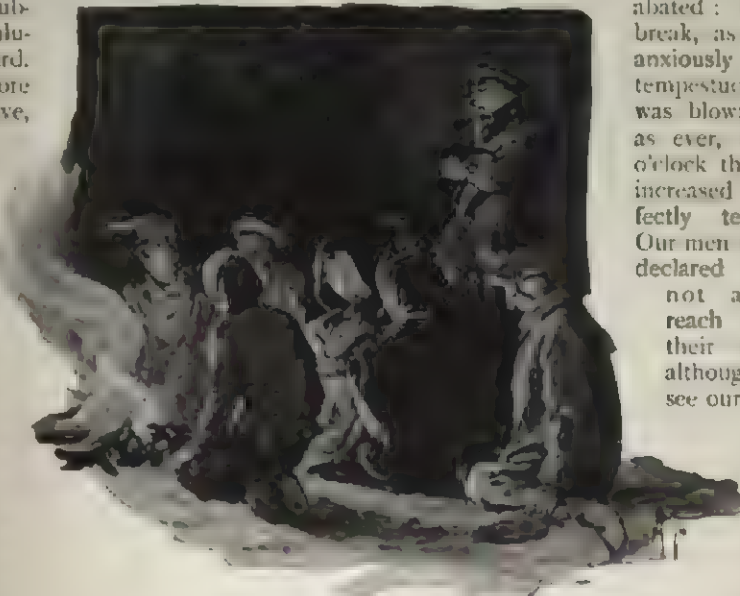
In due time we reached a guano island, and the crew quickly got to work, with the result that in a very short time we had a substantial cargo of valuable stuff on board. A day or two before we were due to leave, we went to father and told him we wanted very much to spend an evening on the island to visit the turtle-breeding ground. Poor father, indulgent always, allowed us to go ashore in a boat, under the care of eight men, who were to do a little clearing up whilst they were waiting for us. We found, as you may suppose, a great deal to interest us on the island, and the time passed all too quickly. The big turtles came up with the full tide, and at once made nests for themselves on the beach by scraping out with their hind flippers a hole about 10 in. deep and 5 in. in diameter. The creatures then simply lay over these holes and dropped their eggs into them. We learned that the number of eggs laid at one sitting varies from twelve up to forty. We had great fun in collecting the eggs and generally playing with the turtles. I am afraid we got out of

sight of the men, and did not notice that the weather showed decided signs of a sudden change. When at length the crew found us it was past midnight—though not very dark; and when we ought to have been making preparations for returning to the ship, it was blowing hard. On account of this, the crew said they did not consider it advisable to launch the boat, and as we had our big cloaks with us, it was decided to remain on the island all night to see if the weather improved. Our ship was anchored fully three miles away, outside the reefs, and it would have been impossible, in the sea that was running, to pull out to her. There was only one white man among our protectors, and he was a Scotchman. They made a fire in a more or less sheltered spot, and round this we squatted, the men outside us, so as to afford us greater protection from the storm.

In this way the whole night passed, principally in telling stories of adventure by sea and land. We all hoped that by morning at any rate the wind would have abated: but at day-break, as we looked anxiously out over the tempestuous sea, it was blowing as hard as ever, and by ten o'clock the storm had increased to a perfectly terrific gale. Our men unanimously declared they dared not attempt to reach the ship in their small boat, although we could see our ship plainly riding at her old anchorage. What followed Gladys and I gathered afterwards, just

before the dreadful thing happened. We were all safe enough on land, and it became evident to the sailors with us that the ship could not weather the storm unless she weighed anchor and stood out to sea. The crew watched with eager eyes to see what my father would do. Manifestly he was in too much distress of mind about us to go right away, and I suppose he preferred to trust to the strength of his cables.

Shortly after ten o'clock in the morning, however, the ship began to draw



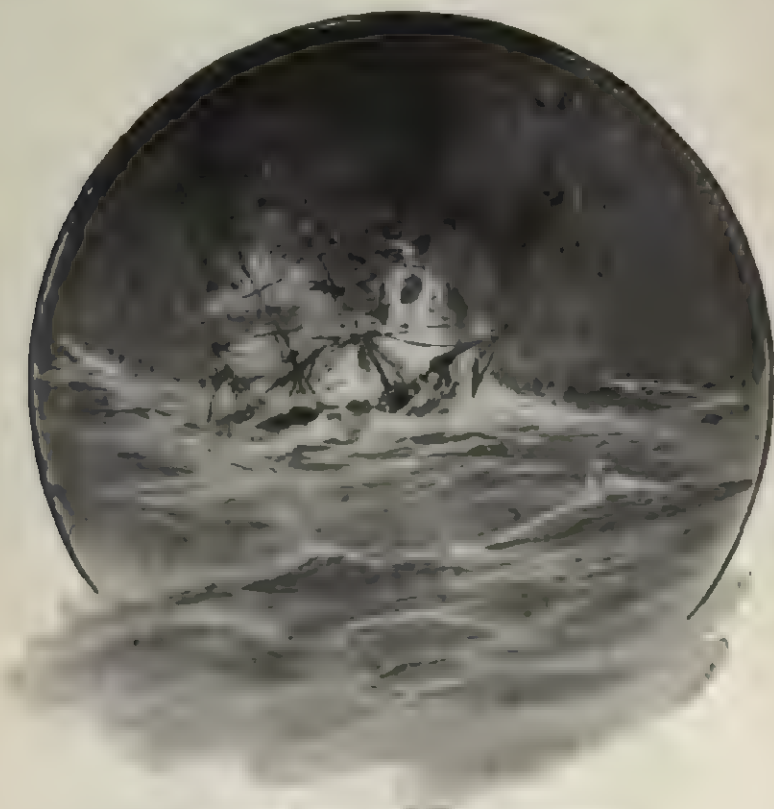
"WE SQUATTED ROUND THE FIRE."

her anchors, and in spite of all that could be done by my father and his officers the shapely little vessel gradually drifted among the breakers. All this time Giladys and I, quite ignorant of seamanship and everything pertaining to it, were watching the doomed ship, and from time to time we asked anxiously what was the meaning of all the excitement. The

camp fire and sit there till the end was past. By this time the barque was being helplessly buffeted about amongst the reefs, a little less than a mile and a half from shore.

Suddenly, as we afterwards learnt, she gave a lurch and completely disappeared beneath the turbulent waters, without even her mastheads being left standing

The Ship Disappears.



THE SHIP WAS DRIVEN AND CARRIED TO A DISASTROUS FATE.

men returned us evasive answers, like the kind-hearted fellows they were, and they cheered us up in every possible way. Presently we heard signals of distress, only we didn't know they were signals of distress then, and our companions knew that the captain realized only too well his terribly dangerous position. It was, however, utterly impossible for them to have rendered him any assistance. The rain was now descending in sheets, beating the giant waves with a roaring, hissing sound. The sky was dark and overcast, and altogether the outlook was about as gloomy as it could well be. Presently we became gradually nervous about our father, but when the sailors saw that the ship was unaccountably going to pieces, they induced us to return to the

to show where she had gone down. She had evidently taken a huge hole in her side in one of her collisions with the jagged reefs, for she sank with such rapidity that not one of the boats could be launched, and not a single member of the crew escaped, so far as we know, save only those who were with us on the island. The loss of the ship was, of course, a terrible blow to our valiant protectors, who were now left absolutely dependent on their own resources to provide food and means of escape. Thus passed a dreadful day and night, the men always keeping us against it, but had no success. They resolved to make the Port Darwin, on the mainland of Australia, which was believed to be nearer than we were, but we were short of water,

there being none on the guano island. The interval was spent in collecting turtles' eggs and sea-fowl, which were intended as provisions for the journey. Next morning the storm had quite abated, and gradually the stupefying news was communicated to us that our father and his ship had gone down with all hands in the night. Indeed, these kind and gentle men told us the whole story of their hopes and doubts and fears, together with every detail of the terrible tragedy of the sea that had left us in such a fearful situation. No one needs to be told our feelings.

Tortured by Thirst. Shortly before noon next day the sail was hoisted, and we rippled quickly through the now placid waters, leaving the guano island far behind. The wind being in our favour, very satisfactory progress was made for many hours, but at length, tortured by thirst (we had only been able to secure a deplorably inadequate supply of water), it was decided to land on the main land or the first island we sighted, and so, perhaps, lay in a stock of the indispensable fluid. Gladys and I welcomed the idea of landing, because by this time we were in quite a disreputable condition, not having washed for several days. It was our intention, while the crews were getting water and food, to retire to the other side of the

island, behind the rocks, and there have a nice bath. The boat was safely beached, and there being no signs of natives anywhere in the vicinity, the men soon laid in a stock of water without troubling to go very far inland for it. My sister and I at once retired several hundred yards away, and there undressed and went into the water.

We had scarcely waded out past our waists when, to our unspeakable horror, a crowd of naked blacks, hideously painted and armed with formidable throwing spears, came rushing down the cliffs towards us, yelling and whooping in a way I am never likely to forget. They seemed to rise out of the very rocks themselves; and I



"SOME OF THE BLACKS INTERCEPTED US."

really think we imagined we were going mad, and that the whole appalling vision was a fearful dream, induced by the dreadful state of our nerves. My own heart seemed to stand still with terror, and the only description I can give of my sensations was that I felt absolutely paralyzed. At length, when the yelling monsters were quite close to us, we realized the actual horror of it all, and screaming frantically, we tried to dash out of the water towards the spot where we had left our clothes. But some of the blacks intercepted us, and we saw one man deliberately making off with the whole of our wearing apparel.

Of course, when the boat's crew heard the uproar they rushed to our assistance, but when they were about twenty yards from our assailants, the blacks sent a volley of spears amongst them with such amazing effect that every one of the sailors fell prostrate to the earth. The aim of the blacks was wonderfully accurate.

Some of our men, however, managed to struggle to their feet again, in a heroic but vain endeavour to reach our side; but these poor fellows were at once butchered in the most shocking manner by the natives, who wielded their big waddies or clubs with the most sickening effect. Indeed, so heartrending and horrible was the tragedy enacted before our eyes, that for a long time afterwards we scarcely knew what was happening to us, so dazed with horror were we. For myself, I have a faint recollection of being dragged across the island by the natives, headed by the hideous and gigantic chief who afterwards claimed us as his "wives." We were next put on board a large catamaran, our hands and feet having been previously tied with hair cords; and we were then rowed over to the mainland, which was only a few miles away. We kept on asking by signs that our clothing might be returned to us, but the blacks tore the various garments into long strips before our eyes and wrapped the rags about their heads by way of ornament. We reached the encampment of the blacks late that same evening, and were at once handed over to the charge of the women, who kept us close prisoners and—so far as we could judge—abused us in the most violent manner. Of course, I don't know exactly what their language meant, but I do know that they treated us shamefully, and struck us from time to time. I gathered that they were jealous of the attention shown to us by the big chief.

We afterwards learnt that the island on which the terrible tragedy took place was not really inhabited, but the blacks on the coast had, it appeared, seen the boat far out at sea, and had watched it until we landed for water. They waited a little

while in order to lull the crew into a sense of fancied security, and then, without another moment's delay, they crossed over the island and descended upon us.

We passed a most wretched night. Never, never can I hope to describe our awful feelings; and amongst other things we suffered intensely from the cold, being perfectly naked. We were not, however, molested by any of our captors. But horror was to be piled on horror's head, for the next day a party of the blacks returned to the island and brought back the dead bodies of all the murdered sailors. At first we wondered why they went to this trouble; and when, at length, it dawned upon us that a great cannibal feast was in preparation, I think we fainted away.

We did not actually see the cooking operations, but the stench of burning flesh was positively intolerable, and we saw women pass our little grass shelters carrying some human arms and legs, which were doubtless their own families' portions. I thought we should both have gone mad, but notwithstanding this, we did keep our reason. Our position, however, was so revolting and so ghastly, that we tried to put an end to our lives by strangling ourselves with a rope made of plaited grass. We were, however, prevented from carrying out our purpose by the women-folk, who thereafter kept a strict watch over us. It seemed to me, so embarrassing were the attentions of the women, that these pitiable but cruel creatures were warned by the chief that, if anything befell us, they themselves would get into dire trouble. All this time, I could not seem to think or concentrate my mind on the events that had happened. I acted mechanically, and I am absolutely certain that neither Gladys nor myself realized to the full our appalling position.

In the meantime, it seems, a most sanguinary fight had taken place among four of the principal blacks who had assisted in the attack upon our sailors, the object of the fight being to decide as to who should take possession of us. That monster with the high cheekbones and sunken eyes turned out the victor, and one night—may God sustain us when we think of that visitation!—he appeared before us and expressed by signs intense satisfaction at our appearance. . . . [Miss Rogers's story must, for obvious reasons, be broken off here, but I can assure my British readers that nothing more terrible could possibly be imagined.]

One night we managed to slip out of the camp without attracting the notice of the women, and we at once rushed down to the beach, intending to throw ourselves into the

A Fearful Night.

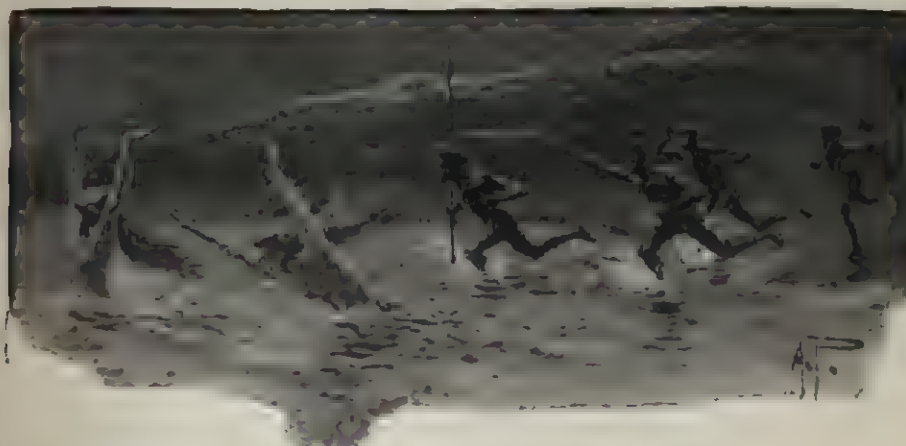
The Blacks Quarrel Over the Girl.

Cannibals on the Watch.

water, and so end a life which was far worse than death. We were, unfortunately, missed, and just as we were getting beyond our depth a party of furious blacks rushed down to the shore and waded out into the water to save us.

After this incident our liberty was curtailed altogether, and we were moved away. The

same time, I ought to tell you that now and again we disobeyed deliberately, and did our best to lash our captors into a fury, hoping that they would spear us or kill us with their clubs. Our sole shelter was a break-wind of boughs such as you see behind us, and in front was a fire, generally lighted at night. The days passed agonizingly by; and



"THE FURIOUS BLACKS WADED OUT INTO THE WATER."

women were plainly told—so we gathered—that if anything happened to us, death, and nothing less, would be their portion. Now that we could no longer leave the little break-wind that sheltered us, we spent the whole of our time in prayer—mainly for death to release us from our agonies. I was surprised to see that the women themselves, though nude, were not much affected by the intense cold that prevailed at times, but we afterwards learnt that they anointed their naked bodies with a kind of greasy clay, which formed a complete coating all over their persons. During the ensuing three months the tribe constantly moved their camp, and we were always taken about by our owner and treated with the most shocking brutality. The native food, which consisted of roots, kangaroo flesh, snakes, caterpillars, and the like, was utterly loathsome to us, and for several days we absolutely refused to touch it, in the hope that we might die of starvation.

Finally, however, the blacks compelled us to swallow some mysterious looking meat, under threats of torture from those dreadful fire-sticks. You will not be surprised to learn that, though life became an intolerable burden to us, yet, for the most part, we obeyed our captors submissively. At the

when I tell you that every hour nay, every moment was a crushing torture, you will understand what that phrase means. We grew weaker and weaker and, I believe, more emaciated. We became delirious and hysterical, and more and more insensible to the cold and hunger. No doubt death would soon have come to our relief had you not arrived in time to save us.

This, then, was the fearful story which the unfortunate Misses Rogers had to tell me. The more I thought it over, the more I realized that no English women had ever lived to tell so dreadful a tale. I compared their story with mine, and felt how different it was. I was a man, and a power in the land from the very first, treated with the greatest consideration and respect by all the tribes. And, poor things, they were terribly despondent when I explained to them that it was impossible for me to take them right away at once. Had I attempted to do so surreptitiously, I should have outraged the sacred laws of hospitality, and brought the whole tribe about my ears and theirs. Besides, I had fixed upon a plan of my own; and, as the very fact of my presence in the camp was sufficient protection for the girls, I implored them to wait patiently and trust in me.

(To be continued)

The Votaries of Eternal Silence.

ALL ABOUT THE MONASTERY OF LA TRAPPE.

By HERBERT VINIAN.

A detailed description of the almost incredible hardships which the Trappist Monks voluntarily undergo, with a complete set of photographs showing various phases of the daily life of the votaries of eternal silence.



Q all those who have sought to expiate either their own sins or those of humanity at large by a course of penitence and self-abasement, none have come up to the Trappists in the severity of their rule or the rigour of their voluntary privations. They have, indeed, almost passed into a proverb for abnegation of the world, not merely as regards its various pomps and vanities, but with reference to everything which goes to make life happy and even endurable. It is, therefore, with the utmost bewilderment that a visitor to their famous monastery finds the brethren of this austere community as contented and even as cheerful a set of people as are to be numbered amongst the most zealous pleasure-seekers.

It is true that they get up at two in the morning; that they limit their meals to a small allowance of fruit and vegetables washed down with spring water; that their days are devoted to hard manual labour, relieved only by frequent intervals of prayer; that they sleep on beds of straw; that they may never speak except to cases of absolute necessity; that their thoughts are constantly centred upon their latter end; and that there is no relief for their hardships even at the point of death, when, as a last and most signal object lesson of austerity, they are removed from their straw and laid out upon a heap of ashes.

But it must be remembered that all this is undergone voluntarily, and that, just as a generous person finds a pleasure in giving away things which he needs himself, so the

brethren of La Trappe discover happiness and consolation in mortifications which would be unendurable if imposed against their will. Prisoners who have been condemned to absolute silence and seclusion have generally gone mad in a short period of time, but the Trappists find that their vow of silence confers a fresh zest upon their chaunts in church and upon all their devotional exercises, and it is certainly a fact that they enjoy extraordinary health and spirits and usually attain to a good old age. A hard bed may be disagreeable at first if you have been used to feathers and down, but all are agreed that it is exceedingly healthy. The same thing applies to their coarse woollen garments, and perhaps also to



Church of the Monastery.

LA TRAPPE.

of Grande Trappe.

their vegetarian diet. Indeed, the eloquent fact remains that whenever there has been an epidemic in their neighbourhood it has always spared them, though they have not shrunk from lavishing their ministrations upon the sick.

One reason why they have stood their hardships so well is that no one is ever admitted to their novitiate who has not an evident vocation; men who come under the influence of a great misfortune or disappointment, and ask to be admitted among the Trappists, are always discouraged, as indeed every other applicant is until sufficient time has elapsed to prove that he is really in earnest. Once finally admitted, the difficulty is not to incite the friars to austerities, but to keep their zeal within proper bounds. For instance, when one of them is ill, the rules insist that he shall eat meat and enjoy whatever comforts are necessary to his recovery.

But it is very difficult to induce a monk to admit that anything is the matter with him, and even then he is most reluctant to submit to any indulgence. He seems to believe that it is essential to the salvation of his soul that he should mortify his body as much as possible, and every indulgence, however necessary, comes to be regarded by him as a lost opportunity. In any case, however, the indulgence is never a very great one according to our notions, as the remarkable by-laws on the subject amply testify. Nothing is refused to a sick man, we are told, except "luxurious victuals, which flatter the senses without repairing the strength." Veal and chicken, it may be noted, are reckoned among the forbidden luxuries. Other meats, however, and even baths are permitted, if prescribed by the doctor.

The various hardships I have enumerated are intended for the mortification of the body; the obligation of silence is looked upon as a mortification of the mind. But it must be remembered that it is not allowed to be

so complete as to become a torture. Besides using his tongue to sing the office and to confess, he may consult his superiors, address the chapter or council when asked for his advice, read aloud on certain occasions, and speak whenever the exigencies of his work require it. He may even talk to the beasts of burden he is driving. There is, however, a rule, which at first sight sounds rather Irish, that before a Trappist opens his mouth he must ask leave of his superior. He probably does so by means of a gesture, and leave is never refused, though if it were taken advantage of for unnecessary speech it would entail a severe penance. The friars, indeed, soon become very expert in the language of gesture.

A story is told of a man who made a bet that he would compel one of the Trappist monks to break his vow of silence. He rode along the road until he saw a monk at work in the fields. Him he hailed and asked the way. So much being permitted as a work of charity, the monk answered, but when the rider went on to interrogate him on some trivial matter, he took refuge in silence. The man, however, persisted in his inquiries, and finally, losing his temper, struck the monk across the face with his whip. The monk, obeying the Gospel injunction, at once turned the other cheek to the smiter, who felt exceedingly ashamed of himself and, after profuse apologies, went his way, resigned to the loss of his bet.

The Grande Trappe, which is the chief house of the order, is situated in a romantic Norman



By Photographie de]

HOW THE MONKS RECEIVE A GUEST.

(Grande Trappe)



THE MONK COOK PRESENTS A HARE FOR THE GUESTS.
(From a Photo.)

valley in the neighbourhood of L'Aigle and Mortagne; and its desolate appearance is in admirable keeping with the traditions of this Temple of Silence. The soil is so poor there that, until the monks set to work to cultivate it, it was looked upon as a sterile waste. Indeed, when they first began their operations there, they were exposed to endless ridicule for wasting their energies upon a hopeless task. Now, however, there are plenty of trees and gardens about the monastery, which looks like a fine country house, or perhaps, rather, a smiling white village, as you approach it. After a parley with the lay brother at the entrance gate, you are led into the building and two monks come forward to receive you. They wear long white robes, their heads are closely shaven, and their expression is one of mild benevolence.

All of a sudden, to

your amazement, they prostrate themselves at full length on their faces at your feet, like Moslems in an attitude of prayer. This is the traditional Trappist welcome, and is to be taken as an act of humility. Presently they rise and, without uttering a word, beckon you to follow them into the vast peaceful church for a few minutes of silent prayer, after which they lead you into a waiting room and read aloud to you a chapter of the "Imitation of Christ," until the arrival of the Father who is intrusted with the entertainment of guests.

He is kindness and consideration itself, placing all the resources of the monastery at your disposal, ordering an extra dish for your evening meal, and sparing no pains to minister to your welfare. In this photograph the worthy cook may be seen bringing in a hare for your supper, a special favour, as the monks themselves eat no meat. After supper he leads you to your bedroom, where there are no comforts but every necessary: a good, clean bed, some chairs, a table with writing materials and pious books, a



VIEWS OF THE CHURCH—OBSERVE THAT THERE ARE NO SEATS.
By Photographie de la Grande Trappe.

*by Photographic de)*

VIEW OF THE DORMITORY.

(a Grande Trappe.

praying-stool and crucifix, and the various requisites of the toilet. Next day you may find that you have been fortunate enough to come in for two interesting ceremonies. First, there is that of washing feet. The monks are all ranged on benches along the walls, with wooden crosses on their breasts, and one of them is presently told off to go round with a basin and towel, and wash the feet of the others, as the Pope does those of twelve poor men in Holy Week. A sweet solemn chant is in progress throughout the ceremonies, and the monk solemnly kisses each foot as he completes its ablution. A very small stretch of the imagination is needed to imagine yourself back in the Middle Ages.

The other ceremony is that of admitting four novices to full membership

of the order. Everything has been done to make them realize the full severity of the life which lies before them, and every possible discouragement has been presented to them, so that, if necessary, they may turn back while yet there is time. As a rule the novitiate lasts a year; but if there is any doubt about the absolute suitability to become a Trappist, the period is prolonged according to the discretion of the Abbot. The ceremony

is one of peculiar solemnity, as is fitting in the case of what amounts almost to a living burial.

*by Photographic de)* FOUR NOVICES BEING ADMITTED TO FULL MEMBERSHIP. *(a Grande Trappe.*



By (Autograph de)

MONKS RECEIVING INSTRUCTION FROM THE PRIOR

A. GRANDIE (Trappe)

The four novices remain flat on their faces in front of the high altar during the greater part of the ceremony, which consists of a number of penitential psalms; of a solemn allocution, adjuring them for the last time to pause and consider well before taking this important step; of a solemn dedication of their services to the Almighty; and, finally, of their **reception** with the kiss of peace by the rest of the brethren. The novices remain a good deal apart during their period of probation, but they assemble every day in a large bare room to receive instruction from the Prior. They are for the greater part very young men, and wear expressions of great devoutness and religious enthusiasm; but some of them are more advanced

in life, and bear traces on their countenances of having gone through great tribulations.

Perhaps one of the most characteristic ceremonies is that of the *culpa*, when all the brethren assemble in the chapter room for the denunciation of each other's shortcomings or breaches of the rules. Denunciations are looked upon as friendly acts. When there is any backwardness about

them, the monks often denounce themselves, enumerating hundreds of the mind, which only a very severe self-examination could ever have brought to light. When all the denunciations have been finished, the Abbot proceeds to mete out punishments. Sometimes a culprit is bidden remain prostrate



By (Autograph de)

A. GRANDIE (Trappe)

A. GRANDIE (Trappe)



THE ABBOT OF LA TRAPPE.
By Photographie de la Grande Trappe.

with his mouth against the flag for a number of hours, or he may be told off to kiss the feet of all his fellows. In nearly every case the punishment is one which would be considered a gross indignity if it were not voluntarily accepted in all cheerfulness.

On Sunday you may assist at the Holy Communion, and notice how all the brethren bestow upon each other the kiss of peace before receiving the Sacrament. Another day you are privileged to enjoy a chat with the Abbot, whom you find directing some irrigation works in the domain of the monastery. He will perhaps be standing among the other workers with a spade in his hand, and is only distinguishable from them by the large cross on his breast; he has sabots on his feet, and his coarse robe is drawn up to his knees. He is quite willing to give all manner of information about the history and present occupations of the Trappists. He points out that La Trappe is a great social as well as religious institution. The work of the monks more than suffices for their maintenance, nor do they depend upon charity or have to draw upon the reserves of the endowments. You can see for yourself the multitudinous occupations of the monks, who can certainly not be accused of leading useless or indolent lives. In the morning, the outdoor workers assemble with

their various implements at a large cross in the grounds, and offer up prayers for a blessing on their labours. Out of doors you find them digging and draining the land, shoeing horses, haymaking, gardening, tending cattle, and digging graves.

In one room you find them engaged in the various processes of carpentry. In the dairy they are making huge cheeses, destined to form one of the principal items on their bill of fare. Farther on there is a regular factory, where chocolates are manufactured for sale to the public.

Elsewhere they are busy with the rough tailoring necessary for their costumes, and a sturdy friar presents a quaint appearance sitting at a sewing-machine. Attached to the library is a room where a group of friars is engaged in binding books with professional skill. Farther on there is a laundry, where everyone is obliged to wash his own clothes once a week.

Among the important institutions of the monastery we must not omit to mention the medical hall and hospital, which are looked upon as a great boon by the whole country side. Indeed, not only the peasants around, but the citizens of distant towns often come here for advice instead of consulting the local doctors, and the medical advice given at the monastery has attained to a great reputation both far and near.

At the time of the French Revolution the



THE ABBOT'S KITCHEN.
By Photographie de la Grande Trappe.



MONKS AT WORK IN THE GARDEN
From a Photo.

Trappists were singled out for especially virulent persecution, and they very pluckily started off for Switzerland without in any way concealing their intention to emigrate or abandoning their ecclesiastical garb, which was to the mob like a red rag to a bull. On the tedious pilgrimage they observed all their ordinances with unimpaired stringency, keeping their

vow of silence, except in cases of absolute necessity, and reading the various offices of the church in their carts as they went along. As they could no longer till the ground or pursue their ordinary manual labours, they occupied themselves with making hnt by the way. They kept to their usual food and made a point of sleeping on straw, though they paid at the inns like ordinary travellers in order not to disappoint their hosts. When anyone struck them or insulted them by the way, they revenged themselves by praying for him. This incident of their flight must have been among the most dramatic of those exciting times, and it would seem as if a special Providence had watched over them to bring them safely through all their dangers to their destination. Later on Buonaparte took a fancy to them on hearing that they maintained themselves, and he encouraged them to return, but afterwards he repented and persecuted them.

The Trappists have a more or less democratic



From a Photo.

From a Photo.

From a Photo.



From a Photo.

IN THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP—THE MONKS SHODDING A HORSE.

From a Photo.

constitution. They elect their Abbot, but are forbidden to concert among themselves as to their choice. Obedience is only due to him so long as he conforms to the rules. From time to time, a superior religious official comes round and interrogates all the monks secretly, comparing opinions and eliciting complaints or

*By Photographie de*

THE MONKS DIGGING GRAVES

(La Grande Trappe.)

criticisms. In an extreme case an Abbot could be deposed by a chapter consisting of the heads of the various Trappist monasteries, but such an event is unknown, and, so far as it is possible to judge, the monks are all perfectly contented. For the Abbot, monastic life is by no means a quiet retreat from the cares of the world, and he has a very busy time of it, superintending everything and ministering to the wants of his subordinates. His door must always be open to them at all hours, in case any of them should want to consult him about spiritual or bodily troubles, and they can always rely upon finding in him a ready and sympathetic listener.

If one of the friars happens to die during your visit, it is an extremely impressive sight

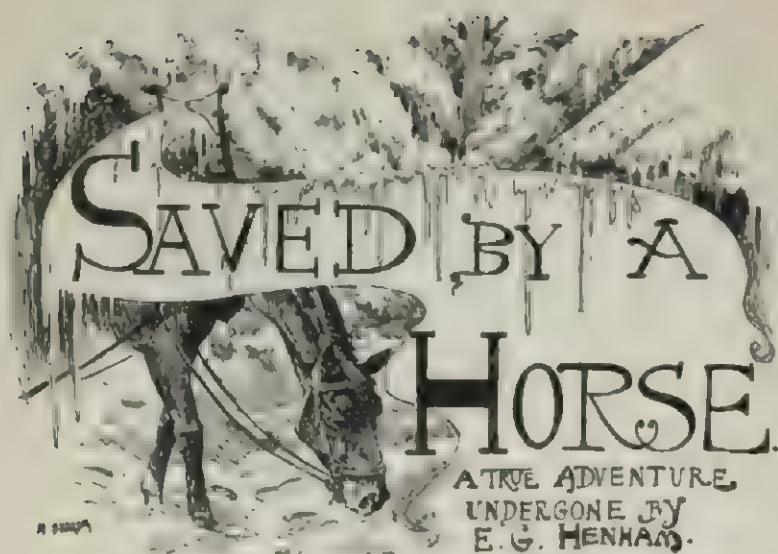
to behold his wake. Stretched out on a rude wooden bier, with his brown cloak as his only winding sheet, he occupies the main position in the centre of the church. Some half-dozen candles are placed around him in tall wooden candlesticks, and the friars take it in turns to come and pray beside him, never leaving him night or day until the time comes to lay him in the grave, which it has been one of his duties to dig for himself. You reflect over the simple, unpretentious, dreary end of a man who has spent the best years of his life in the extremes of self-sacrifice, going out of his way to deny himself the most innocent pleasures and the most natural comforts: the peaceful, happy expression of his face haunts you long after you have passed away from the church and monastery,

conjuring up doubts in your mind as to the sterling value of those earthly pleasures which you spend so many anxious thoughts and efforts in struggling to obtain.

*By Photographie de*

A DEAD FRIAR RESTING IN THE CHURCH

(La Grande Trappe.)



A stirring narrative of adventure in North-West Canada. How the noble and intelligent old mare Kitty saved the author's life on the ice-bound prairie.

A HORSE is counted but a vain thing to save a man," says the Psalmist. It would, nevertheless, be interesting to collect into a book all instances of modern times, that could be well authenticated, where man's most faithful animal friend has saved the nobler human from certain death. I am going to relate how my old mare Kitty, as clever a creature as ever lived, saved my life on the night of the 14th of March, 1891, on the ice-bound prairie of North-West Canada.

At the time I was living, wintering rather, with my old pal, Angus MacDonald, in a log house nestled amidst the poplar bluffs some five miles north of Balgonie settlement. Angus went to Regina on the 12th on business that required his both, and when I drove into the little prairie town on the morning of the 14th I found a two days' awaiting me to the effect that he would be back that day, and had something of an assurance to tell me. Naturally I thought he was over-anxious to meet him. When he came to the depot I learnt that the train had been delayed about 1 1/2 to that afternoon. I was a day beyond time, as she had been a day or two in the mountains. When I went back to the shanty I noticed that

a great change had come over the weather. The sun had vanished, and the sky was covered with a whitish grey mass of cloud. There wasn't the faintest breath of wind, and the silence on the plains was death-like. The sharp tinkling of my sleigh bells and the sullen swish of the runners over the snow-bed created a disturbance that was intensified a thousandfold by the entire lack of other sounds. The air did not strike me as being particularly cold; indeed, when I got back I discovered that the spirit thermometer, hanging outside, only registered 42deg. of frost.

There was plenty to do in the shanty, so the time passed quickly. I tidied up, put my dinner—some stew, I remember—on the stove, then mixed and began to knead the bread. During this latter operation I thought of a favourite little joke of my pal's. He used to say he liked kneading the bread, because it was such a splendid way of cleaning his hands! After a time I thought that the stove must be going out. I was wrong, for it was burning fiercely. It was the temperature that was falling. I put on my cap and mitts, and went out to feed the horses. I glanced at the thermometer—30deg. below zero. A drop indeed! The air was as keen as a knife. Now and then there came a

puff of wind which sent the snow dust whirling along the trail in a series of tiny whirlpools. The clouds seemed to be lower, and were twisting in an ominous fashion. I attended to the horses, giving my Kitty, as usual, the share of Benjamin, patted her, and went back to the shanty. Hardly had I closed the door, when there came a quick knock. I opened the door again, and admitted a Sioux Indian, who had his *lepee* hard by, and who visited us nearly every day. He was a cunning rascal, but I liked him, and, up to a certain point, could trust him.

"Ho!" he cried, shaking the snow from his moccasins. Then he put up his head, and sniffed at the odour of my stew. "*Wash-é,** boy."

I was glad of his company, and gave him some dinner—the object of his visit. He told me of the fur-bearers that had been seen lately in the district, the bear that he had tracked almost to the Beaver Hills, and the pack of wolves in hiding at Loon Creek, and many other tales. Finally he announced his intention of staying with me all night. "No, you don't," I said. "You'll just clear out, and get back to your squaw."

Then he told me of the great storm that was coming. He described the anger of the Spirit, and the mighty wind that he would send to destroy his foes; but as he found me hopelessly obdurate, he dropped the subject, and prosaically demanded "Tobak."

I generally kept some vile tobacco that I couldn't possibly smoke myself for my native friends, and I satisfied him with some of this. In the meantime, while he smoked and I mended some clothes, the perfect silence outside continued.

It was not long before it became broken. As we were squatting together near the stove, there came, with the suddenness of electricity, a rush-

ing and a shriek, a terrific blow struck the side of the shanty, and the next instant pandemonium reigned supreme. The wind howled, as though spirits innumerable were fighting in the air; everything in the place shook or creaked dismally, while strange noises crept up from every side. The snow sprang from the ground, and formed an impermeable curtain through which no eye could penetrate. Earth, sky, and atmosphere wore the same appearance—a grey, raging whirlwind of blinding snow. I went to the storm-door, but a furious cloud of ice-crystals lashed me across the face like a many-thonged whip, and I fell back with every feature smarting. The blizzard had arrived. It was then about 2.30.

"I reckon I'll go and hitch up," I said to the Indian. "I must get to Kalgonie, and I'd better shift before it gets worse."

In his sensible native fashion he tried to dissuade me, but the Englishman is a stubborn fool at best, and I would go. I gave him permission to stay at the shanty until we returned. My motives were not disinterested, because he would keep the stove going at full blast, and we should not have the horrible discomfort of coming back to a house where everything was hopelessly frozen up. Then I muffled, and it may interest readers to know exactly what I wore. Two sets of thick lambs wool underclothing, flannel shirt, two waistcoats, a cardigan, and coat, three pairs of woollen

socks, over these a long pair of Arctic socks, lined with wool, and reaching to the knees, the whole protected by buckskin moccasins that had been made for me by the wife of my present companion, a pair of tweed trousers, and over these a stout pair of corduroys; an otter cap pulled down to my eyes, and well over those tender features, the ears: a great buffalo coat, made out of an old bull, with a



"HE TOLD ME OF THE GREAT STORM THAT WAS COMING."

* Very nice.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

ht; this was secured waist, while another went round my neck and throat; on my hands a pair of woollen mitts, and over these a splendid pair of lined otter driving mitts over a foot in length. A veritable suit of armour!

At the bottom of the cutter (a light sleigh) there was a bed of straw, covered by a rug. I was tucked in by a cowhide, with over all a fine buffalo robe, which was the property of Angus. The temperature when I started was 15 deg. below zero, which was a decided jump, but, with that wind, the cold was frightful.

I slipped into Kitty's stable, wiped away the frost from her neck and the icicles from her nose, then threw the harness over her blanket, the Indian assisting me in his usual manner—by looking on. The old lady whinnied, and rubbed her head affectionately upon my shoulder. Five minutes later we were off, dragging across the uneven snow-bed, with the wind at the right side.

Though it was early in the afternoon, it might almost have been night. The blizzard was not very bad at that time, but I could not see more than two yards ahead. The grey whirling snow surrounded us completely, and the noise of the ice tempest was terrific. Now and again I could see a ghastly outline that marked some bluff, and once the spectral shape of another horse and cutter flitted by with the wind. The snow-clad occupant raised his arm, and I shouted, as probably he had done, but, of course, neither could hear the other.

Though the trail was perfectly invisible, and it was like travelling across the ocean without a compass, I made no mistake, and after a time we came safely to Balgonie. I put Kitty up in the church stable (erected for the use of settlers who drove or rode across prairie to the Sunday service), then staggered through the deserted settlement—every house was sealed up tightly, and there was absolutely not a single sign of life—to the depôt, where I found the agent with his knees almost touching a red-hot stove, that did not seem to be giving out a scrap of heat. In answer to my inquiry concerning the Atlantic express, he said: "She's been cancelled. A ge came half an hour ago. She's blocked a blizzard."

my journey had been for nothing. Angus not arrive until the following morning, in case. I stated my intention of returning and the agent stared. "You can't do it," I. "It's getting worse every minute." n going, anyhow," I said. "It's only five

: known a mar

to go a hundred yards from his house to the stable, night like this," he went on. "Still, if it's suicide you're after, I guess you know your own hand best."

I chatted with him for a few minutes; then arranged my mufflers for departure. He gave me a drink of ice-cold water, which is by far the best thing to preserve warmth in the body—spirits, I may mention, are fatal. "Better put up at the Queen's," he suggested.

"I'm not afraid of a bit of wind," I said.

"All right," he said, as I moved off. "You Englishmen are all darned fools, anyhow."

I laughed, and he shouted after me, "I'll come to your funeral to show there's no bad feeling." I just caught these words through the howling of the gale and the rattling of some loosened tin that protected the roof. Then I fought my way to the stable, alongside of the houses, and again, though with considerable difficulty, hitched up Kitty to the cutter. "I'll go a little way," I said to myself, "and turn back if it's too bad." I was soon to discover that over-confidence in one's powers can be a very dangerous thing. I lay back in the cutter. Kitty bent her neck to the task, and we scraped away over the snow. The blizzard was at its height. It is impossible to describe the scene, or even to give any idea of it. Suffice it to say that I could see absolutely nothing, except a whirling ocean of grey-dark snow and ice crystals. Around me lay chaos and night—a raging, blasting, freezing night. The wind on my face felt like the hot touch of fire. When I held my hand just before my face I couldn't see it. Kitty, of course, was entirely invisible.

I soon weakened in my resolution. I would stay the night in the settlement, and drive out with Angus in the morning. I pulled Kitty round—she came unwillingly, and I guided her along the way I thought we had come, though she rebelled constantly. The knowledge came to me suddenly that, although we had only just left it, I hadn't the least idea in which direction the settlement lay. The thought that I had so quickly lost my bearings terrified me. I should have the wind at my right side, I thought, but the wind seemed to be shifting constantly. I pulled my old mare round, and tried again, with similar results. The effort began to tell upon me at once, for the incessant pulling at the lines numbed my hands. I began to realize that I was lost on the prairie in a blizzard, and I knew well that in such cases the usual ending was death—an easy, painless death, certainly, but still an ending to all things. That is hard when one is young and full of strength. I shouted at one and side to side. She

stopped altogether, and though I could not see her, I felt that she was looking back upon me reproachfully.

I scraped away the snow, and found that we were upon prairie and off the trail. For a mere second the snow clouds parted, and I perceived, or fancied I saw, a patch of dark earth

where many lives have been, apparently foolishly, lost, I have often listened to stay-at-home men discussing "over the nuts and wine" the methods that should have been employed. Why didn't they do this, or that? It is so easy to talk so. Had I been sitting warm and comfortable in the shanty, and had anyone asked me what course I



"WE WERE ON THE PRAIRIE AND OFF THE TRAIL."

that the wind had cleared of snow. I guided Kitty towards it, and at once felt the cutter scraping against bushes, and when I put out my hand it encountered the slim twigs of the saskatoon. At the same time we were almost overturned by a snow-hidden log. We were passing the side of a bluff, but I could not locate it. My hands were almost dead. I dropped the lines in despair, and buried myself more closely beneath the buffalo robe.

Had my hands been the last to "go," I should never have survived that night, for the simple reason that I should have exercised my own inferior judgment to the end. Providentially they were the first portion of my body to succumb. Let me point out the extreme difficulty of acting with deliberate forethought at a moment of great peril. After some crisis,

should follow were I to be lost in a blizzard, I should have said directly, "My Kitty is one of the cleverest horses on the prairie, and all I should do would be to cover myself up and let her take me where she liked. She would bring me to a place of safety." But this is exactly what I didn't do, at least, not until I was compelled to give up the struggle.

Feeling herself free, Kitty veered off in an exactly opposite direction and stopped. More by instinct than anything else, I understood that she was sniffing at the wind, and pawing up the snow that she might take her bearings from the ground beneath. After a long pause, she went on, soon to stop again, and so on for a period that seemed to lengthen out into hours.

By this time I had covered my head completely with the buffalo robe, and lay in the

cutter as though it had been a bed. A sudden terror had come over me; I could not look any longer at the whirling snow that rushed and shrieked all around, until it assumed strange, ghost-like shapes, whirling and spectral figures that rushed by, howling continually, and beckoning me on to my fate. In addition to the frightful cold the isolation was so terrible, I felt that I was cut apart completely from the world, and that I should never again look upon the face of a fellow-creature. Then I was foolish enough to begin thinking upon unpleasant subjects, but my brain was weakening, and the frost was gradually overmastering my body.

I thought of wild Indian legends, that I had listened to and laughed at when the sun had been shining brightly. Now they made me shudder, and once I half rose with a shriek, for I imagined that some unnatural being was leaning over the sleigh with hands outreached to kill me. I thought of the search parties that always traversed the prairies after a great blizzard, to find the bodies of those who were missing from their homes. I remembered how, early in the spring, when a farmer was cutting hay in a "sleigh" at Canington Manor, he had suddenly come across a dreadful skeleton, which, by certain articles still clinging to it, was identified as the remains of a young man who had been lost in a blizzard two winters previously. I thought of Angus donning his threadbare black suit, which I had seen him wear once or twice, that he might follow me to the grave, which they would cut out of the frozen ground with their axes.

Shivering with cold and terror, I lay there, with the ice tempest raging more fiercely than ever. I had no idea what portion of the prairie I was in—indeed, I was past troubling much about it. So torpid was my brain that not once did it occur to me that I was depending upon a horse for my life; not once did I congratulate myself upon being drawn by Kitty, who knew every inch of the homeward track. I only felt that my senses were gradually going, that I was succumbing to that fearful cold. My body from the waist downwards was numbed and like lead. At that stage I could not possibly have stood upright unaided, neither had I strength in my arms to even gather up the reins. In another hour at most I know I should have sunk into that fatal sleep from which there is no awakening.

By a superhuman effort I cast off the stupor. I tried to drag myself upright, and when I failed I shouted wildly at Kitty. She took no notice—it is not likely that she heard me. The cutter went dragging on, rising and dipping through the almost solid wall of ice and snow. My face felt as though a red-hot mask was being

pressed against it. For the first time I heard along the wind the intermittent baying of wolves. I realized what an easy prey I should fall were they the dreaded timber wolves.

I seemed to have been stretched there for hours. It had often been my boast that I could endure cold better than most men, and that night proved that the boast was no idle one. I never lost consciousness throughout the whole of that terrible journey. I remember Archdeacon W—— saying, after he had been marvellously rescued from the clutch of a Polar bear within the circle, "The only thought that occurred to my mind was the idea how weak a creature is man when brought in opposition with the animal." He would have died with that thought uppermost in his mind, I expect. I have a distinct recollection of feeling envy and anger for my faithful animal ally. Envy, because she could make her way through that terrific storm; and anger, because she so evidently knew what she was doing, while I, the superior human, lay helpless and semi-unconscious.

On we went, still on, as though for ever, sometimes crashing through the willow scrub at the borders of a bluff, sometimes striking heavily upon a point of rock. Kitty stopped frequently, and each time I thought it was impossible that she could continue the journey, but I was always mistaken, until she pulled up suddenly, and I felt, when I put out my head, with the fear of a child creeping from its bed by night, that the force of the wind was considerably broken.

Where had we come to? Had she stopped, utterly played out, in some thick bluff? I could feel no bushes. She seemed to be pawing at something hard, and once I fancied I heard her whinny impatiently. Suddenly, I felt certain that the liquid stream of ice and snow rushing past had been momentarily illumined by a dull yellow ray. I dared not hope, but I strained my frost-covered eyes, and shouted again and again in a feeble voice that was utterly drowned in the tumult. The glow came again, and it was stronger—perhaps my eyes were clearer. It seemed to become permanent. In that light the ice crystals looked like millions of rushing stars surging past into space. Before I could cry out again, arms went round my body. I could see nothing. I had a dim idea that I was going to be murdered, but I felt quite indifferent. I was dragged out of the cutter, over the snow, into a place that seemed altogether strange and unreal, for it was full of light and warmth, the tumult sounded far away, while the hot sensation of ice beating upon my face had ceased. I saw a dusky face bending over me. I realized that I was in my own shanty, that Kitty had brought me home

through the blizzard and had saved my life. "Kitty," I groaned. "Look after her." Then I became unconscious.

It was lucky that I fainted, for both my hands, with my chin, nose, and ears, were frozen. Before I recovered the Indian had thawed them

were gone, and I soon discovered that she couldn't trot more than two miles at a stretch. She was a singularly ugly mare, other people said. They could not see her with my eyes. Once she saved me from arrest; once from death; several times from an awkward



"KITTY, I GROANED. 'LOOK AFTER HER.'"

out with the aid of ice-cold water, and I was spared the agony of feeling them return to life. The following day I was about again, weak and very nervous, the parts that had been frozen turning and dreadfully tender, but otherwise none the worse for my adventure. I am sorry to say that many were less fortunate than I. Five deaths came to my knowledge, and there must have been others that I did not hear of. Angus returned home during the afternoon, and as he too had been through adventures, we had much to tell each other.

My dear old Kitty never recovered from the strain of that night. Her nerve and strength

position. She is dead now. I buried her myself, at the edge of a bluff on the White Sand River, but nobody else knows the meaning of the little pile of stones, erected on the patch of flowering grass that leads down to the white sand-spit. I was last there on a glorious evening in summer, and when I rode away on a three-year old son of Kitty's, through the gaudy marigolds and sunflowers of the prairie, I cast many a sad glance back at the lonely spot, which I should probably never see again, where I had buried the faithful old mare who had, I might almost say, given her life for me.

A River of Red Lava.

By OVEREND G. ROSE.

The narrative of a gentleman who watched the great river of molten lava flowing steadily on its destructive course. Illustrated by a most interesting set of photographs showing the terrible stream at various stages of its journey. The photographs were taken at intervals of about twenty minutes.

IN 1881 I was planting cane at Honuapo, in the Island of Hawaii, on the slopes of Mona Loa, the great active volcano 14,450ft. in height. The great crater is at the top of the mountain above the snow-line, and on the slope of the mountain 4,000ft. above the sea is the crater of Kilauea, which contains the celebrated lake of molten lava and the pillar of fire which was visible every evening from my house. Mona Loa is a long, dome-shaped mountain, which was entirely in view from my house, as only a valley, about thirty miles across as the crow flies, lay between us and the mountain. One night my friend Mr. Lawes and I were awakened by the dogs barking, and as wild cattle often got in the cane at night, we picked up our rifles and went out. We could neither see nor hear anything, but as we turned the corner of the house, in full view of Mona Loa, we saw shoot up into the air full 1,000ft. a fountain of red lava from the crater at the summit. The lava then commenced to run down the mountain side like a great red snake. The sight was grand beyond description. This was the beginning of the flow of 1881. The lava in the course of its flow divided into three streams. One ran towards the sheep pastures of Waimea, the second ran towards Pahala, which lay between us and the mountain,

and the third flow ran towards the town of Hilo.

This third flow is the one from which the photographs accompanying this article were taken. In its course it met the Waiakea stream, one of those streams which in the rainy season are

turbulent rivers, and during the dry season are reduced to hardly running at all. In some places the bed of the stream abruptly takes a drop of 50ft. or 60ft. into a deep pool below. The first photograph illustrates the lava beginning to pour over such a place in the Waiakea stream. You will observe, if you look closely at the photograph, that the lava has already filled up the bed of the stream above, and that in the centre the lava had so far cooled from contact with the bed of the stream that it had piled up on itself, and only one little trickle of lava shows itself, whereas at the sides

it is gaining strength from fresh accessions from above, and is already commencing to gain on the water in the pool and piling up on itself.



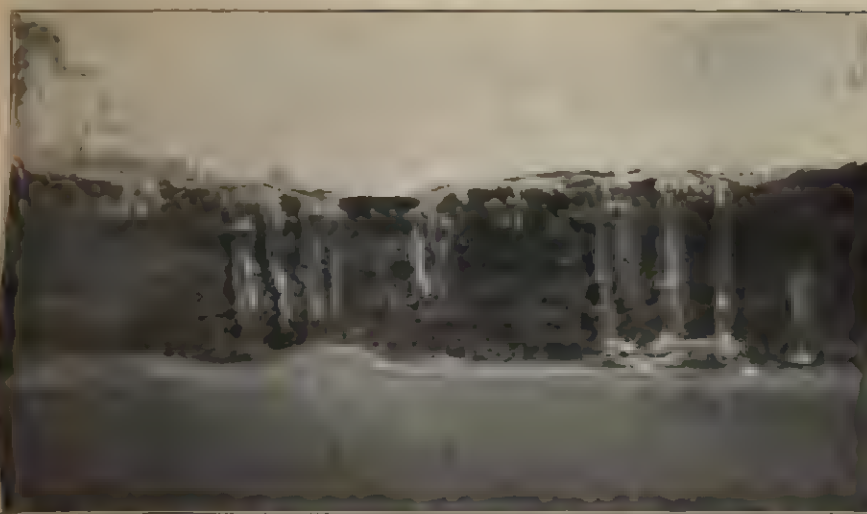
THE AUTHOR, MR. OVEREND G. ROSE.
From a Photo. by Chas. Laines, San Francisco.



From a

L—A FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE FIERY CATARACT

Photo.



From a]

2. THE CASCADE OF MOLTEN LAVA A LITTLE LATER.

[Photo

In the second photograph, taken twenty minutes after the first, you will see that the lava in the centre is gaining very slowly: the small trickle in the centre has stopped where it was, but fresh streams are beginning to pour over the sides, and the lava is beginning to exhibit the ropy form in which it flows—which can be best likened to the way melted toffy looks when it is poured out. Although the lava is fluid, yet it is so viscid that it appears more to be pushed forward by the mass at the rear than to flow forward of itself: hence the peculiar ropy form it so often assumes, which may be very well seen by looking at the pile of lava forming on the right-hand side of the photograph, where it has built up out of reach of the water.

My first close view of the flow was at night. It was the second stream running towards Pahala. The flow, about 300ft. in breadth, and 80ft. in height, was coming down the bed of a dry gulch, in the midst of the forest, a glowing,

fiery red serpent. On each side as it passed the great forest trees caught fire and shrivelled up like dry grass. The crash of the falling trees, the irresistible onward flow of the molten lava, the intense red glare, the fearful heat, although the wind was blowing strongly at our backs, and the inky blackness of the surrounding tropical forest made a picture never to be forgotten. The animals and birds were so frightened that we came upon a covey of wild turkeys that made no attempt to escape till we got right up to them; and even then, if the leading member of our party had not been so greedy and tried to catch two at once, with the result that he tripped and rolled head over heels, he would have secured one.

The third photograph, taken twenty minutes from No. 2, is taken from the side, as by this time the heat and steam made it impossible for the man taking the photographs to remain



[From a]

3.—TREMENDOUS FLOW OF THE RED-HOT LAVA INTO A STREAM.

Photo

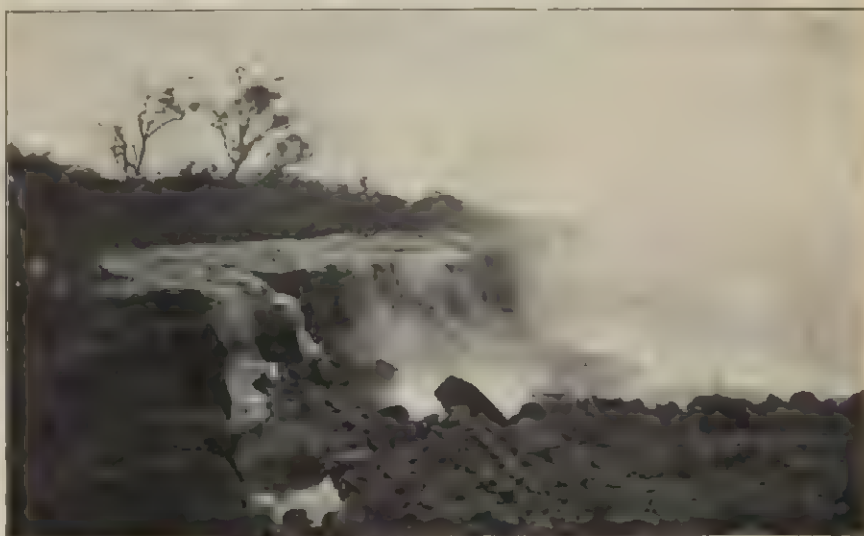
fiery red serpent. On each side as it passed the great forest trees caught fire and shrivelled up like dry grass. The crash of the falling trees, the irresistible onward flow of the molten lava, the intense red glare, the fearful heat, although the wind was blowing strongly at our backs, and the inky blackness of the surrounding tropical forest made a picture

any longer in his former position, facing the flow.

In this photograph you will see what an encroachment the lava has made on the water in the pool, the heaps of lava stretching far out into the pool. The lava now has really become a cascade, and on the left you will see the extraordinary forms, like long pipes, assumed by the flowing lava. The hissing steam, the molten lava, and the sulphurous smell of the escaping gases gave a very good idea of the popular descriptions of Hades.

To give some idea of the fascination of watching a scene like this, I once took a party of friends down into the crater of Kilauea by night, to see the molten lake. We had promised the landlord at the Volcano House that we would return at 9 p.m., but the spectacle was so grand that I could not get them to return till two o'clock in the morning. In vain I pleaded our promise, my wife's anxiety - get them to move I could not; and, as I was acting as guide on this occasion, I dare not leave them to find their way home. The molten lava was covered with a black slag when we first got there, which slowly rolled away like a scroll, and then the waves of red-hot lava began to dash against the lava cliffs surrounding the lake, and every now and then masses from these cliffs, undermined at their base, would fall into the roaring, seething flood. Then fountain after fountain of molten lava burst up high into the air from the surface of the lake. No wonder all sense of time becomes lost in a scene like this. The landlord at the Volcano House was very much alarmed at our prolonged absence, as he had seen the violent eruption from the edge of the crater that had taken place while we were there, and concluded that we had been engulfed by the lava. He started down into the crater, bitterly reproaching himself for *having* allowed us to go down into the crater by night, which had not been allowed for some

years on account of the danger. On finding we were safe, his anxiety turned to anger at the fright we had given him, and we received a most amusing scolding, which chiefly fell on my head, as he said an old *kainanua* (i.e., old resident) like myself ought to have known better, which was rather hard after all I had done to try and persuade them to come home at the proper time. A native called Kahakina showed on this occasion an instance of heroism which is worthy of record. My wife, who was very frightened at our long absence, implored him to go down into the crater to see what had happened to Roke (my native name); but he refused, saying Pele was angry with us for throwing stones into the molten lava the night before, and that we were all dead. The



FRONT.

4. THE STREAM IS RAPIDLY BEING DESTROYED.

17000.

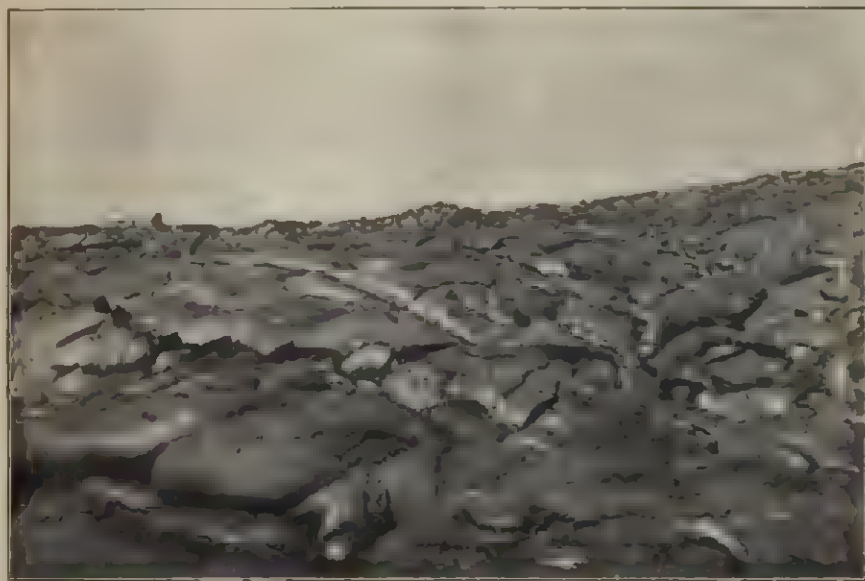
other natives also told him not to go. At last, seeing my wife crying, he said, "I will go for love of Roke, but I know I go to my death, as Pele is angry." Which there is no doubt he honestly believed.

In photograph No. 4, which is taken still farther away to the side, owing to the great heat, we now have a view of the lava above the cascade as well as below. The lava above, where it has been momentarily stopped by the rocks in the bed of the stream, has piled up on itself in jagged heaps. Down below, the lava has so far filled up the deep pool that the drop of the cascade has been reduced to about a quarter its former height on the left, but the steam rising to the right shows that in the centre there is still some water left. The lava, now increased in quantity, and therefore more fluid,

as it does not so quickly lose its heat, has lost to a great extent its ropy character, and is flowing in a broader sheet like form.

In photograph No. 5 you see the appearance of the flow when the stream had been filled up to its banks. Not a vestige remains of the

part of it. I could just distinguish the piles of bones, but suddenly came to a part where the track made a sharp turn. I could not see the next pile, and utterly unconscious that the road had turned, I kept straight on, letting my horse walk on, hoping that he would find the track.



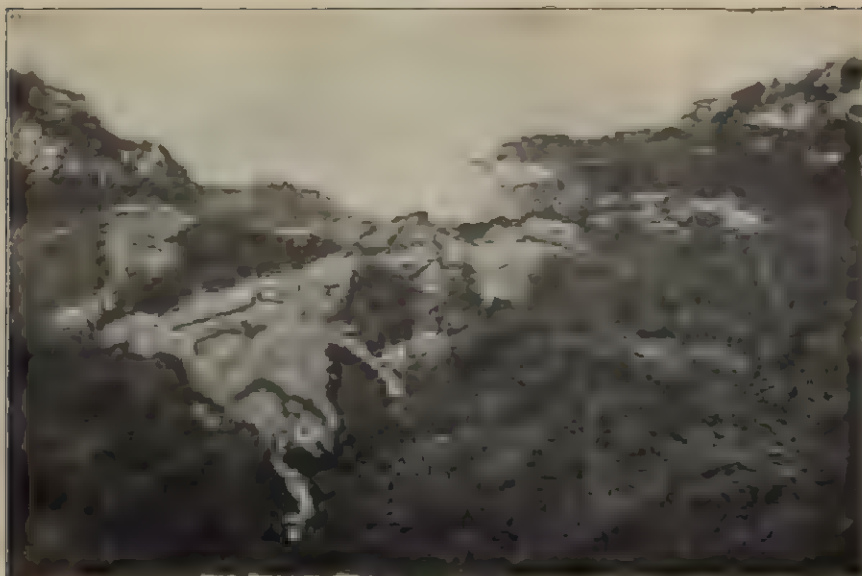
5.—APPEARANCE OF THE FLOW WHEN THE STREAM HAD BEEN ALTOGETHER OVERWHELMED AND FILLED UP.
From a Photo.

trees and underbrush which show in the previous photograph. Nothing but widespread desolation remains. The lava here has taken the form called by the natives *Pahoehoe*. Cracked from the combined effects of cooling and pressure, it looks as if some Titan has been smashing it with a gigantic hammer. No one who has not seen it can conceive the awful desolation of a scene like this. Mile after mile it stretches away to the far horizon, with nothing to break the monotony to the eye but masses of twisted and riven lava. A ride over a trackless waste of lava like this under a tropical sun is something dreadful. The heat beating up from the rocks, the death-like stillness, and the utter absence of any living thing besides oneself and horse bring a feeling of hopeless weariness that the lava will never end.

On the way round the leeward side of the island there is a track—you cannot call it a road—on the way from the Wainaea Plains to Kona, over the lava, about twenty miles long, which is marked out at intervals of about 60 ft. by piles of bones of the mules and horses that have died there. One time in 1878 I was travelling over it, and was caught in the dark in the worst

All at once my horse started back with a snort of terror, and on dismounting I found I was at the brink of a large blow hole. I dare not move, and had to remain for several hours till the moon got up and gave me sufficient light to find the track again. These blow holes are very dangerous, as often in the older lava they are hidden by shrubs and undergrowth. They are formed usually by the confined gases blowing up a sort of bubble in the lava with a thin crust, which in the course of time breaks away, leaving a deep hole out of which it is impossible to climb, as the sides remaining form part of an arch, thus overhanging and preventing one from climbing out. Mr. Paris, the son of the missionary, fell into one while out cattle hunting. His horse was killed, but he escaped with a broken leg. He, however, was three days and nights before his vaqueros found him—lying in the hole, unable to move, haunted with the fear that they would not be able to find him, and that a lingering death from hunger and thirst lay before him. In the left hand corner of photograph No. 5 something may be seen of the appearance they present on a small scale.

In No. 6 you have a good idea of the variety a lava flow presents. Here, instead of the



From A. G.—SHOWING THE SLUGGISH ACTION OF A LAVA STREAM AMONG THE UNDERGROWTH. [C. Acta.]

hissing of steam, the rapid flow of the red-hot lava burning the trees which lay in its course, we have a view of it in another aspect. Slow and sluggish in its movement, already a half-cooled pasty mass, it has not heat enough to set the underbrush in a blaze. In the centre of the photograph may be seen a place where the lava has divided, leaving a small space untouched, and then united again. A similar thing has happened on the left: here a much larger space has escaped. The flows are very erratic in their movements. Sometimes they will run a mile in a few minutes, at others they will not make half that distance in a day. A small rise is no obstacle, as the lava simply piles up on itself till it reaches the top, and then flows serenely on. At other times an insignificant difference in level will make it deviate from its course; as in the flow of 1866, when it passed round a grass house standing on a slight rise, leaving it untouched. It takes the most fantastic forms, though it usually takes one of two forms in large masses: the sluggish, ropy form called Pahoehoe, or a sharp, jagged, pinnacled variety called Aa, which it is almost impossible to walk over. The wind often blows the molten lava in the crater into a sort of spun glass, which the natives call Pele's hair. The lava assumes a great many different colours—black, brown, grey, and different shades of lilac. I have ten specimens taken out of the molten lava in the crater of Kilauea, all at the same place, no two of which are alike in colour. I saw an amusing sight one time. Among a party that went down into the crater

of Kilauea there was a consumptive youth of about eighteen. He had by his mother's wish taken his waterproof in case it rained. He was most indefatigable in collecting specimens of lava. On the way back it came on to rain, and he carefully wrapped up his specimens in his waterproof, utterly unaware that fifty years of rain would not make an appreciable difference in them, while

he got an awful ducking himself.

The lava continued on its course towards the town of Hilo, after it had filled up the Waiakea stream. In its route lay a place of about ten acres belonging to a half-white called Hall. This lovely spot was planted with all the wealth of the tropics—bananas, sugar cane, mangoes, oranges, etc. Hall had only just time to get out of his house when the whole place was overwhelmed by the lava—the work of years gone in a few minutes. The photograph (No. 7) shows the awful scene of desolation that met his eyes when he returned, though he was lucky to have escaped with his life. This photograph was taken a number of weeks after the flow had stopped running and the lava had cooled sufficiently to enable it to be approached. Here again we see the same awful destruction: not a vestige remains of the lovely spot over which the lava had passed. Attention may be called to the enormous boulders piled on each other at the sides of the photograph. Here evidently the lava was for some unknown reason changing from the Pahoehoe form, which can be seen where the men are, to the jagged, pinnacled, and boulder form called Aa. How the lava succeeds in piling on one another these immense boulders is a mystery.

The flow continued running for several months, getting nearer and nearer to the doomed town, sometimes seeming as if it were going to stop, and then resuming its course more rapidly than ever. The feelings of the inhabitants can be better imagined than described during those anxious months of waiting. Would it stop like



From a] 2.—"THE ABOMINATION OF DESOLATION"—AFTER THE RIVER OF LAVA BECAME COOL. [Photo

the former flow, or would it overwhelm the town, carrying ruin and destruction in its path? In the former flow the town had been in great danger, but the flow had stopped when within a short distance of the outskirts. This was put down by the natives to the prayers of the Rev. Cohn, the resident missionary. However that may be, the flow stopped and the town was saved.

In the flow of 1881, as the danger came nearer and nearer, both the Rev. Cohn and the Roman Catholics held services, hoping that a merciful Providence would stop the flow and save the town. But the red terror crept nearer and nearer. At night the blazing trees in the forest could be seen, and at last the danger became so imminent that the records were removed from the court-house and post-office to a place of safety, and the people prepared for flight. Then a rumour began to spread amongst the natives that it was caused by the anger of the Goddess Pele, because the white men had been elected to the legislature in large numbers and the control of the islands was passing out of native hands. The common natives, who, in spite of their veneer of Christianity, are still Pagans at heart in time of stress and danger, implored the Princess Ruth, the last of the Kamehamehas, who was the Governor of the Island of Hawaii, to go up to the crater of Kilauea and propitiate Pele, the goddess of the volcano, by the old heathen

sacrifices, which consisted in throwing into the molten lava of the lake the red, blue, and white berries which grow on the sides of the crater, and also a pig. This at last she consented to do, against her own convictions. After she had done this *sub rosa*, on account of the missionaries, by one of those curious coincidences the flow stopped when it was within ten minutes' walk of the town of Hilo. I believe the fact was afterwards used as an

election cry by the natives, as in the next legislature, outside of the nobles who were elected for life, there were only about four white men. It was a curious fact that the flow of 1881 was not accompanied by either a preceding earthquake or a tidal wave, like the one in 1866, when the earth rocked for three days, and a tidal wave 40ft. in height dashed along the coast, sweeping the villages before it, and drowning hundreds of natives.

A white man during this flow, who was living in a house the lower story of which was built of stone, and the upper of galvanized iron, some miles from the village of Waiohinu, had the lower story shaken down by the earthquakes. But though urged to take his wife and family of young children to a place of safety, he obstinately refused to do so, saying he would live in the iron part as long as it held together, with the result that, when the lava broke out that night, he had to escape with his family in their night-gowns and with bare feet, there being no time to snatch any other article of clothing.

In the lava flow of 1881 they were a good deal more fortunate, as it did comparatively little damage, finding its way into the sea. Nothing approaches to my mind the grandeur and beauty of a lava flow while active. I should strongly advise any of my readers who may be fortunate enough to be in the vicinity of one not to neglect the opportunity of visiting it, which may never occur again.

Abandoned!

By MORGAN ANDREWS.

A narrative of the fearful adventure that befell a young man in the service of the Hudson Bay Co. How he was left on a lonely and desolate island, in Lake Winnipeg, for eight days and nights. A complete account of his sufferings, sensations, and doings now written by himself for the first time.



ANY tales, true and otherwise, of the ocean have been narrated since Defoe wrote his great story of the castaway, but up to the present the huge inland lakes, or rather freshwater seas, of Great Britain's most extensive colony have not received the attention they deserve—despite the fact that many extraordinary events have taken place upon their great waters, as well as on the shores surrounding or on the islands that lie thickly everywhere. It is my intention to recount briefly the experiences of a castaway upon one of those islands—one which lies along the 53rd parallel, at the western side of Lake Winnipeg—a great, mysterious body of water, where our own tight country of England could lie like a raft, out of sight of land.

We left the quiet settlement of Selkirk during the first week of September, and steamed down the Red River towards the long flats of marshes that lie at the mouth. A full-blood Indian preacher and myself were the only passengers on board. Our destination was the mouth of the Great Saskatchewan, and I was returning north to Cedar Lake House, one of the stations of the Hudson's Bay Company. The weather was beautifully fine, and we steamed through the water at a rare speed, with nothing but a light swell that could have brought no disquietude to the worst sailor afloat, until, after four days, we reached Gull Harbour. This is a wild, romantic spot with Titanic tiers of black rock, backed by lofty terraces of sweeping hardwood trees right up to the distant sky-line.

Early in the morning we slipped away from this spot, and well can I remember the scene. I left my cabin, which I had to myself, as the mosquitoes were unbearable, and came up on deck, which was shining with moisture, and slippery with the clouds of spray that were beating up from the lee side with a wind that freshened considerably every minute. The half-breed and Norwegian sailors were rolling across a swaying gangway barrel after barrel of frozen fish, destined for the American market. On the log wharf, against which I could see the great waves breaking and creaming, a few greasy lanterns swayed and flickered; there were others upon the ship, and in the ghastly light flocks of gulls circled and screamed weirdly, before dropping down to the water like huge snow-flakes. Beyond, where the waves roared incessantly upon the rocks, I could see innumerable points of light, caused

by fireflies darting hither and thither like wind-borne sparks from some invisible bonfire. It was a strange, weird scene, and I leant against the side for some time, enjoying the grandeur of it all.

Presently the gangway was run in, the ropes came coiling on board like brown snakes, the propellers began to whip round, and we steamed away into the mist. I found the mate close to me, and I remarked to him, "Looks like a change in the weather, Sandy."

"It do so," he replied. "We're running straight for the Swamp, and we ought to strike it before the wind comes."

"What are we going there for?" I asked. "There's no one there now, eh?"

"Naw," he replied. "But there's a couple of fishing-boats to bring off—if the water's quiet enough."

Of the many islands lying upon Lake Winnipeg—and hundreds of them have probably never been marked by human footstep—Swamp Island, which is not to be found on any map, is perhaps the most remarkable. It is shaped like a horse-shoe, forming a large and somewhat treacherous harbour, partly filled with rocks and partly choked by sand-shoals. It is a fairly safe harbour for ships, as however violent a storm is raging outside, the water within is always peaceful. At the southern side is a much broken-down landing-stage of rotten logs, and, behind, a rough building, where the processes of curing and freezing the white fish are carried on during the season, which lasts from June, when the ice has cleared, till August. Behind this building again spreads a wilderness of black swamps, which smell horribly day and night, and give to the island the unwholesome reputation that it possesses. Northerners are a superstitious lot of men, and several have solemnly assured me that they have often listened to fearful cries, accompanied by the clashing of knives, arising from the impenetrable tangle of bush that covers the larger portion of the island. The bush is connected with the open by a long chain of sand dunes of irregular heights, thickly covered with long, wire-like grass, pointed like stings; and these sand-hills are bordered by stretches of shingle, where millions of rounded pebbles, like chips of black marble, flash and glimmer uncannily. Along the south side, leading up to the swamps, spreads a sand beach such as I have seen nowhere else. The finest beach along the English coast would be out of place in any

comparison. At irregular intervals you come across uncouth black shapes, half embedded in the silver sand. These are semi-petrified trunks of trees washed up by storms. One wonders where they formerly grew, and from what distant shore they have journeyed. The Indian, with his picturesqueness of language, would say that they had come from the Land of the Beyond.

It was early in the afternoon, after leaving Gull Harbour, that we emerged from the gloom and saw the pines on Swamp Island, tossing in the wind. Gloom I say, though it was in the daytime, and the summer; but one sees strange things in those latitudes. The sky was entirely overcast. We were enveloped by a hot, clammy mist, while the wind howled and roared; though, strangely enough, the water was comparatively calm. After one or two unsuccessful attempts we made the entrance of the harbour, and glided into quiet water, where we made fast to some stakes, which were cleared from the sand by a couple of sailors, who had clambered ashore in agile, monkey-like fashion. The only thing I could notice for some time was the intolerable odour of the swamps. Secured to the wharf were the two fishing-boats we had come to take away. Suddenly there was a rushing and a snarling,

and a dozen bear-like animals dashed from behind the dark building and reached the water's edge. They were sleigh dogs, and I must here explain that they were the property of the fishermen, who had finished the work of their short season, and been taken off the island, together with a cargo of fish, some two weeks previously. It is their cruel custom to leave the poor brutes, used by them for purposes of draught, to take their chance of life or death alone upon this barren island. A supply of fish is left for them, but when this is consumed, the animals go mad with hunger, and finally tear one another

to pieces. Any who survive until the winter wander out on the ice-fields, and luckless is the Indian wanderer, or pale-faced adventurer, whom they espy cutting across the snow by the northern lights. There are many ghastly tales of flight from the mad dogs, and some more horrible ones of awful death—but this is apart from our present subject.

In addition to the boats, there was cargo to be shipped, in the shape of piles of nets, barrels of salt, boxes, and other similar things. The men set to work at once, and, convinced that the ship would be at the island all night, accord-

ing to custom, I crossed the gangway, passed behind the buildings of the fishery, then over a sand hill, and down to the wonderful stretch of beach beyond. Here I was quite out of sight of the harbour; indeed, I was as completely isolated as it is possible to be in this world. A few of the dogs had followed. As they still had some food, they were disposed to be friendly, but I knew the curious temper of the brutes too well to encourage their advances.

As I lay sprawling upon the hot sand, it is perhaps natural that I should have given myself over to sentiment. I wondered how many men, socially and intellectually my equals, had passed along that wild shore; and whether the dainty feet of a lady of civilization had ever

imprinted a mark there. I went on to reflect upon home, and on what my friends would be doing. Surely I was wasting my time, and the talents that had been matured by a first-class education, in coming into this strange land, and living in solitude, when, perhaps—ah! it was only "perhaps" after all. I might have been enjoying myself in congenial society at home. Then I looked at the blue-black, ever-undulating plain of water, receding into the dark, sweeping gloom; the huge waves that hurled themselves fiercely to the shore, and broke creaming and foaming upon the white beach; the tossing



I PASSED DOWN TO THE WONDERFUL STRETCH OF BEACH.

and straining tresses of a clump of pines upon a tiny island a little way out at sea; the queer black insects that jumped and wriggled all round me; and the glimmering surface of the low-lying swamp behind. I looked upon all this, and more, with the knowledge that I was the only sightseer, and at last I felt that here at least was an experience that many would desire to have.

It is a peculiarity of mine that, whenever I come ashore after a more or less lengthy voyage, I always have a tendency to sleep. Perhaps it is the feeling of perfect repose, after continual motion, that induces slumber. All I know is that, as I lay there on the soft sand at the side of the slope, I felt my eyes closing. I knew there was no cause for hurry, so I resigned myself to the drowsy influence without a struggle. For the next two hours I was oblivious to my surroundings.

It was only a few minutes, as it seemed, when I was disturbed. There came a shrill booming of the ship's siren down the wind—the "mocking bird" we called it, on account of its peculiar note. I smiled lazily to myself, and turned over. Supper time, I mused. The last meal of the day was served at six. Well, there was

A sudden thrill of fear passed over me: my hands and feet were moist and cold. One of the dogs sprawled close beside me, and when I looked at him he wagged his bushy tail, arose, and stretched himself. Instantly there was confusion, and I found myself surrounded by the entire pack, yelling madly. At the same moment a feeling of isolation and alarm seized me; I felt lonely and depressed.

Why had the dogs left the sailors round the ship and crowded to me? Had anyone seen me come ashore? I had been talking with the Indian preacher, but I had left him to go to my cabin. I remembered then that they knew it was my custom to lie down in my berth before supper. I sprang up and rushed along the beach, the dogs after me. "It's all right," I said to myself, anxiously. "Sleep has made me silly. I shall see the men still working, and the ship lying near the wharf. There's no fear of them leaving before morning."

I reached the top of the sand hill, where the rank grass lashed my feet incessantly. A cloud of wind and spray swept into my face and blinded me for the moment. I groped down the incline, fighting desperately with the rising storm, and trying, as it were, to part the intense

gloom with my hands. Presently I saw dimly. There were no men working along the shore, and *the ship was gone!* Round the harbour spread that terrible blackness, where the white-crested waves rose and fell in mournful cadence. The vessel, I knew, would be miles away by that time, for she was running with the wind.

At first I could scarcely grasp the entire meaning of my position: That the season had closed; that the last boat had left the island; that not another would touch there until the



"ONE OF THE DOGS SPRAWLED CLOSE BESIDE ME."

plenty of time: I was only ten minutes from the ship, so I resigned myself again to the arms of sleep.

A sudden gust of wind and the roar of waves beating near my feet aroused me. I sat up and looked about. The darkness had become intensified, while the storm was gathering fast.

ice cleared in the following June, some nine months ahead; that I was as the dogs beside me, and practically one of them; that I was a castaway on a desert island, with the great freshwater sea roaring around me.

The first thought that tortured me was not the fear of starvation, but the horror of loneliness.

Had a congenial companion been with me I should not have cared very much. I should probably have said, "Well, old man, this is the deuce of a fix," or something of the sort, and then we could have discussed our position together. It is so very difficult to act single-handed—one is so inclined to give up in despair at once. It is only through discussion and by suggestion that we can obtain our ideas in situations like this.

I went back to the insecure building of the fishery. Near the crazy door I saw a great pile of putrid fish, covered with crawling insects. It was not an inviting sight, and I turned away into the building itself. A horrible musty smell greeted me. There were boxes and heaps of broken staves, iron hoops, and the like, lying about in the semi-darkness. I sat helplessly upon a barrel, while the dogs gathered up around me silently. The wind was rushing madly all round, and drifting the little piles of sand into ridges along the walls. I began to try to think. Blessed tobacco! What I should have done without it just then, I can't imagine. I had half a large plug, and a small bag of red-willow root—*konikanik*, to give it its Indian name. I cut off some of the weed, mixed it with the sweet smelling willow, and began to smoke. Tobacco had been food to me before that day, but I don't think I ever appreciated it so fully as I did then.

Indeed, I became positively cheerful. Of course, they would miss me upon the ship. They couldn't turn back in the teeth of that wind certainly, but so soon as they came to Horse Island they would dispatch a tug to search for me. Probably I should not be confined to my desert island longer than three days—provided that the storm dropped. But would it drop? I had known them to last for over a week.

I could not stay in the weird, evil-smelling building. Occasionally the dogs barked violently, and I would start round with the dreadful thought that some unnatural creatures were trying to gain admission through the closed door. My smoke finished. I could not indulge in the luxury outside, as the wind would have blown away the pipe's contents in an instant—I found a fairly sequestered corner, and here I managed to start a fire, which I determined, as my stock of matches was limited, to keep going night and day. There was fuel in abundance, and I made trips to and from the wharf until I had built up a considerable pile. Then I thought I would cross over to the beach and try to drag back some of the black logs. Wherever I went the

dogs followed persistently. Sometimes I shuddered at the thought that perhaps they regarded me as their prospective prey. I came to the sand dunes, but when I looked down I stopped with another shudder. I suppose most people have read that strange work of Jules Verne's, "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth." I knew the book well, and when I came to the summit of that hill, I felt much the same as I should think the adventurers in that book must have felt when they came to that mysterious underground sea, filled with the creatures of primeval ages. The sky overhead pressed down like the roof of a huge cave. For a little way I could behold the livid sea heaving and roaring against a wall of total blackness. The level and brilliant beach, two hundred yards and more in width, was unspeakably ghastly in that unnatural light. It stretched along like an endless white road through the night, marked by the contorted black shapes of the petrified trunks which, to my imagination, now assumed the form of dreadful monsters, and began to crawl menacingly towards me; and from the right came the foul odour of the swamps. No pen could do the slightest justice to that awful scene.



"I STARTED UP WITH A HALF CRY OF FEAR."

I need not dwell upon the events of that night. Though I had often slept by myself, out on the prairie or in the forest, and was well accustomed to the wild orchestra of the night that is so terrifying to the "tenderfoot," I could find no rest. I sat by the ruddy glow of my fire, with the storm howling around, and with the constant beating of the surges and the yells of the frightened birds in my ears. The weary hours passed slowly, while the dogs sprawled all round me, happy to have discovered a friend. I owe a great deal to those dogs. In spite of their company, however, I started up more than once with a half cry of fear. I knew that the island was uninhabited, yet somehow I could have sworn that, in a faint glimmer of light, I had seen an uncouth figure dart up to the summit of the line of sand-hills, and disappear again in an instant. Probably this was nothing more than a cloud of spray cast up from some wave that had broken against the rocks of the southern shore. But I was a terrible coward that night.

At last the morning came—though it was not an easy matter to distinguish between day and night. Darkness still hung over Swamp Island, while the storm had greatly increased in fury. Then came a truly terrifying fear to torment me—suppose that *the ship had been wrecked, and had gone down with all hands!* In that case, if I could maintain existence for myself and the dogs for so long, my only chance would be to wait for the settling of the Arctic winter. Then I should have to make a sleigh, harness the dogs to it, and travel over the ice across the hundreds of miles that separated me from any human habitation. Of course, I could never really have done this, but I would not allow myself to think so.

I had no idea of the month, or the day of the week. There is no Sunday in the far north, and the handful of inhabitants get strangely lax regarding dates. I myself have often been more than a month out in my reckoning. At all events, I called this day the second of my captivity, and recorded the fact with my knife upon a corner post of the log building. Then I set forth to forage.

After a couple of hours' work my larder

was stocked as follows: About half a hundred assorted shell-fish, which I had gathered from the rocks of the harbour, together with a handful of freshwater prawns; they had terrible eyes, these last. An armful of glutinous weed, also from the harbour rocks. From the swamps I got a quantity of red berries which, when squashed, emitted a nauseous, black juice: they were too obviously poison, and I rejected them. Several slimy black creatures, like great slugs, were also included. I made several resolute attempts at these, but I could not touch them—even the dogs were frightened at their horrid appearance. Finally—by way of a *bonne bouche*—a score of frogs, the ordinary singing variety. These were very ill flavoured, but still I ate them. I say no more on this subject. Oh, the delights of good tobacco after that meal!

My next step was to explore the island. I travelled along the narrow central portion, until I came to the bush. Here thousands of Arctic pines sprang from a thick bed of white moss. I took a few steps and the moss disappeared, and a quantity of viscid mud came bubbling up over my boots. I gave it up in despair, and fought my way along on the sand-spit between the trees and the water, very often knee deep in slimy liquid. Presently I came to an obstacle in the shape of a mass of red rock. At least I thought it was rock, but, when I grasped a part, I found it was only mud, that left a scarlet stain upon my hands and clothes. Somehow I fought my way round to the western shore, and here, to my delight, I came across some *kani-kauk* bushes. I laid bare the roots with my knife, and peeled off some of the bark.



VIEW OF THE SKELETON OF A WRECKED FISHING BOAT.

ABANDONED !

When I got back I buried it beneath the fire to dry. Here, also, I found a wrecked fishing-boat, or, rather, the skeleton of one. It was a melancholy sight, as it lay up on a sand-spit, with the water rushing through its weed-covered ribs, and scores of horrid-looking insects running all over it. I turned away quickly from the unpleasant spectacle. I may mention that, in all my wanderings, every one of the dogs followed faithfully at my heels. They had no idea of losing me.

The storm showed no signs of abating, but towards evening there was a little more phosphorescent light, and this made me hopeful. The doings of the next few days are recorded as follows on some scraps of paper I happened to have in my pocket.

3RD DAY. Wind still furious and sky like ink. A little sleep last night, but woke terribly frightened, with the idea that someone was trying to strangle me. Searched the building thoroughly and made great discoveries. An old fishing-net and a mutilated copy of the *Illustrated London News*. Mended the former with some bits of string and caught two whitefish and a jackfish in the harbour off the piles. The jackfish tore the net horribly. Had a fine supper, then smoked and read the *I.L.N.* over and over again by the fire-light. Wonder how the paper got here. Sea wilder than ever. Spray flying everywhere. Fire hissing all the time like a nest of serpents.

4TH DAY.—Awful night. Got silly ideas in my head. Dreamed that I saw myself lying a skeleton on the beach. Walked about and thought of home a lot. Don't suppose I shall see Old England again. Yes, I shall. But what's the use of thinking about such things? Kept away from the great south beach. It frightens me. Don't know why. Caught no more fish, but ate horrible things from the swamp. Made me feel sick and ill. Poor dogs eating rotten fish. Don't believe in the stories I've read of men on desert islands doing so much for themselves and making everything out of nothing. I can't help myself in the least. Should like to have some of the authors with me now, and see them make boats, clothes, and all the rest of it. Wonder how they'd start to work. Read *I.L.N.* lots of times, and dug up *kanikanik*. Quite dry and
fit to use. Storm dropped a bit in evening, and
renewed. Much warmer. Walked about

...akespeare and Virgil at top of
d have looked an awful fool
seen me. Even dogs seemed
me good. Tried to catch
rtful. More frogs for supper.
sort, as they're very nasty.

Afraid I shall have to
Don't like to.

5TH DAY.—Quite light again. Thank G Storm practically over, though the water is choppy and nasty. Wind S.E., I think. Great luck. Caught three whitefish and more than a dozen goldeyes with bent pin. Saw a great sturgeon in the water off the piles. Chucked a rock at him, and he cleared off. Running short of tobacco. Don't know what I shall do when it's gone. Smell from swamps horrible. Bit silly in evening. Sat on sand-hill for hours, and watched for signs of smoke. Clear on horizon. Sang hymns and songs for a long time. At night clouds broke and the moon came out. Aurora appeared faintly in the north, and the wind dropped to a whisper. Silence dreadful. Island looked ghastly. Getting light-headed from worry and want of sleep.

6TH DAY. Storm entirely over. Lovely day. Bathed in the harbour, and felt refreshed. Trying not to *think*. Tobacco all gone. Broke down and cried. Don't remember when I've cried before, and don't know what I did it Weakness, I suppose. Think I'd better dogs. As I get weaker, and they get raver they may kill me. They'll have plenty of then. Went and got more *kanikanik*. hulk again, with the creatures still cra over it. Made me feel queer. Thought smoke in the north. Only clouds after Why don't they send boat? Surely they ha forgotten me. Were they wrecked? E won't think of it. Wrote some silly poetry.

7TH DAY.—Very hot. Sea covered in early morning by gossamers. Wondered where they had come from. Feeling weak and ill and very hungry. Would give anything for a bit of bread and a good bottle of beer. Watched almost all day from the sand hills. Saw nothing. Water like a sheet of glass out to the horizon.

8TH DAY.—Last night there were bells ringing everywhere—suppose it was my brain. Almost maddening this suspense, and insects very bad. Cloudy, and rather chilly. Wind north-easterly, so far as I can judge, but have no compass, no watch, nothing at all. Can't eat the frogs or the prawns. Picked up dead gull on the shore. Seemed fresh, so cooked and ate it. Not nice, but finding it cheered me up. Wonderful sunset. Sea and sky like blood. Dogs getting ill-tempered. [Here the entries cease.]

Just after dark that evening I fancied I heard a shrill sound in the north. There were so many strange sounds in my head by this time that I put it down as false, but when another hour had passed the sound came again and again. I ran on to the sand-hills, strained my eyes, and shrieked for joy. The moon was bright

could just see a dim line of misty vapour that might have been cloud or smoke. After a long waiting—oh, the fearful suspense of it!—a black object appeared on the waves; suddenly it fell, and rose again. I saw sparks flying, and later something white fluttering in the breeze. I heard the panting and throbbing of the engines, and then I knew that the boat had come for me at last.

There were two Swedes on board, besides my late fellow passenger, the Indian preacher, who had insisted on coming back for me. I actually fell on the latter's neck when he sprang ashore, but my memory is very hazy concerning events that happened just then. We steamed away at once from Swamp Island, and I have never set eyes on the inhospitable spot since.

I learnt that the captain, on that fatal afternoon when I was abandoned, had reckoned that he could reach the mouth of the Saskatchewan before the storm broke. He was, of course, mistaken. The fish-

ing boats were utterly wrecked, and they themselves had considerable difficulty in reaching Horse Island. I had not been missed until the following morning. They thought, of course, I was lying down unwell, and during the height of the storm everyone had himself to think of.

Thus ended a very dreadful experience. Though every detail of the island is stamped upon my brain, I can remember comparatively

little of my doings. It is like a dream now. However, I can remember walking up and down the wonderful sand stretch, that I have here called the "southern beach," thinking that I was at an English watering place, and wondering where all the people had gone, and what they had done with the pier, the bathing-

machines, and the pleasure boats. Also, I can remember once allowing myself to be tormented by thirst, because I could not believe that the great sea roaring and rushing round the island was really composed of fresh water. I knew that salt water was maddening, therefore I would not drink it until my mind became clearer and I understood where I was.

I am what is known as a handy man, but I could do literally nothing to aid myself. I had eight dreary days of it, but I think I should have lost my senses in another week. It wasn't the solitude; I was accustomed to that. It was the awful strain

upon the mind, combined with lack of proper food and rest. Had I been abandoned on a clear day, all might have been different. As it was, all along I was tortured by the thought (and you cannot dismiss these thoughts) that the ship had been wrecked and had gone down with all hands. Of course, if that had been the case, this narrative would never have been written.



"I FELL ON THE INDIAN PREACHER'S NECK."

Klondike Pictures.

By EUSTACE MACDONALD.

A very remarkable set of photographs, taken by La Roche, Seattle, Washington, illustrating the rush to the Klondike regions, and showing the hardships and difficulties of getting there. Other photographs showing the daily life in Dawson City, which is the centre or metropolis of the new Eldorado.



From a

INDIAN TRADERS AT SITKA HIDING THEIR FACES FOR FEAR OF THE CAMERA

Photo

Takou Inlet. One would wonder what they could possibly want with ice in this region, but I can assure you that the short summer in Alaska is often quite intolerably hot. At the same time, a practically inexhaustible supply of ice is forthcoming from the marvellous Muir

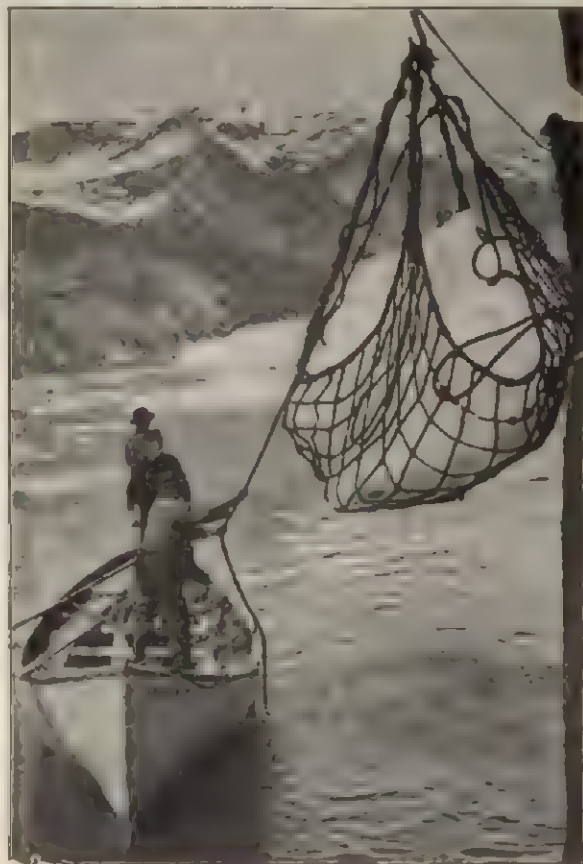


THE object of this article is not to enter into a long disquisition on the much talked-of Klondike region, nor shall I weary you with dry figures as to output of gold, prospects for the future, and general moralizings as to the harmfulness of gold "rushes." No, I want to do none of these things. I simply want to display, for your benefit, dear reader, a set of photographs which I think merit the epithet "interesting," and they will enable us to look on as mere spectators and form a curiously exact idea of the hardships encountered and the queer sights witnessed in conjunction with a journey from the civilization of the Canadian and American cities up into the wilds of the almost unexplored territories of the great Dominion.

Our first photograph was taken in the beautifully situated town of Sitka, in Alaska. Here we see a number of Indian women traders who are displaying their wares for the benefit of gold seekers on their way to the Klondike. But, you will ask, "Are they all asleep, or why are they hiding their faces in this way?" Well, this is entirely due to the curious terror which the camera inspires in the breasts of all primitive savages, who look upon this valuable instrument as a species of evil eye, which will certainly bewitch them if they look at it.

In our next photograph we see the steamer *Queen* taking on board ice in the.

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THE STEAMER "QUEEN" TAKING ON ICE IN TAKOU INLET.

From a Photo.



[From a]

PACK OXEN AND INDIAN PACKERS ON THE DYEA TRAIL.

[Photo.]

and naturally the prospectors prefer good honest beef to horse-flesh. Then, no doubt, these oxen are more tractable than mules and ponies, and can carry heavier loads for longer distances. In the foreground of our photograph we see a number of those Indians who make "a good thing" by carrying the packs over the trail for a consideration computed at so much per pound weight. Most of these Indians

Glacier, which in places rises up from the water's edge fully 1,000ft. sheer. Ice, then, must be cheap in those regions, and one has no doubt that the *Queen* could fill her big ice net over and over again for a very small consideration indeed.

Let us now get on to the famous trails. There are two principal trails or pathways leading more or less directly to the Klondike region—the Dyea trail and the Skaguay trail. Now, the sufferings and hardships encountered by man and beast on these trails have already been illustrated in *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE*, but I think it will be news to most people that big oxen are pretty extensively used instead of horses. Probably one reason for the preference is that the cloven hoof will not sink into swamps where a horse or mule would be promptly bogged. Besides—though this is a somewhat grim consideration—the poor patient creatures that carry the packs have frequently to be killed and eaten,

are, of course, humble enough, though some among them have taken advantage of the Klondike boom and have become quite rich men, employing many packers and owning whole herds of cattle. As everyone knows, the ordinary rates for packing charged by the Chitlat Indians went up enormously in the first Klondike rush, the red men knowing perfectly well that in some measure at least they had the gold seekers at their mercy.

Our next photograph shows a party towing provisions up the Dyea River; and everyone will readily see that these seekers after sudden



[From a]

TOWING PROVISIONS UP THE DYEA RIVER.

[Photo.]



[From a]

THE DIFFICULTIES OF TRANSPORT.

[Photo.]

wealth have their work cut out for them. For miles these resolute men will wade along in the stream, pulling and shoving frantically, and even trying to dig away the bed of the river when the more or less crazy craft comes to a standstill. Or it may be that in places the whole transport has to be portaged—i.e., everything, boat and all, lifted out of the water, carried some distance overland, and finally deposited on the water again where navigation is more feasible.

Observe, I mention "seekers after sudden wealth." Well, the phrase may stand either way, because if these men are not actually bound for the Eldorado itself, they are probably speculators or contractors who stand to win whether gold is found or not. The newspapers have been full of sensational reports as to what bags of flour and bottles of whisky fetch in these regions, and no doubt many fortunes have been made by enterprising caterers and storekeepers in the form of gold won from the frozen soil by others.

Yet another picture of activity

practically worth their weight in gold in these desolate parts, where, only a few months ago, the bear and the beaver were the only living inhabitants. Now, however, scenes such as the one depicted in our next photograph are common enough at Dyea. Here we see an old "scow," heavily laden with Klondikers, and their stores and provisions. In the ordinary way, we imagine, no sane men would trust their lives and all their worldly possessions in such a rickety craft, but then one cannot pick and choose in a gold rush. Each man on that scow has probably seen vessels return from St. Michael's,

in the Dyea River. Here we see four men harnessed to a cart loaded with provisions and stores. For hours these sturdy fellows will plod on in this manner, bearing all kinds of hardships with perfect good humour, and always hoping that wealth awaits them sooner or later. All kinds of conveyances are



[From a]

AN OLD "SCOW" HEAVILY LADEN WITH KLONDIKERS AND THEIR PACKS.

[Photo.]

at the mouth of the Yukon, with tons of gold dust, and he is willing to make any sacrifice to get to that veritable Tom Tiddler's ground, where he is perfectly certain gold is to be had for the mere picking up. Has he not conversed with the lucky diggers? And has not the sight of the sacks of precious dust impressed him infinitely more than the melancholy yarns of suffering and heartbreak told by the failures?

Our next photograph is one that cannot fail to excite a good deal of interest. Dawson City, the metropolis of the Klondike region, is not without its amusements (did you ever hear of a gold city that was?); and we here present to you a photograph showing a party of brave and enterprising actresses fording the Dyea River on their way to the Klondike. You will observe

sure, will be a wildly enthusiastic one, for when all is said and done miners are a good hearted set of men, easily pleased and generous to a fault, though there may be black sheep among them.

The photograph we reproduce at the top of the following page is a very extraordinary one, and does much credit to the enterprising photographer. The foreground depicts for us that part of the Chilkoot Pass where one takes the now famous "stairway." This stairway is nothing more or less than a kind of aerial tramway, on which work a number of little trolleys suspended on pulleys from stout cables, these latter acting as rails. A very animated picture presents itself in the foreground, where there is a whole town of miners



From a

ACTRESSES ON THEIR WAY TO DAWSON CITY.

Photo

that each lady—except the one being carried—wears high jack boots, and is sauntering through the flood as carelessly as though she were treading the boards at the London Adelphi. You will also observe that each of these enterprising Thespians carries a small handbag, and all look pretty resolute and bent on "getting there." One would like to know whether they carry their "parts" in that bag; what dramas are in their repertoire; and whether they have other engagements after leaving Dawson City. Their weekly salaries will probably be weighed out to them in gold dust, and that they will not lack scenery may be judged from the superb background of *this* photograph. Their audience, you may be

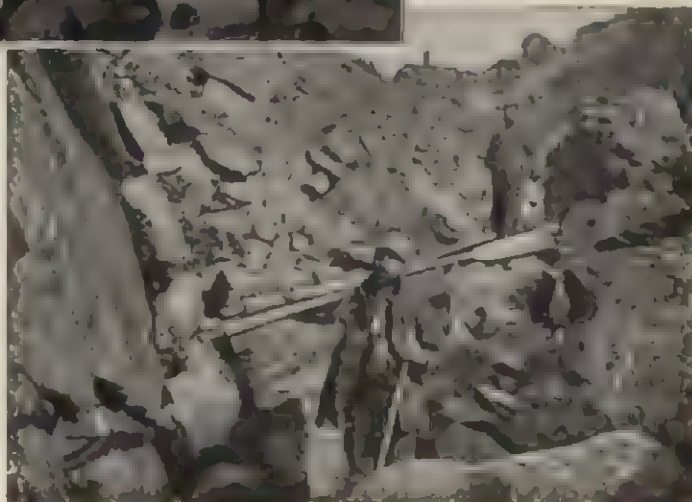
and their belongings waiting to go over the "saddle." Truly the scene is one of much activity. There is snow everywhere, but yet these eager men do not seem to mind it. Not only are there a great number of tents pitched, but there are several more substantial wooden structures erected; and one can also discern piles of stores, baggage, and provisions, as well as sledges, dogs, ponies, etc. It would perhaps be difficult to present to the stay-at-home reader a more vivid idea of the rush to Klondike than the one presented in this remarkable photograph, which enables one to realize at a glance all the hardships and all the desolateness of that terrible journey.



SCENES GOING OVER THE STAIRWAY
From a) CHILCOOT PASS. [Photo.

Our next photograph shows the very summit of the Chilcoot Pass—a wild and awe-inspiring wilderness of rocks—with a typical Klondiker in the foreground. That he will presently need the oars he is carrying will be evident from the next photograph, which shows us a "ship-yard" on the shores of Lake Bennet. As all the world knows by this time, the Klondiker, after having bought his outfit and had it packed over the dreaded Chilcoot or White Pass, is obliged, on reaching the shores of the first of the chain of lakes, to

build or hire a boat of some kind to take him on the next stage of his journey. From this, it is evident that the miner must include in his outfit axes, tar, nails, and other heavy and cumbersome requisites. But, you will say, "It is not every man who knows how to build a boat!" Exactly so; and were it possible to obtain a list of the unfortunate men who have put out into these lakes in some craft of their own construction never to be heard of again, the result would be astounding in the very highest degree. There are so many pit-falls for the unfortunate Klondiker. He may reach the shores of Lake Bennet safely enough; he may even build a boat, and then launch forth to his own certain destruction. The scene depicted in our photograph is one of great animation. Timber has now to be brought some little distance, although, of course, the early comers in the rush had their trees practically



ON THE SUMMIT OF THE CHILCOOT PASS.
From a Photo.



[From a]

THE "SHIPYARD" ON LAKE KENNET.

[Photo.]

at the water's edge. The thousands who came, however, quickly demolished the supply close at hand, so it became increasingly difficult for the unhappy prospector to get beyond this stage of his journey to the Klondike. I have been assured by returned miners that the scene at this spot literally baffled description at times. Perhaps one man would, with great labour, build a boat, which would promptly be stolen from him by one of his more unscrupulous fellow-travellers, who was without either ability or means. Boats of every conceivable size and shape and make he about in all stages of completion, and the picturesque shores of the lake resound with the ring of the axe and the noise of many hammers.

Some men, again, build boats not for themselves, but merely to loan out to the gold-seekers, and these enterprising speculators, of course, stand to gain in any event.

observe, are still harnessed, but providing there is a good breeze these long suffering animals are quite a secondary consideration as regards motive power. This photograph also provides a most excellent illustration of the fertility of resource which invariably characterizes these intrepid adventurers.

In our next photograph you will observe that we arm-chair critics have actually reached the Klondike, and we are calmly regarding a number of miners working a claim on Eldorado Creek.

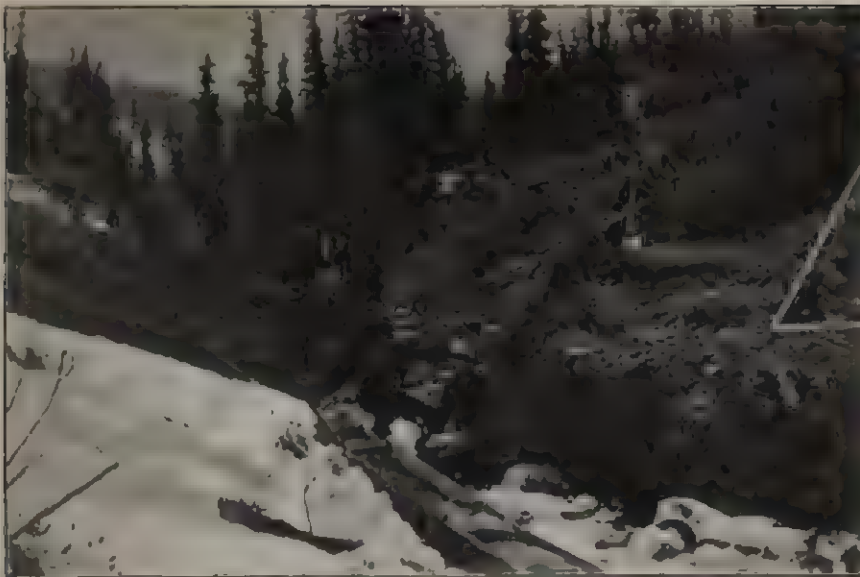


[From a]

ICE-SAILING ON LAKE LEBARGE.

[Photo.]

When some of the lakes of the chain are frozen over, however, a far more expeditious mode of transport is found. This is demonstrated in our next photograph, which shows a number of sturdy fellows ice sailing across Lake Lebarge. Here we see three boats of rude construction (made, of course, by the miners themselves) mounted upon ordinary dog sleds and provided with makeshift sails. The dogs, you will



[Frontal]

MINERS WORKING A CLAIM ON EL DORADO CREEK.

[Photo.]

We see how a man uses his washing-pan, and we also notice the construction of the wooden trough, or flume, which the miners use. An even simpler form of washing for gold is next represented, and this consists in merely throwing some of the gold bearing sand into a washing tin, and whirling it round and round until the precious dust settles at the bottom.

The centre of activity in this region—the metropolis of the Klondike, as I have already called it—is Dawson City, and I reproduce, at the top of the next page, a most animated street scene in that remote, but far-famed, "city." It is evidently an off-day with the miners, and you may be interested to notice that many of them are quite well dressed. Furthermore, one is struck with the regularity of the street and the relatively substantial nature of the

buildings. The establishment of Dawson City forms one of the most romantic chapters in the history of gold mining. Just think of it. Only a few months ago the red Indian stalked alone in these wildernesses. Suddenly, however, and apparently by magic, thousands of white men struggled their weary way across the mountains, and spread themselves out over the ramifications

of the Great Yukon and Klondike rivers. But the death-roll of the Klondike rush will never be accurately known. The Canadian Government sent their police to Dawson in the interests of law and order, and in a few weeks there were banks, hotels, stores, theatres, and all the other features of a regular township. Some idea of the population may be gathered from the photograph we reproduce.



[Frontal]

AN EVEN SIMPLER FORM OF WASHING FOR GOLD.

[Photo.]



[From a] A STREET SCENE IN DAWSON CITY—THE "METROPOLIS OF THE KLONDIKE." [Photo]

It is, however, a mistake to suppose that there are no ladies in Dawson City. The ladies we were considering a few minutes ago were on their way to the Klondike. Well, in our next photograph we see a pretty considerable crowd of Klondikers waiting for the mail boat to bring them news of the outer world. And, be it observed, there are ladies here, and children and dogs. Furthermore, everybody seems pretty well dressed, but at the same time it must be a great hardship to be altogether cut off from civilization for so many months in the year. Travelers who have been out of the reach of civilization for a long time will expatiate in glowing terms upon the intense eagerness that consumed them to get some information of the great outer world. This photograph, then, illustrates for us in a very interesting manner the anxiety with which the Klondikers at Dawson City wait for news

of the civilized world that lies beyond their mighty rivers and frozen wastes.

No one at this time of day requires to be told about the hardships of life in Dawson City—the intense cold of winter, the torturing mosquitoes of summer, and the heart-breaking disappointments incidental to gold mining. Added to these are the scarcity and dearth of all necessities. All

these things are well known and have been fully described already. The photograph we next reproduce, however, shows us a truly disastrous flood in the gold mining metropolis. Incidentally, too, it gives us quite an interesting little glimpse of the town itself. Observe that unimposing building, "The Mine Exchange." Notice also the weird building belonging to "Mr. Nelson A. Soggs, jeweller and optician." One wonders what a jeweller is doing here at all, to say nothing about an



MINERS AT DAWSON CITY WAITING FOR THE MAIL BOAT TO BRING NEWS OF THE OUTER WORLD.
From a Photo.



[From a]

A FLOODED STREET IN DAWSON CITY.

[Photo.]

optician—unless, of course, the amount of gold in a claim was so small that its owner could not see it, and so wanted spectacles. You will observe that Messrs. A. J. Bannerman & Co. are "mine brokers," and that they advertise, "Wanted: Quartz and Placer Claims." All this, as I said, gives us a curiously vivid glimpse of life in this place, but what I wish more particularly to point out is that the street, such as it is, has to be navigated in boats. It must be a melancholy reflection for Mr. Nelson A. Soggs

to think that a prospective customer might drown just outside his unique establishment.

But when all is said and done life in Dawson City is not without its redeeming features. And that there are pastimes apart from the gaming saloon will be seen from the last photograph we reproduce, which shows us a mother and her little one sleighing near Dawson City. The little sleigh is

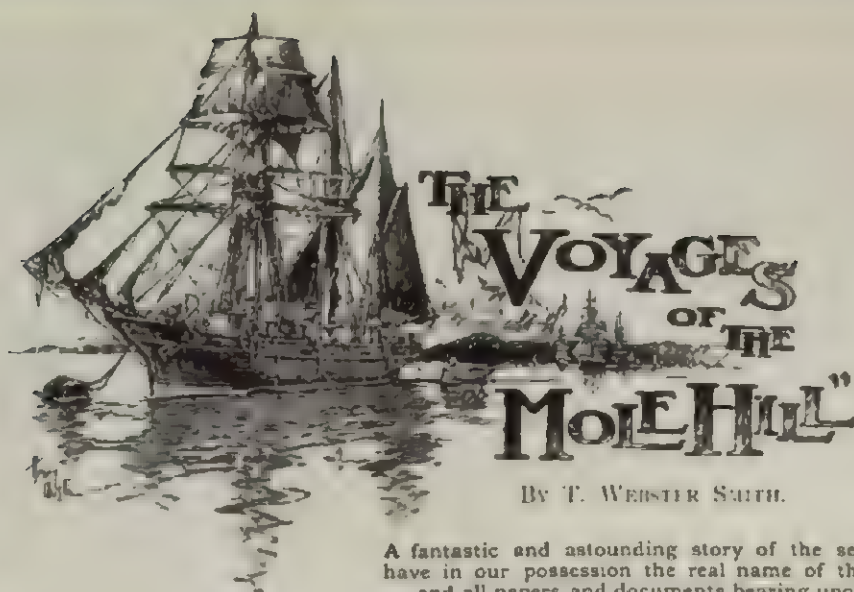
drawn by a team of powerful dogs, and it is satisfactory to notice that the mother is clad in warm sealskin, whilst she and her baby are wrapped in many thick and warm skin rugs. A spin over the vast frozen surface of the Yukon River under these conditions must be highly exhilarating and conducive to health. Only Klondikers have not yet made up their mind whether the summer is worse than the winter, or whether the mosquitoes of the former are a greater drawback than the inconceivable cold of the latter.



[From a]

MOTHER AND BABY GOING FOR A DRIVE IN DAWSON CITY.

[Photo.]



A fantastic and astounding story of the sea. We have in our possession the real name of the ship, and all papers and documents bearing upon it.



ON Sunday morning, the 15th of April, 1894, a crowd of Irish peasants and fishermen were gathered on the high cliffs of Tramore Head watching a little barquentine which was evidently trying to beat her way into Waterford Harbour. It had been blowing stiff all night; the wind was still high, and the craft plunged and rolled heavily.

"She won't fetch the mouth of the harbour; she won't fetch it. I tell ye, she'll be ashore on the point in a quarter of an hour, as shure as me name's Mike Power," cried one of the fishermen; "she makes dreadful leeway."

The others growled assent to this opinion, and, indeed, it was plain to see that for every yard she made toward the harbour entry she drew a foot nearer to the dread Tramore rocks. Once ashore on that wild coast there was no help for ship or man, for the rocks would break to matchwood any timbers ever put together, or chafe through the stoutest rope yet twisted.

It was with feverish interest, then, tempered only by the frequency of such mishaps, that the elder men followed the bluffs of the cliffs, but scarce with the hope of being of use. The younger men had bets on and against the event that seemed inevitable. But Mike Power was wrong, for gradually, almost imper-

ceptibly at first, the wind began to change, to haul round. Only just in time, though, for when the vessel cleared the danger point one could have thrown a biscuit aboard her; but she glided into safety and rest.

For a strange thing then happened. The crowd while following her round the head had wondered much at the small number of men visible on her decks, but no sooner had she reached the anchorage-ground than the topsail was backed, the anchor quickly dropped, and nobody aboard was any longer to be seen—the sails left hanging; the yards swinging; nothing snug and shipshape and nobody in charge! What did it all mean? With the bated interest which mystery soon rouses in an Irishman's breast, the crowd pushed round to Passage East, off which village the vessel swung, and eagerly demanded the news.

"It's what's the mather aboard y'e're for asking, is it?" said the Custom-house officer to the foremost. "Well, then, I'll tell ye. It's this—there's every mother's son of them fast asleep, and niver a one can we waken—aven the captain; and that's all."

And that *was* almost all; and not till late that night did anyone on the vessel rouse up and shake off the drowsy god sufficiently to tell his tale. It may bear the telling again, especially with a sequel of the



THE AUTHOR, MR. T. WEBSTER SMITH
From a Photo. by Leguet Brothers, Lyons

next two or three years aboard the ship. The writer was on her during this time, and will, therefore, relate events just as they occurred and as they were put down in his diary from day to day.

Late in the afternoon of Saturday, April 7th, the portly form of William Cost, of Liverpool, might have been seen moving in an agitated manner about the dock gates of Garston. The reason of his agitation was that his "stout ship," *Mole Hill*, lay on the inside of the gate, whilst he wanted her to be on the outside that tide, and to this end he did not cease to bully and roar at the skipper until he got a stern view of her. Then he wiped his brow, heaved a sigh of satisfaction, and went home

or, perchance, to a chapel meeting, seeing that he was a local preacher.

The *Mole Hill* might have been good and strong once, but to call her a "stout ship" now was but to keep up one of the traditions of which sailors and shipowners are so fond. She certainly had no stout timbers, these being replaced by iron plates thick with rust only. But if her condition, from a shipbuilder's point of view, was bad, what was it from a sailor's? It was blowing "hard." We had just left the coal-tips, so that the decks were smothered with dust; half her sails were not bent; her hatches even were not battened down, and all her crew were not aboard when we left the Mersey for the open sea! Imagine the confusion!

Probably most people, on crossing the Channel, have wondered how the sailors managed to get out of port; but everything then is in apple pie order. With us, the reverse was the case. As is



MR. WEBSTER SMITH AS AN APPRENTICE
ON THE "MOLE HILL."
From a Photo. by Elite, San Francisco, Cal.

generally the way in small vessels, the captain took the helm, and from that point of vantage he did not cease to bawl out lustily all manner of orders. First to "sheet home the topsails"; then to "hoist the mainsail," only to find to his at least apparent astonishment that it had been but partly bent, and could not be set; then to "set the top-galls," to find it not aloft at all; and so on—one man flying here and another there.

Soon the pilot called his attention to the water commencing to break aboard, and then it was "Drop every thing! All hands batten down hatches!"

By the time this was done it had grown quite dark, and presently, hearing the captain call out "One hand to the wheel," and not seeing anyone else making a move, I went and took my first "tack." The captain and pilot dived below, and being left alone on deck during the next half hour or so, and nothing worth mentioning having occurred, I will take the opportunity and describe the crew.

In the first place, there *should* have been nine hands on board, whilst we had only eight. Possibly eight good men might have made an efficient crew, but as to whether we aboard did, I leave it to the reader's decision, be he amateur



[Front]

THE DREAD ROCKS OF TRAMOR.

[Photo.]



FIGURE 1

ENTRY TO WATERLOO HARBOR.

FIGURE 2

or expert in such matters. Here, then, is the list:—

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------|----|
| 1. Captain or master (William Morgan) | Aged | 58 |
| 2. Mate (George Jackson) | .. | 56 |
| 3. Boatswain (John Thomas) | .. | 32 |
| 4. Cook and steward (William Hughes) | .. | 60 |
| 5. Two able seamen | about | 21 |
| 6. A boy | | |
| 7. Apprentice (myself) | | |

It will thus be seen that the officers were almost all old men and the crew boys! Further, the master could not climb to work aloft in case of need, the same applied to the mate, and, incredible as it may seem, this latter had not been to sea previously for *ten years*! During that time he had kept a small tobacconist's shop, and its failure alone had driven him back to a sub-command at sea!

The bo's'n was a good sailor, but had never been an officer before, which means much. The cook was well, what could one expect when he had almost reached his three-score years and ten? Of the A.B.'s one had never been such before, nor had the other either, inasmuch as he proved to be a fireman! The boy had been at sea three months, and I had made one trip in a four-master of the same company. The principal reason why I joined a small one now was because William Cost, with a smile on his face and rubbing his hands together, had said they were like "little yachts," and made men of boys. Well they might!

I had been at the wheel nearly an hour. It was pitch dark except for the glare of the cabin lamp. The binnacle lamp was not lighted, and where the vessel was head-

ing for I can't even guess. As I have said, it was my first trick at the wheel, and on such a night I was supposed to be steering "by the wind." This means to keep the sails just full, but from the uproar made by the few which were set I have since thought it probable that she went round the compass two or three times!

Be that as it may, after the period mentioned I noticed a bright spot of light, forward of the starboard beam, growing more and more vivid,

and presently I distinguished the three lights and rows of shining cabin-ports of a tremendous liner. She was bearing right down on us.

I put my head down the cabin scuttle and yelled: "Hi! Hi! Beeeloww there! Captain Morgan! Pilot! Pilot! On deck sharp, or we are run down by a liner!" And then I



"THE GREAT LINER WAS BEARING
RIGHT DOWN ON US."

THE VOYAGES OF THE "MOLE HILL."

dashed forward, leaving the wheel, to snatch the only light I could see. I was forestalled, for at that moment the boy jumped out of the galley, sprang into the rigging, and waved it—the cook's blazing slush-lamp—for a moment, when a puff of wind left us in inky darkness.

My heart almost stopped, for I felt sure they could not have seen us. The screw beat louder and louder; the giant liner seemed to tower over us, when at last she swerved and skirted under our stern, almost grazing the mizzen boom. We had escaped—thanks to the ceaseless vigilance observed at least aboard our floating palaces.

After this we hunted for the side-lights, finding them in the sail locker, and then for oil,* and finally hung them out. This done to make a short tale of a long night—we took turn and turn about steering, though we hadn't the slightest idea of "where to," except that "vague quantity," *by the wind*.

Only twice were we interrupted: once when the bo's'n took the wheel for a few minutes and had the ship running before a fine, fair wind *for the land!* And once again when the captain and pilot chased each other on deck and fell about in a drunken frolic. So passed the first night. The medicine-brandy had been finished, and everybody aboard was blind drunk, except the boy and myself.

The pilot left us in the grey of the morning, and a dismal scene it was which dawn brought us. During the night what sails were set had been torn. Much of the gear had become unrove, and ropes lay strewn about the wet decks in every form of entanglement, mixed with occasional whisky bottles, articles of clothing, and beds! These being partly cleared up, towards eight o'clock we two had a chance of getting below, but not to sleep, for our beds were as soaked as those on deck. The fore'st'le leaked badly.

The first day or so passed. How, I scarcely know, but as it was fine weather (though there was a head wind) we got things into something like order. Then it started to blow "big guns," and we commenced to reef sail. I say "commenced" because we could not manage it, and were compelled to lower the mainsail to the deck. About this time the boy was hurt, and the fireman who had shipped as A.B. turned coward and took to his bunk.

Then there were five of us to work the ship—the cook being too old to help much—and we did work it, God knows how, for three days more, when the mate's hands got sore and he

could not touch a rope. Now there were four of us to work day and night: Captain Morgan, the bo's'n, the one good A.B. we had aboard, and myself.

Was it, reader, an unreasonable request for the only man aboard the ship who could do his work to make, that the captain should put back to port? If so, you will sympathize with Jack Hill, A.B., when he was put into irons for making the same. This is only a very mild example of the abuse of power left to masters, good and bad alike. Ours, however, had to give way, for seeing that he could do nothing with us, he drew up a paper saying that we refused to work before going back to have the decks recaulked, etc., and this we signed. Here you have an example of the powerlessness of a master under a grinding owner. But more anon!

And so for three days more we tried for port—for Holyhead, for Milford Haven; and—the wind heading us on almost every tack we took—at length the cook took charge, and almost single-handed piloted her into Waterford Harbour as above described.

To treat fully of everything that happened in this port would take too much space, but the time was not unmomentous or uneventful. The reader may wonder why I remained aboard the *Mole Hill*, but the answer is simple. If an apprentice deserts his ship his character is gone in the eyes of the Board of Trade without any consideration of reasons for such desertion, and he must serve four years again before he can obtain a certificate as second mate.

The mate, however, along with the bo's'n and two men, ran away, getting fishermen to take them ashore at night. Thus the men got to windward of the owners for once, for they had had a month's pay in advance.

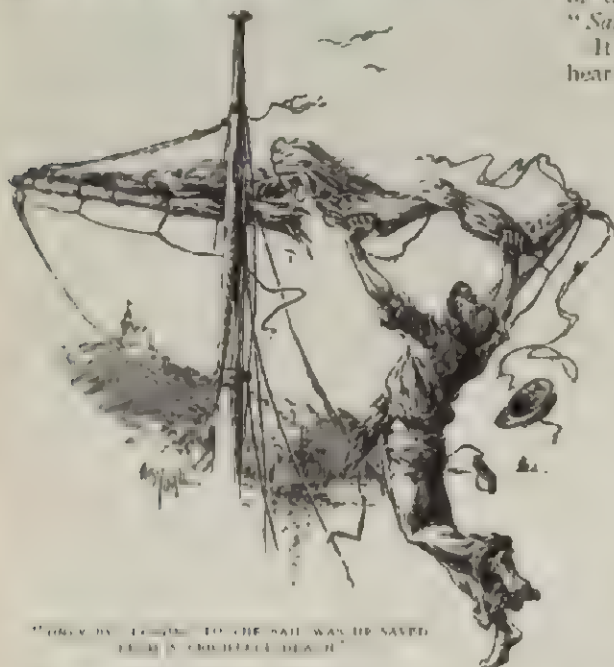
Then came the difficulty of getting a fresh crew. The news of the *Mole Hill's* condition—her leaking decks and rotten ropes—spread like wildfire through the harbour, and if more were wanted to give her a bad name, it was only necessary to see how low she lay in the water. We were a fortnight before getting the men and sailing—still one hand short. Sailors had come, looked at the vessel, and backed out again, till in all fourteen had signed and deserted.

Two fishermen signed one day, one as able seaman and the other as ordinary. As a trial, they were ordered to send the royal yard aloft, when the self-styled able seaman refused to go so high, not because he was afraid, but he felt himself too clumsy!

That was his own excuse, and our new mate promptly sent him ashore again. The fellow got a summons out against the captain for *illegal dismissal*, and though he was clearly proved

* By regulation, there should be a proper lamp and oil-locker aboard a vessel, but a crazy board having given way, the *Mole Hill* had none.—AUTHOR.

unable to do his duty he gained the day, and the captain was fined twenty shillings and costs—because the man was rated A.B. in the Second-class Royal Naval Reserve.* Meanwhile the ordinary seaman crossed the yard, which, when it got his full weight, snapped like match-wood, and only by clinging to the sail upon it was he saved from a frightful death.



"HOLD ON TO THE SAIL WAS HE SAVED
—HE WAS OTHERWISE DEAD."

When we did finally sail after many frantic winks from the Liverpool local preacher who owned the vessel, we had aboard a mate and hook'n who had never been such before, one A.B., and, as ordinary seaman, the Mike Power who had worked her round the Tramore Cliffs: with the captain, cook, boy, and myself as before.

The passage out to Rio Grande may perhaps be termed the least eventful I have made, but it might quite easily have been a different affair. Not that there were no sailors aboard! Not that only one man could steer, and that the ship wobbled her way across the ocean like some reeds in a gale, instead of making a straight course! And not that the bread turned bad and we were a month from home! Such events are common enough, but another danger threatened us.

Most vessels carry a small water tank on deck which is used on first leaving port. We had one, and about two days out it being nearly empty

and the weather fine and decks dry, the cook was ordered to refill it from the main one below-deck, which could only be used in such weather. How it was I can scarcely say, but for some reason a little knot of us were gathered around the old fellow as he pumped the water, and with a doubtful look in his knowing eye lifted a dipperful to his mouth. With a quick action of disgust he spat it out, and the one word, "Salt," struck us with horror.

It may not appear much to a landsman to hear of water tasting brackish, but let him think of our position. The weather grew hotter and hotter. We crawled towards the burning "line," and day after day had nothing to drink but briny tea, briny coffee, or briny water, mixed with a spoonful of limejuice, sent aboard, forsooth, to keep away the scurvy! Even now, in hot weather, I wake with a start, and that awful thought comes—the thought of *salt water*. It was easily to be accounted for, for neither master, mate, nor anyone else had thought of putting the manhole cover on the tank, with the result that fresh water had slopped out and salt in at every roll of the ship.

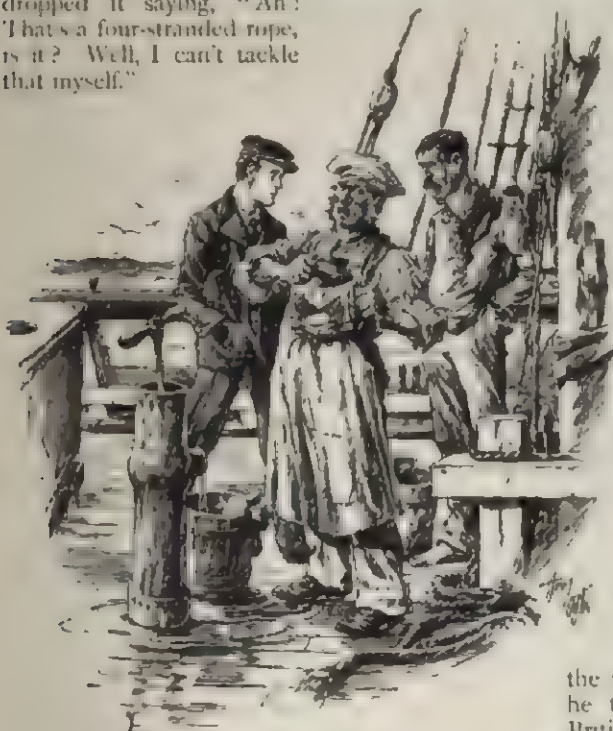
Then the captain did the right thing: he ran towards where he thought we should have the Doldrums longest—those torrential rains between the two trades. He was successful in finding them, too. Down the rain came under an inky sky, and—we had a drink of *fresh water* as it ran from the poop scupper-holes! After that we filled the deck tank, and then the captain ordered the main one to be pumped dry! *This was done!*

Imagine the situation! Two thousand miles from port—nay, from the nearest land—and ten days' water aboard! If the rain had ceased it would have meant a fearful death. But it didn't. Instead, it rained and rained, until nobody had a dry stitch aboard, till oil skins were soaked and useless, and till, instead of being blessed, fresh water had been cursed a thousand times. For fourteen days it scarcely ceased a moment.

This, then, was the principal incident of the outward passage, in addition to the daily modicum of bad food, hard work, and abuse. But another, and perhaps more terrible, danger had threatened us, for, on working out the cargo of coal at Rio Grande, we saw that it had burned to soot near the iron stanchions. Against all regulations the hatches had been rarely taken off to ventilate the ship, and we had had an incipient fire smouldering beneath us in consequence.

* A.B. stands for Able-bodied Seaman, and R.N.R. men as "fit" to be called up for Active Service.

A few days after reaching port we changed mates, the captain engaging one from a neighbouring ship. Ours, indeed, had been of little use. I remember being once occupied putting a strop round a block, and not making a very good job of it, he came along the deck to show me the way. Judge of my surprise when he dropped it saying, "Ah! That's a four-stranded rope, is it? Well, I can't tackle that myself."



"THE NEW WORD, 'SALT,' STRUCK US WITH HORROR."

The new-comer was of a different type. A Belgian by birth, he was a true adventurer, and it was not long before he had the whole ship in an uproar. Anything to be against the captain he would and did do, and you may just imagine that a crew of boys rose to the occasion and had as much fun as they could after such a passage.

We lay at San José, three miles across the bay from Rio Grande, and the captain went to the latter town nearly every morning. No sooner out of sight, though, than the mate would cry out, "All hands into the boat," and away we would go for a day's duck hunting, or any mad sport ashore we could find.

Of course, being an English ship, the boat's sails were all in rags or lost,* but we fixed them up roughly and had good sport. Only once did we have an accident, and that was when the boy stupidly jumped from the ship's side to the

boat's mast, and threw us all spluttering overboard! Fortunately we could swim, and so secured the oars and tiller and righted the boat again.

One day, however, we were caught. The captain came back unexpectedly from his haunts, and could not get aboard till we returned. That night nearly all the men had drink in them, and above all Captain Morgan, so that blows fell thick and fast. Suddenly, however, remembering that he was master, the "old man" ran below, came up with his revolver, and fired at the bo's'n.

Where the shot went or was intended to go I can't say, but the master lost his firearm after this, and being ripe for a bit of mischief we knocked off work till he should take us before Her British Majesty's Consul to lodge a complaint. Being compelled by law to give us this permission, we had another day's "off," having to pull over to Rio Grande. To speak seriously, if the men had been sober fellows, it would have been a big joke; but, seeing that they were not, and had firearms aboard, it was a dangerous condition of things. The Consul, Mr. Walter R. Hearne (now Consul at Bordeaux), saw this, and, like a man who knew his business, blamed us all. He blamed the captain for coming out short-handed, he blamed the mate for causing the bother; and, finally, he told us all to go aboard and work like British seamen should. Finally, he ordered the *Mole Hill* to get another seaman before leaving. We gave him three cheers outside the Consulate.

A few weeks later, we got another mate and left for Falmouth. This time the new comer was a German—Stormer by name—and he fought almost everybody aboard, whilst, if he wanted any backing up, there was Captain Morgan with his ever-handy pistol.

Not to dwell too much on this passage, let me say that we had storm after storm. Our sails were absolutely rotten, and blew away as fast as we could bend them, till at length we had scarce an unpatched cloth or unsplashed fathom of bolt-rope aboard the ship. The captain, who was a really good old sailor (if it hadn't been for the drink), worked almost day and night stitching at them, and yet we passed a great part of the voyage under three or four sails, and arrived—as *Lloyd's News* had it—off Falmouth with sails split and mizzen-boom broken!

It was well, too, to say "off" Falmouth, for we could not get "in," as our anchor-chains were foul! For four hours we beat about the

* Common knowledge amongst sailors of every nation.—AUTHOR.

entry to the harbour with two men were toiling in the narrow chain locker.

Only another item completes that passage. We had been on our whack* of food almost the whole time, and yet when we dropped anchor we had aboard not 20lb. of biscuits, no flour, perhaps 50lb. of beef, some bad peas, and five days' water! Just in time once more!

We re-provisioned in a limited manner and went on to Hamburg, where we arrived after being almost lost in the great storm of December 21st, 1894. Wintering three months and a half in this port, my blankets were often frozen stiff, as we had no stove in the fore-castle! Once, also, owing to inefficient mooring, we broke adrift among the ice in the river and damaged two other vessels besides ourselves.

Four days out on the second voyage we threw overboard in fine weather cases of acid and ether which had been stacked on deck apparently with no other object in view.

On the seventh night I was awakened by a wild shouting in German and Swedish, and, jumping on deck, found that we had been almost run down by some steamer unknown, upon which evidently no watch had been kept. I mention the foreign cries, for they were about all we had throughout that trip, there being only one other Englishman for'ard in addition to myself. Many a time, with an imperfect knowledge of German, have I had to interpret orders given in that tongue aboard a British ship.

And yet, in some manner, we did arrive at Pernambuco. There, although Yellow Jack reigned and we saw the red ensign half-mast all around us, we enjoyed ourselves pretty well. I suppose we could find no other way to make ourselves forget the "grim foe." I shall ever remember one night we passed aboard the Liverpool barque *Eliza*. About twenty of us sat round her fo'c'stle singing and having a good time till midnight, but next morning, as we turned out at half-past five, a boat glided quietly past our stern with something wrapped in a flag. It was the dead body of the best singer.

The captain of this *Eliza* was a grand fellow—Wheatman or Wheatley by name—and he held the "Bethel," or Sailors' Church, aboard his ship. But the crew got the better of him, and broached gin and whisky from the cargo. It had its bad result, of course, for next day a essly-hooked case slipped as they were ing it ashore, and crashing back into the way broke the shoulder of one of the men. raps it was as well. For a few days later ashore with our cook buying provisions,

igal allowance, which leaves one hungry day and night,—

when the man to replace him came yelling towards us with a small bundle in his hand, and asked me to give him a "shove" aboard the *Eliza*, which was just leaving. I did so, and climbing up a rope after his bundle of worldly goods which he had thrown aboard, he waved farewell. A last farewell, too, for after loading mules at Para she was never heard of more! Probably she had too little ballast.

Coming home from Pernambuco was the hardest passage I have ever made. Bad sailors and bad gear had let the ship go practically to wreck and ruin, and the captain was determined to put a stop to it. Consequently he ordered "all hands" to work the afternoon and dog watches. Without going into calculations which might puzzle a landsman, let me say that this meant working sixteen hours a day even in fine weather. The remaining eight were to get three meals in, to turn in and out twice a day, and to do anything for ourselves. This meant five hours or five and a half of sleep after exhausting toil—and in bad weather even less. The result was often such a scene as I witnessed one bright night.

Coming on deck, I saw the man on the look-out fast asleep on the fore-hatch; going aft for a drink, there I saw the second mate in the same condition on the cabin skylight; while the helmsman had his head between the spokes—snoring! This may seem exaggerated, but it is not; and, further, I frankly admit that, being utterly worn out, I have often slept on the look-out with the dog as a pillow, so that I might not be caught. Once the faithful animal's quick bark aroused me just in time to avert collision with a large barque! So much for overwork.*

The third voyage aboard the *Mole Hill* was much more pleasant in many ways. We had a fresh captain, who was a decent fellow, and with whom I had sailed on my first voyage. The mate, McDermott, was a good fellow also; but of all the useless creatures aboard a vessel, let me commend our second mate to the reader.

To be brief, he was a little, dressed-up dandy, who could not splice a rope, scull a boat, nor steer the ship when a man fell ill—the captain having to do so instead; and he was a coward up aloft, coming down with the plea of sea-sickness. Yet he had passed his examination conducted by the Board of Trade!

Once on this voyage, at about noon of a tropical hot day, a German ordinary seaman aloft suddenly called out, "Sharks all around us," and as we looked up at him he slipped for some unaccountable reason and fell from the

* Recommended especially to the notice of M.P.'s and others who
—-—
ripe, and little think of such dangers as have been
AUTHOR.

main topmast head! The ship rolled just at the moment and threw him out from the deck. With one cry of horror we sprang forward, feeling that if he had missed being crushed to a jelly, still, the sharks would have him! Judge of our surprise and relief, then, to see him strike the forebrace with his back, shoot high into the air again, and fall feet foremost—on to the deck, uninjured!

This was not the only escape which befell us. We had aboard a curious little fellow named Campbell, who was the pluckiest lad I've known. He had attempted several voyages, but never completed one. On his first ship they lost all sail ten days out (she belonged to William Cost) and put back to port. Joe Campbell having broken his arm in the meanwhile. On his second voyage he had yellow fever at Rio, and was run down in mid ocean later, being sent home as a "distressed mariner." The third he essayed with us. Three days out he commenced to have fits, and so was not permitted to go aloft again. In Rio Grande he was sent to hospital till we sailed, when he brought back with him some lively small-pox germs, from which disease he would certainly have died but for the devotion of our black cook. How the rest of us failed to be infected is a miracle. Eventually poor Campbell was left behind at Belize, in British Honduras, and once more was he sent home as a "distressed mariner."

At Belize, probably from going up the river for our cargo of logwood, and being soaked with tropical rains in the open boat, we contracted some sort of fever, from which nearly every man suffered on the way home.* Add to this the fact that we slept under boats or any where where we could keep our beds drier than in our berths, and it is little to be wondered at that when we dropped anchor in the Humber I was raging with fever and just managed to "etch" home.

That was the last I saw of the *Mole Hill*, for although after two months' illness I assented to a proposition of William Cost that I should join her again, I received later a wire saying that she had

unexpectedly sailed. Perhaps, again, it was better. For, on the next voyage, she reached Rio Grande all right; but, alas! her homeward passage is not yet finished, and some of my old shipmates, including McDermott, the mate, with his younger brother as "second," have gone to their long home.

Lloyd's have even ceased to rate her as "Missing."

If from the above the reader cannot find them himself, he may very naturally ask if I can suggest any reasons for her non-reappearance. They are as under:—

1. She may, as William Cost, the preacher owner, would devoutly say—have been lost by the "Act of God."
2. She may have had insufficient food.
3. She may have had insufficient water.
4. Or she may even have had holes covered with cement—in her water tank.
5. Her canvas and ropes may have been rotten.
6. Her plates may have had rotten places below the water line, just as they had holes above it.
7. Her oil for the side lights may have run short again.
8. The wicked look-out man may have slept.

Let us hope for the sake of the Liverpool local preacher that the correct reason is numbered 1 or 8 above. *Quien sabe?*



"RUNNING THE
LAST BOAT LOAD
OF LOGWOOD ABOARD."

*The only ventilation we had, was through her seams in this musty manner, as she had neither port holes nor ventilators.

Curious Birds' Beaks.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY W. PERCIVAL WESTALL.

A quaint Natural History paper, illustrated with special drawings made by the author.



HERE are a great many people nowadays who take notice of a brightly plumed bird, which for the moment calls forth their admiration, but how many are there who know the diversity which exists in birds' beaks, other than the cultivated ornithologist? Moreover, there are a great many of the latter who have not studied the beaks of birds to any extent, and by not doing so it is certainly a positive loss to them, for the reason that a bird's beak is often the one and only distinguishing mark from that of another variety. That is to say, there are some birds which are almost similar in plumage, and their only characteristic difference is in the beak.

I have picked out at random the beaks of some twenty-six birds for the purpose of this article, and these will be sufficient to show the variations which exist in regard to their construction. Birds' beaks present an almost endless variety of form, which is associated with an equally diversified use. It is interesting to note in passing that there is no bird at present existing which lacks a beak, but in some species, long since extinct, the beak was absent. In this case, teeth took the place of the beak, which is well described in an article on the anatomy of birds in Hudson's "British Birds" as "simply a horny tract of skin, which has become hardened by its special uses."

It is one of the most wonderful examples of Nature's workings: this adaptation of so many various builds of beaks, the more so because those species which require an instrument entirely different from their fellows have it so graciously supplied.

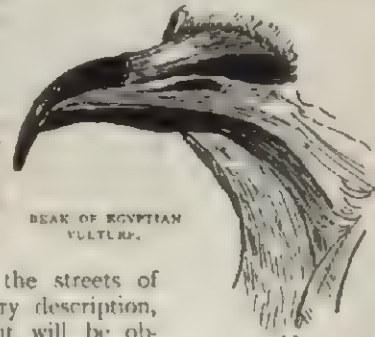
In the beaks of the duck tribe one need not be particularly well educated in matters ornithological to see that it is admirably suited for dabbling in soft mud, in the same way as the beak of an eagle, falcon, or owl is formed to tear to pieces its prey.

We have a beak of the first-mentioned class of bird in that of the spoon-bill. This beak aids

the bird very materially in sifting the mud at the bottom of pools and rivers. The singular form of the beak at once arrests attention: it is long, powerful, gradually flattening from a stout base, and at last expanding into a rounded, shovel-like termination. It is not until the third year that the young assume the colouring of the adult; and the beak, which is covered with a vascular membrane, gradually acquires its full dimensions and hardness. The spoon-bill is, like the majority of large birds, somewhat shy and retiring in its habits, and lives in society in wild wooded marshes, where it searches, with the aid of the wonderful spoon-like bill, for such food as fish, molluscs, small reptiles, the larvae of aquatic insects, etc., and it has a sedate walk.

A very formidable beak is that of the Egyptian vulture. In October, 1825, one of these birds, gorged with food, was shot near Kilve, in Somersetshire. The functions of this vulture in Egypt and other parts of the East, in clearing the streets of filth of every description, for which, it will be observed, the beak is so admirably adapted, are tasks which they undertake in common with the pariah dogs, and the value of which cannot be overestimated. Nor were its services less valued in ancient than in modern times; it was among the sacred animals of Egypt, and is often accurately represented on their monuments. Hence the appellation of Pharaoh's Chicken. As will be seen from my drawing, the bill is slender and straight, abruptly hooked at the tip. For the benefit it confers on the people of the East the Egyptian vulture is still protected, and rightly so, because of its being such an industrious searcher for carrion and a veritable scavenger. It is a constant attendant on the caravan as it pursues its way from town to town.

This next is a beak excellently suited for the purpose to which it is so often put. The young barn owl is a curious and interesting little fellow, and when a mouse is handed to him he generally ejects the well-known pellet before swallowing



BEAK OF EGYPTIAN VULTURE.



BEAK OF SPOON-BILL.

the tasty rodent. An owl has been known to put away ~~one~~ mice one after the other until the tail of the last hanging out of its mouth pointed to the fact that he was "full inside."

Not long after he has been quite ready for a further half dozen! It is amusing to watch an owl with a mouse. He takes it in his foot, which also serves as a hand; looks at it in the wise and cunning manner peculiar to the species, gives a sharp peck or two into it, a snap of the bill, and it is gone.

It is said the owl never drinks, but being a prowler of the night, when the air is moist, he probably takes a sip or two at the glistening dew-drops as he glides along the meadows in search of mice, moles, rats, and reptiles, an occupation in which his beak so ably assists.

The white-headed eagle is a noble bird, and is the one emblazoned on the National Standard of the United States. It has a very powerful and strong beak, and it is extraordinary the heavy carrion and the like which is carried by it. It is stated

on excellent authority that one has been seen flying with a lamb ten days old, but which, from the violence of its struggles, it was obliged to drop at the height of a few feet from the ground. It is very fond of fish, and the poor fishing hawk who has caught a fish for himself is forced to drop it by the white-headed eagle, who is watching operations from aloft; and so soon as it has left the hawk, the eagle pounces upon the fish and carries it off triumphantly in the beak which I have illustrated. It is a formidable weapon, and he uses it to much purpose.

The illustration following is not such a powerful beak as that of the last-named, but for all that it is one that is used with much precision. The lammergeier - I have one before me from India as I write - has neither the bill nor the

talons of the eagle, the former, as will be seen from my sketch, being elongated and hooked only at the tip, while the latter is comparatively small; yet this bird's beak serves it well in the destruction it carries on among lambs, kids, and hares, whilst even children have, it is said, often fallen sacrifices to its rapacity. The eagle bears off its prey, the lammergeier, unless disturbed, or providing for its young, seldom attempts to remove it, but devours it on the spot.

This beak of the dodo is, perhaps, the most extraordinary one that I illustrate, but it would not be so peculiarly attractive were it not for the fact that the whole bird is most ungainly in every respect, and probably the most hideous-looking creature with feathers that was ever created. Many

scientists regret its extinction, and so do I, but methinks the lady readers of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE will shudder at the thoughts of such a bird, and will be pleased to hear that it is no more. The beak is somewhat after the style of the turkey, but a little more hooked. The dodo was in days gone by called in the East Indies Walck-Vogel, because the longer or more slowly it was cooked, the worse it was for eating. This again would not find favour with the gentler sex.

The next bird which receives attention is another extinct bird, but not by any means gruesome-looking, like the dodo. In fact there is, to my mind, a very superior look about the great auk, and it seems a great pity that such a fine bird should be lost to us for ever. A single egg of this auk has fetched the large sum of 300 guineas under the hammer. The white patch immediately behind the beak, observable in my sketch, is a very

prominent set-off to what I call a first-class beak for a bird of the



BEAK OF YOUNG BARN OWL.



BEAK OF WHITE-HEADED EAGLE.



BEAK OF LAMMERGEIER



BEAK OF DODO.



BEAK OF GREAT AUK.

sea. The last specimen obtained in Europe was at the islet of Eldey, in June, 1844, and yet two centuries ago we read that the bird was a regular summer visitor to the lone island of St. Kilda, which paradise for sea-birds is so excellently described in the October number of this Magazine, by the author of "With Nature and a Camera"! The razor-bill is its nearest living relation.

The beak of the toucan is one which is entirely different from any which have so far



BEAK OF TOUCAN.

been dealt with. It is a relatively enormous beak, serrated along the free edge, which enables its possessor to obtain a firmer grasp of the fruits upon which it feeds. The illustration should be interesting to those unacquainted with the subject under consideration.



BEAK OF AVOCET.

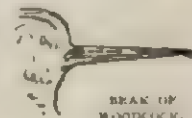
Again, a great diversity presents itself in the case of the re-curved bill of the gentle avocet—a slim, frail looking one by the side of some of the powerful examples which have been illustrated. This is one of our lost British birds, and was wantonly exterminated in Britain during the fore part of the nineteenth century. It is a beautiful and curious little bird, gentle and inoffensive. The long, upturned bill is worked by the bird from side to side in the mud, where it obtains insects and larvæ, small crustaceans, and worms. Charles Dixon notes that the captured morsel is swallowed with a toss of the head.

I well remember the curiosity I evinced in the flamingo when I was not so well educated in matters ornithological as I am now, and I often realize why the youngsters stare with amazement when viewing them in some zoological collection. The length of its stilt-like legs, its gigantic neck, the comparative smallness of the body, and its peculiar beak, all add to the striking curiosity which invariably calls forth the remark from the

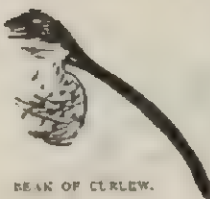
onlooker, "Well! What an extraordinary bird!"

Its long legs enable it to wade in pretty deep waters, the neck permits it to search a wide radius without moving its legs, and whatever it has captured stands a poor chance of escape when in the firm grasp of the powerful bill. Most people are acquainted with birds *sitting* in or on a nest whilst the important period of incubation is in progress, but the flamingo rests upon a hillock in the marshes in a *standing* attitude, with the feet on the marshy ground, or even in the water.

This is a beak of the woodcock, which I have illustrated for the purpose of showing an almost straight one, but slightly curved at the extremity. As is, perhaps, well known to my readers, this bird breeds regularly in the British Isles, a remark which similarly applies to the next bird dealt with.



BEAK OF WOODCOCK.



BEAK OF CURLEW.

A beak to be proud of, I always think, is that of the curlew, which, it will be noticed, is gradually curved the whole length—a variation from that of the woodcock which is extremely interesting. A curious fact regarding some of these birds is that on

the south coast of our island there is a little group of females and males which never breed. Parental care or matrimony is evidently an experiment with which these particular birds do not care to undertake.

Our next is indeed a curious beak, and a curious-looking bird altogether. The structure of the puffin's beak is yet another example of the wondrous workings of Nature, for it is nearly as deep as long, and very compressed. The bird itself is an excellent diver, and may often be seen with a row of sprats—its favourite



BEAK OF PUFFIN.

food hanging from the bill, their heads being secured between the mandibles; and, taking a curved sweep upwards, it bears them to its young one for only one egg is laid.

In its general habits the guillemot somewhat resembles the puffin, and that is my reason for giving an illustration of the diversity which exists in the beaks of the two birds. There is



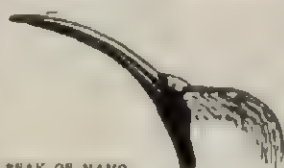
BEAK OF FLAMINGO.



BEAK OF GULLENOT.

such a marked difference that the two illustrations on being compared will at once, I hope, interest, elevate, and amuse the most indifferent observer.

In the next illustration we have a beak built somewhat on the lines of the curlew, and yet a variance will be seen. The mammo is a lost exotic bird, whose yellow plumes were used, it is said, to embellish the State robes of chiefs.



BEAK OF MAMO.

That this bird should be named "hornbill" my readers will agree with me, I think, on looking at the illustration here given, is a very fitting cognomen. This curious horned-bill is about 10 in. long, and of a yellowish white in colour; the upper mandible red at the base, the lower black. The horn on the top is varied with black and white.



BEAK OF RHINOCEROS HORNBILL.

One really cannot fail to be struck with this beak, and it is the nearest approach to a beak which would enable a bird to "toss" a person with which I am acquainted. The beak without the horn would be striking, but the presence of this latter intensifies it to a remarkable degree.

These are most frugivorous birds. They live mostly on fruit, and will soon strip a tree. Some of those species found in Africa are said to also feed on reptiles. Mr. Wallace says that "the extraordinary habit of the male, in plastering up the female with her egg and feeding her during the whole time of incubation till the young one is fledged, is common to several of the large hornbills, and is one of those strange facts in Natural History which are 'stranger than fiction.'"



BEAK OF SAW.

Doubtless, many of the lady readers of this article will recognise the beak of the macaw as somewhat resembling that of their favourite "Polly." It is indeed a fine beak, and is of enormous size and strength, and enables the macaw to prepare for digestion the fruit of a kind of palm abundant abroad in humid or marshy places.

Probably the most curious beak of any bird which breeds at the present day in our own beloved country is that of the cross-bill, which has bred, among other places, in Yorkshire during the past summer on the estate of a gentleman who affords protection to our feathered friends. It is evident that the peculiar crossed bill of this bird enables it to more easily extricate the seeds of pine and other cones, which constitute its food.



BEAK OF CROSS-BILL.

This is a typical specimen of the powerful, almost straight, beaks of the woodpeckers, and probably that of the variety illustrated is the best example of any of its family. With such a tool, it is small wonder the dexterity with which a hole in a tree is hewn out by the woodpecker



BEAK OF GREAT BLACK WOODPECKER.

tribe, wherein to build the apology for a nest. It is one of the most efficient instruments possible for splitting and chipping bark or decayed wood: immensely strong and thick at its base, whence it narrows to a hard, compressed tip, which is abruptly squared off, and sharp, like a minute chisel.

The curious saw like bill of the curl crested aracaris looks very peculiar by the side of some of the smaller beaks illustrated in this article. The beak is lengthened, both mandibles being edged with thickly-set white serratures. It is a bird of magnificent plumage, and no less an authority than Mr. Gould has said that it is impossible for the artist to do the bird justice.



BEAK OF CURL-CRESTED ARACARIS.



BEAK OF HOOPOE.

The bill of the hoopoe appears to me to be of the exact construction for setting off to perfection the general structure of this remarkable and beautiful bird. The long beak suits the bird admirably for searching among rotten wood and the bark of trees for insects, upon which it feeds. Bechstein gives an interesting account of some of these birds kept in captivity, which were very fond of beetles and May bugs; these they first killed and then beat them with their beak into a kind of oblong ball. Without doubt, this lovely bird would breed in our island if not shot whenever seen, and that it has bred of late years I personally have no hesitation in saying, for the reason that a friend once saw, a few years back in Sussex, two parent birds and three or four young ones just able to fly.

The beak of Latham's barbet always strikes me as being a very curious one, because of the presence of the hairs or little feather-stems, or whatever they may be most accurately called, as portrayed in my sketch of this bird's bill. The beak is conical, slightly compressed, and a little elevated in the middle.



BEAK OF LATHAM'S BARBET.



BEAK OF ALL-TANT.

tant, with shoulders shrugged, is certainly a very striking bird, and its powerful beak adds to it in a marked degree.

Visitors to St. James's and other London parks are well acquainted with the pelicans there located, and an illustration of their wonderful bill is interesting. It is very long, broad, flattened, and straight, with a hooked pro-

jection at the extremity of the upper mandible. To see these birds plunge their long beaks



BEAK OF PELICAN, SHOWING POUCH CLOSED.

and necks under water, and net the fish in their capacious pouches, is a sight worth seeing, and the dimensions of the pouch may well be imagined when I state that it is so dilatable as to be capable of containing two gallons of water; yet the bird has the power of contracting this membranous expansion, by wrinkling it up under the lower mandible until it is scarcely to be seen—illustrated in my second sketch.

The illustration of the wryneck, better known as the "Cuckoo's Mate," for the reason that it generally makes its appearance a few days before that harbinger of spring, enables me to exhibit the beak and tongue of this bird, the long, retractile tongue affording it the opportunity of taking insects from the ant-hills, which it visits in a similar manner to the green woodpecker.

My last illustration is certainly not by any means the least as regards its proportions.

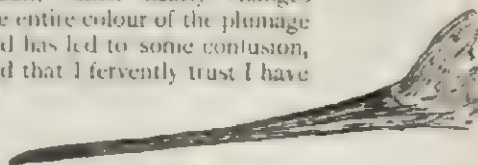
It is a very long beak, more or less curved upwards, and soft and flexible. This godwit is practically an extinct British bird, and with the remark that it undergoes, with other allied species, a double moult, which nearly changes the entire colour of the plumage and has led to some confusion, and that I fervently trust I have



BEAK AND TONGUE OF WRYNECK.



BEAK OF PELICAN, SHOWING POUCH OPEN.



BEAK OF BLACK-TAILED GODWIT.

interested some indifferent observers of birds, and that any wanton persecutors of our wild birds may be converted by any good done by the British birds mentioned in this article, my little sketch closes.

Pirate Hunting in China.

By ADMIRAL J. MORESBY.

A strangely thrilling yet humorous set of reminiscences jotted down by a distinguished officer of high rank. The chasing of pirate junks, the queer incidents that happened, and the extraordinary method by which Admiral Moresby at length smashed the pirates.



F a full and impartial history of piracy and pirates in the Chinese seas could be written, it would probably date far back in the annals of the ancient 'Tsin dynasty; possibly from the time when the Emperor Woo Wong is said to have kicked off his shoe, issuing an edict that it should be the model for all future vessels; and it would be continued almost to the present day. All through these 3,000 years there runs a red wool of perhaps the most bloodthirsty cruelty and pillage that the world has seen.

Neither must we forget the vast dimensions, organization, and forces of these pirate hordes. Were we to add together the resources of all the African and Greek corsairs, in their worst days, the amount would be as nothing compared with their Chinese rivals, who, unlike the majority of Mediterranean pirates, preyed as readily on their own countrymen as on aliens.

It was not until the year 1842, after we had forced our trade on China, opened the Treaty Ports, and settled ourselves at Hong Kong, that we became aware of the immense ramifications of piracy in the Chinese seas. Merchant ships sailed from Singapore for Hong Kong and were never afterwards heard of, although neither storm nor tempest had occurred to account for their disappearance. The Chinese authorities were appealed to, and did much to enlighten our minds: for the pirate chiefs not only captured their trading junks, but frequently held the large towns on the coast at a heavy ransom. They would only be too glad if the English would help them to destroy these common enemies of all peaceful traders.

Thus it came about that for some thirty years one of the principal duties of our ships of war in Chinese waters was to hunt out and destroy *pilongs* (i.e., pirates) wherever they could be

found. The mandarins were always ready to assist—in theory; but, as a matter of fact, their war-junks were rarely present when wanted, and if present were usually of very little use.

The principal strongholds of piracy were on what is called the West Coast—that is, from Swatow, about 100 miles north of Hong Kong, to Hainan, about 150 miles south; between these two points the coast line turns about W.S.W. and E.N.E. On the islands off the coast,

and in numerous harbours and inlets on the mainland, the pirates possessed fortified stations, which sheltered fleets of perhaps fifty or a hundred armed junks, under the supreme control of one chief or admiral.

These junks ranged from fifty to 400 tons' burthen, mounting six to twenty broadside guns, with a crew of about six men to a gun, and protected by boarding nettings, "stink-pots," and so on.

As to the pirates themselves, our Government attached so much importance to the destruction of these notorious scoundrels, that a reward in the shape of prize-money (£10) was given for every pirate killed,

and £1 for every one taken alive. This, followed by promotion and professional distinction, made pirate-hunting halcyon times for naval officers while it lasted.

But in 1849, the present Admiral Sir John Hay having, when in command of H.M.S. *Columbine*, assisted by some other vessels, attacked and destroyed two separate piratical fleets, one of twenty and the other of sixty-four large junks, at an enormous sacrifice of life to the enemy, and these actions being followed up in ensuing years by similar feats, the bread money came to such a considerable figure that it was discontinued, and thenceforward naval officers had no incentive but a sense of duty—and the sporting instinct—to bring these pilongs to justice. These motives were sufficient, however,



from a Photo. by A. Debenham, Southern



H.M.S. "SNAKE," IN WHICH ADMIRAL MORREBY PURSUED THE PIRATES.

and the keenest desire for a good "Pirate Pigeon" still continued to exist.

This was the state of things when, in July, 1862, I was at Hong Kong in command of H.M.S. *Snake*, as beautiful a little craft as ever floated. She was of 500 tons, 180 h.p., and was barquette rigged. She could both steam or sail with anything afloat in those days. She was armed with two long 68 pounders (then the heaviest guns in the Service), and two brass 12 pounder howitzers on her broadside, and she carried a crew of ninety all told.

One evening a boat arrived with the mate and a few seamen of the American ship *Phantom*, and brought the intelligence that their vessel had been wrecked on the Patrass shoal, north of Hong Kong. Whilst there it seemed they had been attacked by pirates; but during the pillaging of the ship they had escaped in their three boats, of which number two were still missing.

Subsequently the senior naval officer, Captain Nolloth, received information from Macao that the English ship *Lord of the Isles* had been pirated near Hamao, about 120 miles south west of Hong Kong, and that one of her men, who had been picked up by a friendly junk, had reached Macao, believing himself to be the sole survivor.

Captain Nolloth directed me to proceed at once first in search of the shipwrecked Americans, and, that done, to do my best to capture the pirates who had plundered the *Lord of the Isles*. Accordingly, one hour after receiving my orders, we got under way, and passing thorough the Lyemoo Pass, steamed to the north for Buss Bay. The mate of the *Phantom* was my messmate—as

rough an old sea-dog as could be met.

The following day, whilst examining the coast for the missing boats, the barometer began to tumble down, the weather came on as thick as pea-soup, and we had to decide whether we would face the coming typhoon at sea, or seek an anchorage. We chose the latter alternative and hauled up for Tysam inlet; but to reach it we had to force our little craft for some thirty miles exposed to

the full fury of the gale. In doing this, there occurred one of the strangest episodes that I can remember.

I was on the bridge, and as we rolled and lurched in the heavy seas the platform was frequently swept by the crest of the waves. As an extra big roller receded with a furious swish, I glanced down instinctively and suddenly—to behold at my feet, resting on the bridge, the dead body of an infant girl. Calm, peaceful, as



"RESTING ON THE BRIDGE WAS THE DEAD BODY OF AN INFANT GIRL."

if asleep amidst the wild roaring of the storm, there it lay—but only for a moment. Another angry wave hissed over us, and the little body was swept off into its “vast and wandering grave.” Doubtless it was a case of infanticide, probable from some trading junk, and it had met the fate not uncommon among Chinese female infants. At length we reached our desired anchorage. Listening to the wind as it tore over the sheltering land, we were glad to be there and not at sea.

The next day, in Pawkshin Bay, we found the crew of one of the missing boats; they had got on board a fishing junk, and had been kindly treated. The day following, at Hunting, a small fortified town on the banks of a pretty river, we saw a suspicious-looking junk at anchor. There was a dangerous surf on the bar, so that only our whale-boat and gig, carrying myself, an officer, and ten men, could cross it. When inside, we made a dash at the junk, and had the satisfaction of seeing her crew clear out on one side as we came over the other. A search showed us a quantity of the wrecked ship's gear. It then became absolutely necessary that we should see the mandarin, and officially notify him of our visit, and also what we had found in the junk. In the meanwhile a huge crowd of angry, excited men had gathered on the river bank, but they were armed only with bludgeons. So fixing bayonets, we charged up the river bank. In an instant the mob of several hundred men were on the run, pigtailed flying in all directions in the most absurd way. I directed one man to be captured, and he was securely held by his pigtail between two big bluejackets. We explained to him that if he would pilot us to the mandarin, he should be well rewarded, but he made us understand that the official had bolted. So it proved, for although we searched the town in every direction, visiting the Governor's yamoon, not a trace of him could be found. I concluded that he had a guilty conscience of complicity with pirates, which accounted for his absence.

It therefore only remained for us to take the junk as a prize. Fortunately there was a fair wind over the bar, and she was soon alongside the gallant little *Snake*. All further search for the missing boat proved unavailing, nor could we find any trace of the wrecked ship. Reluctantly we gave up all hope of finding them, so, until the sea gives up her dead, it will never be known whether those American sailors met a watery grave or had their throats cut by the pirates. For this service the President of the United States gave us the thanks of his Government.

Passing through Hong Kong, we landed the

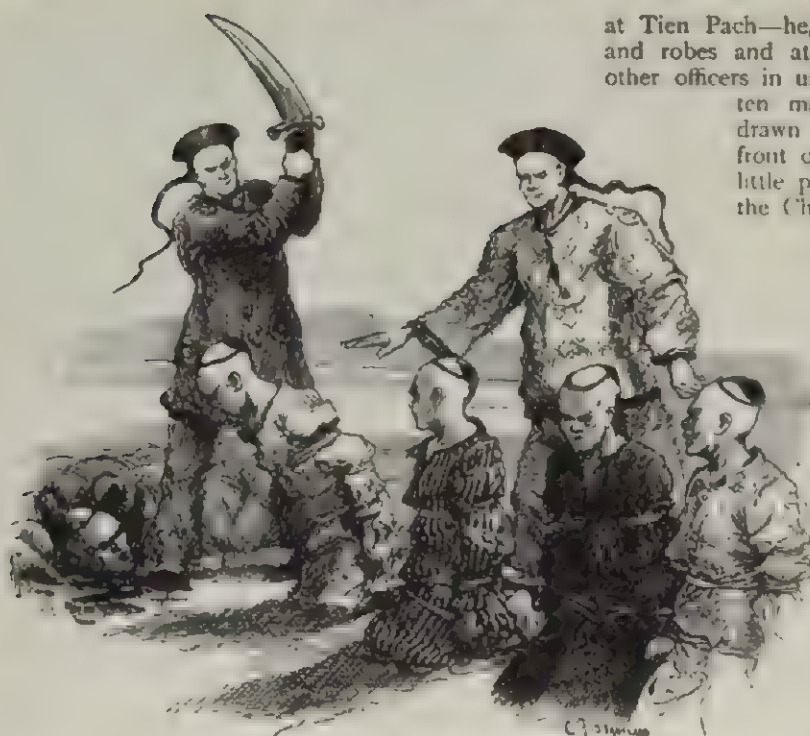
men we had rescued, and taking on board a Chinese pilot for the West Coast, who also could act as interpreter, we proceeded on our way to Macao to try and discover the scoundrels who had pirated the *Lord of the Isles*.

Running past the entrance to the Canton River, we saw, under the land, two junks alongside each other. This, however, did not excite our suspicions, for they were in proximity to the Bogue Forts, where war-junks were stationed; we, therefore, kept our course, till a passing sampan hailed us and shouted, “Pilong, pilong,” pointing to the two junks! Up went our helm, and under steam and sail we ran in chase. As quickly the pilongs saw their little game was up, instantly they sheered off from their prize, and with their huge bamboo-spread sails bellying out to a strong breeze on their quarter, they steered straight for the nearest land, hoping to beach her and escape. She travelled fast, but the *Snake* went faster, and in less than an hour she was under our guns; then, hastened by a few shot, her sails came lumbering down and we took possession. No men realize quicker than the Chinese when resistance is useless. “Kismet” is with them as powerful as it is with the Turks. Her crew of about forty men submitted to be ironed and bound without a sign of emotion on their stolid faces. Taking our prize in tow we took her at once to Canton, where, after I had communicated with our Consul and the Governor, soldiers were sent to us and the pirates marched off in chains to execution.

I was invited to see justice done, but this I declined; however, one of the officers went, and thus described the scene.

On arriving at the execution ground their arms were pinioned tightly behind their backs; they were then made to kneel down in one long row, with their calves lashed to their thighs. Next the executioner, armed with a short, heavy sword, came along from the rear, accompanied by his assistant, who lightly pushed the unfortunate creatures on the back, and as they fell forward, the sword descended and the head rolled on the ground. In no instance was a second stroke needed, and in three minutes the whole horrible scene was completed.

We then proceeded to Macao, where we picked up the mate of the *Lord of the Isles*. He told us that his ship had been becalmed off St. John's Island, when several pirate junks swept down and attacked her. As they had only twenty men, with a few old muskets and cutlasses, they recognised that defence was useless. As the pirates swarmed on board, he thought some of the crew got away in their boat he himself



THE EXECUTION OF PIRATES AT CAGAYAN.

dropped over the stern and hung on to the rudder chains, till, seizing a floating spar, he glided off clear and unseen. Some hours after he attracted the notice of a fishing junk, which brought him in safety to Macao.

It afterwards turned out that the rest of the crew of the *Lord of the Isles* had escaped in their boat whilst the pilongs were absorbed in the pillage of their rich prize. At the time we supposed the crew had been murdered, and our hearts burned and fingers itched to repay these villains back in their own coin. But to find them on a coast-line a hundred miles in extent, honeycombed with unsurveyed islets, inlets, and bays; and that with towns and villages, if not exactly belonging to the pirates, at least in close league with them, seemed a hopeless task. Our chance was that they had not learnt of our arrival on the coast, and therefore would not seek concealment. We could only do our best. For a week we searched that coast, visiting towns and places where I believe no Englishman had ever before landed. Marching our little handful of men through swarming crowds in the filthy, narrow streets, we interviewed any number of mandarins in their yamoon. Often the scenes were ludicrous beyond description. On one occasion, whilst having a solemn palaver with the mandarin

at Tien Pach—he, with his blue button and robes and attendants; I, with two other officers in uniform, and a guard of ten marines and a sergeant, drawn up in the courtyard in front of us—tea, in the usual little porcelain cups, was, after the Chinese fashion, presented

to us, and taken as a matter of course.

Then the attendants went straight up to the marines and presented *them* with similar cups of tea! The sergeant looked at me for guidance, for the men stood with rifles shouldered, and were looking with undisguised contempt at the spoonful of acid tea. Fearing lest it might be taken as an affront if the tea were refused, I said, "Sergeant, let the men drink the tea." Then the sergeant, stepping to

the front as if drilling the men, gave the word, "Order arms—ground arms. Take the tea-cups—drink the tea." It was the funniest thing in the world to see the wry faces of those British marines as, like one man, the tea passed down their unwilling throats. Next came the stern yet ludicrous commands, "Return the cups!" "Take up arms!" "Shoulder arms!" And the burlesque was completed.

But no information concerning the pirates could we obtain, and hope was waning low, when one day, off Sandy Bay, St. John's Island, right under the land, we saw five large junks. On seeing the *Snake*, they immediately separated. The three largest we could see running up Sandy Bay, and the other two steering for different points of land. Their movements convinced us that at last fortune had smiled on us—perhaps, even, they might prove the very fellows we were in search of. Those in Sandy Bay, where the fourth junk had joined them, got into shoal water beyond the reach of the *Snake*. However, they were safe there for future consideration, so we directed our attention to the remaining one, which we quickly overtook and made our prize. She was armed with eight guns and forty-five men. Making these secure, we turned our thoughts upon our friends in Sandy Bay. Unfortunately the *Snake*



"THE TEA PASSED DOWN THEIR UNWILLING THROATS."

had only three small boats, the largest pulling eight oars, and two small gigs with four oars; none of these carried a gun.

Our first business was to anchor off the bay and reconnoitre the pirates' position. We found the three largest moored with springs on their cables, in a little inlet at the head of Sandy Bay, their guns commanding the entrance. They mounted eighteen, sixteen, and twelve guns respectively, and were fully manned, with boarding nettings ready, and "stink pots" triced up. The fourth junk lay at a considerable distance from the rest. Immediately behind the junks a small stream, with wooded banks, ran into the sea, and on either side the brown sandy hills, about 200ft. in height, commanded the position. Sandy Bay is a large sheet of water, and if those fellows were to be captured, we had to hold them where they were.

As we noted all these things, the pirates opened a smart fire on our boats, and seeing us retreat, they waved their banners and shouted defiance. Certainly they had won the toss, and got the first advantage. To attack them only

with our small boats, which at their utmost capacity could only carry twenty-five fighting men, would only have courted disaster. In this fix it occurred to me that if I could convert the captured junk into a gunboat, our object might be effected.

Accordingly she was brought alongside, and our two brass howitzers were fitted in her to fire from amidships; coal-bags were also supplied, so that the guns could be fired on the non-recoil system if necessary. Very serviceable she looked when completed. I can tell you. Our great reliance was that we, from our two little guns, could fire common and shrapnel shell, whilst the pirates, we knew, had only cold shot.

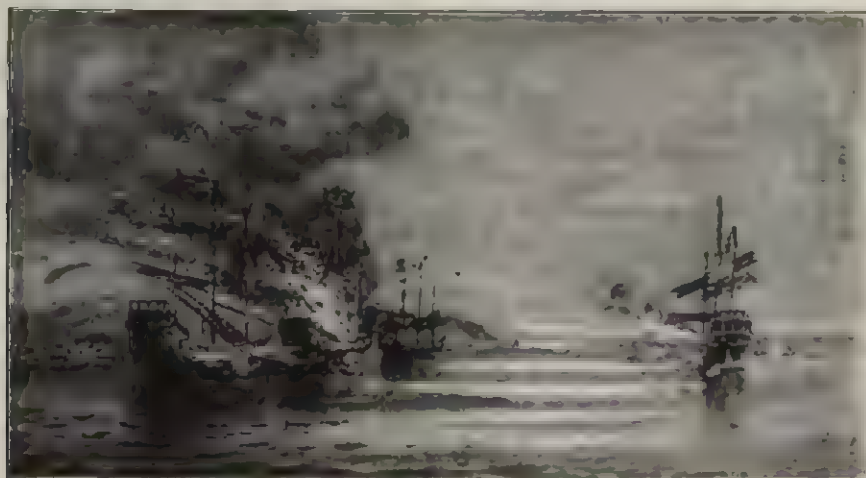
Next morning the white ensign was hoisted at the stern of "Her Majesty's ex pirate ship" surely the first on record. Our Chinese pilot volunteered as steersman, and a cooler hand under fire I never came across.

Having arranged a code of signals with the first lieutenant of the *Snake* (Lieutenant Streeten, a most able man), so that if necessary

our small-armed men could be sent to take possession of the heights overlooking the junks, and enfilade their position, I took command of the newly-fitted junk, and with ten men, accompanied by the good wishes and envious looks of our shipmates left on board, we sailed in to the attack. The novelty of the idea must have surprised the pirates a good deal; they evidently did not quite know what to make of their old comrade who was rejoining them under such queer conditions, and they allowed us to anchor unmolested. We came to at point blank range, and just out of reach of their matchlock fire.

bottom to just within range of our long 68-pounders. After this it was all "beer and skittles" for us, and soon the other two junks were also in flames, their crews who had escaped our fire throwing themselves overboard in the hope of escaping into the interior of the island. The junks finally burnt to the water and sank.

There was still the other junk to be accounted for, but she had disappeared. No one could tell where. However, the next day, for the purpose of taking a good look round, we ascended an adjacent hill, when farther up the bay we saw a singular heap of branches of trees; these



THE BATTLE

Then they awoke to the situation, and all three junks commenced a heavy fire on us! But neither were we idle, for we gave each junk a shell in return, and their turns came pretty often. For my own part I was not unsuccessful in trying to pick off the leaders with a rifle. It was beautiful to see our shell bursting on their crowded decks, and the demoralizing effect it produced. Their return fire got very wild, but still, many of their shot struck us, and I found we were getting into a sinking condition. So the signal was made to send the small-armed men to our assistance, and soon we saw our fellows landed and running like mad for the hill tops above the pirates. In the meantime, the gun tackles were carried away, and but for our coal-bags we should have been in a very bad way indeed. As it was, we kept up our fire, and as our bluejackets crowned the hills and sent volley after volley down on to the pirates' decks, a lucky shell, bursting in the biggest junk, set her on fire.

At this time also it was the top of high water spring tides, and Lieutenant Streeten succeeded in forcing the *Snake* through the soft muddy

turned out to be an ingenious covering for the junk, and but for the chance of our going up the hill she would have escaped us altogether, so like a little green islet was she. As it was, however, she shared the fate of her companions.

Our action had lasted about an hour, and although our junk was repeatedly struck, her beams broken, and she was in a sinking condition generally, yet none of our men had any hurt. I was the only sufferer. I was standing inadvertently rather too much in front of the after howitzer when it was fired. The concussion blew me overboard. I suffered great pain, but did not know I was permanently injured till after my return to England, when an aurist told me that the drum of my ear was broken.

The captured pirates were taken to Hong Kong and given over to the Chinese authorities, when they met the same well-deserved fate that befell those at Canton.

The Commander in Chief - Sir John Hope - and the Admiralty expressed their approval of our services. As far as I know it is the only instance on record where pilongs were met and defeated by one of their own junks.

Short Stories.

1.—How the "Maid of the Mist" Shot the Niagara Rapids.

By ROBERT FARRELL.

A record piece of navigation through the Niagara Rapids.



AFTER the waters of the great North American lakes, on their long journey to the ocean, have taken the plunge over Niagara Falls, they flow placidly for about a mile, and then suddenly transform themselves into the famous rapids which extend in an unbroken stretch for about six miles, between banks nearly 300 ft. in height. Through this portion of the Niagara River but one vessel has ever passed, and she made the trip successfully. She was a small, side-wheel steamer, appropriately named the *Maid of the Mist*, and she was necessarily built below the Falls and just above the lower Rapids. She was intended for use merely on the mile or more of smooth water that intervenes between the two.

The perilous trip which she made through the Rapids was no accident, though such a voyage was never contemplated by her builders. It was deliberately planned by Joel R. Robinson, who, in opposition to the belief of almost everybody, insisted that it could be made without loss of life or material injury to the vessel.

It was over fifty years ago that the idea of putting a steamboat on the river below the Falls was originally conceived. The first boat was built in 1846. In shape she resembled a New York ferry boat in miniature. She had two smoke stacks, and though her engines were comparatively weak, she did her work well for eight years. In 1854 she was superseded by a larger and stronger vessel, built specially for the purpose, and at the spot where her predecessor was built—that is to say, at the foot of the high cliff, just above the Rapids.

For seven summers this new vessel carried annually a goodly number of passengers on her circumscribed route. Much has been written concerning the sensations which the visitor feels as he glides smoothly along in front of the

"American Fall," and when the boat approaches the "Canadian Fall," and he is plunged into that mighty volume of spray and feels the vessel slowly making her way against the current, until at last the power of the on-rushing waters overcomes the power of her engines, and she turns and rushes down stream to the quiet waters whence she started.

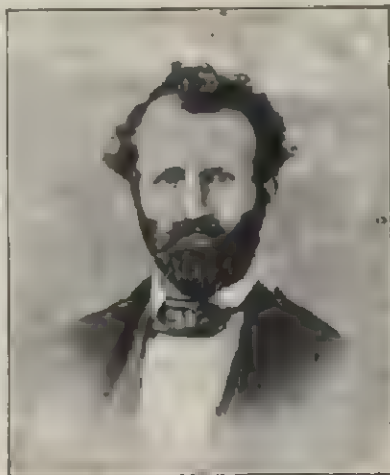
In 1861, however, as the boat was no longer a paying investment, her owner decided to sell her. He had great difficulty in finding a purchaser; but, finally, a Canadian offered about one half what the boat originally cost, but on the condition that she should be delivered safely at a certain Canadian port on Lake Ontario!

Ordinarily, this condition would have made the sale impossible, for the only way the boat could possibly reach Lake Ontario was by going through the whirlpool and the tremendous rapids above and below it.

Joel R. Robinson had been the captain and pilot of the boat for some years, and when he heard of the offer, he advised its acceptance, offering to take the vessel into Lake Ontario himself. He was a remarkable man, who on many occasions had risked his life to

save the lives of people imperilled about Niagara, and had thereby become commonly known as "The Hero of Niagara." One Jones, who had been the engineer on the boat, had such unbounded faith in Robinson that he agreed to go with him and "fire"; whilst a courageous machinist, McIntyre by name, volunteered to join them. After putting the little vessel into perfect trim and removing from her deck and hold all superfluous articles generally and all movable articles specially, Robinson announced that at three o'clock on the afternoon of June 6th, 1861, the boat would start on her wonderful journey.

People came from far and near—people of all grades and classes—to witness this most daring



MR. JOEL R. ROBINSON, WHO NAVIGATED THE "MAID OF THE MIST" STEAMER THROUGH THE RAPIDS. (Photo.)

trip. No one who saw the vessel start and watched her 250ft. below them as she swept into the seething Rapids ever expected to see boat or crew unharmed again.

Shortly before the appointed hour the brave engineer took his place in the hold, and having set the steam-valve at the proper gauge, awaited, probably with no small measure of anxiety, the signal that should start him on his fearful voyage. McIntyre joined Robinson on the upper deck, self-possessed, and with the calmness of undoubted courage, yet with a humility that recognised all possibilities. At length, with downcast eyes but firm hands, Robinson took his place at the wheel and gave the signal for departure.

With a shriek from her whistle, and a white puff from her escape pipe—to take leave, as it were, of the multitude gathered on the shores—the little vessel ran up the eddy a short distance, then swung quickly round to the right, cleared the smooth water in brief time, and shot like an arrow into the Rapids under the bridge. Robinson said afterwards that he had intended to follow the inside of the Canadian curve of the Rapids, but a strong cross-current carried him outward and towards the American side.

The thousands on the shores were silent and awe-struck, but a moment

later a great shout of despair went up, as a huge column of water dashed against the boat on the starboard side, heeled her over, washed away her smoke stack, hurled Robinson to the deck, and thrust McIntyre against the wheel-house with such force that it gave way. Then a great curling wave struck the *Maid of the Mist* on the port side. She shivered, regained her equilibrium, and flew down the deep descent of the Rapids, buffeted from side to side by the huge waves; but at length she sped into the comparatively quieter waters of the Whirlpool.

Robinson, who was comparatively uninjured, rose, seized the helm, set the boat to the right of the pool, and then turned her sharply toward

the outlet, which is at right angles to the inlet. The worst of the Rapids had been passed; the boat was still staunch, and the men on board were alive. For the next five miles the little boat sped on her way through the angry waters, steered solely by the currents; for Robinson said it would have been impossible, even had he been able to maintain an upright position at the wheel, to have had any control over it. Drenched and pounded by the waves, the little vessel at last emerged on the broad river and put into the dock at Queenston.

During the hundred years and over that Queenston has been a Port of Entry, this is the only vessel that has ever entered or cleared there *from up stream*; and yet the canny Canadian collectors of Customs made Robinson take out entry and clearance papers, which showed that

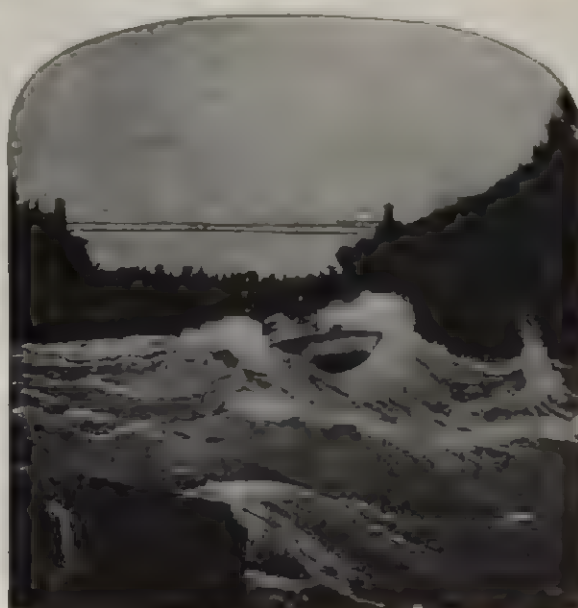
his boat carried "no passengers and no freight"! The rest of the trip to the designated Canadian port was uneventful.

Thus was providentially accomplished one of the most remarkable and daring voyages ever attempted; and as the rapidity of the current in the Whirlpool Rapids is accurately computed at thirty miles an hour, the little *Maid of the Mist* made the fastest time which the world had ever known up to that time.

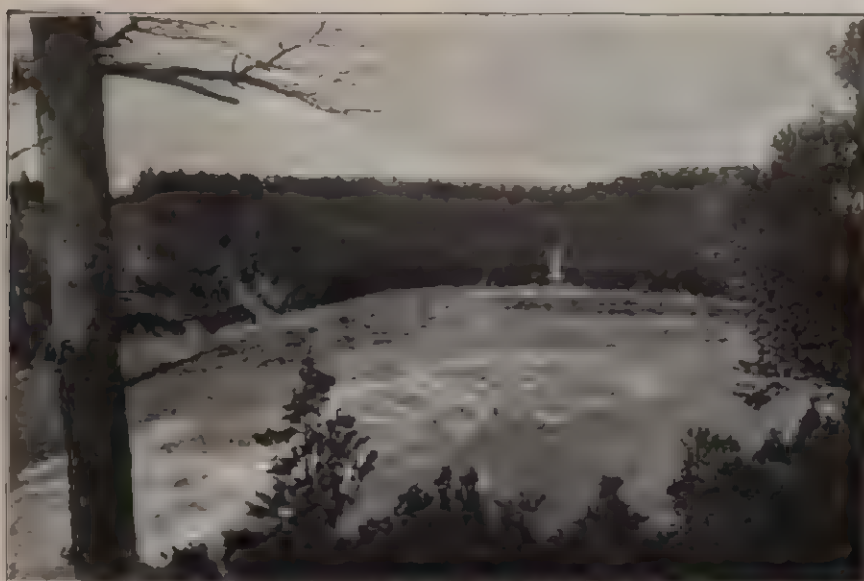
Robinson, when thrown down by the first concussion,

seized the heavy siderail and held on with all his might. He pushed his feet against McIntyre, as the latter lay against the wrecked wheel-house, thus obtaining a purchase for his own safety and preventing McIntyre from rolling helplessly with each lurch of the boat. McIntyre, though bruised, was not seriously injured. The hardest lot fell to poor Jones, who was a prisoner in front of the boiler in the furnace-room below. He said he fell on his knees, wrapped his arms around a post, and prayed as he had never prayed before. To that prayer, he insisted, the other two men and the boat owed their salvation.

The trip had a marked effect on Robinson,



From a "FLY DOWN THE STEEP DESCENT OF THE RAPIDS." (Photo.)



[1890-91]

THE WINDSOR (THE OTHER IS ON THE RIGHT)

[1890-91]

who told a friend that the greater part of the voyage seemed to him like what he imagined must be the swift sailing of a large bird in a downward flight. Indeed, so keenly did he feel that he had been wholly within the power of the Almighty on this trip, that he abandoned the

fast time did duty on Lake Ontario for many a year, often coming to the mouth of the Niagara River—perhaps inanimately conscious, as she glided on it, that she was the only vessel that ever floated on its surface the entire distance from the Falls to its mouth.

wate. or ever. His family said when he reached home the next day he sank into a chair exhausted. He was altogether a changed man. He had had in that experience, he said, a sort of a view of eternity: he had grown older; his hair had turned snow white; his imperfections had been brought home to him.

The little steamer which made this wonderful trip and

II — *A Fight for a Safety-Valve.*

BY MRS. C. F. FRASER.

The terrible dilemma of a young engineer in the Southern States. The old boiler was about to burst, and yet he could not get at the safety-valve owing to the presence there of a huge snake.

JACK FAY was spending his winter vacation in the backwoods of Louisiana. His father had recently purchased a disused saw mill and a large lumber property in that district, and Jack thought it a capital idea when it was suggested that he should accompany Mr. Casey, the engineer, who, with a gang of men, had undertaken to open up the business. Yet Jack, though fond of a stirring life, had not been in the woods for twenty-four hours before he had every reason to wish himself snugly at home, for in that time he had passed through an experience that might have daunted the bravest heart.

It was wet and unpleasant in the woods at that season. A damp, miasmatic swamp gas was in the air, and the heavy rains had sodden the bog-like soil. Such slight disadvantages as these, however, were but trifles to Jack. He fortified his inner man with a good dose of quinine, and throwing aside his

light shoes, he donned a pair of rubber boots which he had found in one of the unused offices. But little did he think as his feet



THE DISUSED SAW MILL.

and the rattle of these uncanny neighbours had nearly paralyzed him, yet to his surprise he felt no pain. With joy he suddenly remembered that his tough rubber boots would probably guard his legs from their attack. If he had but a weapon of any kind he might yet protect himself. Better a thousand times be blown into atoms in the explosion he was momentarily expecting, than have his blood poisoned and the life stifled out of him by the bite of these loathsome reptiles.

Instinctively he reached out his hand, and to his delight it touched an iron bar, which had been left leaning against the wall. He shuddered as he grasped it, for the boiler seemed to be making frantic lunges in his direction, so great was the vibration. Yet in a moment he again mastered himself. The snakes were his present foes, and there rose within him a wild desire to encompass their destruction. The upraised bar came down with great force on the head of the snake that had attacked him. He felt its body yield and break with the blow, and he burst into a savage laugh. A second stroke brought death to the creature he had inadvertently trod upon. Yet all the time he knew that the real fight would come between him and the reptile that had coiled itself about the supply pipe. The creature was fast becoming infuriated at the jarring of its chosen place of rest, and was quite prepared to vent its venom on Jack.

As he approached it fiercely, the creature swiftly unwound a couple of coils and darted its head out at him threateningly. In vain Jack strove to gain an advantage. The wily snake would not allow him to come within arm's length of its body, and he could get no opportunity to aim the blow he so



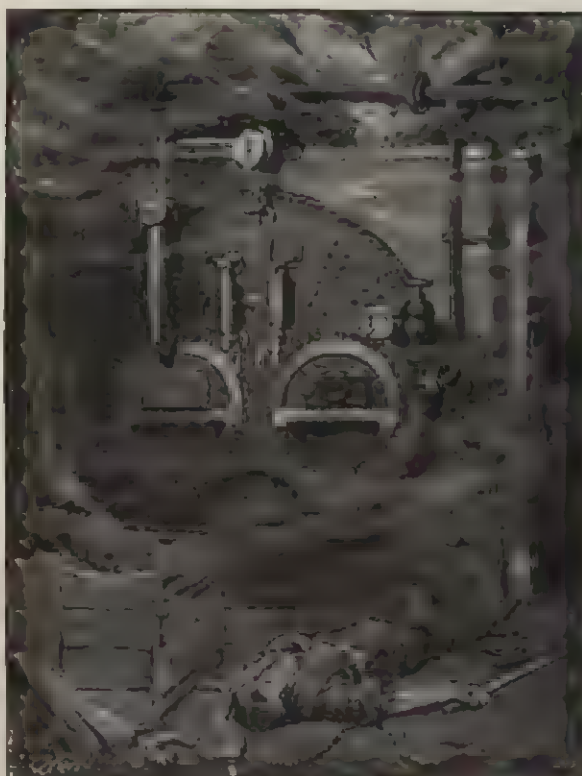
longed to give. Each instant the creature grew more difficult to approach. Coil after coil of its body left the pipe, yet, buoyed up in some

"THE CREATURE DARTED ITS HEAD AT HIM THREATENINGLY."

mysterious manner, it continually made horizontal passes in the air.

Suddenly, the nature of the combat changed. It was no longer a fight between Jack and the snake. It became a test of strength between the snake and the boiler, and the one with the most endurance would win the day.

Jack formed his plans instantaneously. He saw that the intense heat was compelling the reptile, which was now sounding all his rattles ominously, to leave the supply pipe. If the creature would but altogether loose its hold, it might be possible yet to open the valve and avert



"LYING ON THE FLOOR WITH THE BODIES OF THREE GREAT RATTLESNAKES."

the explosion. He noted even then that the gauge was showing 120 lb., and he began to guess wildly as to how many seconds he might yet have in which to accomplish his deadly work.

He began to play fast and loose with the snake, tormenting it daringly with his iron bar, and apparently throwing himself directly in its way. His wiles had the desired effect. Another instant and the great creature, aggravated past all bearing, dropped heavily to the floor, and began to coil for the fatal spring. The iron bar came down with a flail-like sound, and the snake lay dead yet writhing among its kindred, while Jack with a great spring at last reached

the supply pipe, and with one mighty blow knocked off the safety-valve, and let the dense cloud of vapour rise skyward.

Mr. Casey saw the great volume of steam as he returned from the timber strip. Fearing that something had gone wrong, he ran as for dear life to the boiler room and burst open the door, only to find his young friend lying on the floor along with the bodies of three great rattlesnakes. Jack Fay has since had many adventures in foreign countries, but he always affirms that the perilous quarter of an hour when he battled with the rattlesnakes and fought for the possession of the safety-valve was the most thrilling of his life.

III.—How I Was Hanged.

By RICHARD AMBROSE HICKS. ("Tricky Dicky Hicks")

The painful experience of an actor in a melodrama.



MR. RICHARD HICKS, WHO WAS HANGED.
From a Photo. by Goodwin.

NEARLY twenty years ago I was playing the character of *Achmet*, a Hindu spy, in the late Dion Boucicault's drama, "*Jessie Brown* ; or, the Relief of Lucknow," at the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, under the management of the late George Owen. *Achmet* is a particularly villainous character, and after a long career of crime is, to the general satisfaction of the audience, captured by two British soldiers and promptly hanged. The execution scene was always a sure "draw," and it was represented as real steadily as possible. A rope was thrown round my neck by the soldiers, but was knotted around my shoulders, and then, after a furious, ineffectual struggle, during which the other end of the rope was thrown over a battlement. I was hauled up by two men in the "flies" amidst the cheers of the villain-hating audi-

ence. The curtain went down directly after this, to be raised again if the applause were sufficiently great.

One night, however, whilst struggling with my captors, the rope slipped from my shoulders and knotted itself around my neck just as I was being hauled up. Never shall I forget that awful moment. Directly I felt the tug at my neck I gave a convulsive kick and tried to shout "stop," but the word could not escape from my twitching lips. I could only make a gurgling noise! Frantically I kicked and struggled. Pam there was none, strangely enough, beyond a choking, suffocating sensation; and I could

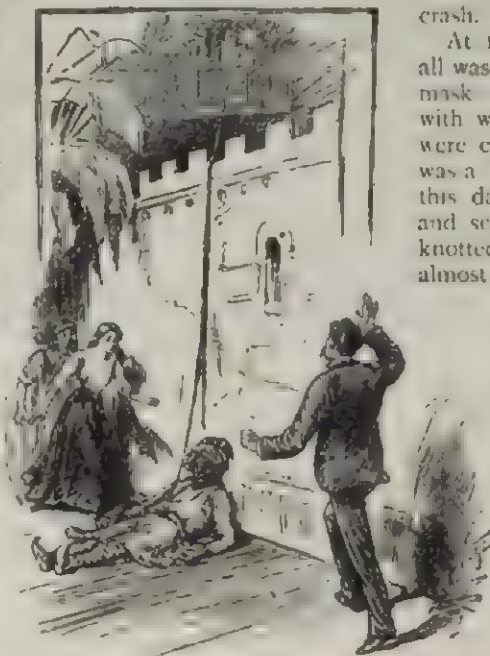


A ROPE WHICH WAS ROUND MY NECK.

hear the tumultuous applause of the audience, who were hugely entertained with what they imagined was my realistic acting. Then a terrible sensation, like molten lead rushing down my spine, pervaded my body, and I thought my legs were bursting.

I gave another mighty struggle and strove—ah! how I strove—to scream; I seemed to behold a mighty rush of green water, and my ears were filled with the roar of a cataract! I have a dim recollection of seeing a great crimson sun shining dimly from behind the waterfall, and I can remember falling indefinitely through space!

Two days afterwards I recovered consciousness, and then I suffered indescribable agony. The suffocating sensation still remained, but it was accompanied by an unquenchable thirst, not to mention fearful pains in my body and limbs. It appeared that no one noticed that anything was wrong when I was hauled up. The curtain was lowered and raised again as usual, in order of course that the leading lights might come forward, when the stage manager suddenly noticed that my tongue was protruding, and my face swollen



"THE FLYMEN DROPPED ME WITH A CRASH."

in a shocking manner. He guessed at once what had happened, and shouted frantically to the "flymen," who with praiseworthy presence of mind dropped me with a crash.

At first it was feared that all was over! Underneath the mask of brown grease-paint with which my face and neck were covered, my complexion was a blackish purple, and to this day you can see marks and scars where the rope was knotted! I suppose, in my almost dying condition, the green "drop" curtain gave me the impression of a waterfall, the roar of which came from the intensely appreciative audience.

Yes, it was an awful experience, and one I would not undergo again for £100,000, although I must say the terrors of the unknown world did not at the time appeal very forcibly to me. My desires were not so

much to escape death, if you can understand, as to have once again the satisfaction of treading on *terra firma* and breathing with freedom—especially the breathing.

IV.—Used as a Bait for a Tiger's Trap.

BY HENRY STONE.

The fearful experience of an officer in Burma.

BURMA was a most disturbed country from 1852 till 1856. I had my share of rough work, for I was detailed to survey and explore the country, with a view to opening it out by roads. I was quite young, and owed my position to my knowledge of surveying and civil engineering, which I had learned at school at Woolwich. I was surveying a line for a road between Prome and Rangoon, which is virtually the one afterwards adopted for the Rangoon and Prome railway. I cannot give details *in extenso*, as I have not my diaries by me, but one day some villagers came to ask me to shoot some elephants that were destroying their Dhan (paddy fields).

I asked them if the herd was a large one. They said yes, but that if the two ringleaders,

who looked like twins, were killed, the rest would go back quietly into the Yomahs.

I was not particularly busy that day, so I agreed to go out. I had a long trudge, and, sure enough, I came on the two inseparables, and after various vicissitudes I accounted for them both. But the day was overcast. We strayed erratically; finally, night came on, and our men acknowledged that they did not know their way out of the forest.

I ought to have mentioned that Mounk Goung Gee, an independent warrior, half soldier and wholly a dacoit, was in arms at this time, and appeared here and there from time to time. Wherever he met our troops, he was defeated, of course, but, as a rule, he only attacked outlying towns, torturing the people and levying

blackmail wherever possible. His whereabouts, however, had not been heard of for some time, and as there was no hope of ever getting back to my head quarters that night, we lit fires and composed ourselves to sleep, more or less resigned to the inevitable.

I suppose it was between 2 a.m. and 3 a.m. when we were savagely awakened, and before we knew for certain whether the whole thing was a fantastic dream or not, we were securely bound and taken off to Goung Gie's head quarters about six miles off. We had an interview with him next morning. He said he had long wanted to catch a sahib of the detested English, and would mete out to me a punishment so terrible that it would effectually prevent others from wandering into his country. As for those with me, he said they had been warned what their fate would be if they assisted the Kala logue. He ordered them off for instant torture and execution, but I cannot describe the horrors that followed. Their memory is a horrid nightmare to this day.

About 5 p.m. I was walked off a good six or eight miles through dense jungles, reviled and tortured more or less the whole way, and at length I found myself stripped and thrust into a trap prepared for a tiger—a bamboo arrangement of simple construction. My gaolers were needlessly brutal, and abused me in every way, hoping I'd like the treatment I should meet from the man-eating tiger which hovered about near where the trap had been specially laid.

But previously, whilst a prisoner, and tied to a tree, a Karen girl had, at the risk of her life, given me a little water, and I begged of her to send someone hurriedly to Captain D'Oily, who was camped a few miles off, to hurry to my rescue. She told me she would see to it personally.

The trap was one of those usually erected for tigers in Burma. It was a long, rectangular box-like structure, made of bamboos. The portion set aside for the bait was only just large enough for me. I crouched there dumbly, half dazed with horror, and quite unable to realize my fearful position.

It was Christmas Eve, and the weather very chilly for Burma. I

offered large bribes to my custodians to let me escape, but they only scoffed at me.

How slowly did the hours pass! The cold was bitter, but I must have dozed off all the same, for I remember being awakened by a clammy something crawling over me. My heart leaped into my mouth. It was only a rock snake, however, creeping through the bars and seeking an exit somewhere. Oh! the ghastly loathsomeness of feeling that cold, creepy reptile gliding over my poor, palpitating body! I thanked God when the snake found an outlet somewhere and disappeared.

But shortly afterwards the crowning horror came. I heard soft footfalls first, and then something sniffing round the trap. There could be no doubt that it was the man-eater. My heart nearly burst. I was kept in agony for fully ten minutes, and then the beast evidently found the door, for he entered and I heard the door fall. There was a partition of bamboos between him and me, but I anticipated that he would soon demolish that and then tear me to pieces as I lay huddled up helplessly.

It appeared afterwards, however, that the Karen girl's brother had been forced to erect the trap, and had made the partition of male bamboos of great strength.

In the darkness I could see the great, luminous, wistful eyes of the man-eater. The fearful brute, finding he could not get in to me, began to insert his paws gently, but I crept up to the outer bars, and then he could barely reach me. He did succeed, however, in giving me a claw or two on my back and buttock. As he smelt the



"THE FEARFUL BRUTE COULD BARELY REACH ME."



"THEY RELEASED ME—MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE—FROM MY LIVING TOMB."

blood he began to gnaw at the bars, and would doubtless have made short work of them, but there was a sudden glare of torches, a confused murmur, and then I felt the worst had passed. The Karen girl, with ten of the Sikhs out of the twenty which formed my body-guard, came up and bayoneted the tiger, who was caught literally like a rat in a trap. Fire they dared not, as they were only a couple of miles from Goung Gee's camp. They released me—more dead than alive—from my living tomb, and then improvised a hammock out of a native blanket and carried me to my camp. *En route* I met D'Oyly, who,

with a strong force of regulars and irregulars, was hastening to my rescue. He was delighted to see me free, and hastened on in the hope of surprising the dacoit leader. The latter, however, was too well served, and had decamped before my friends arrived. I lay between life and death for six weeks, for the shock to my system, as well as the exposure to the cold chills of a December night, had brought on a severe attack of fever. But I was truly thankful for my seemingly miraculous escape from that man-eater, whom I met under such appalling conditions.

V.—A Fifty Minutes' Horror.

By GEORGE A. WADE.

Being an account of the thrilling adventure of Captain Bidmead, Parachutist, as narrated by him personally to the author.

I HAD been announced to make a balloon ascent and a parachute descent at Keighley, in Yorkshire, on the evening of Saturday, June 18th, 1898. The occasion was the annual gala held on behalf of the hospitals of the town, and this fete was held in the Victoria Park there, from which I was to ascend.

The day had been wet, and towards night the sky was quite leaden, though the rain had stopped. So unfavourable was the weather, that the committee were agreeable for me to

postpone the event, but I did not wish to disappoint the crowds of people who had come, many of them for the express purpose of seeing my performance. It always creates a bad impression for an aeronaut to put off any advertised ascents; for the average person will persist in setting down the whole affair in such a case as a swindle. So I never postpone my ascent if it can be possibly undertaken at all.

During the afternoon I had, of course, been getting my balloon filled and my preparations

made. The balloon is one of my own make, and has a capacity of 16,000 cubic feet of gas. We were later than usual in filling, but at about half-past eight, when all was ready for the ascent, the sky was very dull, and there was a strong south-westerly breeze. Dense clouds hung about, and I was rather afraid the whole affair would be almost invisible to the crowd. As for myself, I felt no fear, for when a man has adopted the profession of a parachutist he certainly cannot be suspected of lacking a fair amount of courage.

So all being in readiness at that time, with the assistance of Mr Sivewright, my helper in these matters, I prepared as usual for the casting-off of the balloon from the holding ropes. I had myself tied the parachute to the cords of the balloon netting by special cord made of twisted cotton threads, and tested beforehand, so that they would break at a strain of 100lb. I may say that in all ordinary cases these cords will snap as soon as the aeronaut throws himself from the balloon and there is the strain of his weight upon them. The parachute is not fastened to the performer, as many people suppose, but the parachutist passes his arms through the ring, and holds on by that.

Now, in one very important thing I made a mistake on this, to me, never-to-be-forgotten occasion. I generally, before taking my place for the ascent on the rope-seat under the balloon, give a last look at everything to see that all is right. But this time, as it was so late, and all seemed right at a cursory glance, I did not take this precaution. But, owing to the high wind, I had fastened, a little before starting, a rope across the ring of the parachute, in order to steady myself. And to this quite unusual circumstance I subsequently owed my life.

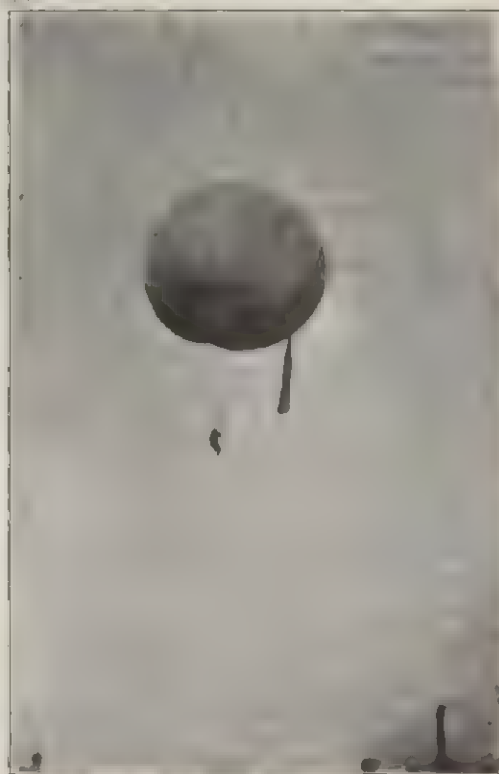
Amidst a volume of cheers from the spectators the balloon was cut loose from her moorings and rose gracefully into the air. I waved my cap to the people as I ascended, and all went well until I had reached a height of about 3,000ft. The height at which I usually make the jump from the balloon seat varies according to the atmospheric conditions. On this occasion I saw



CAPTAIN F. G. GIFFORD, F.R.S. & F.R.A.S.
From a Photo by W. Gerbeil, Pentonville Road.

I was entering a dense cloud, and so resolved that it was time to cast myself off if the spectators were to see anything of the descent by the parachute.

Owing to the wind I sprang off on the side opposite to that on which the parachute was fastened to the balloon. I had fallen some 10ft, as well as I could judge, when my descent was quite suddenly arrested, to my intense astonishment and consternation! How I felt in that supreme moment I can hardly tell you. It was simply awful, and I would not feel the same again if I could help it—apart from the danger—for a thousand pounds! I would cheerfully have my leg broken rather than feel as I did then for a few seconds.



CAPTAIN GIFFORD WITH HIS BALLOON AND PARACHUTE IN MID-AIR.

I gave myself up for lost, and expected every moment to fall and be dashed in pieces nearly three-quarters of a mile below. I was dangling from the parachute-ring, and the balloon was rocking from side to side like some wild thing. What had really happened I, as yet, could not tell; except that I knew it was something that had kept the parachute fastened to the balloon. The cause I guessed, however, and afterwards my guess proved correct. I surmised that, owing to the wind, the cord of the parachute had got twisted around the network cords of the balloon, and this was exactly what had happened. Whether it had occurred before I began the ascent, or afterwards, I cannot say. But I ought to have looked into this before going up.

Dangling from the balloon as I now was, my life was not worth a second's purchase, and I knew it. You talk about all that a man has done in his life coming before his mind at such a moment! Well, I reckon mine did. If the balloon rocked much more, so as to get turned over, all the gas would be out of her like a shot, and no earthly power, that I could see, could save me from a sudden and fearful death.

Parachute balloons, as perhaps you may not be aware, are constructed to facilitate rapid discharges of the gas, and their mouths are about 12 ft. in diameter. They have no valves, and are mostly weighted on the top with a weight of some 12 lb. When I am on the seat my weight balances that, and keeps the balloon upright. When I cast myself off, the balloon turns upside down, from mere principles of gravity, and as the gas escapes the balloon falls to the ground.

For the first of some awful seconds I merely remember watching the rocking of the balloon above me, and speculating on how soon it would turn over. My altered position had caused it to tilt on one side, and so the gas had begun gradually to escape. I watched it coming out of the mouth, just as if it were little puffs of thin smoke. Then I saw I was passing through another lot

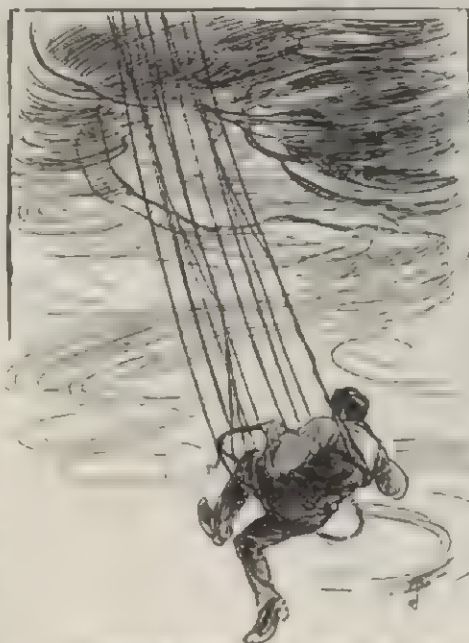
of clouds, and shortly afterwards, to my great joy, the balloon passed into sunshine. For the sunshine made the balloon expand, and so steadied it very much. It quickly rose higher, too, and presently I calculated that I must be at least three miles high! From my long experience—this was my forty eighth ascent as a parachutist—I know that I was not far out in this calculation of my height at that time.

The balloon having become fairly steady, I began to think what was the best thing I could do in my awful predicament. I am, as you see, not very strong physically, being but slimly built, and weighing only about 75 lb. My height is somewhere about 5 ft. 4 in., and I am just over thirty years of age. I got the ring of the parachute well under my armpits, and grasped the lower portions of my clothing like grim death, you may be sure. But I was afraid of my arms getting numbed, as it was cold up there, and I had taken off my coat when I ascended. My shirt, too, was wringing wet.

Suddenly I recollected what ultimately proved my salvation. It was the rope I had fastened across the ring of the parachute with which to steady myself. By what I may be pardoned for thinking a splendid athletic feat in mid-air, three miles high, and in such a terrible position, I managed to get my leg over this rope and then twist it round it. I thus contrived to get such a grip that even now,

a month later, there are the marks where the rope cut into the flesh! But that feat saved me, for I felt I was firmly held, even if my arms got stiff and I could not hold on by them later on.

You see, it was all a case now of how long the balloon would last ere it was emptied of gas and came down to *terra firma*. I had no idea, from the novel conditions, how long this might be. It might be soon, or it might be in three or four hours. If it were to be the latter, I knew that my death was only delayed for a little while, as no one under any circumstances could in my predicament possibly hold out for so long.



"A SLENDID ATHLETIC FEAT THREE MILES HIGH."

Some twenty minutes later, during which fearful time I had been passing over fields and gardens, I saw the sun go down on the horizon, and then I got into clouds again. How many miles I had already come I could not tell, but I knew it must be very many. The dampness of the balloon, caused by the clouds, made it sink considerably, and its lifting power was visibly diminished. I saw myself passing over a town—its name I did not then know, but I soon afterwards learned that it was Pontefract—and I was at a height of only some 500ft. Many people saw me, and I now and then caught a glimpse of hurrying human figures.

I drifted on for about four miles, gradually getting lower and lower, until I felt myself very near the earth. I could have screamed in my joy at being so near salvation, after such an awful experience. But my troubles were not yet over, for now, when I was actually touching the trees, etc., as I was carried along, my arms were so benumbed and lifeless that I could not move them the least bit, and so I was perfectly helpless.

I was dragged over two more fields, and then through a filthy canal, by the drifting balloon,

I was utterly prostrated in mind and body. But, thank God, I had never lost consciousness all through the terrible strain, though there was a deadly cramp all over my body from the crippled position and the long exposure. I had not even strength to crawl out of the hedge, but I called out feebly for help; and soon some gentlemen came up and released me from the parachute-cords and that blessed hedge. So much twisted had the cotton cords become which fastened the parachute to the balloon, that they had to be cut away with knives.

I had alighted in the park of Stapleton Hall, near Pontefract, some twenty seven miles away from where I had ascended, and on looking at the time I found that the journey had taken the balloon just over fifty minutes!

The people at the Hall were kindness itself. They attended to my bruises, showed me every hospitality, and put me tenderly to bed. I was soon almost right again, except for some severe cuts on my leg, caused by the cords by which I hung half head downwards during that fearful ride in mid-air.

I shall never forget that fifty minutes—no, not if I were to live to be a thousand years old.



DRAGGED THROUGH A FILTHY CANAL.

and finally landed in a thick hedge, which effectually barred my further progress. That hedge was a real saviour to me. It was very prickly, and cut me dreadfully, but the balloon had not enough buoyancy left to drag me through it, nor to lift my weight again above it!

I feel sure I can never be in a worse predicament, nor can I ever be nearer death than I was then. Only my presence of mind, especially in getting my leg over that rope, saved me. But you may be sure that I shall never again neglect to look at the cord holding the parachute to the balloon before I make an ascent.

SHORT STORIES.

VI.—A *Queer Explosion.*

BY THE REV. HENRY LAURENCE.

A singular story of his young days related by a clergyman.



THE REV. HENRY LAURENCE.
From a Photo. by J. Milman Brown, Shanklin.

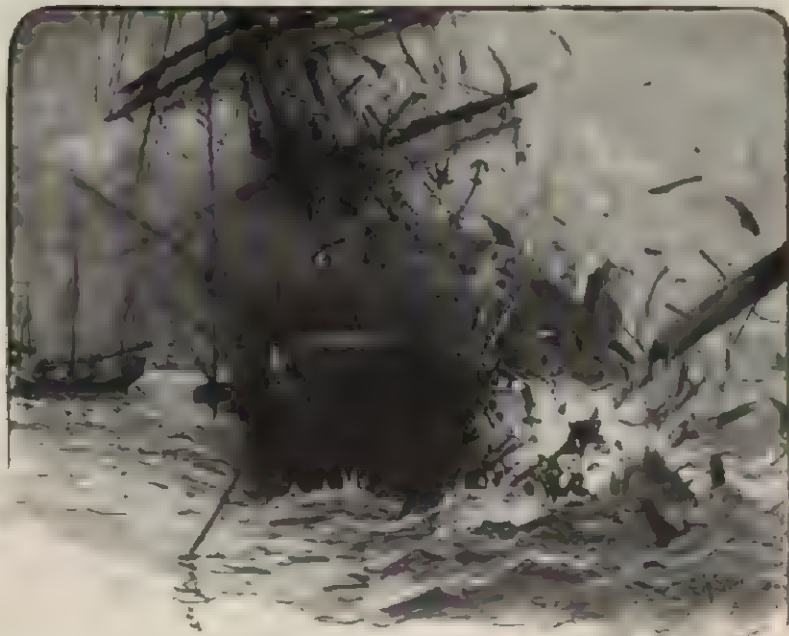
In the middle of the sixties it chanced that the little barque of 264 tons in which I was serving my apprenticeship was making her way up the river to Shanghai, deeply laden with rice from Iloilo, in the Philippine Islands, if I remember rightly. We had a crew of Malays under their serang, who acted as second mate. The chief mate was a young fellow who had served his time in the firm, and had only completed it a year or two. The captain usually had his wife and a child or two on board, but this trip had left them ashore at Nagasaki, probably.

The vessel was chartered by China men, and some eight or nine of them were occupying a little deck-house fitted over the after hatch. There were plying on the river at that time three or four

American high-pressure tug-boats with no very good reputation. They were credited with a habit of blowing up, and with being managed with a reckless disregard for life, which it took a great war to cure our cousins of. Stories of men sitting on safety-valves were common talk, and I think the tugs knew their time was short, and were in feverish haste to make hay while the sun shone. We secured one of these boats just below Woosung, and made our way through the crowd of shipping, the loaded junks of all sizes, and the occasional floating corpses which adorned and perfumed the stream.

I was, as usual on coming into harbour, steering, and as the captain paced the deck of the poop-house with the master of the tug, I heard remarks pointing to the hurry the latter was in to be off to a large ship he was to tow up. The tug was made fast alongside us, and the smuts from her funnel fell pretty thickly on our deck. At length we reached our anchorage, the anchor was let go, and our captain said cheerily to his companion, "Now, turn astern, and vanish!"

The unfortunate man gave the signal, when immediately the vessel heeled over a little, the



"THE AIR WAS FILLED WITH STEAM."

air was filled with steam and with a long, tearing sound; wreckage began to fall all about us; and when in a few seconds we were able to look round, the tug had vanished altogether. A few floating fragments of wood-work, and one taut line—her small chain cable—stretched from the bottom of the river where she had sunk right up to our foretopgallant yard arm, over which her anchor had down like a rocket and there hung. These were the only traces of the tug *Bunker Hill*.

She had left traces enough, though, on her employer. Our hull had scarcely suffered, because we were so low in the water, but the mizzen topmast had come down, the boom and gaff falling close to where I was standing, and jamming the wheel I was holding though, strangely enough, not breaking it. The ratlines of the main rigging were cut as though someone had ripped them with a knife, and following them up with the eye, it could be seen that there was the figure of a man crouched in the main-top.

Blankets were sent up, and the mate of the tug was lowered, frightfully scalded. He was probably standing on the deck just over the boiler, and was hurled up with the full force of the explosion. He was taken to the hospital, but died within an hour or two.

I remember that circumstance very well, as my blankets happened to be the handiest, and I never saw them again. It was a pull to replace them out of my own pocket, not rendered easier by a slight sense of injustice in the arrangement, which even thankfulness for my escape did not altogether remove.

The captain of the tug was struck all over by about half of the manhole plate of the boiler, and only sighed once or twice as they carried him down into the cabin, where he almost immediately expired.

Two women had come on board to ask for the washing. One of them fled bleeding and screaming into her sampan and was seen no more, leaving her friend be-headed on our poop

deck. It was a good while before we quite got rid of that stain. Some seventy feet of our bulwarks was smashed, and when we came to loose the sails they looked as if we had been in action, only that the holes were more regular, having been clean cut in very neatly rolled-up canvas.

In the cabin the principal havoc was in the pantry, where there was a singularly complete destruction of crockery, and on the deck just over it I picked up the skipper's binoculars. The lower lenses were intact; the upper ones lay upon them reduced entirely to a fine powder.

It is a singular thing that while everyone on the spot not belonging to us suffered more or less, no one of our ship's company was even hurt. For myself, I had a bruise or two of which I was hardly conscious till the next day. The captain, who must have been within a yard or two of the tug's commander, was untouched. The mate on the fore-castle had the knee of his trousers cut right across and the skin just grazed, presumably by some flying bit of iron. The Chinese passengers in their little house were lifted up and toward several feet, but that was all. The engineer and one man went down in the tug. The fireman was thrown in through one of our ports with a broken leg and other injuries, to which he subsequently succumbed in hospital.

We were soon surrounded with boats offering assistance from all the men of war in the port, the Russians, as usual in my experience, being the foremost. The Chinese kept aloof, as they seem almost always to do under such circum-

stances, for fear, as far as I could ever ascertain, of occasion being taken by their mandarins to squeeze them if they should be too near when any death takes place. I have seen them refuse to go to the help of men drowning near them in the river. I had a long watch that night in which to think over our escape, most of the crew being too much afraid of the ghosts of those who had been killed to care about a lonely night patrol.



"HE ONLY SIGHED ONCE OR TWICE AS THEY CARRIED HIM BELOW."

The Indian Child and His Toys.

By MRS. A. H. DICKERMAN AND E. A. DAVIS.

An illustrated article showing, firstly, the Indian baby himself, and then, by means of actual photographs, his complete outfit of toys, implements, and dolls.

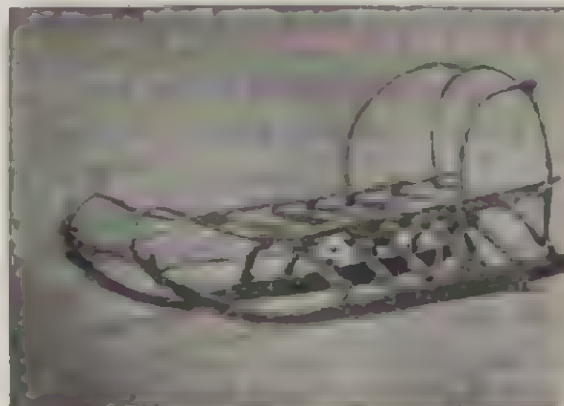


CAPITANO, THE LITTLE INDIAN BOY WHO OWNED THE TOYS.
From a Photo.

THE first photograph to be reproduced in this article depicts for us little Capitano. He is a Ute, and the dusky little boy would have grown into a big Indian of consequence, had he lived, for his grandfather was a chief, named Severo, and very fond of his grandson. But Capitano sickened, and in spite of the charms and incantations of the medicine-men, he died something over a year ago, when he was seven or eight years old. He was a dear little Indian boy, and a great favourite with the pale faces who visited the reservation in the southern part of Colorado. He wore handsome, beaded moccasins every day, and revelled in the gifts of

his white friends. Cakes, candy, and toys galore gladdened his little heart, but one day he refused to leave his bed of skins, and soon was gone for ever to the happy hunting-grounds of his race. The grief of old Severo was touching to see. "My heart is sick and sad," said he. "The tepee seems empty and cold. My people are falling like the leaves." Many of Capitano's belongings and playthings were placed near his little grave, and he is still mourned and regretted. The children of all savage tribes are, in a way, considered and cherished. Among the Alaskans, it is remarkable to see the time and patience expended upon their toys.

The second photo. represents a little sledge, which would certainly be an acceptable present for many a civilized child. It is made of cedar, and shod with large bones of the whale, generally cut from the lower jaw, and fastened together by thin flexible strips of whalebone. Sinews of various animals, and sometimes vegetable fibre, are also used for fastenings. It is a coveted possession, this sledge, and strong and serviceable. But to make it still easier to pull, the smooth runners are treated with a coating of ice before starting for an outing in that cold country. This is accomplished by passing wet snowballs along the runners, and



LITTLE CAPITANO'S SLEDGE, SHOD WITH WHALE'S JAWS.
From a Photo.

then smoothing them down with the hand until they look like long sticks of iced cake. Still the sledge is not quite ready yet. It must be finished by blowing water from the mouth over the hard frozen snow, and smoothed as before with the hand. This operation is gone over with all the sledges, big and little, throughout Alaska.

Another thing the Indians do, which shows how even savages learn to utilize the materials they have at hand. A sledge of pure ice would seem rather unpromising,

Imagine the delight of an Alaskan child—any child, indeed, even in this nineteenth century, that seems so especially made for children—with such a tableful of quaint toys as the following. The small dishes are very ingeniously made; the one at the left is formed out of a solid piece of wood, and carved with the ever recurring seal's head that graces so many of the Alaskan articles. The toy on the right is of one piece of bentwood, joined at the corners with strong sinews. The bottom is also joined in the same way. This carving seems to be

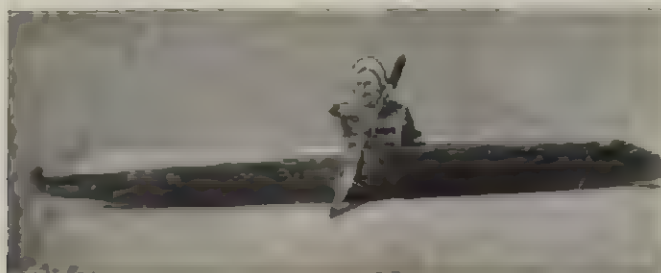


FIGURE 1. KNUD MULLER OF A BIDARKA, OR ALASKAN CANOE. [Photo.]

but they make such sledges, cutting the blocks from huge solid pieces with their snow knives, and fashioning them as near as possible like the more permanent ones of wood and bone. Many a happy hour is spent by these little fur-clad boys in coasting down the long frozen hills on their ice sleds. Sometimes the grown people use larger sleds of ice, and drag heavy loads with comparative ease over smooth surfaces; for, of course the glassy runners almost go of themselves.

We now proceed to consider the next photo. What can be more interesting than this little canoe, or *bidarka*, as the Alaskans call it, with its alert and rather uncanny-looking boatman? One might almost fancy it to be an infant Charon waiting to row the dusky forms across the silent stream. But it is an exact model, made for a child from the larger *bidarka* used by the natives. *Bidarka* is a Russian word, and is the name the Russians gave to this boat when they first saw it. Freely translated, the word means an open skin boat. But such craft are always known in Alaska—or, at least, wherever the Russians have left their influence—as a *bidarka*. The material is skin, and the tiny boatman's suit is cunningly constructed from the intestines of animals, and is on that account perfectly water-tight.

rather a cross between an Egyptian face and the man in the moon. They are really toy feast dishes, and may have figured at many a juvenile banquet in wigwam or tepee, showing plainly the traces of blubber oil, which, however, are gradually disappearing owing to the action of the dry Colorado air. They have the same soft, reddish brown colour of the larger dishes, that comes partly from age, and partly from the juice of berries. The boxes are also made from one piece of wood, bent to the shape desired, and fastened at the corners with sinews or vegetable fibre. No nails are ever used in the work of these Indians; indeed, in primitive times they had probably never heard of one. And these races are strongly conservative.

Feast dishes naturally suggest spoons, even

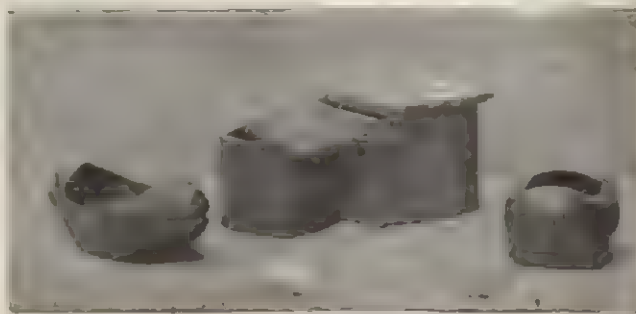


FIGURE 2. TOY FEAST DISHES. [Photo.]

among the little folk notwithstanding that saying about fingers being made first, etc. But the spoon shown herewith is such a pretty one that it must have belonged to some little Sioux maid, for the two curios came from the Sioux Indians. The spoon is of horn, highly polished, and the handle is ornamented with coloured porcupine quills, arranged by splitting, or scraping, or some other ingenious mode known to themselves, so as to form little streamers with fringed ends. The

whistle that lies beside the spoon is very unique, being a bone with the marrow removed. It is ornamented, like the spoon handle, with porcupine quills, and has a little feathery streamer at the end.

The next photograph depicts a little Sioux Indian suit, and the packing case to hold it. It is extremely interesting. Like the white men who have married dusky wives, not one of whom has ever been a less notable personage than a princess, most of our curios have belonged to individuals of mark, and are therefore doubly interesting. Undoubtedly these tiny garments, made of buckskin, and elaborately beaded, were worn by an aristocratic little Sioux, who held his head high and dreamed dreams of future greatness and power. It was not necessary to keep the new crease, or fold, in these small trousers; a shake, and they were ready to put on. The buckskin hat is of an artistic, mellow colour, and has a soft, yielding touch. The pattern of the beading would do credit to many a more pretentious worker, and as for durability, such suits are made for wear everlasting. The little armholes of the jacket suggest a volume of motherly love and Indian home life. When we reflect that the Red Indians are truly a fast-vanishing race, and that they have been crowded out and driven from their homes, there is a pathetic tenderness clinging to all their belongings. The packing case for our little suit is made of skin, nicely painted.

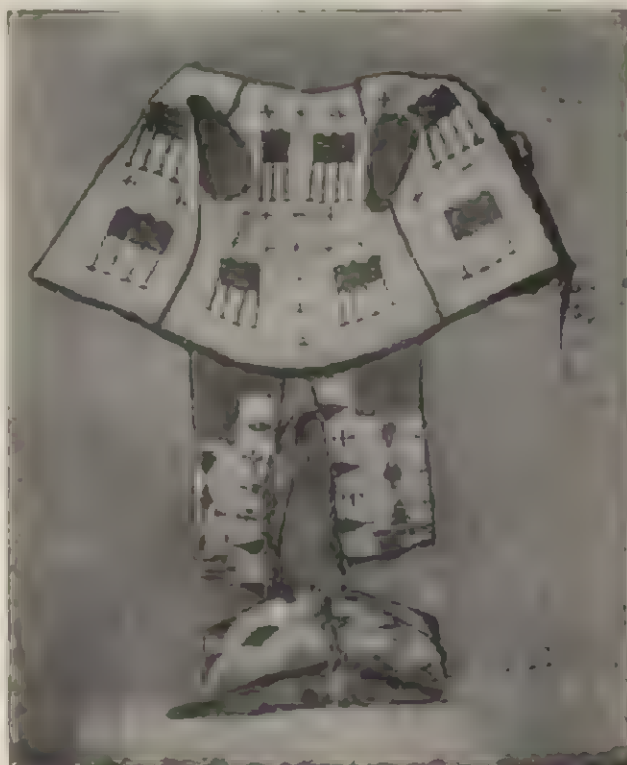
Someone has told a pretty little story of the christening of a Sioux child. In this case it was not a chief's son, and very likely he may not have rejoiced in the possession of a fine beaded buckskin suit, with a painted case to pack it in:

but, nevertheless, it seemed a desirable thing to have him christened. A Sioux brave stood up for the mother, who was the only woman admitted to the ceremony, and a white friend stood for the father. Then a handful of the sweet-scented grass, that they use in so

many ways, was rolled up solemnly with some Indian medicine, in a piece of elk skin, and set on fire. When the room was sufficiently filled with smoke the mother took the child, and held him over the fire until his dark skin took an additional coppery hue. Then the father clasped his left hand, and called him



JOHN SPOON ORNAMENTED WITH SEVEN PORCUPINE QUILLS.
From a Photo.



A LITTLE SIOUX SUIT OF CLOTHES, WITH ITS PACKING CASE.
From a Photo.

by name, which was the very romantic one of Red Wing. After this the mother dropped some water on his face, and rubbed his little lithe body thoroughly, which he seemed to enjoy, and which appeared to give great satisfaction and relief to the elders; for had the child cried it would have been taken as a very bad omen, and one clearly pointing to a stormy and troubled life.

The histories and stories of Indian necklaces would fill many a page, and some of them are very beautiful. Here we see a Shoshone necklace, and it has suspended from its chain of beads a little bow and arrow, and a tiny paint bag. The paint bag would seem to say that savage children are early initiated into the practice of painting their faces. It is made of buckskin, carefully tied up and fastened to the chain, and ornamented with beads. Paint and beads are always acceptable presents to the Indians. Years ago, early in the present century, a small party of white soldiers were pursuing a band of defeated Shoshones in what was then the territory of Wyoming. One of them, discovering fresh moccasin tracks, lingered about the vicinity, until at length he saw several men and women picking berries. But the men, notwithstanding their reputation for bravery, sprang upon their horses and rode furiously away. The women would have escaped, too, if they could, but quickly assumed a friendly attitude upon being shown some bright vermilion paint and a pewter mirror. They all wanted their faces painted, and crowded around the white intruder, gazing at their glowing reflections in the mirror, till from far and near so many women came—seeming to start from behind every bush and tree—that the paint gave out, and the white man was obliged to leave them sorrowing.

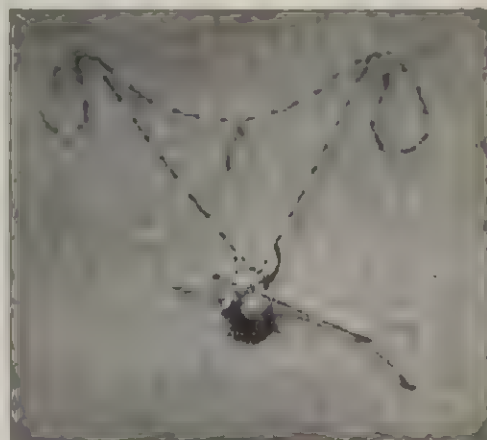
The bows and arrows of the Indians are well worth study. Those who have been among a savage people, and have studied their habits of warfare, know with what ease, and unerring aim, the arrow is sent to its mark. Often the missile will go entirely through a horse or buffalo, and the white victims of the Indians have even been

found with an arrow through both arms, pinioning them close to the sides, and leaving the victim utterly helpless. "Swift as an arrow," is a simile so apt, that it is continually used. At a distance of many yards the experienced hunter sends his deadly shaft into the hearts of the fleeing game, and brings down the largest birds from the tops of the stately trees.

To make a good bow and arrow outfit the Indian cuts late in autumn the smoothest rods he can find in the forest. These are for his arrows. The rods must be straight and free from branches, and well ripened to withstand

the cold. Neither must they be large, but slender, about the size of a stout boy's little finger. He gathers a good many, for some will probably have to be rejected, and then he ties them up in bundles, and wraps them firmly, from end to end, with strips of rawhide. Next the bundles, generally measuring something like a yard in length, are hung up over the fire, in the tepee, to be thoroughly seasoned and dried, while the wrapping keeps them from warping. When

they are ready to be treated, the bark is carefully removed by scraping. Then they are cut, all exactly one length. The cutting is an important matter for several reasons. Firstly, arrows of different lengths fly differently, which would be very confusing to the hunter. Again, different hunters use arrows of different uniform lengths, and they can be identified by their owners as readily as a marked silver spoon or fork in civilized communities. Indeed, the savages do mark their arrows, each having his own private stamp, which he places, sometimes in the head and sometimes in the shaft; or, again, it may even be in the feather. The notch for the bow-string is made with a sharp knife, and the slit for the arrow-head sawed with a nicked knife. This last is done with great care. The slit must be exactly in the centre of the shaft, and no longer than the stem of the arrow-head. Softened sinew is then wrapped tightly about, and the feathers are considered. Eagle or turkey feathers are generally used, stripped from the quill, and glued to the shaft. Then comes the bow. Different



A SHOSHONE NECKLACE, TOY BOW AND ARROW, AND PAINT-BAG. [Photo.]

tribes make their bows differently, but the one grand desideratum is elasticity. The wood, whether it be of hickory, ash, elm, or cedar, must be thoroughly seasoned and dried. Iron wood is also used, and the bow, if it is a good one, must be as straight as the arrow when it is unbent. Some of the bows are strengthened on the backs by a layer of thin sinew glued to the wood. The string is of a very tough sinew taken from the back of the buffalo. A volume could be written about bows and arrows alone, but the limits of this article forbid, and I have already digressed considerably.

The little Alaskan boys begin practising with tiny bows and arrows long before they are out of their snow nurseries. In the coldest regions, by the way, they literally live in snow houses. The father gives the sturdy little chap his toy bow, of wood and whale-bone, and shows him how to manage the small arrows, which he shoots as well as he can at the mark placed for him, somewhere in the snow-house. These toy arrows are not, at first, very harmful things, being quite blunt; though sometimes they are pointed with fins, and then the chances are very much in the little boy's favour. He is fond of meat and blubber, and when a piece of either of these delicacies is fastened against the snow wall for a mark, and he knows it is his if he hits it, he tries his very best. They call their snow-houses *igloos*, and the children are delighted if an inquisitive, hungry dog pokes his head through the door, perhaps in search of a bit of the blubber, too, for then they can try their hands at real "game." In this way many a happy day is passed, and at an early age the young savages are quite clever and accurate with the bow and arrow.

A fitting accompaniment for the bow and arrow is the whip, or quirt. These two depicted



TWO TOY NAVAJO WHIPS AND A SEAL-COVERED BALL.
From a Photo.

herewith are Navajo. They are made of coloured horsehair, and show the very ingenious manner in which this material is used. Whips of all kinds are made by the Indians in great numbers, and of varied and curious ornamentation. Sometimes they are woven of buffalo fur, or again, of tough, flexible grasses, or the inner bark of trees. The common regular serviceable riding-whip is made of rawhide and fastened to a wooden handle. They all have wrist straps and long lashes, which are sometimes plaited and sometimes knotted; the knots being five or six inches apart. The knots, known in the Indian vernacular as



From a TWO "HIGH-CLASS" PUEBLO DOLLS. *(Photo)*

"bellies," are intended to emphasize the stinging blows, and make them remembered. The ball also seen in the illustration is covered with beads, strung on fine sinew, and is wonderfully symmetrical.

Next we have two fine dolls from the Pueblos, brother and sister. True to the savage instinct, they have roamed from place to place with varying fortunes, and are now on their way to the land of the pilgrims, where they will tarry probably for some time, being destined as a Christmas gift for a bright New England lad, whose Indian collection is growing with his years. They will have places of honour in the

One great virtue of these Pueblo dolls is that they know enough to keep their bead mouths shut, and never turn up their bead noses whatever happens. The brother's wig seems a trifle fuller and larger than his sister's, but that may be the masculine privilege which obtains in almost everything in savage life. Their moccasins are evidently handsome visiting moccasins; trim to go to Boston, where they will be received so that, take them altogether, the pair are in fit right royally.

Lastly, we have two sisters, which, although from the same tribe (the Pueblos), are not quite



[From a]

TWO PUEBLO "SISTER" DOLLS.

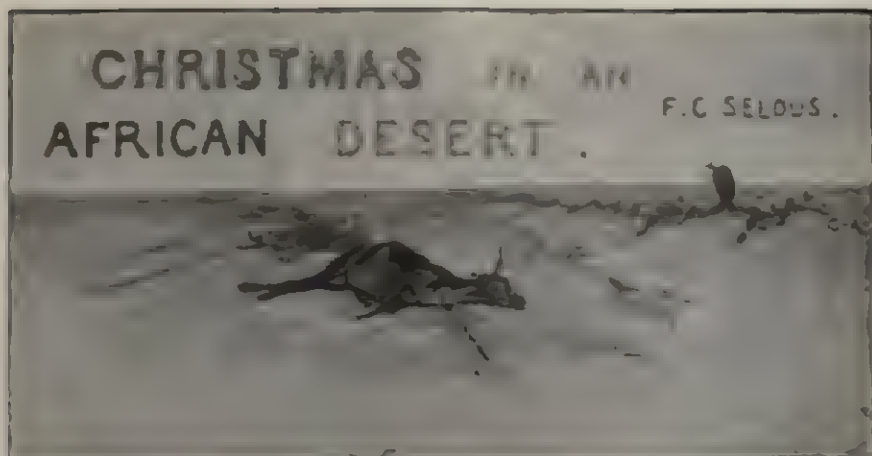
[Photo.]

cabinet, and the sister's beaded buckskin suit will be talked of more than that of many a white belle. Her horsehair wig, to be sure, may not be arranged according to the latest fashion, but, after the manner of her people, she is stolid and serene, and goes on her own way. The boy is also clothed in fringed and beaded buckskin, and, like his sister, he gazes straight ahead out of his bead eyes.

so aristocratic as the other two. They have not quite so long a line of descent, and it has never been settled whether their father was a chief or only a common Indian. They are spoken of as more modern dolls, and when one examines their dresses of coarse flannel, with tin ornaments mixed among the beads, it is a question whether it is desirable to be "modern."

CHRISTMAS IN AN AFRICAN DESERT.

F. C. SELOUS.



The world-renowned African big-game hunter tells in graphic detail of one of the most remarkable Christmases he ever spent. The narrative abounds in dramatic incident, and will be read with interest round the Christmas fire.

Christmas Day in this country is so intimately associated in the minds of most people with the idea of ease and comfort, coupled with an abundance of good cheer, that possibly the narrative of how a certain Christmas was spent in quite an unorthodox fashion may not be without interest.



RAVELLING
through the
desert coun-
tries lying
between the

Mababi River and Khama's old town of Shoshong, during the month of December, 1879, we had found water plentiful as far as the Botletle. Farther south, however, but little rain appeared to have fallen, and it was not without difficulty that we crossed the desert stretch between that river and the wells of Tlakani. Our party was a large one, as we were returning to Shoshong in company with a number of Khama's people, who had been hunting in the Mababi country during the past

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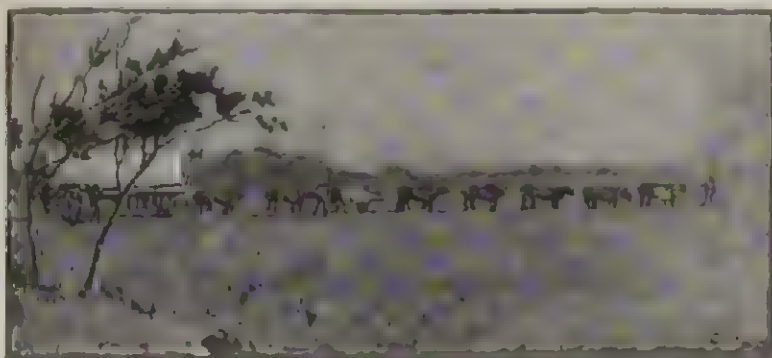


MR. F. C. SELOUS.
From a Photo. by Edgett & Fry.

season, and with whom we were on very good terms. These people were under the command of Tinkarn, one of Khama's most trusted chiefs, a man who had been a hunter from his youth upwards, and who, from the life he had led, had always been closely associated with the wild desert tribes known as Bakalahari — they of the desert — whose language he spoke fluently, and over whom he exercised a strong influence. Tinkarn and his people had five waggons with them, and we, white men, four, two of which belonged to me, one to Mr. H. C. Collison, and one to a mutual friend, who had

lost himself and died of thirst, poor fellow, some few months previously, in the dreary wastes which lie between the Chobi and the Zambesi rivers. I had with me two young Cape Colonists—Messrs. Miller and Sell—so that we were four white men together. Having full spans of sixteen oxen for each of the nine waggons, as well as some spare animals, we had some 150 bullocks with us, as well as ten shooting horses, six of which belonged to Tinkam and his people. South of Tlakani there was no permanent water nearer than the wells of Klabala; the deep pit of Inkouāni having ceased to hold water since the emigrant Boers

hard condition will sometimes manage to pull a waggon along for four days and four nights without drinking, but in very hot weather no bullocks that I have ever seen can work for more than half that time without water. Christmas time is about the hottest season of the year in South Africa, unless heavy rains happen to be falling, and in the year of which I am writing the heat was simply terrific. The country around us was an absolutely dead level in all directions, everywhere clothed with a sparse covering of low, thorny bushes, whose small, grey-green leaves and hard black twigs, over which little hook-shaped thorns are profusely scattered, afforded



A FULL SPAN OF OXEN.

had deepened it during their memorable but disastrous journey through these deserts in the winter of 1873.

In this country of railways the distance between Tlakani and Klabala not much over one hundred miles probably may seem very small, but as the track between the two places lies through a level expanse of desert sand through which a heavy South African bullock waggon can only be dragged at an average rate of from a mile and a half to two miles an hour, it meant four days and four nights at least of constant travel to get through it. Tinkam, however, had learned from the Bushmen that good rains had fallen not long before between Inkouāni and Klabala, and felt sure that our live stock would get a drink at the pools of Mahakābi, in which we had found a good supply of water in the previous April. As it would be a terrible pull to get our waggons through even as far as these pools, we gave our cattle a three days' rest at Tlakani, where the wells were luckily full of water, before starting southwards again. I may here say that in the winter season, when the nights are long and cold and the sun not intensely hot during the daytime, a picked span of bullocks in good

but scanty protection from the withering sun. Early in the day the sand became so hot that it was quite impossible to keep the palm of one's hand upon it for more than a few seconds at a time, nor was it possible to hold one's hand on any piece of iron exposed to the sun's rays. The sand itself was so deep and soft that the wheels of our heavy waggons sank in it to a depth of several inches over the felloes of the wheels, in fact; and as our long caravan moved slowly and painfully forwards, both bullocks and waggons were almost hidden from sight in a thick cloud of fine dust, which rose from the trampled ground into the still, hot air. When the sun set the relief was immense, but still the heat thrown up from the scorched sand was very great, and it was only for one short hour between dawn and sunrise that the temperature became pleasantly cool.

It was about four o'clock on the afternoon of December 23rd that we finally left Tlakani, after having carefully filled our water casks and given all the bullocks and horses a good drink. At sundown we outspanned, made a hasty meal of dried eland meat roasted on the ashes, washed down with a cup of tea, and then inspanned again. All that night we trekked on with only two short

intervals of rest, and when day broke on the morning of December 24th our oxen had done ten hours' actual pulling through the heavy sand and covered some fifteen miles since leaving Tlakani. All that day we travelled slowly onwards, giving the bullocks an hour's rest after every two hours' pull. The terrific heat of the pitiless sun told upon the straining oxen very rapidly, for it must be remembered that nothing but steady, hard

about in clusters amongst the shadeless thorn scrub; I was in hopes, however, that they would graze a little, albeit the grass was scorched and scant, at sunset. But they were too parched to do so, and so, hungry, weary, and terribly thirsty, the poor brutes were once more yoked to the heavy waggons just as the short twilight of the early tropic night was giving place to a bright moonlight, for it wanted

but a couple of days to full moon.

The whole of this second night we travelled slowly southwards, with short intervals of rest. I again kept awake all night in order to time the periods of travel and intervals of rest, and it was indeed a strange Christmas Eve. As we were four Europeans, we might have kept awake turn and turn about, and turned in for a



"THE FOUR OXEN TOILED SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY ALONG."

pulling by every member of each span all pulling in unison could move the heavy waggons through the deep sand, and nothing made of flesh and blood could work very long in such a temperature without drinking. Towards the close of the long day it became a pitiful sight to look at the poor oxen, as they toiled slowly and painfully along, with lowered heads, and tongues hanging from their gasping mouths. The hot air they breathed was full of fiery dust, which rose in clouds from their feet and hung suspended in the breathless air long after the last waggon had passed. This hot dust very much aggravated the terrible thirst from which our bullocks were now suffering, and kept them continually gasping and coughing. At last the dreadful sun turned blood red as it neared the western horizon, and presently sank from view behind the interminable landscape of stunted thorn bushes. When outspanned during the day, the bullocks had made no attempt to feed, but had only stood

sleep in one of the waggons when not on duty. But when travelling through the desert I am always too anxious to be able to sleep whilst making a push from one water to another, and always make a point of timing the treks myself, and keeping the waggon-drivers and leaders up to the mark; for they naturally get worn out during such journeys, and often are so tired that when a halt is called they just throw themselves down where they stand, and lie there like logs till it is time to move on again. During the night we passed the deep limestone well and shallow pan of Inkouani, both of which were perfectly dry, and presently Christmas Day, 1879, dawned over the scorched and desolate wastes around us. By this time it had become evident that our bullocks could not possibly pull the heavy waggons much farther. One or other of them was constantly lying down, and had to be mercilessly beaten or submit to having its tail twisted or bitten before it could be induced to get up again and on a

little farther. Although the waggons of our Bamangwato friends were much less heavily laden than ours, their bullocks were much inferior, and on the whole in quite as sorry a plight. About ten o'clock it became impossible to get the waggons along at all, and we had to give up the idea of dragging them to the pools of Mahakabi, from which we were only about six miles distant, and where we had looked forward to enjoying a dinner as worthy as possible of Christmas Day. We, therefore, outspanned, and prepared to drive all our cattle and horses to the water, let them have a good drink and feed there, and return to fetch the waggons in the afternoon. Collison was not very well, so he and Sell remained with the waggons, whilst Miller and I—both of us mounted—and all our coloured boys, with the exception of the waggon drivers, accompanied Tinkarn and his people to Mahakabi, taking all our cattle and horses with us. Tinkarn, I think, only left a couple of boys to look after the five waggons belonging to his people. I let him start first with all his people and their troop of cattle, Miller and I following, with our herd driven by our own boys, about a quarter of an hour later. I rode my own favourite shooting horse, "Bob," and led Collison's best nag, "Big Bles"—his after rider, a Mangwato boy named Dick, being mounted on his second horse. I had had a cup of coffee when we outspanned just before daylight, but had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and had not even tied a piece of "biltong"* to my saddle when leaving the waggons with the oxen, as I had hoped to get back again before sundown, and was besides too full of anxiety to think much about food, even a Christmas dinner, just then. Although the bullocks had been unable to drag our heavy waggons any farther through the deep sand, they stepped out briskly enough along the road when unencumbered, and evidently knew that they were being taken to water. We were just approaching the first of the two pools of Mahakabi, and could see the cattle of the Mangwato standing about it, when I saw Tinkarn riding back to meet me. "Metsi uon?" (Is there water?) I asked. "Metsi hao" (There is no water), he answered, almost immediately adding, "but we shall find water; I have two Bakaldhari here, who will show us water." From the appearance of the grass it was evident that a heavy shower of rain must have fallen over this part of the country about a month before our arrival, and Tinkarn told me that there must then have been a good supply of water in the Mahakabi vleys, which, however, had

been very rapidly sucked up by the sun during the intense heat that had lately prevailed. When the Mangwatos' troop of cattle first reached the nearest and biggest vley there was still a little water in it, but the thirsty beasts had rushed into it, and soon trampled it into mud without any of them having been able to get a mouthful of the precious fluid. Two Bushmen, however, had been found at the water, who of course knew Tinkarn and feared him as one of Khama's most influential headmen, and these savages reported that heavy rain had fallen to the east during the last moon, and thought that a certain vley they knew of would be sure to still have some water in it. If there should prove to be no water there, said they, they would guide us to the place where the road from Shoshong to Pandamatenga crossed the Luab River. It was now past midday, and the heat intense. Our horses, as well as the oxen, had been nearly forty-eight hours without drinking, but as they had done no work during that time, they were not suffering like the latter animals. However, I did not like to go away with the cattle and, perhaps, have to take them right through to Luab without letting Collison know what had happened, so I sent Miller back to the waggons, telling him to give the horse he was riding a few pannikins of water as soon as he got there, as our two largest casks had, I knew, been scarcely touched. Should the vley spoken of by the Bushmen prove to contain a good supply of water, I told Miller I would rest the oxen there until after midday on the 26th, and drive them back to the waggons in time to start for Klabala the same evening. Should I not turn up by that time, however, I told him not to expect me for at least another twenty-four hours, as he would then know I had had to go on to Luab. I then with Dick (who was mounted) and all our boys set about driving our cattle on the track of those belonging to Tinkarn and his people, who had already set off eastwards under the guidance of the Bushmen. After a very hot and weary tramp we at last reached the vley where our guides had hoped to be able to show us water. As in the pool of Mahakabi, so here there were still a few gallons of liquid left, but not enough unfortunately to be of any use, the thirsty oxen again rushing into it and trampling it into mud immediately. There was now nothing for it but to push on for Luab as speedily as possible during the cool of the night. Soon the scorching sun once more went down, but as the moon was near the full we had no difficulty in keeping a good line through the open thorn scrub, and got on at a good quick walk, as our thirsty cattle stepped out briskly, and weary though they must

* Dried meat.

have been, showed no signs now of flagging. About midnight we called a halt, and off-saddling the horses about six of Khama's headmen were mounted lit fires, round about which the oxen were collected in two herds, and so ended our Christmas Day of hunger and thirst. We rested for about an hour, during which time I sat talking with Tinkarn. My boys had all lain

the two Bushmen, and his pleasant companionship and cheery talk helped very materially to relieve the tedium of the long, weary ride.

At last, just as day was dawning on the morning of December 26th, we reached the little Luah River just where the waggon-road crossed it. Here there was plenty of good water, so Tinkarn, the Bushmen, and I had a refreshing drink, before the thirsty cattle had fouled it; for though there were several good-sized pools amongst the rocks of the river's bed, there was no running stream. The Mangwatos' cattle were close behind us, and my own troop I thought would not be far away. However, when an hour had passed and they had not arrived, I began to feel uneasy, but Tinkarn reassured me, saying that Dick and the herd boys must have loitered round the fires after we had left, but were bound to be here before very long, as they had drunk nothing since leaving the waggons, and their very lives now, therefore, depended on their getting to the



"I SAT TALKING WITH TINKARN."

down near the fires and gone fast asleep as soon as they had seen the cattle begin to lie down, and I would fain have followed their example, but was afraid to do so lest any of the thirsty brutes should wander away. Luckily the bright moonlight enabled me to keep an eye from where I sat on all the cattle as they stood and lay scattered about in the thin bush. Presently Tinkarn suggested that we should saddle up again and get on towards the river. He had been giving me a lot of interesting information about the desert Bushmen, their modes of hunting, etc., and asked me to ride with him, instead of remaining behind with my own troop of cattle. This I agreed to do, so after waking up Dick and all my boys and telling them to come on with the cattle at once, I rode forwards, leading Collison's horse, "Big Bles," on the tracks of the Mangwatos' cattle, which had trampled broad paths in the soft, sandy ground, that were very plainly discernible in the moonlight. I soon joined Tinkarn, who was right in front with

water quickly. I said I would wait till midday, and then, if they had not come, ride back on the cattle tracks to look for them. In the meantime, the only thing to do was to rest, as we had no food of any sort with us. I was very tired, as well as hungry, having had no rest whatever for three consecutive nights, nor any food for more than thirty-six hours, so when I lay down in a sort of little cave amongst the rocks, where the sun would not reach me the whole day, I went off into a deep, dreamless sleep, from which I was only awakened late in the afternoon by Tinkarn, who informed me that Dick had just turned up riding Collison's spare horse, but without the cattle. I soon learned what had happened. "After you woke me and the herd boys, at the place where we rested in the night," said Dick, "I saddled up my horse, and then said to my companions, 'Let us go on; the master has gone forwards with Tinkarn, and all the Mangwato cattle have started.' But some of the herdboys said, 'No, Dick;

let us rest a little longer, for we are very tired. Then we will drive the cattle on fast, as we can see the tracks of the big herd that has gone on ahead very plainly in the moonlight." I was tired, too," said Dick, "and did not think a little delay would matter, so I tied my horse to a tree and sat down again by one of the fires. Our cattle were still all lying down then. It was very foolish of me to sit down again, for, as you know, I had led my master's oxen for two nights previously through the deep sand, and was, therefore, very tired and sleepy. After sitting down again, I don't remember anything: sleep must have overcome me, as well as my companions. When at last I woke again, the fires had all gone out, and I could see that the dawn was just breaking. The oxen were gone. 'Wake, wake!' I cried to my companions. 'The oxen have got up and gone away.' Then we took up their tracks, which led us away to the north, and had not followed on the spoor of the Mangwato's cattle. I remained with the rest of the boys, following on the tracks of the cattle, until the sun stood there"—pointing to a part of the heavens which the sun must have reached at about 10 a.m.—"and then I thought I must let the white man, my master's friend, know what had happened, so I left the other boys, rode back on the cattle tracks to where we rested during the night, and then came on here—*Ki peti*—that is all."

"And how about the herdboys? Will they not all die of thirst?" I asked Dick. As they had been walking in the sun for the greater part of the preceding day, I knew from experience that, if they had not yet reached water, they were probably dead by now: as, although a man may live for three or four days without water during the winter season, no man that is born of a woman can live much more than two days, if walking hard all the time, exposed to the intense heat of the summer sun in these deserts.

"If God wishes it," said Dick, "thirst has now killed them all; but I do not think they are dead. When we all halted in the middle of the night, you remember there was no wind; but when I awoke before dawn this morning, there was a light wind blowing from the north; and our oxen, on getting up from where they had been lying, instead of following on the tracks of the other cattle, went off in a bee-line dead against the wind. I think, therefore, that they must have smelt water and were making straight for it. The boys that I left following them up on foot thought so, too. They were terribly thirsty when I left them, but thought their only chance for life was to stick to the cattle tracks they were following, as they did

not think they would have the strength to retrace their steps to where we rested last night, and then follow up the tracks of the Mangwato cattle to the Luah River, as I have done on horseback."

This was Dick's story, and how much or how little to believe of it, I did not know. He had always been a good, trustworthy boy, and a great favourite with his master. I never imagined that he and all my boys would have gone to sleep again after I had roused them, but I felt more angry with myself than with them, for not having actually seen my cattle started before riding forwards. As, according to Dick's account, he must have ridden at least twelve miles on the tracks of our cattle without their having come to the water, which he thought they had smelt whilst the herdboys slept, I could not believe it possible that they had really scented water. Tinkarn, however, whose experience was far greater than mine in such matters, stoutly maintained that cattle when thirsty could scent water at extraordinary distances; and arguing from the abstract to the concrete, thought that had the lost oxen not done so, they would assuredly have followed up the tracks of his own herd and arrived by themselves at the Luah River. Tinkarn and his people were now, after the day's rest, about to start back with their cattle to the place where their waggons had been standing in the desert, but I did not care to go with them on the chance of my oxen having found water and having then been driven back to the waggons. Supposing the oxen and the herdboys had died of thirst—or been killed by the sun, as the Kafirs express it—what was to happen to our waggons? Collison, Miller, Sell, and the four waggon drivers would, I knew, be all right, as well as the horse that Miller had ridden, as they could go on to Klabala with Tinkarn, but our waggons would then have to remain standing in the desert with no one to look after them for several days. This would be known to the two Bushmen who had guided us to the Luah, and I feared they and their friends might rob the stranded waggons before I could get back to them with fresh cattle from Shoshong.

I soon made up my mind what to do. Shoshong itself was about sixty miles away, and there was a good waggon track leading to it, so I resolved to ride there that very night, borrow four spans of bullocks from the white traders or from Khama, and after getting something to eat, start back with them at once, on the desert road by which we had been travelling from the Botletie River. Should my oxen have found water, and got back to the waggons on the night of the 27th, I should meet them on the road, and no harm would have been

done: whilst on the other hand, if the worst had happened, and our four spans of bullocks and the poor herdboys had perished, I should be able to reach our waggons before they had been long deserted, and take them into Shoshong. Sixty miles, much of it in heavy, sandy ground, is a good long ride, so I resolved to take my friend's horse "Big Bles," a very powerful animal, in excellent condition. My own horse "Bob" I intrusted to Tinkarn, and sent Dick back to the waggons with him also. The full moon was just rising as I rode off on my lonely journey.

Keeping up an average pace of about seven miles an hour a very good one in heavy, sandy ground - and only off-saddling twice during the night, I reached Shoshong about an hour before daylight on the morning of December 27th. I rode straight to the store of a trader named Jim Truscott, and roused him as well as another old friend named Fred Drake. My story was soon told. No food had passed my lips since the evening of December 24th - some sixty hours - and with the exception of the sleep I had had at the Tsalali River during the 26th, I had had

no rest either during all that time. I was tired and hard, naturally, from the life I had been leading, but I suppose I looked unusually worn and haggard, as Truscott insisted on my lying down on his bed at once, whilst he had some food prepared for me; and Fred Drake undertook to get together the oxen that I required, and kindly offered to go back with me to where I had left the waggons, beyond Kahlala. At the time of which I am writing, South Africa was a very different country to the South Africa of to-day. Gold had not

then been discovered on the Witwatersrand, and there were, therefore, comparatively speaking, but few Englishmen living even in the Transvaal: whilst north of the Limpopo there were no European settlements whatever, and the few white traders and hunters who earned a precarious livelihood amongst the native tribes might have been counted on the fingers of one's hands. Amongst these few scattered whites a bond of brotherhood existed, such as could not endure amongst Europeans living under more civilized conditions.

And any white man in distress was sure of the warmest sympathy and the most generous assistance on the part of all the few others of his own colour, scattered here and there over a vast country. Like the teeming herds of game with which they were contemporaneous, the old race of traders and hunters, with their warm hearts, but unbusinesslike habits and somewhat indifferent morals, has now passed away from South Africa for ever, and their places have been taken by men of a more advanced type, who keep books and seek to grow rich. "Drink and the devil" have done for most of my old



"I RODE OFF ON MY LONELY JOURNEY."

pals, I am afraid, but I shall never forget the warm-hearted kindness and sympathy that existed between us in the good old days. By ten o'clock Fred Drake had got together four spans of good oxen, all lent by the few white men on the station, and had also got a cart and eight oxen to carry some water casks and provisions. I had gone fast asleep on Truscott's bed as soon as I had had something to eat, and they let me sleep on till midday. Then I had another meal, and about 1 p.m. started back for my waggons with Fred Drake. We

travelled very quickly with the light cart and the fresh oxen, even during the heat of the afternoon, and keeping at it all through the night and the next day, were nearing the walls of Klabala on the afternoon of December 25th, when we heard a waggon whip crack on ahead of us, and presently saw the cloud of fine dust rising above the low trees which we knew portended the approach of waggons, which I thought must be Tinkarn's. 'Ve pulled up, and Drake and I jumped off the cart and walked on ahead. As soon as the front oxen came in sight I knew them for the leaders of my own fine Damara span, and soon we were shaking hands with Collison, Miller, and Sell.

The explanation was simple: Our oxen, when they wandered away from the resting place on the night of December 25th, had found their way to water at last before midday on the 26th. Whether they really smelt it, or were made aware by a certain freshness in the air that water lay in the direction from which the wind was blowing, or whether they only hit off the water by chance, I cannot say; but they reached a vley, or pool, in which there was a good supply of recent rain water. The herdboys who followed

them had, it appeared, had a very hard time of it, and on coming to a small vley, in which there was only a little mud, but no water, a short time before reaching the larger pool, two of them had declared that they could go no farther, and had thrown themselves down and rolled in the mud, and would doubtless have died there had not their comrades, who shortly afterwards reached the water with the cattle, carried them back a calabash full and so revived them. The bullocks were driven back to the waggons on the night of the 26th, and arrived there before Tinkarn's cattle returned from the Luah River. Collison at once gave the order to instspan, and pushing on through the heat of the day, reached Klabala on the night of the 27th, Tinkarn and his people turning up a few hours later. At Klabala the cattle were given a rest till the afternoon of the 29th, and soon after again making a start for Shoshong, met me coming back with my relief spans unnecessary, as it turned out. All's well that ends well; though I hope I may never again experience such an uncomfortable Christmas as the one I spent in the desert in the year 1879.



The Ascent of Popocatepetl.

By PATRICK MILNE GRANT.

A stirring account of an ascent to the very summit of the gigantic Mexican Volcano, and dealing at length with the hardships incidental to such a fine climb, and the sublime views from the snowy summit.

MOUNTAIN climbing has always been a fascinating feature in the itinerary of tourist travel and holiday excursions. So prominent has become this exhilarating phase of modern travel that we naturally associate a trip to Switzerland with the Alps, India with the Himalayas, America with the Rocky Mountains, and Mexico with her mysterious living volcanoes. These mountain ranges have their distinguishing peculiarities, and are as varied as the climates in which they rear their indomitable heights of ice and snow, or sky-kissed peaks of rugged and majestic grandeur.

From my personal note book of a holiday spent in the far away picturesque Republic of Mexico, I have culled the following notes, which will give a synopsis of a somewhat thrilling and exciting experience, while making the ascent of the volcano of Popocatepetl.

Popocatepetl, or the "smoking mountain" as the name signifies, lies about forty miles to the south east of the City of Mexico, and has an elevation of 17,782ft. above sea level. No trees grow above the height of 13,054ft.; no trace of vegetation is found above 13,710ft.; and perpetual snow lies at a height of 14,104ft. The highest of our English or Scottish mountains are but mole-hills compared with this mighty monarch of Mexican scenery. Snow and ice are her regal attendants; her armies treacherous ravines, trackless steepes, and an intensely rarefied atmosphere. Her guests are few, and are only those who for the love of adventure are prepared to undergo an experience of unusual severity and endurance. There is no gradation of seasons in

her dominion. It is an eternal winterland, just as 12,000ft. below is a perpetual summerland. On the summit there is a crater, oval in shape, stretching about 2,000ft. across one way and 1,300ft. the other way. Its depth is from 400ft. to 500ft., and on its rugged walls are layers of lava and crystals of feldspar and sulphur. The last eruption occurred in 1802, but at present it still breathes out smoke, through numerous nostrils of from 8in. to 10in. in diameter. Mining operations have been carried on continuously since 1849, the production yielding about four tons a month of almost pure sulphur; and were it not for the insurmountable difficulties of transportation this volcano might be so utilized as to become the greatest sulphur producing mine in the world. With these cursory observations let us now accompany your readers in visiting this modernized "inferno" of ancient times.

It was towards the close of last summer when a tourist party of four, representing four different nationalities—English, Scotch, Canadian, and Mexican took an early train from the depot of San Lazaro, in the City of Mexico, and after a run of two hours, through a country of surpassing beauty, they arrived at the City of Amecameca, the nearest point from which the ascent can be made. Here we procured horses and guides and all the necessary requisites and refreshments for a two days' sojourn among the wilds of forest and mountain solitude.

Passing through the quaint streets of Amecameca, we were soon outside the city gates, and for a number of miles rode along a rough and dusty roadway which ultimately led us into a series of swamps and



THE AUTHOR, MR. PATRICK MILNE GRANT.
From a Photo.



FIGURE 1. Distant view of the Andes.

(1890-91)

number of which we had to wade through as best we knew how, and whose offensiveness to our sense of smell was of the most stifling and aggravating nature. Several times our horses stuck fast in the mire, and as often had we to dismount and help them to extricate themselves from their somewhat unwholesome and hazardous position. Besmeared with

of rock, which at every other point led us close up to the brink of deep chasms and dangerous gulches. There was no clearly-defined pathway among these rock bound sentinels of Nature, so each chose one for himself. Our Scotch friend had not gone more than a hundred yards when he found his way blocked by a projecting boulder, which rendered his further progress, on horseback at least, impossible. Being on a very narrow ledge of from 3ft. to 4ft. wide, with a deep ravine on the one side and a wall of rock on the other, there was no room to attempt to turn his horse. The only way out of the difficulty was to back his horse until a wider part of the ridge was reached. This he managed to do successfully, but after getting him turned around, and just as he had remounted, his horse gave a sudden lurch to the right, and one of his hind feet struck a piece of loose rock overhanging the ravine, which brought him down on his haunches with a suddenness that almost threw our friend backwards into the depths below. Clutching hold of his mane, he swung himself out of

his saddle on to the ledge, and thus saved himself from further peril. After a series of attempts his horse, by some means or other, regained his footing, and, being none the worse for his fall, the journey was resumed by another route.

Emerging from these wild and rugged surroundings we entered a charming and beautiful



FIGURE 2.

THE PARTY LEAVING FROM AMERICA STATION.

(1890-91)

mud and almost overcome by the burning heat of a tropical sun, we at length reached a low range of rocky foothills, among which we forced our way along narrow ledges

valley, and soon after found ourselves enveloped in a dark and dense pine forest. Here the Alpine climber is now put to the test. Following a narrow mountain footpath, we fall into

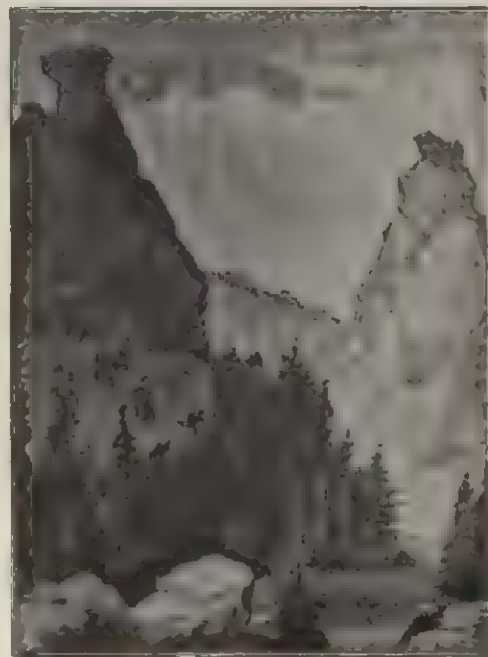


VIEW OF THE GREAT VALLEY FROM AMELAMECA.
From a Photo.

single file and for five solid hours penetrate the gloomy vastnesses of that forest region. We had not proceeded very far on our way, however, when we came in sight of a herd of wild Mexican bulls. They were ferocious looking animals. We had already been spectators of one or two bullfights, but had not anticipated meeting this ideal of Mexican sport on his own territory. Our trail led us right along the upper crest of the mountain side, on which they were grazing, and as we approached them it was evident from their restive behaviour that trouble was ahead of us. Our only hope lay in getting across this crescent and by some means or other to ford the rocky gulch which intervened between us and the adjoining cliff. It was therefore decided that the two natives who accompanied us should endeavour to divert the attention of the bulls from the opposite side of this forest glade by waving their *serapes* and other gesticulations while we meanwhile made all possible haste to reach a place of safety. The scheme proved highly successful for a time, but the two natives had ultimately to run for their lives, and by scrambling on to a rock just saved themselves from being gored to death. By this time we had all gained the neighbouring cliffs with the exception of our English friend, whose horse came to a standstill when little more than half way across the crescent, and no amount of coaxing or urging would induce him to move, so he at once dismounted, and taking the reins over his head he dragged him along. He had just reached the gorge when one of the most ferocious of the bulls came over the brow of the crescent, snorting and bellowing with frenzied

rage, and rushing heedlessly down the rocky incline, missed his footing and went rolling over headlong into a chasm, hundreds of feet below, where he must have met a cruel and shocking death. At all events, we saw him no more, and were only too glad we had all escaped from his murderous intentions.

The gathering storm which had been threatening us for some time before now burst upon us, and during its progress we witnessed one of the grandest spectacular displays imaginable. The vividness of the lightning flashes lit up the forest gloom as if they had been glints of sunshine, while the terrific thunder peals as they echoed along the mountain ravines made us stand in awe at the majestic and fearful power of Nature's creation. On the opposite side of the ravine from where we were the lightning was playing terrible havoc among the forest trees. Many a proud fir was torn up by the roots that afternoon. Absolute silence had taken possession of our whole party, and each felt as if he was at last treading the Valley of Death. With every flash of the fiery fluid came the crackling noise as if a blank volley had been fired from the rifles of a regiment of soldiers, while with every thunderclap the very rocks themselves trembled and shook under our feet. Trees were now falling on every side of us, and, as we had momentarily expected, two of these fell with a crash right



WHERE THE FEARFUL STORM STRUCK THE CLIMBERS.
From a Photo.

across our path, and had it not been that we were taking shelter in the cavity of a projecting rock some of us, if not all of us, would have been killed on the spot. Then came a deluge of rain which continued unintermittingly for two hours, drenching us through and through, and from which we suffered greatly during the remainder of our journey. Riding along the side of a mountain stream, our attention was attracted by a distant sound resembling that of escaping steam. As we listened the sound became more muffled, but seemed to increase in volume. We had just left the rocky banks of this stream, and had climbed up on to a higher ridge of rocks. No sooner had we done so than we saw right in front of us a mighty rush of water coming tearing along the cañon, filling the creek with between 3ft. and 4ft. of water, and carrying everything before it as it madly pursued its course down the mountain side. Had this volume of water come a few minutes sooner than it did there is no question but that our whole party would have been carried away and dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

With the rain our progress became somewhat slow and extremely dangerous. Our horses as they climbed the soft and muddy steeps were at every other step slipping and stumbling dangerously, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that we could retain our saddles; while at intervals we had the inviting prospect of both horse and rider being precipitated down some steep embankment, or over some awful precipice into the wild and frantic waters hundreds of feet below. For hours we thus pursued our perilous way, and it was with feverish anxiety we began to realize that the shades of night were hurriedly gathering around us, whilst we were yet several miles from our destination. Every step and every moment now became of immense value to us, and it was with nervous haste we climbed up and around the rocky ledges still before us, until at length we reached the summit of a somewhat extended plateau. Crossing over this plateau, and after making the descent on the opposite side at considerable risk from fallen timber, we entered a desolate and weather-beaten valley. The scene depicted reminded one of the ravages of a forest fire. The trunks of the trees were black and bare, with the exception of a branch or two at the top. The grass was brown and of shaggy thickness, while the creeping tendrils of a species of sage-brush grew in luxuriant rankness over numerous sand-holes, natural watercourses, and fearsome ravines. Comparatively speaking, all danger would now have been past but that darkness had at last

overtaken us; and it was with the greatest difficulty we could discern the pathway. A stiff and bitter cold wind had sprung up and blew right in our faces, and with our wet clothes it was not long before we felt ourselves within the confines of a regular "strait-jacket," as you may suppose. Then came a blinding snowstorm, but fortunately it only lasted for a short time; and thus mid snow and ice and a trackless solitude we struggled on for upwards of an hour or more, being obliged to have recourse to a series of marvellous feats in horseback riding and turning somersaults such as would have been a credit to many of our modern circus performers.

Truly it was a remarkable experience; but when our party arrived at the mining camp of Rancho de Tlamecas, situated at an elevation of 12,772ft., our Scotch friend was amissing. The gravest doubts were instantly entertained as to his safety after what had already been passed through. Consequently, a party of natives was at once dispatched to search for the belated traveller, whom they found crawling down the side of a steep embankment and endeavouring to get his horse to follow him. It afterwards transpired that after crossing over the plateau his horse had stumbled over an old tree-root, and both fell heavily to the ground, each sustaining rather severe injuries about the head and shoulders. At that point we had been following each other with our voices only; but our friend no longer heard these, and then it immediately dawned upon him that he had lost the trail and might at any moment meet a frightful end by falling over some precipice. And how nearly it terminated thus with our friend the following sequel will show. Remounting his horse after the incident just mentioned, everything went well for a considerable distance, but all of a sudden his horse came to a standstill and would not be prevailed to go a step forward. As a protest against the muscular force employed, our friend, in an unguarded moment, was thrown out of his saddle, and as he fell came in contact with the trunk of a tree and received a severe wound on the back of the head. The fall stunned him considerably for a moment or two, but as consciousness returned he got on his feet again, but his horse was gone. Just at that moment the moon peeped out behind the clouds, and what was his horror to find that he was only about ten or twelve feet from the verge of a rocky ravine, over which he would undoubtedly have met a fearful death had it not been for the natural instinct of his horse, which had apprehended the danger ahead of them. With the aid of the moonlight he saw his horse making his way down the hill, and after securing

him, and while descending from the summit of this ravine, the search-party found them and conveyed them safely to their destination for the night.

The prospect of a comfortable night's repose, however, after the fatigue and hardships of the previous seven hours, was disappointingly absent. Three old wooden sheds comprised the domestic domiciles of this frigid and exalted city—two being used for the housing of horses and the storing of sulphur brought from the crater; while the other was occupied by a dozen Mexicans. In the middle of the third house was a round built furnace, in which were burning a number of pine logs. Around the furnace pieces of straw matting covered Mother Earth's floor, upon which several Montezumas had already retired for the night. Accommodating ourselves to what seemed the inevitable, we endeavoured as far as possible to get access to the fire place, and we then set to work to dry our clothes. Until nearly midnight we passed the time in rehearsing the all but miraculous hairbreadth escapes of our journey thus far. Following the example of our Aztec friends, we also stretched ourselves upon the floor, but the soothing charms of "Nature's sweet nurse" came not to close our wearied eyelids in calm and peaceful slumber. The night was bitterly cold, and with chills from within and without we passed one of the most miserable nights of our existence. How gladly we welcomed the first streaks of the coming day! But as we watched the sun rise from behind the distant peaks we were so enraptured with the flood of golden radiance that we soon forgot the discomforts and miseries of the preceding night. Not a cloud moved between us and the azure canopy of heaven. The mountain peaks seemed like colossal tongues of fire, while the lakes and streamlets as they glistened in the sunlight mirrored the lovely landscape in exquisite beauty and loveliness. The panoramic effect was one of dazzling splendour, and, apart from anything else, the sight would have fully repaid us for our journey thither.

Early in the morning we resumed our journey on horseback, and arrived two hours afterwards

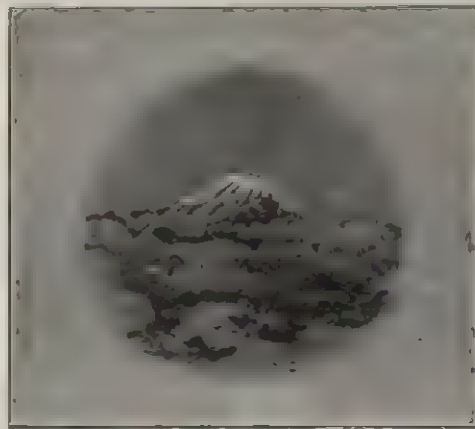
at Las Cruces, which marked the snow-line from which the ascent proper is made on foot to the summit of the volcano, a distance of 4,000ft. on solid snow.

Before starting we were each provided with a separate guide, and every precaution taken to protect the face, hands, and feet from any undue exposure. "*Vamonos! Vamonos!*" shouted our guides, and in response to their commands to proceed we get hold of their ropes, by which they assist you in making the ascent. Now came the testing of sound and healthy lungs, for, being about three miles in mid air, the atmosphere is intensely rarefied, and to those not accustomed to living in high altitudes breathing becomes a grievous hardship and is sometimes attended with serious

results. Add to this the extra exertion of climbing any mountain, far less the steep of Popocatepetl, and you will not have gone fifty yards when your breathless condition will convince you of the enormity of your self-imposed task and the severe physical strain it will entail before you can ever hope to reach the object of your ambition. It was, indeed, a desperate and formidable undertaking, and for five long and weary exhausting hours it seemed an almost

hopeless struggle to make any apparent headway towards scaling the dizzy heights that still towered above us. Every step was a painful effort. More time was spent in resting than in climbing, and, although our progress was necessarily slow, yet by a daring persistency and determination we eventually reached the summit, completely exhausted and suffering from intense cold. As we rested on the brink of the crater and looked into its yawning abyss, and then watched the swiftly-passing clouds thousands of feet below us, the solitariness of our surroundings grew terribly weird and oppressive. We had intended to go down the crater, but, unfortunately, the miners had come up the night before on their leave of absence, and we were thus deprived of this somewhat novel experience.

Our Canadian friend, however, who was somewhat daring, and, withal, eccentric in his



VIEW OF THE SUMMIT TAKEN FAR ABOVE THE CLOUDS.
From a Photo



FIGURE 1

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CRATER.

FIGURE 2

ways, had a miraculous escape from being precipitated over the cliffs of the crater. Being anxious to ascertain how things looked at the bottom of the crater, he was walking around on a slight incline between the brow of the mountain and the edge of the cliffs when he slipped on the hard frozen snow, and, to our horrified gaze, we saw him slide down towards the fearful abyss. Another moment and his body would be a lifeless and mangled corpse. The horrible sight made our blood run cold in our veins. Human aid was powerless, but, just as the critical moment arrived, when we expected to see him vanish from our sight for ever, he came in contact with a rising piece of sharp rock, which he tenaciously clutched and clung to until we threw him a rope and rescued him from his terrible position.

After lunch came the descent, which was the only diversion in our whole trip, and partook of the nature of a toboggan slide down the mountain. Our toboggan, however, was not of the regular order, but merely a piece of matting on which your guide sat in front, while you took your place right at his back with your legs and arms around him. "*Vamonos!*" again shouts your guide, and away you shoot down the steep at a terrific rate, and after a few amusing somersaults, in which you and your guide partici-

pate, you are at your starting-point again in less than twenty minutes afterwards. Arriving at the Rancho de Tlameas, we at once resumed our journey homewards, but with fear and trembling. Our experiences on the way were very much similar to those we encountered the day before, and need not be referred to again. No more welcome sight greeted our eyes than the distant lights of the City of Amecameca, for we knew then that all danger was past and our adventures of the last forty-eight hours at a successful termination. Next day we were a pitiable sight. We suffered excruciating pain from our eyes, which threatened the

loss of our eyesight, while our hands and faces were twice their normal size. For weeks afterwards we were under medical treatment before we were our natural selves again.



FIGURE 3

AT THE CRATER'S MOUTH.

FIGURE 4

HOW VERNON FOUGHT THE GORILLA

By COLONEL F. T. POLLOCK.

An all but incredible narrative told by a distinguished British Officer. The story of a fearful death decreed to the white men by the blood-thirsty native chief—that each was to be torn to pieces by a Gorilla of gigantic stature. A weird fight and a miraculous escape.



N 1884 I volunteered for service on the Congo. I was sick of doing nothing at home, and I also wanted to see what African sport was like.

Our progress was slow, as the steamer touched at many places and stopped a day or two to take in and discharge cargo pretty often.

A fine specimen of a Highlander, Johnson by name, put me up for several days, and we constantly talked of sport. He said he was too busy a man to indulge in it himself; "but," he went on, "you'll find Vernon at Vivi, and he will put you up to all the wrinkles, as he has shot a lot of game. And mind you ask him to tell you the story of his fight with the gorilla. I formed one of the punitive party who went out after that affair, but we were too late. The story is wonderful, but I made all inquiries, and fully satisfied myself of its accuracy."

I begged of him to tell me the outlines, but he said: "No; I couldn't do it justice; wait until you meet Vernon."

Now, Vernon had some private means of his own, and after he left the army he migrated to the Cape, entered the Colonial forces, and rose to be a Major. He then

retired and took service with the King of the Belgians on the Congo. He was a hot tempered man, but a capital explorer, and a first-rate shikaree. It was some time before I met him, but our tastes were similar, and, for a wonder, I think I was the only individual of his acquaintance that Vernon did not quarrel with.

For a long time I could not get the gorilla tale out of him; but one night, when in a better temper than usual, with three of us messing together, he told us this extraordinary tale.



"HE TOLD US HIS EXTRAORDINARY TALE."

about a year or so ago—he began—I was sent to recruit Cabindas and other workmen, and had a general roving commission. I was detained for some considerable time at Cotte Camma, and a trader there proposed that we should go for a trip into the interior. He said game was plentiful, but what he was most anxious to ascertain was, whether petroleum existed in the interior, as it had been reported that there were places where a sort of mud volcano was to be met with, and that petroleum, and perhaps coal also, might be found. We had organized our party and were about to set off, when the trader received orders to return to England by the first steamer; nevertheless, I determined to go on alone.

We journeyed by boat for some days, the chief showing himself very friendly, and occasionally casting sheep's eyes on my big elephant gun. I told him if he behaved well, and showed us much sport, I would give it to him as a present at the end of our trip. Things went on swimmingly after this. We soon got into the game country, and the chief was astonished at the performance of my elephant rifle. He asked me one day to allow him to have a shot out of it, and I consented. I warned him beforehand, however, to hold it tightly to his shoulder, as the recoil was severe. To cut a long story short, he did let it off at an elephant, but the quadruped went one way, and the chief head over heels the other. After this



"THE QUADRUPED WENT ONE WAY, AND THE CHIEF HEAD OVER HEELS THE OTHER."

I took on the trader's Kroo boys, the head man among them glorying in the name of "Blue Ruin"—a splendid specimen of humanity, but, like the rest of his people, timorous and averse to going inland. The Kroo boys excel at sea and as boatmen, but do not like being used as porters inland. On this occasion, however, as there was a powerful native chief going to Blue Ruin's country, who offered to escort us and show us much sport, I agreed to accompany him, and my followers also consented to come with me on a six weeks' trip.

awkward incident he treated the big gun as something uncanny, and he could not understand why it did not knock me down as it had done him, he being some 5in. taller than I, and much bigger in proportion.

One day not long after this, Blue Ruin came to me with tears in his eyes, beseeching me to return, saying: "Chief bad man; we live to die." That is, "He will kill us."

But I said: "Blue Ruin, why should he do so? I have promised him the big gun, and if anything were to happen to us through him, he

would never dare to show his face in our factories again, and would be a ruined man."

But the poor fellow whimpered: "Master no hear reason. Chief bad man—he kill us all."

We were then well into the country where the gorillas abound, but had not come across them. We had, however, seen their tracks. The chief then proposed I should send the greater part of my *impedimenta* forward with his caravan and go on with him in light marching order to a forest distant some three days in search of the great man apes. To this I agreed. I kept only Blue Ruin with me to carry an extra rifle, the chief's carriers taking my bedding and camp tent.

One day we sat down to our mid-day meal. Blue Ruin went off to a river close by to get some water. I was busy opening a tin, when, without a moment's warning, I found my arms clasped behind me. A dozen stalwart niggers were upon me, and before I could utter a sound I was bound hand and foot. I also heard a fearful outcry some distance off. Poor Blue Ruin had also been overpowered and bound, but he had made a gallant struggle, and was almost bereft of the little clothing he usually wore.

I asked the chief the meaning of this outrageous treatment. The brute showed himself in his true colours, and said: "White man beat chief—chief kill white man."

"But," said I, "I have never struck you, but have given you much, and promised you more—besides my big gun. Why do you treat me in this way?" But the diabolical nigger only grinned and said the same thing over again. Next my poor head man, Blue Ruin, was brought on the scene.

"What I tell master?" he cried, in an agonized voice. "Chief bad man: we live to die," meaning "We are going to be killed."

"Nonsense," I said, "he is only trying to get me out of me." But nothing would console the bronze giant. He said he knew we were doomed.

We were then marched off towards the chief's town, and were abominably ill-treated the whole way. They offered us a little *chickwingie*, a filthy decoction made from the roots of the manioc, which I refused; and, after two days' starvation, a few coarse plantains were given to me, but neither day nor night had I proper rest. My own lot was bad enough, but it was made worse by the cries and lamentations of my poor, faithful follower. On the third day we reached a considerable town. There was an open space, with a few banyan trees scattered about, and two or three miserable-looking huts. It was, I believe, the market-place. We were thrust into a shed and tied, as usual, to one of the posts.

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Presently the chief sauntered in to taunt me. "White man want gorilla," he sneered. "See presently— if not kill he—he will kill white man."

All that night there was much mysterious hammering. The natives were evidently erecting something, which we could not see from our prison. Next day, however, I was led out. Then I saw that a large wooden inclosure had been erected, with a platform sufficiently raised all round outside, to enable spectators to see into the inclosure. I was still bound, but there was a mound (probably an old white ants' nest) on which I was told I might stand.

Presently a large body of men appeared, with an ear-splitting band in front. Next followed the sword-bearer, and, lastly, the chief himself. I almost burst out laughing he looked so absurd, so fantastic. He had on a tall topper, the coat of some flunkey, a flaming shirt, and a pair of outrageous, striped cotton trousers, far too short in the leg. He ascended the dais and sat down on a rude seat, calling out to me:—

"White man no kill gorilla—he kill him!"

I felt oppressed with a sense of some impending horror—what, I knew not. Presently there appeared a great concourse of people dragging something along, which thrilled me with horror. Later, I saw that it was a gorilla of the largest size—a ghastly brute, mouthing and gibbering, and showing its horrid fangs.

He was thrust into the arena, and the bands round him cleverly removed by the last man to flee from him. He stood there panting, his immense chest flecked with foam. I shuddered with vague horror. . . . In a few seconds my wretched head man, Blue Ruin, was dragged out and thrust into the inclosure, opposite the gigantic ape. The poor fellow had almost lost his senses from fright, and kept calling out: "What I tell master—we live to die!" As he cried he fairly grovelled on the ground in an agony of horror.

I noticed that the gorilla looked terribly savage; he had probably been starved and teased. I noticed under his ribs on the left side a big bump, which in a man would have indicated an enlarged spleen. My two rifles were resting outside the hut in which I had been imprisoned, but I still had many cartridges left in my pockets, and I began to think whether or not I could shake off my bonds and seize my weapons—determined that if I had to die, I would kill that nigger chief first. It was no use, however. I was securely bound.

The gorilla looked stupidly around him, but the moment he saw poor Blue Ruin he gave a shrill, dog-like bark and bounded upon him, growling horribly.

I screamed out, "For God's sake, Blue Ruin,

hit him under the ribs," but before the words were well out of my mouth, my poor follower had been literally torn to pieces. I turned my head away from the awful spectacle. Poor Blue Runt, though he was as splendid a specimen of manhood as one could wish to see, had made no light of it. He was fairly paralyzed with terror, and was no match for the fearsome caricature of humanity that had torn him limb from limb.

Fortunately for me, as it happened, the chief

the circulation into them. Thus, thanks to the spent condition of the brute, I had a few moments to recover a small portion of my own strength, for I freely confess to a feeling of ghastly terror at the awful scene I had just witnessed. As the monster, with his horrid mouth gaping, and his reeking body covered with the life blood of my faithful servant, advanced to close with me, I dodged him nimbly, and struck with my full force two blows



"THE KROO BOY'S SILENCE, AND STRIKE WITH MY FULL FORCE."

went up a hurry to see me share the same fate, so I was hurried forward, released, and before the life was worn out of my head Kroo boy, I found myself facing the dancingape, who stood as high as myself and was far broader. The monster seemed, as it were, to have four arms or legs, for all his limbs were equally useful to him.

But the gorilla was evidently in a bad state of health, and already considerably pamped. His onslaught on me was not as impetuous as the former one. I was fairly cool, even in that fearful moment, and had tossed my arms about to get

on the excrescence under the ribs which I have previously mentioned, jumping out of the way as I did so. The loathsome creature staggered a few paces forward, blood poured from his mouth, and he fell dead at my feet. His fall caused such consternation, that the crowd of spectators began to scamper. I lost not a moment. I got out of the gateway, seized my double rifle, and took a hop, skip, and a jump on to the dais. Then seizing the sword of state I brought it down with my full force on the chief's head, cleaving him almost



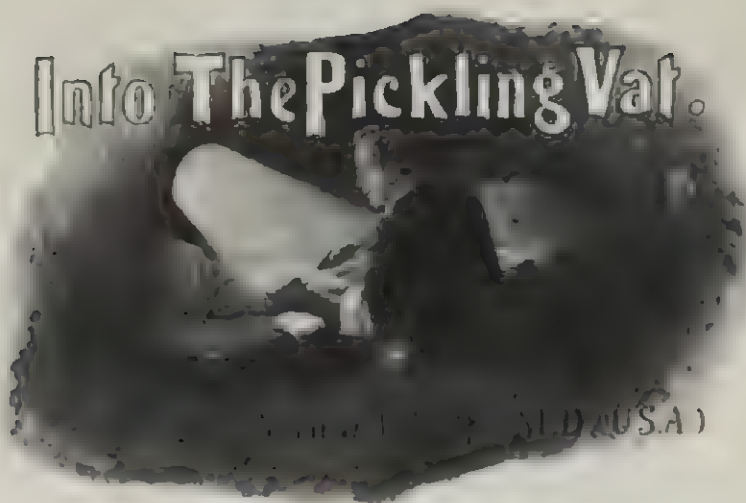
"THUS, THE SWORD OF STATE, WHICH WAS IN THE KING'S HAND."

to the chin. I then fired right and left amongst the terrified crowd of niggers, and whilst they scampered one way, I seized my other rifle and fled in the opposite direction.

Such was the terror of the people that they fled right into the bush, and my followers eventually got loose and made tracks also, though I did not meet them for three days. We then hurried on to where we had left our boats. I got to the island where the factories were, told the Europeans what had happened, and they all joined in raising a punitive force. Your friend Johnson accompanied me. When we arrived at the place where the town had been, however, we found it a mere ruin. The natives had scattered,

and the neighbouring tribes had either slaughtered them or reduced them to slavery. We found the remains of the diabolical chief and of two other natives who had evidently died from my shots. We also discovered the skeleton of the ape, and the remains of poor Blue Runt. I had his body buried, and a fair present reconciled his women folk to his loss. The head of the chief, with part of the sword-blade embedded in it, and also the head of the gorilla, I have in my possession, and will ask you to take home for me. I found all my ivory and all my goods intact. The people had been so terrified that they had not looted the hats near the inclosure, and the town itself had probably been accidentally burnt.

Into The Pickling Vat.



A "creepy" story told by a distinguished American scientist, of how he lost his head under gruesome circumstances, and actually battled with the floating population of a great vat.



DR. HERMAN W. WELLS, DEPT. OF ANTH., U.S.A.
From a Photo.



His experience which I am about to relate is such as falls to the lot of very few. The familiarity of members of the medical profession with the horror-inspiring objects which lend ghastliness to the adventure may strip it, so far as they are concerned, of some of its uncanny elements, but the narration is calculated to arouse decidedly "creepy" sensations in the lay readers.

Shortly after graduating in medicine from the University of _____, something over ten years ago, I was appointed to the position of Assistant

Demonstrator and Prosector to the Chair of Anatomy in that celebrated institution. Since the beginning of my medical studies, I was conscious of a growing fondness for the subject of anatomy, and during my University course I was in the habit of spending much of my time in the dissecting room examining wet and dry preparations and making special dissections for preservation.

It is remarkable how soon the most timid student becomes habituated to the sight of dead and mutilated bodies, and begins to regard them with an eye solely to their qualifications as a sacrifice on the altar of science.

The contemplation of a young, robust "stiff," cut down in the midst of health by some acute malady, fills the heart of the young disciple of Galen with pure joy—very much, perhaps, as the sight of a fat missionary was wont to warm the cockles of the heart of the cannibalistic Fijian.

At the time the position was tendered me, I had thoroughly conquered any lingering repugnance that I might have entertained for my work. It was, as I soon found, sufficiently arduous and exacting to drive away any abhorrence which might have been aroused had I possessed more opportunities for idleness and play of the imagination. My duties required my constant attendance in the dissecting-room, superintending the work of the student



[Front]

THE WOMEN'S DISSECTING HALL.

[Rear]

clubs, and preparing the dissections for the next day's lecture. These dissections were done always at night and generally alone; except for a chance visit of some zealous student, it may well be presumed that my theatre of action was given a wide berth. Passers-by were not apt to tarry long in the neighbourhood of the building, which, even in the daytime, was far from being popular.

The dissecting hall was situated in an eight or ten acre inclosure, 500yds. from the nearest dormitory, and was a long, wide, one-story brick building, connected at the side with the anatomical hall, a more pretentious structure. It was well equipped with the usual paraphernalia of this species of laboratory, and was lighted by swinging incandescent lamps, which could be turned on at once, either singly or all over the hall, by means of a button just within the door. This latter arrangement was made in contemplation of the

disagreeable features of darkness in that gruesome place.

In the cellar there was a long, zinc-lined tank, or pickling vat, as it was called. It occupied nearly the whole of the floor of the cellar. Its sides were raised about 2ft. from the ground, and there was a space of perhaps 3ft. between the exposed sides of the vat and the walls of the building. In this vat, which was filled to within a short distance of the top with a strong mixture of salt and water, were kept the "subjects." These were wrapped

in jute bagging and tied loosely about with ropes. A large number of bodies were kept constantly in the vat, and were taken out as they were needed, the work of removing them from their unnatural element being accomplished by the muscular negro janitor, who, out of deference to his long tenure of office and the nature of his occupation, was universally called "Doctor." The process of lifting the bodies was greatly expedited by giving the "Doctor" a long pull from a bottle of corn whisky kept



THE NEGRO JANITOR, "DOCTOR"

especially for these occasions. When thus fortified he did his work with great neatness and despatch; otherwise he pretended that the labour was too great for his unaided strength.

Just over the vat, in the floor of the hall above, there was a trap-door through which passed the rope of the block and tackle apparatus by means of which the bodies were hoisted. Nearer the wall there was another trap-door giving on to steps leading to the cellar below. The outside door of the cellar opened upon a shallow area, and was not much used except when subjects were received. Let me be frank, and say that the corpses usually came in straw-lined whisky barrels, billed and conspicuously labelled "potatoes." The trap-door last mentioned was never kept locked, and it was this apparently trivial fact that occasioned what was very nearly a tragedy.

It came about in this way: One night in December I left my apartments as usual about nine o'clock to go to the dissecting-room, with the intention of finishing the difficult dissection of some of the cranial nerves. It was a fierce, dark, blustering night. The wind was blowing great guns. It tore around the buildings, and whenever I crossed an open space, almost lifted me off my feet. The thermometer was several degrees below freezing point, and the blasts were not only strong, but icy cold. I was thoroughly chilled by the time I reached the dissecting hall; and my buffings by the wind had not added to my good humour. To my intense annoyance and chagrin, I discovered when I had at length reached the shelter of the dissecting-room door that I had forgotten to bring the key, and that, therefore, I was locked out. Rather than again brave the elements and return to my room for the key, I decided to enter by the cellar door, work my way around the vat, go up the stairs to the trap-door, and thence to the hall. I made the further cheerful discovery just at this juncture that I had no matches. Despite this complication, I was still perversely determined to carry out my intention of gaining ingress through the cellar.

Accordingly I groped my way cautiously along the wall, guided entirely by the sense of touch, until I came to the break in the wall which I knew was occupied by the door. Bracing myself against this, I pushed vigorously and, aided by the wind, soon succeeded in opening it. It required considerable effort, as it was ill-fitting and too large for the frame. I stepped gingerly over the sill and into the cellar. The darkness here was, if anything, more intense than that without. I stood irresolute for a moment, and then proceeded to feel my way

along the wall, hugging it closely and making short, shuffling steps. I had to pass around three sides of the vat to reach the stair, which was scarcely more than a ladder, and was directly across the vat from the door. I had accomplished very little of the distance around, which seemed interminable, when a sudden furious gust of wind swept my hat from my head. I instinctively raised my hands to catch it, and in doing so stumbled over a pile of dry human bones whose existence I had forgotten. In a moment I was overbalanced. I tried desperately, but in vain, to recover myself, and then, with a snort of terror, *I plunged head first into the icy brine of the great vat!*

A black whirlwind of horror surged over me in the instant of falling, and in another moment I was floundering amongst the dreadful denizens of the vat. I must have been too much startled to cry for help, and even had I done so, it would have been unheard in the tempest, and at best there was no one within reach of my voice. The vat was nearly full of subjects. Some were lying on the bottom, and others buoyed up by the ballooning of their wrappings. Spitting out a great mouthful of the stinking, briny fluid, my clothes dripping wet, and streams pouring down my face, I waded, groping for the side of the vat. In the first struggle to extricate myself from the tangle of bodies, my foot became engaged in a rope that bound the feet of one of the corpses, and my movements to free myself turned the body completely over. The sudden turn as the body righted itself jerked my foot from under me, and the other foot slipping on the slimy bottom, I was thrown backward and again submerged, half-dead with horror and loathing.

The blackness, the bitter chill of the water, and the knowledge of what the floating, rigid things touching me were, seemed to benumb my senses, and I was only conscious of an entralling fear. I was consumed with a wild terror, which physically manifested itself in a sort of frenzy, and I struck out at the corpses around me, and tore at them like a maniac. Sight was blotted out, and I could only feel, and feeling added to my horror and sense of loathing.

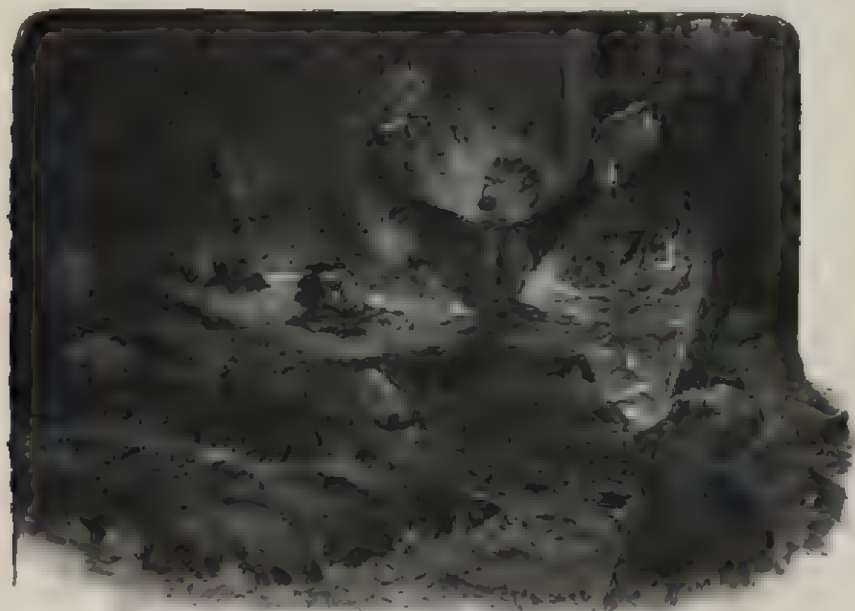
Now and then my hands would encounter the woolly head of a negro, or strike violently against some stiffened member escaped from its fastenings. Pushing the heavy bodies away, trampling on them and tripping over them, with the water up past my throat, I at length reached the side of the great tank.

To me it seemed a wide ocean with myself caught in the ghastly drift of all the dead in it. Incumbered by my wet clothes and with fingers

rigid with cold, I was almost powerless to raise myself, and several times slipped back into the reeking brine. At each time, I felt as though one of those shrivelled hands had reached up and dragged me back in revenge for my share in their melancholy fate. With one

me, and I suffered no damage from my ghastly adventure, save the shock to my nerves.

Thinking over it from this distance of time, I am convinced that I was in no real danger, except that possibly I might have become imprisoned under the mass of floating bodies



"I WAS THROWN BACKWARD AND AGAIN SCUMMED UP."

final effort, however, I pulled myself up to the top and rolled over the edge of the vat on to the ground. I lay for a moment, weak with fear and horror, and then rose and groped my way to the door. It was, fortunately, not far, as I had scrambled out of that ghoulish pit on the same side as that from which I had fallen. Reaching the outside, and unmindful of the darkness and wind, I started off at a brisk run, and was soon at my apartments. A warm bath and dry clothes revived

and drowned. I am surprised at my childish terror, but it demonstrates that beneath the acquired indifference there was that strong dread for the company of the dead common to all mortals.

The horror of it clung to me for a long time, and even now it gives me a sort of nervous chill when I think of my plunge into the huge, dark pickling vat, whose dull surface seemed alive with stark corpses, that seemed to bob up and down in derision about me.

Experiences of a Somnambulist.

By MISS MAUDE CROSSLAND.

The exciting experience of a young girl in Queensland. A story of a thrilling chase and fearfully anxious moments in hiding.



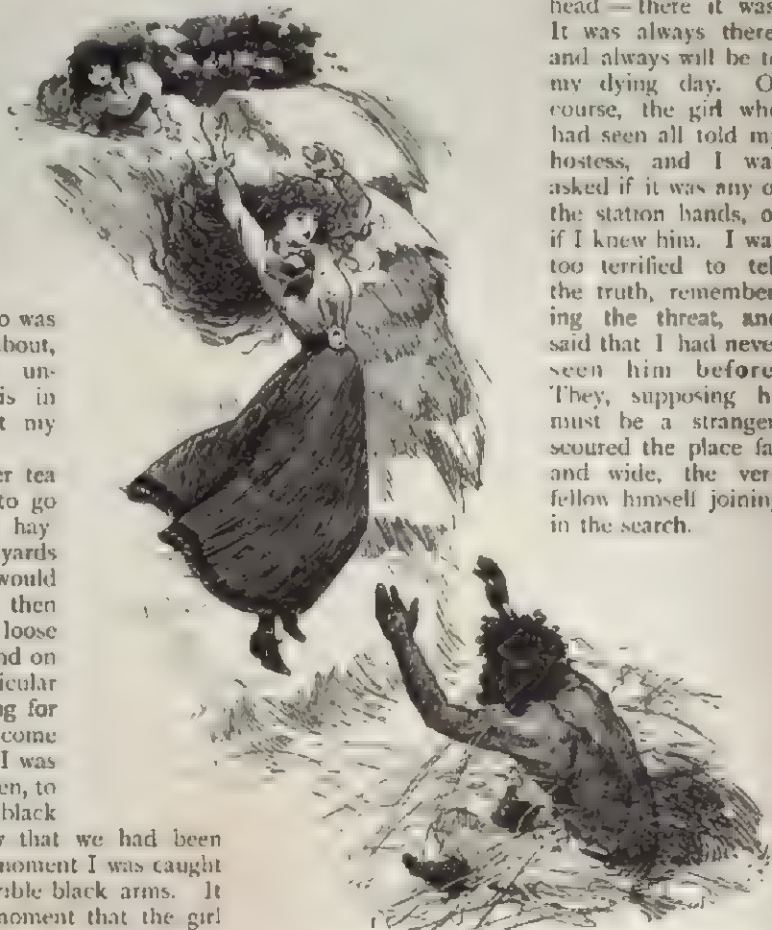
It has occurred to me that it might interest the readers of this Magazine to hear some of the more startling adventures which a somnambulist has been through. I had always walked in my sleep since I was a child, but nothing very remarkable happened to me until I was sixteen years old, seven years ago. I was then staying on a station in the back blocks of New South Wales (Gundagai district), thirty six miles from any town, and twelve or fifteen miles from any habitation but that of blacks. The place simply swarmed with blacks: in fact, all the hands on the station were blacks. Now, I was in continual terror of these fellows, and especially of a tall, powerful (Queenslander, who was constantly following me about, turning up in the most unexpected places; and it is in connection with him that my first experience began.

It was our custom, after tea in the summer evenings, to go playing on and about a hay stack some two hundred yards from the house. We would clamber up one side and then jump down on to some loose straw that lay on the ground on the other side. On this particular night we had been frolicking for about five minutes. It had come to my turn to jump, and I was half way through the air when, to my horror, I saw a great black head rise out of the straw that we had been jumping on, and the next moment I was caught and held tightly in two horrible black arms. It was well for me at that moment that the girl who was next to jump saw what happened, and,

screaming in terror, fled with all the others at her heels. The Queenslander (for it was he), muttering fiercely in my ear that if I told he would kill me, dropped me violently.

I knew no more till I found myself, an hour later, tucked up in bed. I cannot describe the horrible feeling of fear that took hold of me. Everywhere I looked I could see that dreadful head emerging from the bed of straw. Close

my eyes, cover my head—there it was. It was always there, and always will be to my dying day. Of course, the girl who had seen all told my hostess, and I was asked if it was any of the station hands, or if I knew him. I was too terrified to tell the truth, remembering the threat, and said that I had never seen him before. They, supposing he must be a stranger, scoured the place far and wide, the very fellow himself joining in the search.



"I SAW A GREAT BLACK HEAD RISE OUT OF THE STRAW."

That night my hostess, seeing the terrible state I was in, took me to sleep in her room, and the next day I followed her about, never leaving her side for an instant. That night I again slept in her room: and now comes the most thrilling part of my tale. I remember keeping awake till nearly two o'clock. My nerves had undergone such a shock the evening but one before that, do what I would, I could not go to sleep. Then I dropped to sleep, or thought I did, and dreamed that I was again playing on the haystack, and going through the same horrible experience, and that this time the man had caught me and was carrying me away, running with me swiftly through the bush. I thought it was raining, and that he was running along a cattle-track up a steep hill in a dense scrub, when he slipped and fell, the fall loosening his hold of me. Before he had time to catch me I was up and flying for my life down the hill the way we had come, when my long hair caught in some briars and held me tightly. And now in another minute he would be up with me, when, with an effort, I tore myself free, leaving almost half my hair sticking in the briars.

On I rushed—I could almost feel the dreadful creature's breath upon my cheek when with a plunge I suddenly realized that I was up to my knees in water. Oh, horror of horrors! The shock of the water awakened me, and I found myself, clad only in my night dress, standing in a creek that ran a mile or more from the homestead, and within a few paces of me stood that terrible black fellow — no dream, but a living reality, and his hand out stretched to grasp me! I stood almost petrified, not knowing what to do.

There I stood, in the dead of night, in the lonely bush, far away from the house, the great tall black pines that grew along the banks hemming me in and making the water which I stood in appear as black as ink. But blacker still

was the horrible thing that stood glaring at me from the bank. Great heavens, what was I to do? Turn whichever way I would, I knew what the end must be, for he would catch me. Once I thought of falling where I stood and drowning, but, when I nearly put my thought into action, I reflected that, even if I did so, he would seize me before I had time to drown.

And now he became impatient, and commenced wading towards me. At the very sight of those horrible arms, which he again stretched out, terror seemed to give me strength, and with a loud cry, I turned and rushed up the bank. I can never tell you how I ran! My feet seemed to fly. On I flew through a dense growth of thistles whose thorns tore at and lacerated my feet, but I heeded them not. Anything was better than to be left to the mercy of the dreadful monster that came panting behind me. I was a swift runner, and as I ran, the thought struck me that, if I could only dodge him, I might even then escape. Almost before I knew what I was doing, I had turned off a little to the right, and ran back to the place where I had started from. When I reached it, I stood and listened. He had found out what I had done, and came crashing back.

For a second I stood. I knew that if I crossed the stream and ran up the bank he must see my white night-dress. My God! there he was, emerging from the thistles into the opening. He had seen me, and with a yell was coming on at full speed towards me. Now all fear seemed to leave me, and, with a



"HE COMMENCED WADING TOWARD ME."

prayer that God would let me drown rather than leave me at the mercy of this dreadful creature, who was pursuing me under such fearful conditions. I seemed to fall rather than throw myself into the water, and I sank immediately. After an interval, which appeared to be an eternity, but was really only a second or two, I rose again, and was carried on down the stream.

Before I go any further, I might state that my hair is very long and thick, reaching far below my knees. It was my custom to brush and leave it hanging loosely before going to bed. Now, instead of catching in trowsers as in my dream, it became entangled in the wire of a bridge which, at this point, crossed the stream. It consisted simply of two parallel wires stretched from bank to bank, and covered with slabs of stringy bark. For a while I washed to and fro, held tightly by my hair, and all this time the same numb feeling that I experienced when I fell or sprang from the bank possessed me, and I felt not the least fear. I remember thinking, in a calm kind of way, that hanging as I was by my hair, with my head and shoulders out of the water, it was impossible for me to drown. Yet this did not seem to trouble me either. I felt quite content.

Presently I was brought back to reality by a muttering sound just above my head. I looked up, and standing on the bridge, which was swaying to and fro under his weight, was that black fiend. Then the horror of the situation again took hold of me, and I remembered aid. My sense of horror and loathing knew no bounds. Had he seen me? Was I, after all, to be left to his mercy? But no, he was walking on, still muttering savagely, the bridge swaying from side to side under his feet, and pulling me backwards and forwards at every swerve. Now, I knew that if once he got to the other side and looked back, which he was sure to do (for was he not looking for me?), all would be lost, for my white night dress would surely betray me. Then it was that I noticed a hiding-place under the bridge where it joined the bank. If I could only get to that! But my hair held me inexorably. 'God in Heaven! what was I to do?' In another minute he would be across. Seizing my hair, I tore at it with my hands and teeth, for I believe I was mad in my terror. Finally I broke loose, and, more dead than alive, crawled up under the bridge—not one single moment too soon—for almost as I reached it, it gave a final swing and ceased rocking.

To understand more fully the position of my hiding place, it is necessary to describe more accurately the make and position of the bridge. As I have stated, it consisted of

two parallel wires stretching from bank to bank, twisted and fastened on one side to a couple of stout oaks. The end of the bridge under which I was hiding extended a considerable distance on to the sloping bank, being fastened at this end to two sunken posts. There was also another wire extending from bank to bank, about 4ft. higher than the bridge. This, persons crossing, were obliged to hold fast to, to prevent themselves from being jerked by the swaying motion of the bridge into the waters beneath. It was this wire that had caught and held my hair. It had snapped some time or other, and had been roughly twisted with other jagged ends to a portion of the bridge a yard or so from the bank. The creek was flooded at this time, the water being almost on a level with the bridge. Hence my coming in contact with and being caught by the wire as I floated along.

My readers will know that beneath almost all bridges where they join the bank there is a kind of hollow, or recess. It was into this that I crept, completely spent. And thanks to the *débris* that the flood had left behind, together with a thick growth of docks and nettles, I felt that unless my fearful pursuer came by the very opening through which I had entered, he would never find me. For here the bark drooped at either side of the bridge and had become firmly embedded.

How dark it was! So dark, indeed, that I could not see my hand. The horror of it all comes back to me now as I write, making me sick and faint. Can anyone picture my agony as I crouched there, not knowing the minute that horrible hand would be thrust through to grasp me? And then another horror seized me, and I remembered that only that afternoon when we girls had come down with the sledge to watch the men drawing water, a great brown snake had been seen coiled up beside a rock. The men ran with their whips to kill him, but he was too quick for them, and actually ran under the very place where I had taken refuge. Almost simultaneously with this thought something cold touched my naked feet, seeming to freeze the very blood in my veins. How I kept from screaming and rushing from the place, I do not know to this hour. But I mastered my impulse, thinking it was better for me to die where I was, terrible as it must be, than to face the fate which awaited me at the hands of my dreaded pursuer.

I tried to pray, but could not, so sat on there, my despair and terror too great to describe. Up to this, from the time I entered my hiding place I had not heard a sound, and this made it all the more terrible, inasmuch as I could not

tell where that fearful creature might be. He might even then be watching me and gloating over my misery: his hand at that moment might be gliding through the darkness to clutch me. Where, oh, where, was he? Could it be possible that, thinking me drowned, he had gone back to the house? Or was he in some place near at hand, silently watching, perhaps suspecting that I was hidden, and waiting for me to show myself? Great heavens! the suspense was awful.

My last surmise proved correct, for at that instant I heard a cracking noise as of breaking twigs, followed by stealthy footsteps, and then deep breathing.

At that point, unable to bear any more, I swooned. I do not remember any more till I was brought to myself by the sound of a loud, prolonged "coo-ee." I listened breathlessly. There it was again, and yet again. It appeared to be getting closer. And now the cracking became louder, the dense darkness slowly but

fours through the opening, was the hideous Queenslander. The light had indeed revealed my hiding place. Craning his neck, he glared horribly around. I sat as if turned to stone, my gaze fascinated, utterly unable to remove my eyes from the hideous thing that came wriggling towards me. When within two or three feet of me he lay flat and wriggled off to the right, and now turned so that his face was towards the opening, his feet towards me. Was it possible that the clump of docks, the only barrier between us, had kept him from seeing me? What did it mean? If he did not know I was there, why had he come? Or was he only doing this to torture me the more? A great fit of trembling seized me, and I shivered and shook so that some rotten twigs and sticks I was sitting on crunched and rattled beneath me. At this the huge head turned, and the fierce eyes rolled searchingly about the little place. Then I thought my last hour had come.

Half fainting, I closed my eyes and waited,

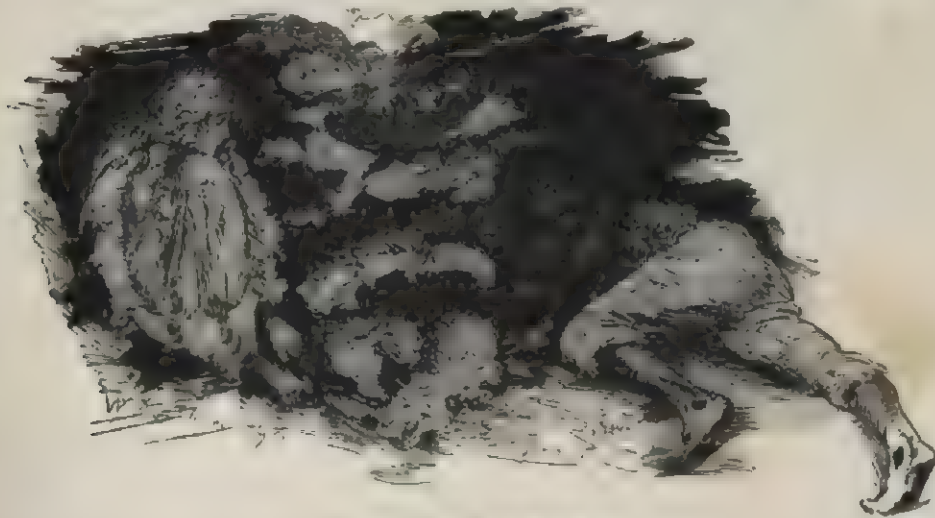


FIG. 60. MY LAST REFUGIUM.

surely vanishing, and every moment it got lighter and lighter. I knew well whom the "coo-ee" belonged to, but try as I would I could not utter a sound in reply. Besides, I knew very well that, the moment I did so, the owner of those deep, fierce breaths would be upon me before I had time to show myself to my rescuers. It became so light now that I could discern every object round me quite plainly. Someone was shouting my name. I could also hear the crashing and crackling getting nearer and nearer.

And then a thing happened that will haunt me to my last hour. For there, crawling on all

expecting to be dragged out, the end then quickly following. I had screwed myself into such a small compass, and so tightly had I jammed myself in my terror between the bark and plank, that it became an utter impossibility for him to do other than stretch out his hands and drag me out. For at this point the space from ground to bridge was too small to admit of so huge a body as his.

So I waited, my eyes still closed, the blood apparently frozen in my veins, my heart seeming as though it had stopped beating, and that I was already as one dead. Hours appeared to pass, which were really only seconds. Still

he had not touched me, neither was there a sound. All was silent as the grave. I opened my eyes and looked. What could it mean? Was I really dead, or dreaming? There he was, in the same position he had taken up on entering, his eyes no longer searching the place, but intently watching the opening. And, yes, there were voices—someone was talking. With bated breath I listened. Then I knew what had happened. In the darkness, and owing to the flood, he must have deemed it impossible that I could have hidden beneath the bridge: then, as it grew lighter, in his cunning found it might be possible, and so began his search.

Hearing the "coo-ees," and knowing that they belonged to people from the station in search of me, he gave one piercing glance round, and, not seeing me, he thought only of himself and the vengeance that would be assuredly meted out to him. If he were found there, suspicion must fall on him. Would he not be missed from among the hands when they were called up to look for me? It was a revolting sight to watch this cowardly ruffian. On hearing the voices so close, he twisted and coiled himself into a loathsome heap, his teeth chattering, his flesh quivering, and he shrank back, crashing down the clump of docks that had hidden me so faithfully.

The talking got fainter and fainter. Realizing this, and what awaited me if he only turned his head the eighth of an inch, my horror was such that I could not utter a sound or even move a finger. In those few moments I seemed to live a lifetime. Why he did not hear my breathing is beyond my comprehension, seeing that I could easily have touched him with my hand. He seemed to have entirely forgotten my existence in his terror at the consequences of being caught there. When the voices had ceased he crawled back to his previous position, his eyes still fastened on the opening. I felt now that I must go raving mad if this continued much longer. As I lay, my reason slowly, but surely, forsaking me, someone spoke.

Dear Heaven! how it all comes back to me, and with what gratitude and love do I recall the owner of that dear voice, and will, till the end of time! For it was the voice of my old host, who was calling out in trembling accents, "Maude, for the love of God, if you are any where near, answer me!"

Then they were not gone—they were there, there, almost in reach of my hand, and yet I dared not call. Then in my desire to escape from this horror at all costs, and taking courage from hearing the voices, I became cunning, and did as he had done. I lay flat and wriggled along till my head was almost on a level with

his head. My feelings can be better imagined than described as I thus lay. Then, with a superhuman effort, I quickly and stealthily gathered myself to my feet, and in a half-stooping position (for I could not stand upright) dashed through the opening into the water.

With a muttered oath, the huge savage stretched out his hand and caught fiercely at my hair, dragging me back till my head rested on the bank, my face upturned. For an instant my eyes gazed into his eyes, then, uttering a piercing scream, I fainted.

When I came to myself I was being borne hurriedly along in someone's arms, a great talking and clattering going on all round me. Then all became dark again, and I knew nothing more for eight long weeks. When I then recovered, my health was broken and my nerves all but destroyed by a dangerous attack of brain fever. And indeed, even to this day, my nerves are a constant misery to me.

It was not till six months afterwards that I was considered well enough to be told the particulars of my rescue. It appeared that my hostess, who slept soundly, did not awake and miss me till some time between three and four o'clock, so that I must have been fully two hours going through my dreadful experiences. Seeing my empty bed, and knowing that I walked in my sleep, she quickly took in the situation. Throwing on her dressing-gown, she came out, thinking that she would find me somewhere about the house or grounds. Then, after about ten minutes' hunt, finding that there was no trace of me and becoming alarmed, she roused the household, who very quickly were searching in all directions. None of them seemed to think of going to the creek. They kept hunting about near the homestead, till one of the sons of my host, who was carrying a lantern, noticed a naked footprint in the soft mud; for there had been a shower early in the evening. Following this up, he came on another and yet another, mingling with other and larger footprints. At the sight of these other and larger footprints he became bewildered and anxious. Calling to the others he showed them to them, who in their turn became equally affected, and did not know what to make of it. Were they my footsteps, and if so, what were the others doing intermingling with them? Something dreadful had indeed happened.

After a few minutes' consultation, they one and all agreed that I had been followed, whether awake or asleep, by someone, they knew not whither.

Following the footsteps, they ran along, now and again "coo-eeing" so that if I were anywhere near I should know that help was at hand. On

they went, till they traced them to the brink of the creek. Then all trace of them vanished. At this point they thought I was, indeed, drowned or that something dreadful had befallen me, when my old host suggested going

was fast breaking day), they noticed a piece of embroidery, which had been torn from my night dress, adhering to a thistle close by the bridge.

My hostess, on catching sight of it, cried to



HE DRAGGED ME BACK TO MY DEAD POSTER ON THE BANK.

the other side. This they did, and came again upon the footsteps, tracing them through the thistles and back again, where the smaller ones ceased finally this time, and only the larger ones were to be seen, as though the owner of them had been running up and down the bank in search of someone or something. Then they, too, ended, and search as they would, not another clue could they find. The men had begun to search farther down, and my old host and hostess, in despair, were about to follow them, when, in the grey light (for it

was never seen or heard of again. Then it was that he called to me to answer if I were anywhere near. And my scream, almost immediately following, brought them, together with the men, who came running back, to the brink, to see nothing but the tips of two fingers of two hands sinking beneath the water just below where they stood. Several of the men hastily sprang in, the foremost among them catching and bringing me to the bank—dead, as they thought. As for the Queenslander, he

Outlandish Shops.

By JOHN CRAVEN.

Something that will amuse you after you have done your Christmas shopping. Actual photographs of queer and savage emporiums, with full descriptions of the wares and the customers.



VERYBODY delights in shopping, and it is difficult to conceive a country or an historical period, however remote, in which this pleasure has not appealed to everyone with time or money to spare. In civilized lands there is the advantage of a wide selection of goods, and shoppers may find a liberal education in proceeding from shop to shop, turning over the wares which they may or may not intend to buy, and even in flattening their noses against the windows to take stock of the tempting displays. But for the real enjoyment of shopping we must go far afield into countries where the small variety is amply made up for by the quaintness of the goods, where our visit is looked upon as a pleasant opportunity for a chat, and we are made welcome, however much or little we intend to buy; and where, moreover, we find the exquisite uncertainty, amounting almost to a gamble, of having to bargain for everything we buy.

Take a shop in Turkey or Tunis, for instance. Directly we set foot over the threshold, a courtly merchant comes forward with all the alacrity of a spider whose web has just been invaded by a very fat fly, and he overwhelms us with compliments. Coffee is brought, and elaborate inquiries are repeated as to our health and our opinions. We are made to feel that we are honoured guests, and that no mere sordid considerations of gain are in any way to interfere with our newly formed friendship. Indeed, the very existence of merchandise is kept well in the background until we ourselves deign to make known our wishes. Even then it is impressed upon us that we are to consider ourselves entirely at home, and that, while we may gratify our curiosity, and inspect everything to our heart's content, we are not to feel in the least degree constrained to buy. When at last we have made our choice, and been asked at least ten times the value of the goods, the real fun of the fair begins.

Suppose we offer about twice as much as we ought to do, the expressions of horror, amazement, and disappointment on the part of the merchant are so perfectly acted that we probably feel terribly ashamed of ourselves. Was there ever anyone so mean as to come into

the premises of this courteous and hospitable gentleman, and, after taking advantage of all his kindness and putting him to so much trouble, to add insult to injury by offering him such an impossible price? Of course, he is far too polite and high-minded to hint at such a thing, but the grieved expression upon his face only makes us feel the more despicable.

"Take the things for nothing," he says, insinuatingly; "my dignity forbids that I should part with my wares except at my own price, which I call Allah to witness brings me in scarcely any profit. You are my friend, and we will not degrade ourselves by bargaining. The things are yours. I make you a present of them."

Of course, we will not hear of such a thing, and we prepare to depart in a chastened mood. But we have scarcely reached the door when he runs after us to close with our price, and when we have paid what was pronounced to be an insult, his expressions of thanks and his many entreaties to us to return again serve to lighten our conscience and persuade us that, after all, he has probably not made such a bad bargain. We have, doubtless, been robbed, but it has all been done so charmingly, that we are far better pleased with ourselves than if we had bought the same goods for half the price from a surly shopman in Regent Street. The instinct of bargaining is, after all, so deeply rooted in human nature that really astute vendors, even in the business-like shops of civilized cities, find it profitable to pander to it. There are probably few devices so profitable and successful as that of ticketing, say, a 5s. article at 7s. 6d. and letting it go at 5s. 11½d. And the same principle is at the back of the whole system of sales and fictitious remnants which drive the average modern woman to the verge of delirious joy.

One of the advantages of Oriental shopping is that we may find all the dealers in the same wares together. The idea that two of a trade never agree is exclusively a Western notion. If you or I were going to set up as shoemakers in Westminster, we should choose a street, or at any rate part of a street, where shoemakers were scarce. If we opened our establishment next door to an existing shoemaker, it would be concluded that we meant to do him a bad turn.

In the East, however, we should seek out the shoemakers' street and take our shop there, amongst all the other shoemakers of the quarter. If we did not do so, no custom would be likely to come our way, for anyone intending to buy shoes would, as a matter of course, repair to the shoemakers' street and make his selection there.

This beautiful photograph gives a very good idea of the shoemakers' street in Stamboul, and



From a Photo by

THE SHOEMAKERS' STREET IN STAMBOUL.

Colin S. Gardner, Istanbul.

it will be observed that, far from scowling at each other in jealous rivalry, the various traders are all very good friends, and pass the time between the intervals of business in gossiping most amiably together. As they all have the same interests, or, at any rate, the same topics of interest, they are naturally cut out for each other's society, and their street affords them a kind of impromptu club, where they can talk shop to their hearts' content. As they are all subject to the absolute authority of the head of their guild, disputes are extremely rare, and, if they do occur, are very promptly and easily settled.

These shops give a very good idea of the general structure of shops in the East. They are like great open cupboards at the side of the street. The merchants and workmen squat cross-legged inside, and do the greater part of their work there. Their stock in trade is exhib-

ited as much as possible outside, and in this case affords a picturesque patch of brilliant red and yellow. What there is not room for outside is stored away on ledges within. At nightfall all the goods are deposited inside, and great heavy shutters are brought down. At the time of the recent massacres in Constantinople, one of the most distinctive signals of a disturbance was to hear these shutters being let down with loud bangs one after the other in

front of the shops of Armenians.

The greater number of the shoemakers in Constantinople, as in most other parts of the East, are Jews, and those in this street are no exception.

Shops in India are naturally on a more primitive plane, but in their way they are no less picturesque, and often, indeed, are a great deal more interesting and curious. In many places you may be privileged to behold a god-shop, where all sorts of curious divinities of fantastic

shapes, wearing the loads of animals or countless hands to symbolize their power, may be purchased at prices ranging from fourpence to a shilling.

The next photograph will puzzle most people at first sight. A cursory glance would convey the impression that the two amiable boys squatting within were presiding over a kind of savage armoury, consisting chiefly of tomahawks and short spears. As a matter of fact, however, they turn out to be dealers in one of the emblems of peace—the tobacco pipe. The round objects on the floor are coconut shells, which form the staple article in the manufacture of the Bنگل no kah or hubbly bubble. The shell has two holes bored in it, one at the top and the other at the side. One of the wooden stems, which we were inclined to mistake for spears, is fixed into the hole at the top, while a hollow clay cup, which has been



From a]

A FIER SHOP IN BENGAL.

[Photo.

baked in a potter's kiln, is affixed to the other hole and serves to hold the tobacco. The shell is half-filled with water, and, the tobacco having been ignited by the application of a live coal, the smoke is drawn into the mouth through the water by sucking at the stem.

It is the same principle as that of the Turkish narghileh, only on a simpler scale, and affords the chief if not the only luxury of a large proportion of the natives of Bengal. These water-pipes are supposed to purify the smoke on its passage, and to render it much more healthy for the smoker. Luxurious people in Turkey use rose-water in these pipes, but the only result is to give a sweet and somewhat sickly taste to the smoke. The bubbling noise occasioned by smoking these pipes is to be heard in every town and village of Bengal, and affords one of those haunting associations which linger longest in the memory after a traveller has gone away.

The next photograph represents a fruit shop taken in the same district, some twelve miles above Calcutta on the right bank of the Hooghly, and in spite of the simplicity of

its construction, it probably does as much business as nearly every other kind of country shop put together. In this thirsty land everybody must have fruit, and the sweet reasonableness of the prices enables them to do so. The great golden pineapples, which jostle each other in a gorgeous cataract, are to be had with judicious bargaining for about twopence apiece, while coconuts, freshly cut from the trees and well filled with refreshing milk, cost no more than a half-penny each. A pile of bananas immediately in front of the shopkeeper is still more ridiculously cheap, and a dozen or two

of the best may readily be purchased for a penny. It is indeed the vegetarian's paradise, and one ceases to wonder that Buddha should have prescribed fruit as the main article of diet in these countries. The old man crouching there at the receipt of custom is one of the hard-working cultivators of Bengal. He has grown his fruit on his own little holding, and has brought it many miles in a cart to sell here by the wayside in the neighbourhood of a fair. Behind him are his wife and children, who have come to help him, and also, perhaps, to see something of



[Photo.]

A FIER SHOP NEAR CALCUTTA.

[Photo.]



From a

A VILLAGE SCENE IN CHUTIA NAGPORE.

(Photo)

the festival of Juggernaut. Though fruit is so cheap, it must be remembered that money is very scarce hereabouts, and that fruit has always offered peculiar temptations to small boys in every land. Accordingly we must not be surprised to notice that the man's eye is exceptionally vigilant, and that he is constantly on the look-out for possible depredators.

The next three illustrations have been taken in the Indian district of Chutia Nagpore. The first may be described as a village public house among the half-savage Kols, an aboriginal race which provides the greater part of the labourers for the tea plantations of Assam. A dilapidated sign-board hangs from the tree on the left, which when in leaf may do duty for the proverbial bush. The landlord of the establishment is standing in the middle of the group, and the development of her biceps suggests that on occasion she might also prove useful as a "chucker-out." She has paused in the act of serving a young gentleman with rice-beer out of an earthen pot in order that she may not lose the opportunity of figuring in a photograph. The Mr. Baba sits behind

indulging in a friendly round. The individual in front on the extreme right is a strolling minstrel, who plays for the entertainment of customers upon a single-stringed guitar of bamboo with an empty gourd as a sounding-board.

We now come to a sweet-shop at the town of Ranehee in the same district, but its wares are not likely to appeal to fastidious Europeans. The confectionery is displayed upon filthy ragged



From a

A SWEET-SHOP IN RANEHEE, INDIA.

(Photo)

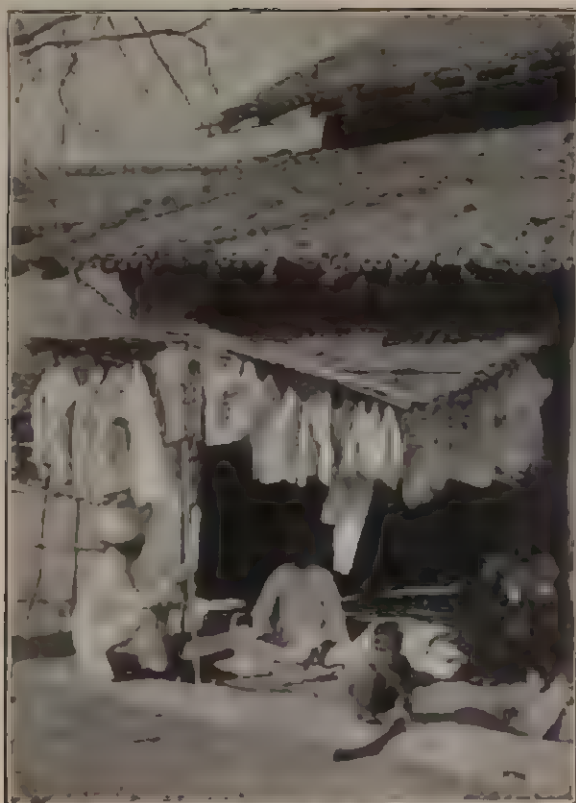


FIGURE 11. A TAILOR'S SHOP IN CHAPASSA, INDIA.

cloths, and is of peculiarly repulsive appearance. There are round balls of pop-corn glued together with *gur*, a kind of very coarse unrefined molasses, and rolled up into round lumps with the palms of hands whose antecedents it is better not to ask about. There are dingy cubes of candy, hollow shells filled with a kind of mud-coloured brittle pastry, and jellabies, which are best described as a rude cobweb made of macaroni and stewed in a nauseous thick syrup. The whole manufacture is done on the premises, and seems to consist chiefly in stirring the various materials with a piece of bamboo in a sort of wicker caudron over the fire. There is no attempt at a chimney, and the smoke, which may

be noticed in the photograph making its escape through the thatch, affords, perhaps, the most characteristic flavouring to the various sweetmeats.

The next photograph is the establishment of a native tailor and outfitter in the principal street of the town of Chattrassa in the same district. His entire stock-in-trade is picturesquely hung round the awning of his shop, and thus serves not only as an advertisement, but as a supplementary protection against the rays of the sun. The tailor is a man of rosy and pleasant appearance, who enjoys great consideration among his neighbours. He is at present engaged in conversation with a well-known *sabdar*, or police officer, who recently distinguished himself in the suppression of a rebellion. It is the hot time of the day, and business is accordingly slack. The assistant at the right of the shop is lazily watching the photographer with an amused smile, and reflecting to himself that it is only dogs and Englishmen who bestir themselves at this time of day.

The accompanying photograph represents a native shop at Abukuta, on the Congo, where an attempt is made to provide a little of everything for the satisfaction of the wants of the village. Four rum bottles of civilized make occupy a prominent position in one of the calabashes, and perhaps account, in a measure, for the hilarious expressions of the vendors. There are also various articles of provisions,



FIGURE 12. A NATIVE SHOP AT ABUKUTA, CONGO.



[Caption] A "GENERAL SHOP" IN THE PHILIPPINES. [Photo.]

from bread to beans, cloths for the simple native clothing, ropes to serve as bridles for the beasts of burden, and a small supply of rude crockery. As money is scarce in this district, a good deal of the business is done by means of barter, and the shopkeepers are content with very small profits and the reflection that they have to work much less hard for their living than those who toil at manual labour for a bare pittance.

Even more picturesque than the native shops of India and Africa are those of the

Philippine Islands, particularly in the villages and by the wayside. Here we have a characteristic stall presided over by a young girl whose expression shows that she has all her wits about her. The women of these islands have the reputation of being better traders than the men, and as the light work of keeping a shop is thought to be specially suited to them, they have secured something of a monopoly of it. Most of their utensils are, more or less, ready-made by Nature, the lazy, cheerful natives being disinclined to give themselves any more trouble than is absolutely necessary. Coconut shells are the favourite receptacles for liquids, though earthenware jars and wooden bowls are also in use. The leaf of the banana palm serves both as a wrapper and a plate on all occasions, and has the advantage of being at once cool, cleanly, and waterproof. The chief wares in this stall are fish fried in oil, boiled rice, betel nut, sweet cakes made of pounded coconut, various fruits, and the morisqueta sugar cane, which is cut into pieces about 15 in. long. Meat is seldom eaten except in the towns.

We now come to a wayside restaurant in Madagascar, which has the merit of extreme simplicity. It consists of a kind of lair, built up of clods of earth, and the goods offered for sale are restricted to thick pancakes of rice and a jar full of water



[Caption] A WAYSIDE RESTAURANT IN MADAGASCAR. [Photo.]

which is doled out to customers in an old gaiter tin. The chief business is done with the bearers of palanquins, the usual conveyance in the country, and if you are suddenly dropped down in the middle of the road and requested to provide money for refreshments, you may know at once where you are. The price of the rice cakes is very variable, and leads to protracted negotiations, which may put a severe test upon your patience. The gentleman in the tall hat would attract attention anywhere else with his original costume, but here he is taken as a matter of course, and he turns out very friendly on closer acquaintance, particularly when you have gratified him with a handsome portion of rice cake.

Though also a model of simplicity in its own way, an up-country store in South Africa presents

body. His stores are as miscellaneous almost as those of the great emporiums of London or Paris, and a settler may satisfy any of his requirements there, whether they be provisions, clothing, tools, machinery, china, glass, bedding, or merely whisky. Whisky indeed is perhaps the staple commodity, and is generally found a very efficient aid in all healing processes. Those who come expecting to find in this store the signal cheapness, which is the first if not the only merit of our own stores, are doomed to disappointment, for even the simplest things are at famine prices, as after all is only natural, seeing that those who consent to expatriate themselves in so remote and desolate a spot must make up their minds to earn a fortune as rapidly as possible and escape to a more congenial locality.



From a Photo. by

AN UP-COUNTRY STORE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

[Barnett]

a striking contrast to its Malagasy colleague, by the appalling precision of its corrugated iron and the business-like aspect of everybody connected with it. Uninviting as it may seem to us, it is peculiarly welcome to a traveller after a long stretch of country without coming into contact with a human habitation. The store-keeper, who, in the democracy of a colony, may turn out to be recruited from almost any class of society—possibly a public school man or possibly an ex-tramp or convict—finds the life so lonely that he is usually delighted to welcome any-

We have now made a tour of inspection through a great variety of outlandish shops in all the most interesting parts of the world, and if we have not been tempted to make a great many purchases, we have at least enjoyed the pleasure of beholding a vast number of picturesque scenes and making acquaintance with many phases of life which have the advantage of being simple and natural. We come back to greater comfort at home, but it remains to ask ourselves whether we may not regret our lack of local colour and the heavy monotony of our well-to-do existence.

How I Escaped from Siberia.

By FELIX VOLKHOWSKY.

The plain, unvarnished story of a Russian political exile, who made up his mind to escape from the terrible rigours of Siberia. His hopes and fears, his perilous encounters, and ultimate triumph.

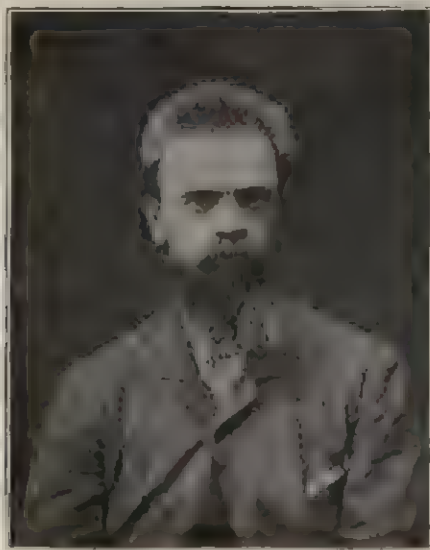


IN 1878 I was banished to Siberia, as a political exile. I was subjected to a mock trial with 107 others, and the charge was described as the participation in a secret society, "formed with the intention of overthrowing the Government, and of having taken part in political and social agitation by means of speeches and printed matter." I was found guilty, deprived of the privileges of nobility and the rights of citizenship, and exiled to Siberia for life.

There I had to live under the strictest police

formerly a student of law, I was allowed to work only at the commonest callings; and it fell to my lot to become, in turns, a house and sign painter and a bookbinder! I was practically placed at the mercy of every official, and this made my life a burden. How many times, by day and by night, was my house invaded by the police! During such visits they have searched the bedding of my wife and children, and they have stripped me of every article of clothing to ascertain that I had no "papers" concealed on me.

I was compelled to visit the police station



FELIX VOLKOWSKY, WHO ESCAPED SIBERIA THROUGH THE
From a Photograph.

supervision. My sentence did not include labour in the mines, or imprisonment within the four walls of a gaol. It simply meant that I was buried alive in a forlorn and desolate place, where there was hardly anything to do by which I could maintain myself. Although

every Saturday for five years following, simply to show that I was not missing. Every word of my correspondence - whether received or dispatched - had to be revised, and, according to their fancy, blackened out by the police. In this way matters that concerned my intimate

and private life were sometimes the subject of gossip and jokes among the low people of the place. Every step of mine was closely watched; every movement looked upon with suspicion. It is hard to explain, to those who have not been through it, the misery and strain produced by momentarily expecting insult or injury!

This was the life that I led for *eleven years*. I need not say that at the end of that time I was weary to death of it. It is true that during the second half of this period, owing to the humanitarian and tolerant disposition of the governors under whom I lived in a new place of exile, official pressure and my position as an outlaw weighed upon me less horribly. But in 1887 and 1888 official suspicions were again aroused, and the position of political exiles grew worse and worse. Pressure was put on me to leave Tomsk—a city of over 40,000 inhabitants, where I had been living with the permission of the Ministry—for some fearful place in the heart of that desolate province. I tried to avoid this by procuring from the Ministry a permit to remove farther east—to Irkutsk—where I had been offered a good position in a private bank.

This latter fact must not be wondered at. No law deprived me of the right to be employed by a private financial institution; and the reputation enjoyed by political exiles among the Siberians, on account of their honesty and abilities, is very high indeed. But the administration intervened: I was turned out of the bank against the wish of its managers, and hunted till I found myself in Kiakhta, on the borders of China—a small but most important place in the eyes of the Russian tea trade. Still, I was urged to go elsewhere. I protested, claiming my legal right to live anywhere in Siberia, which had, by this time, been acknowledged by the Ministry, and officially stated in my passport. But it was of no avail.

It was now forced upon me that there was in the whole of Siberia no rest for my weary feet, unless I took up my abode in some desert where no civilized human face would ever be seen. It was evident that I had acquired the reputation in official circles of being a man who had some influence in local affairs, and also that every provincial governor, as well as the least official in his train, would try to get rid of me as quickly as possible.

It was when I realized this that I resolved to deliver myself from the cursed life of intolerable bondage. My family ties were broken up by the death of my wife; and the only child left to my care was in the hands of faithful friends. I had money in hand. It must here be explained that the management of the Irkutsk bank, while dismissing me through no

fault of my own, thought it just to give me £40 as a compensation for the losses I had incurred. This sum, together with some savings, which I was able to make while receiving a very good salary at Irkutsk, was sufficient to start with. I had also a paper of identification (a passport), a most important thing for a traveller in Russia. True, this paper was only a temporary one; in November its term expired. My surname, as well as the fact that I was a political exile, was certainly mentioned in it, and the Siberian police were recommended to watch me. Such a passport was better than nothing; but wisdom pointed to making every effort to avoid using it, if possible.

The first thing I did was to declare to the Kiakhta police, on their urging my departure—I was perpetually being hunted in the most literal sense that I intended to travel westwards to a town called Tumén, about 2,300 miles distant. I knew, of course, that the Tumén police, and very likely the police of intermediate places, would be at once informed by wire that I was coming. But, as I could not reach the place in less than six or seven weeks (there being no railways in Siberia at that time), suspicion would not be aroused for some time. As for the police on my supposed route, it was expected that I should go right through without stopping, so there was no reason to fear them. I knew also that I should be shadowed by the Kiakhta police, but their duty did not go beyond their own district. If you look at the map of Siberia you will see that Kiakhta is approximately the same distance from Tumén as it is from the Pacific shore.

Still, the problem of escape was not an easy one to solve. My health had been considerably shattered in European Russia, where, whilst awaiting trial, I had been subjected to *solitary* confinement, lasting in all *over six years*. In addition to this, I had been through eleven years of exile. Under the circumstances, then, it would be necessary for me to maintain my *incognito* for many weeks—perhaps months. And, lastly, whatever might be the difficulties of a journey of 2,660 miles, part of which lay through absolutely wild country, I must complete it and reach the Pacific Coast before the end of October. In November navigation ceased, and the term of my passport would have expired. When I started it was already the middle of August.

From Kiakhta the high road goes north as far as Verkhneondinsk. Here it divides into two branches. The Kiakhta police were very naturally concerned that, as long as I was in their district, I should do nothing to bring them into trouble. The Chinese frontier was close at

hand, and it was important that I should not cross it. When I started, therefore, they carefully shadowed me: but when they saw that instead of attempting to cross it I went straight north, they confined themselves to reporting to the Transbaykal governor that I had left the town in the right direction. When, however, I reached Verkhneondinsk, *I turned east*, and threw my pursuers off my track.

I had to drive with post-horses, which I did without trouble, like any other passenger. I took, however, every precaution that my name should not be mentioned at any station. In about four days I reached Chita. This was at night. Next morning, as I stepped into the room of the clerk of the station, I saw the figure of a man clad in the too well-known blue uniform of the gendarmierie, leaning over the table. Instinctively I turned back, but at the same moment the man also turned his face full

"Yes, sir," he answered. "I can drive two stages without stopping, but only on the condition that I have not to wait long for the passenger."

"My baggage is here and ready," I said. "we have only to put it into the waggon. But how will you drive?"

"Well!" he exclaimed, laconically, with a flash in his eyes that was familiar to me (he was a genuine Siberian "yamschik," or professional driver, who is always fond of fast driving), and in his language, "well" meant to go as swiftly as the wind that blows across the Siberian prairies.

"Five roubles, then, and a good tip if you drive well," said I, trembling with suppressed excitement.

The price was good. The lad agreed at once, and in a few minutes we went out of the town at a mad pace. The three big horses went at



WE WENT OUT OF THE TOWN AT A MAD PACE.

towards me, and, for a moment, we stared at one another. He was a non-commissioned officer of the gendarmierie, who had known me very well in another part of Siberia. Greatly alarmed, I hurried out of the station and tried to hire private horses. In this, however, I was unsuccessful, and had to return to the station. As I did so, a Russian "troika," or waggon, drawn by three horses, harnessed in the peculiar Russian fashion, stopped at the steps leading to the station, and the young driver, after quickly tying the reins to the box seat, jumped to the ground. The team was a good one.

"Are you looking for a traveller eastward?" I asked.

full speed. The bells on the harness tinkled triumphantly, as if they were charming away some evil demon. The driver shouted encouragingly to the horses. The vehicle jolted terribly, throwing me and my baggage from one side to the other, and causing me to be struck on my head and sides and back. But, at such a time, this mad race was the very thing which brought peace and rest to my fluttering heart, and I was glad to endure it.

I had no difficulty in procuring horses farther on, and I proceeded without delay. Sometimes at a station I met an official. But my baggage showed me to be a man in good circumstances, my demeanour was that of one who is accus-

tomed to command, my tips to the drivers were good, and my dress—a Swedish leather jacket with red lining, and top-boots—suggested that I was a retired officer. There was nothing to arouse suspicion, and all went well.

The only hardship of the journey was physical fatigue. I drove day and night. The vehicles, which had to be changed every twenty-five or thirty miles, being mostly without any springs, seemed to have been especially constructed for torture, and rendered regular sleep in them impossible. As soon as my waggon stopped at the station, I used to hurry in with reeling gait, throw myself on a long bench or couch, and fall asleep in the twinkling of an eye. The transfer of my baggage to the new waggon, and the harnessing of the horses, if ready for use, did not take longer than some twenty minutes, and then I was vigorously shaken by the shoulder, made to get up, pay my fare, and climb into my conveyance again. No wonder that my head and my whole body ached horribly. Indeed, so dreadful was this sustained torture, that I feel sure I could never have endured it were it not for the ever-present hope of escape.

At last I reached Srétensk. Though my

were requested to write their names and other information about themselves on a piece of paper and hand it to the first officer of the ship, "for the purpose of giving notice to the police-office of Blagoveshchensk." I did not do this writing myself, but seizing an opportunity when the first officer was alone in his cabin, I went in and answered everything that was asked me in such an inaudible and unintelligible manner, that the young man, in writing my name, place of residence, and position, made as many errors as there were words. Even if the local authorities had had any warning to keep an eye on me, they could never have guessed that I was among the passengers registered on that list. But I had another problem before me: I had to procure shelter for several days till the departure of some steamer going to the town of Khabarovka.

I had absolutely no knowledge of Blagoveshchensk. But fortunately I met on landing a little girl whose mother took boarders. As she had none at the time, I engaged two Chinamen of the crew as porters and went to the house. The Chinamen did not understand a word of Russian, and in case of police inquiry, no information could be got out of them.



"IS NOT YOUR SURNAME VOLKHOVSKY?"

journey had already lasted over a fortnight, I had not yet completed one-fourth of it. From Srétensk I had to sail several days in a steamer down the Shilka and Amour rivers to the town of Blagoveshchensk, where I had to change steamers. All went well for a time; nobody asked me my name or my social position, and I enjoyed my journey so far as Blagoveshchensk. But as we drew near that town, all the passengers

I cannot say I was comfortable in my new abode. It was a dirty den, where no one could speak or make any movement without being heard in the neighbouring room; and as food I got for my money something very much like roast bricks and boiled firewood. The worst thing was the curiosity of my red-nosed landlady, who pressed me with questions about my past, present, and future. But there was no choice,

and I kept for several days as quiet as I could, venturing to go out only in the dusk of the evening.

One evening, as I crossed the street in search of information of the steamer I was waiting for, I suddenly heard a voice saying, "Excuse me, sir; is not your surname Volkovsky?" My heart gave a fearful leap; I turned to the speaker, steeling myself to be calm. He was a man employed in the police service, whom I had known well some years before in the original place of my exile. He was accompanied by a policeman in uniform. I was thunderstruck. My first thought was that they were after me, and were going to arrest me. But I resolved not to show alarm so long as there was any hope. So I pretended to be much pleased at the meeting, and the friendly attitude of my unwelcome acquaintance soon reassured me—at least, for the moment.

"You have not changed at all," he said, with a complacent smile. "And are you going to settle in our city, or do you intend to go farther?"

"No, I shall stay with you and try to get some work," I answered.

"All right, all right! I am very glad," he exclaimed.

"We shall meet again," I said, eager to get away.

"Oh, yes; I expect you are going to call at the police-office soon," he remarked, referring to the fact that I was under police surveillance; and after shaking hands we parted.

I returned home, outwardly quiet and apparently undisturbed, but, in fact, I had no peace whatever. I expected every moment to be visited by the police, as I had not shown them my passport, and had thereby violated a general and very well-known rule. Every opening of the outer door set my heart beating in expectation of coming ruin.

But no police came. The two fellows I had met in the street seemed to have conceived no suspicions of me, and were evidently patiently waiting till I should put in an appearance at the office of my own accord. In the meantime another meeting awaited me, which was of a very different character. I hit on a real and reliable friend—a gold-miner, who had come to town on business from the mines, and was going to spend a few days. He very generously undertook to procure me a steamer-ticket and the necessary equipment, thus enabling me to remain in my den till the very hour of departure.

When at length, after a seemingly interminable period of sickening suspense, the steamboat paddled off the quay with myself on board among a crowd of passengers, I felt that

once more I had escaped immediate danger; but for how long? In the meantime I was sailing down the mighty Amour in the direction of Khabarovka. But I had to pay heavily for that pleasure. For economy I had embarked in the steerage, which meant the bare deck, with no other shelter than an awning, that left the four sides unprotected. The weather was intensely cold, and rain poured down day after day.

As the voyage lasted a whole week, I was chilled to the very bone, notwithstanding that I wore a heavy fur overcoat. There was no possibility of any exercise, so crammed was the steerage. At night, when a great many passengers stretched themselves on the deck for sleep, one could not take a step without treading on somebody's foot, or hand, or even nose. In the daytime drunken gold-miners revelled and fought alternately, now tumbling down upon me, now forcing me to drink with them. I was very much afraid that my health would give way under the strain of anxiety. But the worst was yet before me. From the other passengers I learned that on our arrival at Khabarovka, nobody would be permitted to land *until his passport had been inspected by the local police*. To avoid this I formed a plan to land from the steamer at a village before the terminus, and then reach the town in some other way. Finding out in my guide-book the village which seemed most convenient, I asked the captain to land me there. He consented at once. But we steamed on and on, and when at length I reminded him of my request he replied that we had already passed the place long ago. As I burst into an indignant protest, the captain offered to land me at the last post station before Khabarovka. I had no idea whatever of the country, and, imagining the place to be a village from which I could easily reach the town, I agreed to his proposal.

The steamer stopped, a boat was launched, and I went with my baggage to the shore. I was somewhat puzzled, for the bank looked uninhabited and marshy in the distance. But the boatman assured me that the station was not far off, and so with some reluctance I landed. The boat returned, the steamer churned on her way, and I was left in the position of a new Robinson Crusoe. There was no sign of any building or human habitation within the field of my vision. Far in the distance, something white was to be seen, but that looked like a tent. I at once started in that direction. After spending half an hour or so in forcing my way through shrubs and stumbling over fallen trees, I found that a stream of considerable size lay between me and the tent, which was still too distant to be seen clearly.

I therefore started to walk up-stream in order to find a place shallow enough to wade across. I walked for another half-hour without any success. Being compelled by marshes and thickets to alter my course several times, I finally lost sight of the stream altogether, and after rambling about a good deal came, to my great surprise and disappointment, to the very spot where I had left my baggage.

The reader may imagine my state of mind. I resumed my journey once more in a new direction. This time I caught sight of the tent, and quickening my pace I reached it at last. It was the temporary camp of some half-a-dozen soldiers, who were storing hay for the use of their battalion. One of them stood at the entrance of the tent and gazed at me with much amazement. I at once entered into a conversation with him about the supposed "village," the horses, and my intention to reach Khabarovka; but every exchange of question and answer raised my interlocutor's surprise and my own alarm, and even horror. What transpired in the course of the conversation was this: I had been landed *on an uninhabited island in the mighty Amour!* And not only was there no habitation on the island, but even on the adjoining mainland there was no village at all. The so-called "station" was nothing but a lonely house, in which an old hermit lived during the summer months. There were no horses at this station, as communication by post-horses existed only during winter-time. The soldiers on the island had some horses certainly, but they were useless, as the great river flowed between us and Khabarovka. As for taking me there in a boat, the soldier declined to do so, as he and his comrades were too busy.

We gazed for a while at one another, without uttering a word. I was struck dumb by my position, and the soldier could not conceive how I could have put myself into it. I called myself a merchant. I said that I wanted to see an agent on shore, and explained how the captain had cheated me. The soldier seemed to sympathize with my difficulty and was very kind. He offered me his frugal meal of dark rye bread and potato-soup, and made excuse for its being so poor. Then he said he would "talk to the boys" about me. After a while they decided to take me to town in a boat.

At my request the soldiers landed me, not in the general harbour, but at a point of the shore where they usually landed themselves, and where they had a special boat-keeper. The advantage of this arrangement was that, belonging to the official class, the soldiers and the place in their possession were free from police supervision. Leaving my baggage with the soldier boat-

keeper, I went to the town, rented the first private room I could find, and in less than an hour was successfully installed in that dreaded place, Khabarovka, without any meeting with the police.

I now felt almost happy. But it was not to be for long. As I was walking next day along the main street of the place, one of my late fellow-passengers in the steamer—a peasant—greeted me. I shook hands with him, and then, after looking cautiously around, he said in an undertone, "I wish to tell you something privately that will perhaps be useful to you. After you left the steamer, there was a talk between the captain and one of the passengers, who is an inspector of prisons. I overheard it. The inspector insisted that you were an escaped exile, and they resolved to give notice of you to the Chief of Police in Khabarovka as soon as they arrived."

I now understood everything—the trick the captain had played upon me; the way the inspector whom I had noticed on the steamer glared at me, and the fact that two other passengers whom I had met the day before in the town were so evidently startled at seeing me.

No doubt the local police were by this time on the alert; very likely they had sent to the island, which I had already left under the protection of the Russian army! Should I have time, I wondered, to embark on a further journey before I was detected? How could I escape detection while taking my ticket? For, according to the stringent police rules of the place, the passports of travellers had to be examined before the tickets were issued for the steamer. Whatever awaited me, there was only one way of meeting the danger: to look it straight in the face. Without delay, I went to the harbour with all my belongings. The clerk was at his post in the booking-office. I asked for a ticket. Imagine my feelings, after having succeeded so far.

"Your passport, please," he said.

With a beating heart I took out my passport and handed it to him. He read it very attentively, paused, read it again, and then was silent for a while. I expected him every moment to return me the paper, advising me to get a special permit from the police, as I was a political exile. I shall never forget those moments—they seemed endless! . . . At last he folded the passport, stamped a ticket for me, and handed out both without a word. I gave a sigh of indescribable relief.

With this ticket in my hand I went on board a little river steamer. More than 600 miles still lay between me and the sea. I had to sail up the River Oussouri, then up its tributary, Soun-

gachá, change there into a smaller steamer to cross the Hanka Lake, and then finally travel the last part of the way by post-waggon. It was now September: the winter post communication had not yet begun in this scantily-populated country: while the steamers, the only means of communication in the summer season, were now making their last journey. Everything was uncertain. I did not know whether we could sail up the whole of the rivers, because they were unusually shallow that year. It was doubtful, too, whether the other steamer would come over the lake: and supposing both these difficulties were met successfully — it was still

on. I bought, with two fellow travellers, a rather frail boat for a ridiculously high price, and taking with us three Chinamen, we proceeded up the river, sometimes rowing, and sometimes walking on the bank while the Chinese dragged the boat. After one day's trial we knew that we could not, going at this pace, reach the lake of Hanka in time. At one moment I thought that all my plans were ruined. But, after much worry, and still more talk with the people at the first village we came to, I found that it was possible to cross the territory on horseback. The very next morning I started, riding one horse and having part of my baggage on another.



"WITH A FEELING OF . . . I TOOK OUT MY 'CURT'."

uncertain whether our steamer would reach her destination in time to catch the other.

In spite of all these uncertainties, however, the sail up the River Oussouri was a pleasant one. Scores of big fish were cast on the banks by the stream and lay there motionless, their silver scales glittering in the sun. Sometimes the river was so crowded with a kind of salmon, that every turn of the paddle killed dozens. But one thing caused me alarm: the farther we went, the shallower grew the river. At last we ran aground. The captain gave out that the passengers had to choose between returning and landing at the nearest village. I resolved to go

My guide sometimes walked and sometimes rode the pack-horse. The rest of my belongings I left behind, without any hope of ever getting them again.

It was a glorious morning. The prairies with their high grass stretched infinitely before me. The air was chilly, but pure and fragrant. The distant horizon and the peaceful scenery of the virgin country suggested freedom and happiness. I was travelling south, and it grew milder and milder as I rode on. The general aspect of the country changed altogether. It was very different from anything I had seen in Siberia before, and also from the common

about that country circulating abroad. Pine and fir were replaced by oak and beech. I saw now herds of deer; and pheasants and woodcock flew out of the grass from under the very feet of the horses.

I was travelling in company with several Chinamen, and their queer figures and their monotonously pathetic songs added to the

an English steamer. And I went on board in a hired boat, as any other townsman would have done. Once on board I asked to see the captain. Very soon a tall, stout, vigorous looking man appeared at the door of the passage where I was waiting, and we went together to the dining-room.

I was very nervous. My knowledge of the



"RIDING ONE HORSE AND WITH PART OF MY BAGGAGE ON ANOTHER."

picturesqueness of the scene. Presently all sign of cultivation disappeared. At last we came to a station-house - a lonely building in the midst of a dreary desert. It was the "abomination of desolation." The entire furniture of the two rooms for travellers was a rough table. There was no food to be procured, except a single fish. The station-keeper had some rye bread besides this, but he could not share it with us for fear of starvation afterwards. Having some tea with me, but nothing to make it in, I was compelled to use an old gunpowder canister as a teapot. I had come late to the station, and was tired out by a long journey. But I had to lie down and sleep on the bare floor. Luckily this was the last station before Lake Hanká, and next day I was fortunate enough to reach the lake in time to catch the steamer that was to make *her last journey for that season*. Having crossed Hanká, I travelled a distance of some 140 English miles by post-waggon; then, at last, I found myself in Vladivostock, the Siberian port of the Pacific. It was October. My journey across Siberia had lasted in all about *two months*, and now I was at its final point.

At Vladivostock I tried to get information about all the foreign vessels in the harbour. I found that, though there were four (all of different nationalities), my best plan was to go on board

English language was at this time of a kind I must call rather ornamental than useful. I could read an English book with the help of a dictionary. I could say a few sentences in English of the drawing-room type—just enough English to show that I was "an enlightened Russian." Still, I had my Russian-English dictionary with me, and I resolved to do my best.

"Do you take passengers for Japan?" I asked. Being very uncertain whether I had constructed or pronounced my sentence properly.

"Yes," answered the captain, and at once began to tell me about the voyage. I was too perplexed to make head or tail of his remarks. I heard him mention Manila, Singapore, Liverpool, Shanghai, and Japan; but what had he, and what had I, to do with all these places? Was I to call with him at all these points, or did he mention them merely to impress me with the greatness and ubiquity of English seamanship? I must confess, I was at a loss to understand. Singapore, China, Manila, and all the captain's words (which he pronounced very quickly), made rapid somersaults in my bewildered brain, and I sat there, my dictionary in hand, a helpless and pitiful specimen of humanity.

After a good deal of conversation, I began to understand that, whatever other course the ship

might take, she, at all events, would go to Japan and put into some Japanese port.

"I suppose," I then proceeded, "that it makes no difference whether a passenger has any passport or not?"

"Well, I don't know about that," observed the captain, reluctantly, and he would have called for some member of the ship's company, but I stopped him immediately.

"Please," I said, "do not summon anybody. I wish to talk only to you in private. I can explain myself to you," I continued. "From the point of view of a Russian official, the want of a passport makes a very great difference, nobody being permitted to go out of the empire without a special 'foreign' passport, which is not granted to everybody. I should like to know, however, whether in *your* opinion it makes any difference?"

The captain was silent. He was thinking, while I anxiously watched his face. At last he resumed the conversation. It was evident that he was insufficiently informed on the matter, and, therefore, rather undecided. I then played what I thought was my last card. In my breast pocket I had two photographs: the one of George Kennan, the famous American who revealed to the civilized world the horrors of Siberia, and the other of his wife. I made the acquaintance of Mr. Kennan when he was travelling across Siberia; and, later on, I received from him those two portraits, with kind words of esteem and sympathy written on them. I now showed them to the captain, and asked him to consider whether such tokens of friendship were likely to be given to a man unworthy of regard. My card was well played, and it won.

"Come on Wednesday with your luggage," said the captain at last, to my very great relief. I shook hands with him and returned to the town.

On Wednesday I hired a Korean street-

porter, and had my baggage carried on board the steamer, but the captain said the loading was not yet over, and I must come the next day. Every additional hour spent in the town was an additional risk, so, as a precaution, I spent my time hiding in the bushes on the outskirts of Vladivostock. I went through strong emotions during that time.

Next day the weather was stormy, and when I went to the wharf no Chinaman dared go out in an open boat. This was a terrible moment: my luggage and the greater part of my money were already on board, but if I did not reach the steamer in time, she would not wait for me. At last a Chinese lad, tempted by about six shillings, ventured to take me, and though tossed about like a cockle-shell by the angry waves, and saturated with water and spray, we reached our destination.

As we drew near the steamer, I saw the captain on deck *talking with two Russian officers*. Half hiding my face in my handkerchief, I ordered my boatman to go round the ship. As we again came up opposite the gangway, no one was to be seen on board; the captain had evidently noticed me and taken the officers to his cabin. As soon as I was on deck, the steward whispered to me to follow him, and he took me to a good hiding-place. This was my last experience of solitary confinement.

The next day I was on the deck of the ship as she ploughed the waves seaward. My task was accomplished, and I looked back at the fast-receding Russian shore. It seemed to fly from me. Many of my hopes were buried in that land: there I had been robbed of many near and dear to me. But that was the land where my own beautiful language was spoken; that was the country which held all I loved and all I was proud of. Shall I ever see her again? So in the first moments of glorious freedom the sadness of parting overshadowed my soul.

Where Women do the Work.

BY HENRY DRUMMOND

A perfect photographic revelation to those people who have taken part in the newspaper controversy as to whether women should work. Actual photographs from savage lands, showing women engaged in labour which in civilized communities is always done by men.

"**S**HOULD Women Work?" has been asked, quite lately, in large capital letters, in a daily paper, and the question has been answered by many scores of letters from people who know all about it, and disagree with each other in every possible way on every available point. Whether women should work, or whether they should not, the fact remains that a great many of them do, and the world will have to become a very different place before they are able to leave off, even in this country.

Among the many virtues of the noble savage extolled by theorists and celebrated in song, some persons are apt to forget his uncommonly good notions of getting an easy time for himself, and forcing his unfortunate squaw into all the hard work. He is much the same, wherever you find him, is the noble savage: when he is not eating his enemies without vegetables he is lying on his back in the most comfortable place he can find, while his wife drags and digs and drudges generally, under the occasional stimulus of a stick. And you find the noble savage in other places beside Africa; there are vanities in Europe, it is said. Even the gallant Frenchman of agricultural pursuits doesn't drudge more than he need when he can find a woman to drudge for him, and there have been whispers, even in this happy land of England, of the popular male profession of 'washerwoman's husband'.

In Funs, now a dependency of that same gallant

France, the intelligent agriculturist harnesses his donkey and his wife to a plough, and such is his fine sense of courtesy toward a lady (a sense of courtesy imported, perhaps, from France) that he allows his wife to take precedence of the quadruped, and pull in front. This chivalrous consideration would seem to carry its own reward in case the donkey happens to be lazy or stubborn, for then the honoured "leader" is conveniently placed to pull along the whole train, donkey, plough, and all. We reproduce a photograph representing this amiable domestic arrangement, though in this picture the lady may possibly be the mother of the excellent husbandman in the rear, to judge from her apparent age. Though possibly ploughing fields in harness with a donkey may be one of the things that "make a woman seem old sooner than a man," to quote the advertisement. It will be noticed that such is his affectionate pride in the beauty of the lady's feet, that the gentleman prefers her to plough with them bare, while he self-denyingly wears the one pair of boots available on his own feet. Here again his



From a Photo. by

HOW A WIFE EARN'S HER LIVING IN FUNS.

(F. S. S.)



[General]

WOMEN HOEING IN THE FIELDS, LAVETA, EAST AFRICA.

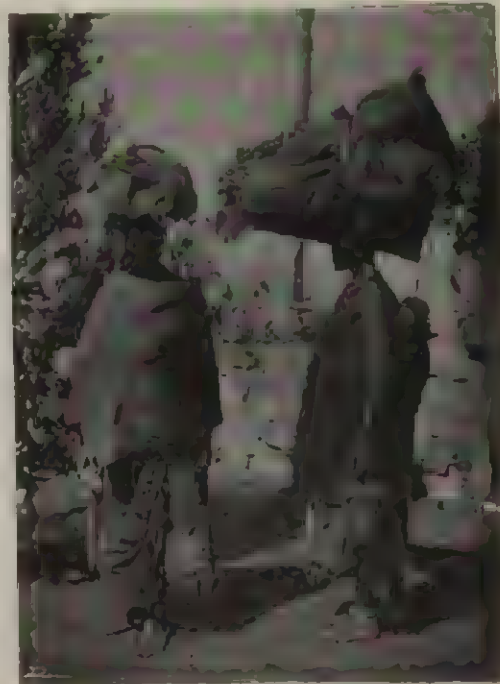
[Detail]

loving consideration has its reward, for truly the ground is rough, and prickly with stubble, and it is plain that he finds the boots a comfort. It is not easy to see whether the donkey is shod or not, but probably he is, because donkeys cost money, and it would be cruel (as well as bad business) to ruin his poor hoofs on the hard ground. It affords rather a quaint commentary to observe in the large original photograph the words "Silver's Patent" on one shaft of the plough. The inscription is not distinguishable on the smaller reproduction, unfortunately, but there is an odd incongruity about it. The good solid whip in the gentleman's hand bears no patent ascription, and is probably the gentleman's own invention. The donkey is not a big one, but that is a misfortune of race. All the donkeys in Tunis are small—not much bigger than Newfoundland dogs—and it has been said that Tunis is not the only place where a woman has found herself tied to a little donkey.

Farther south in Africa we come upon the less advanced savage, who has no plough and no donkey. But Providence does not desert him, for he has women and also a whip, and he gets work done somehow without injuring his own health. Laveta is a place 150 miles from the East Coast of Africa, and thirty-five miles from Mount Kilimandjaro. It has an active missionary settlement with the elegant title "Mahoni," which means "Happy Land," though it doesn't sound like it. But missionaries notwithstanding, the Lavetan keeps his womankind at it in the fields, as may be seen from our next photo-

graph, wherein a group of them may be observed hoeing, with what look uncommonly like adzes. It is good work for the ladies' muscles, as may be perceived by a glance at the biceps of the fair young thing at the extreme right. Maternal duties are no excuse for neglect of the invigorating pursuit of agriculture, as may be observed in the case of the matron in the middle, who carries a good, large, healthy baby slung over the small of her back, by way of counter-balance to a good, large, healthy hoe in front. The next photo-

graph also illustrates this rule. It shows two women gleaners carrying the result of their labours wrapped in mats on their heads. One carries a bundle three or four times the size of that crowning her companion, and it is this heavily-laden one that also carries a shiny black



TWO WOMEN CARRYING BUNDLES OF HARVEST, LAVETA, EAST AFRICA.

[Detail]



FIGURE 1. CHIMBI WOMEN CARRYING WATER. 17-2-70

baby in the regulation position. We reproduce also another Taveta photograph, showing Chimbi women carrying water. It would not seem very easy to find a photograph of a Taveta man doing anything in particular, but here are the women as active as you please, and at least it can be said that they are not harnessed with donkeys.

Not so very far from Taveta (as distances go in Africa) is the island and port of Zanzibar. Here also, in accordance with the good old African and Oriental custom, the labourers are women. We give a photograph of something near a score of lady coal whippers, trimmers, and heavers. They are Swahili women, and they are about the best workers among natives on all the African East Coast. They fill barges with coal for the steamers

in Zanzibar harbour and they work fourteen hours a day—something like a good day's work in sweltering Zanzibar. And they do very little dawdling, too, inasmuch as it is found worth the money to pay them *three times* the ordinary rate of wages for native labour in those parts. It might be supposed that the African lord of creation would be shamed into something like activity by the reflection that the white man considers his wife worth three times as much as himself at manual labour. But the African lord of creation isn't such a fool; he lays hold of the triple pay, and is perfectly contented. Sometimes he is a slave owner, owning a good number of these women—indeed, most of them are slaves. Then he draws their triple pay many times over, and is very happy, for the women cost very little to keep. And it is plain to the most inexperienced eye that their dress-

maker's bills are never anything great. But in default of being overdressed, they are generously provided with very fine and large shovels—much more useful implements than bibs and tuckers.

Leaving Africa and just stepping across to India we come upon the scene of many centuries of



FIGURE 2. WOMEN COAL-WHIPPERS AT ZANZIBAR. 17-2-70



[From a]

WOMEN GLEANING RICE IN THE FLOODED FIELDS, COTTAYAM, INDIA.

[Photo.]

horrible oppression and tyranny, only broken at last by English rule. Some of it still remains, and probably the injustices inherent in the caste system will never be got rid of in any measurable length of time. Our next two photographs represent women gleaners of the "pullayan" class—the most despised and oppressed class in all India. Where Englishmen collect, these unhappy wretches are able to avail themselves of some of the elementary rights of human creatures; but Englishmen can't be everywhere in India, and they can't see everything, so that in general the lives of the pullayans are scarce worth living. In the eyes of English law, of course, they are free, and have equal rights with others. But, in fact, they are worse than slaves by reason of the tyranny of the higher castes on natives. They are excluded from many villages and

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towns by the mere force of public hatred and contempt among the other natives.

The first of the two photographs represents a scene in Cottayam, where there is an English missionary centre. It is in the rainy season, and the rice-fields are flooded deep. Four women of the pullayan class are glean- ing, by means of large baskets used fish-net-wise in the water. At a first glance they may be supposed to be wearing

fashionable bonnets or hats; but, as a matter of fact, their headgear is a receptacle (made of rush) for the rice they gather. In the rear men are seen in boats—boats called wallums.

The second of the photographs shows the same four women walking home after their day's work, carrying their little capture of rice on their heads, in one hand the basket and in the other a few sticks wherewith to rook the rice. It will be observed that they are not



[From a]

THE SAME WOMEN WALKING HOME AFTER THEIR DAY'S WORK.

[Photo.]

walking along the high road, as they have a perfect right to do, by English law established. They are picking their way as best they can along the banks separating the rice fields. That is because on the roads they may meet other natives of higher caste, who would instantly drive them off the highway. And it must be remembered that any Englishman interfering would incur the charge of outraging native religious prejudices. Still, they *do* often interfere—when they are there to see.

Next we have a picture from Northern India, of a number of women of a less sorrowful class

of bread-fruit all over the island. Mangoes, oranges, bananas, yams, taro root, pine-apples, sweet potatoes, guavas, alligator pears, melons—all grow by themselves everywhere, so that a desperate joker might describe the island as one great howling dessert. Candle nuts there are, also, which may be used for lighting purposes. If you like to sleep out of doors under the trees that carry your breakfast, you may do so quite safely and comfortably in that equal climate: but if you prefer to be a swell, there is any amount of free timber to build a hut. Also any amount of thatching material, and stuff for



From a

WOMEN THRESHING RICE, NORTH INDIA.

Photo.

—you may see it in their faces—heating the rice out of the stalk; thrashing, in fact. Their process is simple enough, simpler by half than that of our own old-time flails. For they use but half a flail, or less—a simple stick, in fact. Their village is to be perceived in the distance.

There is a deal of woman labour in action in India, though perhaps rather less than in some other Eastern countries. But our next photograph takes us to a place where living is so easy that very little work is done, and that perhaps equally by both sexes. This happy island is Tahiti, in the Pacific Ocean. In that island nobody is poor, in the proper sense of the word, and everything requisite for a comfortable life in that climate seems to grow on a Tahitian tree of one sort or another. So that the only labour requisite is to reach out and take what Nature gives. Wild plantain grows in the mountains everywhere. There is an abundance

of bread-fruit all over the island. Mangoes, oranges, bananas, yams, taro root, pine-apples, sweet potatoes, guavas, alligator pears, melons—all grow by themselves everywhere, so that a desperate joker might describe the island as one great howling dessert. Candle nuts there are, also, which may be used for lighting purposes. If you like to sleep out of doors under the trees that carry your breakfast, you may do so quite safely and comfortably in that equal climate: but if you prefer to be a swell, there is any amount of free timber to build a hut. Also any amount of thatching material, and stuff for bedding—only waiting to be picked from the pod; all sorts of fibre for rope and string; and the bark of the Hibiscus tree, soaked and beaten, makes a good cloth. Then there is the coconut tree—proverbially useful in so many ways. And one need not be a vegetarian. There are rivers and streams abounding in crayfish, crabs, prawns, and eels, and from the sea it is easy to take fish of all sorts. Our photograph shows women catching prawns and small fish in one of the rivers. Singularly guileless must the small river-fish of Tahiti be, to allow themselves to be taken by people wading in among them in skirts, and operating so simple a hand net as is shown. Happy Tahitians! The very background of the photograph breathes an air of tropical plenty.

In the Western Andes of Colombia lies a vast mineral wealth of mixed sorts, but lack of



From a Photo. by

WOMEN FISHING IN TAHITI.

[F. Hauser, Tahiti.]

capital and of passable roads causes the wealth to be neglected. The gold, however, and indeed the silver, is worked in a primitive, makeshift sort of way, and the gold miners are women. They are Indians and half-breeds, and we give a photograph of a group of three of them, taken by a mining engineer. Their dress is especially noticeable—a rational dress designed far from European models, and all unwitting of them. Their work of tranning

out stone from the mines renders some such dress a necessity. This rational dress is no new thing, and its date of origin is not known, though the mines have been worked for more than a hundred years. The fabulously vast wages of gold miners do not come the way of these girls, for their pay is no more than ninepence or tenpence a day. But at least they have the money for themselves, and they also are not harnessed with donkeys!



WOMEN IN TAHITI. (UPPER PART OF THE PHOTO) GOLD AND SILVER MINES OF THE VITI LEVU ISLANDS. [Photo.]



BY ELIAM LENWICK
ALLAN.

The extraordinary and romantic experience of a well-known British officer, here related for the first time by one of his friends. It might be thought that in these prosaic days brigandage was a thing of the past, but here is a stirring narrative from real life proving the contrary.

IN the *Times* of October 31st, 1896, the following appeared, under the heading, "British Officer Captured by Turkish Brigands":

A Reuter telegram, dated Constantinople, October 30, says: "Captain John Marriott, of the Norfolk Regiment, has been captured by brigands in the district of Budun, vilayet of Arhin. The brigands demand a ransom of £15,000." Captain John Marriott is the brother of Major C. Marriott, of the Beches, Stowmarket, and is well known in that town.

On the 30th September, 1896, Captain Marriott started on a shooting tour. It had been his annual custom for some years to spend his long leave abroad, hunting big game in various parts of the world. On this occasion Asia Minor was to be the scene of his exploits, and he went there after ibex, which are to be found in fairly large numbers on the Taurus range of mountains. The average height of these mountains is from 7,000ft. to 8,000ft. above sea-level. The tops of the hills are bare and rocky, while the sides are thickly covered with forests of pine and fir trees. These have no undergrowth, except in the ravines.

Captain Marriott landed at Smyrna from Piræus, and at once took steps to engage a sporting dragoman. He secured the services of a Levantine (Slaars, by name), an experienced *shikaree* who was an excellent linguist, speaking both French, Greek, and Turkish. This was of considerable advantage to Captain Marriott, who

did not understand a word of Turkish when he first arrived in the country, so that he readily engaged the man at eight francs a day.

A fine-looking man was Richard Slaars, tall, long-limbed, and angular, with a thin face with high cheek-bones much bronzed from exposure.



GENERAL JOHN MARRIOTT, OF THE NORFOLK REGIMENT.
From a Photo. by W. G. Hony, Cork.

He was reputed to be a first rate shot, and was an active and hard hunter, periodically disappearing alone into the mountains in search of game.

Captain Marriott did not have much luck at first, so he determined to travel away eastward. He moved camp almost daily, Slaars encouraging his master with the prediction that there were grand heads to be obtained on the Sandras Dagh. The party came eventually to the lake of Kenjes and the village of Yu-sek-koum, where Captain Marriott dismissed the local hunter and his other followers, keeping only Slaars.

The Kaimakam of Yu-sek-koum, however, insisted on an escort for the English sportsman, and he was provided with one by the Government, in the shape of a solitary Turkish soldier. This gallant but entirely inefficient protector was mounted and armed with a Martini-Henry rifle.

Captain Marriott not to be outdone by his escort—now indulged in a pony for himself and one for Slaars, which he hired in the village. He also engaged a Turk as transport man, to look after the baggage, which was carried on a mule, a sum of four francs a day being paid for each animal. On the afternoon of October 24th the party started, halting at a little village half way up the Dagh, where Captain Marriott engaged a new hunter in the shape of a local shepherd. Long before daybreak next morning he started off with this man alone, leaving directions with Slaars to bring on the camp and pitch it well up on the crest line, telling him to arrange with the shepherd-hunter exactly where this should be, so that they could meet again in the evening without any difficulty.

During the day Captain Marriott found plenty of fresh spoor (footprints) of ibex, but he failed to sight any animals. About the middle of the afternoon he gave up the pursuit, and, going to the *rendezvous*, found that Slaars instead of obeying his orders and pitching the camp had taken possession of a large empty hut, which had evidently been built as a shelter at certain seasons of the year for the wood cutters and charcoal-burners, whose work brought them into the vicinity.

This hut, however, was very comfortable, and as it was well within reach of likely ground for sport, Captain Marriott did not object to making use of it. He, therefore, rested awhile and had tea, after which he went out again, feeling strongly tempted to again search for game, since he had seen so many tracks in the morning. But, alas, Fate seemed against him, and when he returned to the hut in the evening he had been quite unsuccessful.

On his return Captain Marriott found his men very busily engaged preparing the evening meal. There was nothing about the night

hood to excite suspicion in the least degree. A capital fire was burning in the hut, and everything had been most comfortably arranged: in fact, for the circumstances, he considered himself living luxuriously. There seemed every prospect of good sport next day, and the men were very cheerful about it.

Dinner was served in due course, and consisted of a well-fried steak cut off Captain Marriott's last shot ibex, with potatoes, onions, and bread, and a few dried figs by way of dessert. Water was the only beverage, since Captain Marriott is usually a teetotaler. Feeling rather tired after a long and unsatisfactory day, he turned in about 9 p.m., his men following his example. Slaars had made up his master's bed on the floor in one corner of the hut. It consisted of a cork mattress, with blankets and an air pillow. Being perfectly unsuspicious of any danger, Captain Marriott did not load his rifle, but placed it leaning against the wall of the hut at his head.

Just as he was lying down he noticed that all his men were crowding on the other side of the hut, and he asked Slaars why this was, and suggested that he at least should come over and sleep on his side, but Slaars merely replied with a slight deprecatory shrug of his shoulders, as though he would not take the liberty of approaching his master any nearer: "*Mais non, Monsieur; je reste ici.*"

The weather had been very fine all along, and when the inmates of the hut retired to rest the night was clear and starlit, and all was quiet around. No sound of footsteps, or of crackling twigs and rustling leaves, betrayed the presence of any life other than their own as being near.

It was a curious thing, however, that Captain Marriott lay down partly dressed that night. It was quite contrary to his custom, but probably the fact that it was very cold at nights and in the early mornings (their position being at a height of 8,000ft. above the sea) induced him to keep his shirt and breeches on. And, as circumstances proved, it was a fortunate thing for him that he did so.

The men seemed to fall asleep very quickly, and when Captain Marriott dropped off, not a sound besides the deep breathing of the sleepers could be heard. Feeling absolutely secure against any intrusion, the door had been left carelessly latched with a piece of cord, and, consequently, anyone could enter from outside at will.

Captain Marriott says he was roused in the night by a disturbance at the door, and by the fire. The fire was then very low, and the men were scarcely awake, only

burned a dull red. Slaars exclaimed from his corner, "*Qu'est que c'est!*" But no one replied. Tired and sleepy, Captain Marriott did not bestir himself, though he could see some men standing in the doorway. He thought dreamily that they were probably some people from the mountains wanting shelter, or even, perhaps, the owners of the hut themselves. Anyway, being an intruder himself, he felt he had no right to turn them out. **High voices, however, quickly roused him from sleep.** He does not remember clearly whether any of his men spoke or not, but they may have made a few remarks in Turkish. Then, presently, someone went over to the fire and stamped and doused out what light remained in the embers. The instant this was done, someone else crossed the hut in the darkness towards the corner where Captain Marriott lay. This all happened in less than a minute.

Evidently something was wrong, and a sudden horror of what his position might prove to be caused Captain Marriott to jump up as noiselessly as possible and seize his rifle, which was a 500 express. He got hold of his cartridge belt and extracted a couple of rounds, opened the breech, and cautiously loaded. Then, wondering what was going to happen next, he stood ready to defend himself, on his blankets and kit, with back against the wall. There was absolute silence for some moments in the hut. Not a finger stirred, and the darkness added to the unpleasantness of the situation.

Captain Marriott's men made no sign, and he felt sure that he was deserted— if not betrayed— by them. Two of the strangers had come across to his corner, and after waiting

until their eyes were more accustomed to the almost entire darkness, they suddenly set on Captain Marriott. The latter had stood waiting, trying to see, and thinking it wisest not to give himself and his exact position away by speaking or striking a light.

The brigands were evidently more accustomed to acting in the dark than their prey was, for they suddenly hit up his rifle and seized him, and in a few seconds he was rolling about the floor struggling with his unseen adversaries. It was a mighty struggle. Afterwards at the end of all things—the brigands expressed their admiration of the Englishman's bravery and pluck in glowing terms. Mr. Jackson, a mining engineer living in Asia Minor, was told by them that it would have required not only five, but many more, to have taken Captain Marriott had the struggle been in the open. The brigands, having heard of an Englishman's arrival on sport intent, had evidently been stalking him for two or three days, but they were so clever and so cat like in their stealthy movements, that the authorities



had no suspicion whatever of their presence in the locality. Otherwise, Captain Marriott would never have been allowed to leave Yusek-koum for an hour.

The struggle was a hard one, and while it lasted the brigands reviled the stranger in an unknown tongue in the freest and fiercest manner, meanwhile raining blows on his arms, which gave him the most severe pain. Their object, doubtless, was to make him drop his rifle. For some time he thought they were beating him with cudgels, but as his eyes grew more accustomed to the more than quasi-darkness, he saw that they were assailing him with the back of their yaghtans. Midnight was approaching, and the moon, which was nearly full, was rising, so that things became by degrees more easily distinguishable.

Captain Marriott grew more and more breathless and exhausted. The horror of thinking what his fate might be—should he become the prisoner of these bandits—nerved him to put forth the strength of not one but several men, as he thought of the grief and trouble the news of his capture would bring to those at home. But human endurance has its limits, and at last he let go, receiving at the moment that he

did so a thrust in the left side from a sharp weapon. He was flung violently on to the floor, and a flare of pine branches suddenly lit up the scene. The villains proceeded to bind him tightly with cords, and he lay helpless and wounded "like a trussed fowl," while they set about rifling his kit. As they did so, Captain Marriott was able to take stock of his cap-

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They were unshaven, and wore moustaches and short beards, with the exception of the chief, who was an Albanian: the others were Bulgarians.

Nakko, the chief, was to be distinguished at once by his better dress and arms. He was a slighter man than his followers, with a fierce and rather cruel face, and he had a superior bearing. It was Nakko who led the attack on Captain Marriott and who treated him so badly. Meantime, while the struggle had been taking place, his men remained lying just as quietly as if they were still asleep.

It was only some time afterwards that they

told their master that when they were first awakened by the entrance of the brigands into the hut, they found themselves covered by the guns of three of the band, and they were ordered not to stir an inch if they valued their lives. They were in a panic at being taken so completely unawares, and, obedient to the orders imposed on them, kept perfectly quiet. Captain Marriott says that it is not pleasant looking down a gun-barrel from the wrong end, and he thinks they did the wisest thing under the circumstances. Slars, having seen one of them—said the same. The brigands annexed everything of leather that they could lay their hands



FIG. 100. THE BRIGAND CHIEF
Drawing of the brigand chief, Captain Marriott.

on, such as straps and boots. They also took all the bread and meat they found, putting it into a sack with a few other odds and ends. Not finding any money, they demanded of Slars where it was, and through him Captain Marriott told them that he kept it in a small tin case which he had with him for keeping things in which he wanted specially dry. As soon as they learned this, instead of bursting the box open, they released their prisoner's arms, and handed him the box and his keys.

Captain Marriott had two small bags of money. One contained £11 in Turkish

money, and this he handed over to Nakko. There were five English sovereigns in the other bag, and this he managed to stuff into a sock, which he poked into a corner in the case, thinking it might be useful later on. The brigands searched through the rest of the contents of the case a few minutes later, but fortunately failed to find the money, and as there was nothing else which took their fancy, they locked it again, returning the key to its owner. The latter was then rebound with ropes, which were rather more than half an inch thick.

The bandits then ordered Slaars to get up, and proceeded to bind him in the same manner as they had done Captain Marriott, with his arms behind his back and a turn of the rope round his neck. They left about six yards of rope on both of the prisoners trailing, for one of them to catch hold of, so that there was little chance of their running away. The brigands began to show signs of haste to be off, and they evidently had every intention of letting Captain Marriott travel with them in the half-clad state they had taken him in.

The outlook was not very cheerful. He had neither coat nor hat, boots nor stockings on, his breeches were sticking to him with blood, while his arms were swollen, numb, and helpless with great bruised weals on them occasioned by the blows dealt him by his first assailants with their yaghtans. The transport man Hussein, by name however, had the sense to remark to Nakko that he was doing an unwise thing in risking Captain Marriott's life by allowing him to face the cold of the night in such an airy costume, and while he was so weak and exhausted from the fight for freedom and loss of blood.

"You will kill the Englishman if you take him up into the mountains dressed like that," said Hussein.

"Ha! I had not thought of this! He is too valuable a prize to lose in that manner!" was Nakko's shrewd reply, and he immediately gave orders for the cords once more to be loosened. Hussein dragged his master into boots and socks, and helped him into a Norfolk jacket. While he was doing so Captain Marriott managed to snatch up his pocket diary, which he always keeps when hunting, and a pocket-knife which he chanced to see lying among the bedding. These he thrust into the bosom of his jacket.

As soon as he was ready he was once more bound, and he and Slaars were then led out into the night. One of the brigands took along with him a couple of blankets—one for each of the captives. As they left the hut Nakko gave instructions to the Government escort to return

at once to Yu sek-koum, to report what had taken place, and to state that the brigands demanded a ransom. The sum demanded at first was £15,000, but it was afterwards reduced to £10,000. The escort, who had been standing very meekly by the fire, which had been re-kindled, watching the proceedings, eagerly fell in with this proposition, and all being ready a procession was formed, and captors and captives started up the mountains.

It was then about 2.30 a.m., and the bright moonlight made the darkness in the shadow of the trees all the more intense. They crossed a brook which flowed down the valley, at a ford which was immediately opposite the hut, and then began to ascend the slopes opposite, going through the pine woods in Indian file. The ground was very uneven, and Captain Marriott, not knowing where he was going or being able to see well, feeling weak and weary, frequently stumbled as he went along. Whenever he did so, the rope round his neck became taut between him and his leader, and nearly suffocated him. After marching with the greatest precaution and stealth for about an hour, they at last halted in a clearing in the moonlight. Nakko then approached Slaars, and holding his revolver at his head proceeded to address him. Captain Marriott feared each instant that the old man was going to be shot, and his heart sank as he realized how completely he would then be cut off from any sort of communication with the civilized world.

It was a great relief, therefore, when Slaars turned to him, asking him, "How much will M. le Capitaine pay for his freedom?"

Captain Marriott replied at once, "My pay as an officer in the English Army is about £200 a year."

Slaars told Nakko this, and then turned again to Captain Marriott informing him, "The chet does not think much of your pay. He fully intends getting a big ransom for you out of the Turkish Government."

The unfortunate "prize" did not find much consolation in this bit of news!

"Don't they wish they may get it!" was his unspoken reply, and his chances of England and home seemed to him to be more microscopic than ever.

The party proceeded on the march again and continued going steadily on, with an occasional brief halt, until dawn broke. About 4.30 a.m. they found themselves on the summit of one of the highest peaks, and a magnificent view lay for miles below them. Captain Marriott and Slaars were ordered to lie down among some rocks, while two of the men mounted guard over them, keeping hold of t



"HOW MUCH WOULD THE CAPTAIN PAY FOR HIS FREEDOM?"

ropes, while the others occupied a point of vantage close by. As the light became stronger and the sun rose, the brigands eyed their captive curiously and seemed to take his appearance in thoroughly, while even Nakko was not above a scrutiny. He skulked about and smiled to himself, doubtless feeling jubilant over the rare prize that had fallen into his hands. Nakko was very handsomely dressed and armed. All the brigands wore a white Albanian skull-cap, a Zouave jacket over a shirt, and a huge *cummerbund*, or sash, of dark red. Their legs were incased in dirty white woollen cloth, fitting close, and their baggy and loose Turkish breeches were either of grey or a sort of blue colour. Their feet were clad in undressed skins, like moccasins. Nakko had a splendid Mannlicher rifle, in perfect order, while a belt was round his waist containing the cartridges held in clips ready to thrust into the magazine. He had also a Turkish Government revolver. His yaghtan, or sword dagger, had a handle of beautiful chased silver, and a silver scabbard. This yaghtan was carried in a sash which went across the body.

cket, though evidently not of the
covered with silver

lice. He was certainly very picturesque and smart, and carried himself with a swaggering air, and he was a ruffian to be feared by all who found themselves unluckily helpless in his power. His followers were armed with Martini-Henry rifles and guns, while they all carried revolvers of the same pattern and knives in wooden scabbards. They carried plenty of ammunition in belts round the body and over the shoulder. Their dresses copied Nakko's in style, but were made of coarser and commoner material than his, and they all looked greasy and unwashed.

After they had all examined Captain Marriott with evident interest for a little while they seemed to become aware for the first time that he was wounded, and that the place where he had been "stuck" was still bleeding. They proceeded to scrape some leather on the inside, and so made a sort of lint which they applied to the wound, plastering it on with considerable success, for the bleeding soon stopped and healing set in. Meantime the captives talked together in French, as well as they were able, Captain Marriott, however, gaining little consolation from all Slaars could tell him. During that day Nakko held many conversations

with Slaars. The fact was that Nakko, noticing how quiet the Englishman was, imagined he was forming a plan of escape, and he at last thought it advisable to tell Slaars to warn his master that if he attempted such a thing he would be shot at once. Another delightful intimation the chief made was that it would be very bad for his prisoner if the ransom were not sent.

"He says also, monsieur, that if the Government send soldiers out to hunt him and his band, that it will be equally bad for you," observed Slaars, grimly, after one of his confabulations with Nakko. "But he is very interested to hear all about the English Lee-Metford rifle, and he says that if you can promise him some ten of these, you shall be better treated."

None of these brief parleys brought much consolation to the heart of the unfortunate prisoner. But he determined to take things philosophically. After all, if he was to die, he would die like an Englishman. And if worse came to worst, he would do all in his power to persuade them to shoot him through the head.

As the hours went by and there seemed nothing much to do except to think, and this was not a very cheering occupation, the captive began vaguely to speculate in his own mind whether it would be a very painful ordeal having his nose and his ears cut off. As the sun gained in power the temperature became very pleasant until about midday, when everyone was glad to find some shade. At noon the brigands lit a fire in a sheltered place, and cooked all the meat they had laid hands on in the hut. There was plenty of it, mutton or goat, and they roasted it in kabobs over the fire.

Everyone then made a hearty meal, Captain Marriott's bread and cheese also coming into requisition. The brigands, however, seemed to prefer the black bread which they had with them. Water was to be had in plenty, brought in skins from some neighbouring spring or stream. Afterwards the men amused themselves by overhauling and examining all the things they had appropriated belonging to their prisoner. They had taken everything of any value, such as Captain Marriott's watch, field glasses, rifle, and cartridges. The only clothing they annexed was a little scarlet wash-leather waistcoat. The latter was, however, willingly given up to Captain Marriott when, on the sun going down, he found it chilly, and asked for it through Slaars.

It may be well to say here that from the moment they took him actually prisoner they showed the Englishman every respect. Anything

he wanted, either in the shape of food or water, was brought to him with the greatest readiness and civility, and as the days went on a small quantity of water was provided for him every morning to wash his face and hands in.

After the sun set twilight came on apace, and the brigands once more collected all their baggage and made ready to start. The party descended the ridge, the two prisoners still bound and led as before. Indeed, the rope was never taken off Captain Marriott during the whole time of his captivity. After going down hill for some little time a halt was made in a sheltered position among the fir trees. The brigands made Captain Marriott lie down on a bed they prepared for him with lopped fir branches. On this, with his one blanket, he tried to make himself comfortable, and Slaars followed his example. So—the centre of the group—they by and by dropped off to sleep. It was frightfully cold that night, but the bandits were much too cautious to light a fire in the darkness.

At early dawn they were roused, for another move was to be made, and soon the party were once more on the move. The prisoners were glad of this chance of getting warm again, for they had become thoroughly chilled and cramped during the night. Blundering along in the uncertain light, Captain Marriott soon felt his blood once more circulating in his veins, and as daylight came, hope took possession of his heart. He still had his pocket-knife safe, and he clung to the idea that, given a chance, he might yet effect his escape, though he was determined not to leave old Slaars in the lurch. The latter threatened to be rather a clog in the event of their obtaining their freedom, for he complained bitterly of rheumatism and could scarcely walk.

The party climbed uphill again, and after half an hour's time they halted and took up a position for the day. This was in a similar spot to the one they had occupied on the previous day, and was where the pine trees began to get thin, and whence a good view in all directions could be obtained, so that all chances of being surprised were guarded against. The day wore wearily on—the monotony of the hours making them seem twice as long as reality. One piece of news gladdened the hearts of both captives, though doubt still reigned paramount there. When they were chatting together, Slaars suddenly announced that Nakko intended to release him that night, so that he might go to Yu-sek-koum and demand the ransom which the brigands expected in exchange for the Englishman's valuable person.

"They expect £10,000," said Slaars, watching his master closely to see what effect this announcement would have upon him; "£10,000 to be paid within two days, as well as three rifles and three watches. Otherwise . . . " he paused and hesitated.

"Otherwise," rejoined Captain Marriott, "my head?"

"Exactly," responded Slaars, mournfully; "but monsieur must not despair. Two days is not long certainly, but I will do my utmost in every way. Monsieur must keep a good heart. The Government is all-powerful, the brigands know that; though they, too, are apparently all-powerful on occasions! But everything that can be done will be done, and Monsieur le Capitaine will yet escape in safety."

So, bidding him to be cheerful and keep up his strength, and saying he was also going to send a good supply of food for the camp, Slaars prepared for departure.

At dusk they again descended to the lower ground for warmth. Captain Marriott was by this time suffering much less pain from his wound, and the mental anxiety he was undergoing was lightened at the thought that Slaars was going away to find assistance. Sur-reptitiously he scrawled a short note on some leaves torn out of his diary, and when the moment came for the old man's departure, he thrust these into his hand unseen by any of the bandits.

The note was addressed to friends in Smyrna, and as he gave it to Slaars Captain Marriott told him of the five pounds hidden in the sock in the tin case which had been left in the hut, and gave him the key of the same, saying he could use it on his behalf. It was about

three o'clock in the morning, when the moon had risen, that Slaars was uncorded and ordered to be ready to march. He bade his master good-bye, and again assuring him that he would do everything he possibly could for him, disappeared into the forest in company with Nakko, the chief. So the days passed. Every evening, and every early morning before it was light, the band changed their ground. It was still piercingly cold at nights, but the captive fortunately now had two blankets instead of one. The monotony of the days was frightful, and at first he missed Slaars terribly. The fact of lying there, tied up and helpless, hour after hour, with not a soul to speak to, was too dreadful. One or other of the band was constantly disappearing, probably in search of news.

Through the long hours the only relaxation the prisoner had—a very short one—was to write up his diary, which he could just reach out



* CAPTAIN MARRIOTT—WRITING UP HIS DIARY.*

of his pocket with one hand. He would at other times lie and watch the large, crimson-headed, green woodpeckers which occasionally came and settled on the trunk of a tree close by. This was the only animal life he ever saw. The brigands shared bread and meat with him, but they never for a moment relaxed their vigilance, and though the others might be sleeping like dogs, one was always on guard and sitting up all through each night. The slightest move on the part of the prisoner would cause an immediate one on his to show the Englishman that he was wide awake.

Let but the dead stillness of those desert mountain heights be broken by the least unusual sound—such as the snapping of a branch off a tree, or the occasional rustle of a leaf—and, like terriers who hear the squeaking of a rat behind the parlour wainscoting, the band were all on the *qui vive* in an instant. Their eyes would at once be fixed in the direction whence the sound had proceeded, rifles were seized, and held ready to cover any enemy who might suddenly appear on their track. Their sleep at all times was snatched like that of dogs, with the proverbial eye wide open, and the energy and activity of these outlaws was most surprising at all moments when the least alarm was given. Captain Marriott, therefore, never saw any chance of escape. True, he might have cut his bonds and attempted to plunge into the darkness of the forest, but what chance would he have had of ultimate escape, saluted immediately with a volley, and hunted by these human mountain wolves?

At the end of two days after Slaars's departure things were evidently not going well. The chief showed this in his manner. Nakko frequently went away for some hours, and on his reappearance the unfortunate captive always felt most anxious as to what his next order might be. He shuddered sometimes, when he saw one or other of the band sharpening his yaghtan on the sole of his boot, and wondered fearfully what use the weapon would next be put to.

At last one day, after having spent it as usual, when it grew dusk the party were once more on the move. And on this occasion a very long and wearisome march was made, in a south-westerly direction. It was terrible work, marching in the dark, over the steepest and roughest ground, and as the poor prisoner had no means of saving himself when he tripped, he had many a slide and tumble as he went along. As the time passed his spirits sank, for he feared they were now taking him away to some of the secret fastnesses of the mountains, and that all chance of ever seeing England again was lost to him. Hope took wings and flew away, and black

despair began to take possession of his hitherto brave heart.

At last, while they were going along, a whistle was heard in front of them, and they suddenly came upon Nakko, whom they discovered sitting, waiting evidently for them, on the trunk of a fallen tree. The chief seemed to be in a very sulky humour, and a lively discussion took place. The party had arrived at the extreme edge of the ridge, and the prisoner saw through the darkness, far away in the valley below, the twinkling of lights. These lights seemed to bring hope back again, for they showed that, after all, other human beings were not so very far away.

The brigands made their captive understand by signs that he was to descend over the brow of the hill, and so, sliding and slipping down ground almost as perpendicular as the side of a house, he crawled into a thick belt of young firs, where he prepared to lie down and rest his weary limbs. Three of the brigands bore him company, and there was no speaking above a whisper. The men moved about like cats, perfectly noiselessly.

The prisoner now began to notice that when they did talk the word "zaptieh" (soldier) entered freely into their conversation, and he made out by degrees that a large number of troops had been seen moving about the country. Every day, now, the brigands received information through some mysterious outside source. Food became scarcer and scarcer, and black bread at last became the sole provision. This black bread was disgusting. It was so gritty and full of sand that Captain Marriott had to give up eating it altogether. He felt it was preferable to starve, for his system had already rebelled against the stuff, and he feared he might become seriously ill if he continued eating it. Even the brigands anathematized it. At times Captain Marriott was driven by sheer hunger to swallow a few morsels of it, when he invariably chose the crust, but he always speedily repented of the indiscretion. On this side of the mountain slope they moved but little, and passed nearly all the time lying by the side of a huge log watching the sun rise and set.

In spite of all the discomfort he was suffering at the hands of his captors, Captain Marriott began to like these wild men, who appeared always so ready to do anything in the world they could for him, except give him his liberty. He was frequently filled with admiration at the pluck and determination they showed when any fresh alarm about the troops was made known to them. Nakko alone failed to win the liking of the prisoner. He was of forbidding appearance and manner, and was a

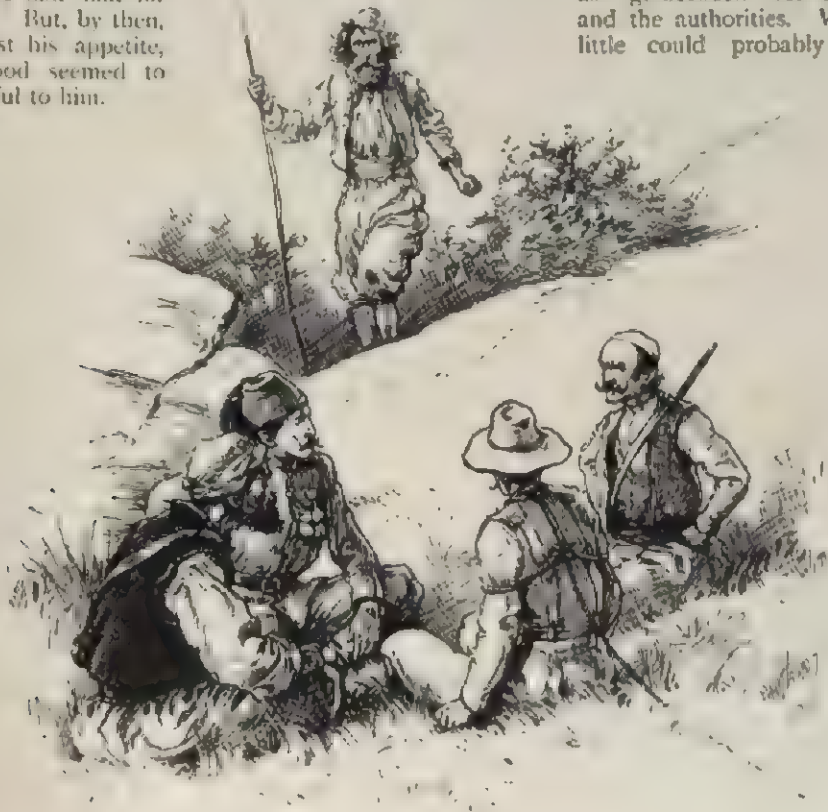
man who, doubtless, had many murders on his soul.

Nakko, however, was more frequently away than any of the rest of the band, and after an absence of two days, the captive had no desire for his return, as such an event always brought a lively fear to his prisoner's heart that he was now going to have his throat cut.

At last, on the evening of November 2nd, they were joined by one of the brigands, who brought with him a great deal of news about the ziptich. The new comer also brought an egg and a piece of cheese for Captain Marriott, which was practically all the food he had had for three days. But, by then, he had lost his appetite, and all food seemed to be distasteful to him.

over to them, and they all sat down to talk. Slaars and his companion had brought half a roasted sheep with them, and the sight of his old dragoman had so quickly restored his appetite in part, that Captain Marriott was able to eat a little wholesome food once more. Slaars then said that he had come with the officer to see if the captain were still alive, and to discuss terms with the brigands.

Just then the prisoner saw approaching for the first time a wild and unkempt looking individual "the man of the mountains." This man seemed to be a half crazy Turk, who, however, had had sufficient sense to act as "go-between" for the brigands and the authorities. Without him little could probably have been



* THE MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

The next morning, while they still lay in thick cover, the unfortunate prisoner heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, and also of strange voices coming up the mountain.

After a little he was taken out into the open. And there, oh, the joy of it! he set eyes once more on Slaars. With Slaars too was an officer of ziptich, who rode a mule and was unarmed. Captain Marriott was allowed to go

done, for it was he who had so mysteriously brought news each day from the village, and carried it back to the authorities. The brigands at this period were surrounded by troops and people from the country round. Slaars told his master that Nakko had sent in word by the wild man to the Bimbashi commanding, that if the troops moved any nearer Captain Marriott's head would be sent into camp.

The zaptieh officer now offered the Sultan's terms sent from Constantinople. These were that if they spared the Englishman's life, he would grant them all a free pardon and "backsheesh." After delivering this message, Slaars and the officer again departed, still leaving Captain Marriott in the hands of the brigands. The band then had an animated discussion, and after a good deal of apparent disagreement they seemed to settle something between themselves. After the sun was set that evening the party again went off across the mountains. In two hours' time they halted in a narrow and sheltered ravine, and then, to the surprise and joy of the prisoner, the brigands proceeded to light a good fire. This was such an excellent omen that Captain Marriott's spirits rose, and they were all quite merry that night. Surely, now all the trouble was coming to an end and his liberty would soon be gained. He could not sleep for thinking over the events of the previous day.

Day broke, and nothing happened. The brigands chose another hiding-place to which they conducted their prisoner, and the hours went by. But, alas, no news came. Hope deferred again robbed the unhappy man of his night's rest. Surely, after all, the brigands were going to refuse the Sultan's terms, and he would remain a prisoner, or worse than that even — Nakko might decide to carry out his threat and behead him. The horror and doubt of his position threw him into a fever of unrest.

At about nine o'clock next morning he was told to get up. The men gathered all the kit together, and they once more set out. Then it was that the joyful thought dawned in Captain Marriott's mind that he was, at last, going to be released, for never before had the brigands travelled by broad daylight. A long march under a hot sun, up and down hill, showed the prisoner how weak he was. At last, just as he was beginning to feel as though he would drop from fatigue, Nakko appeared once more. The chief had with him the Sultan's Firman, which contained a free pardon to all the band. The brigands at once unbound Captain Marriott, and he was once more a free man.

After going downhill a little farther, conducted by Nakko and followed by the rest of his men, the Englishman came upon a grave-looking Turk, who proved to be no less a personage than the Kaimakam of Yu-sek-koun. He was sitting on a carpet in the shade of a tree, and by his side was the zaptieh officer who had visited the prisoner with Slaars two days before. The whole party set off down the mountain, soon coming to a track which led them to the nearest outpost of troops. Here Slaars once more joined his master, with many expressions of delight and satisfaction. The Government had not been half-hearted in their endeavours to effect the Englishman's release. At the first outpost there were fifty Bashi-Bazouks, and one hundred and fifty infantry. The latter were Circassians, who are used to climbing the mountains, and are every bit as good as any brigands in that respect. There were over a thousand soldiers on the mountains, and the Sultan had issued a mandate that, if any harm came to Captain Marriott, he would banish the whole colony of charcoal-burners out of the district, besides levying heavy fines on the peasantry.

This resulted in turning every man's hand against the brigands, who soon found themselves practically prisoners as well as their captive. Captain Marriott was most kindly received and treated by the Kaimakam and the Bimbashi. He shared their tent with them, and enjoyed a good dinner in due course.

The bandits seemed very soon to be quite "Hail fellow, well met," with the troops, and there was much feasting and jollification among them all. Two or three sheep were roasted whole, the superintendence of the roasting of these animals being entirely done by one of the brigands. He tasted the carcasses and cracked jokes with the soldiers at one and the same time.

As soon as he was able Captain Marriott left for England. All through his long and weary captivity his chief hope had been that no news should reach England concerning his misfortunes, on account of the anxiety that would be felt by his relations.

Fishing Extraordinary.

I.—Pullah Netting in Scinde.

BY ARTHUR HOARE, A.M.I.C.E.

A "double-barrelled" article, the first part dealing with the extraordinary pullah fishing in Scinde, and the second part with the catch of fish weighing up to 300lb. It is sure to interest anglers and impress all.



N order to see what is probably the most interesting and curious mode of fishing in the world, it is necessary to visit that portion of India known as Scinde.

This district is in the Western Presidency, and although it is ruled by the Government of Bombay, Karachi is its port and capital. No railway at present connects the two towns, except by a long and circuitous route through the Punjab, and consequently the Scindi habits and customs have not yet been enlarged upon by the globe trotter and kodakite.

Before entering into the details of the curious way in which the "pullah" fish is entrapped, a short description of the particular fish will not be out of place.

The fish is of the herring family, and although we have no fish similar to the species found in Scinde, the "sable fish" is the nearest, and on the eastern side of Hindustan, where specimens are often found, the fish is known as "hilsa."

The fish was originally supposed to be essentially marine, and is said by naturalists to proceed hundreds of miles up rivers at certain periods of the year for the purpose of spawning. The colour is silvery glossed with gold, and the body is covered with scales, which are thin and easily detached. An average-sized specimen will weigh from 6lb. to 10lb.

In order to arrive at the town of Hyderabad, where pullah fishing is carried on, it is necessary to travel some sixty miles north ward from Karachi, and the visitor arriving there between the months of March and September will see the trade at its height. The remaining months of the year are strictly regarded as "close" season, and fishing is forbidden by the orders of Government. It is difficult to say precisely what the fishermen do remaining

portion of the year, but they probably make sufficient money during the season to retire to their homes for six months and do nothing, which, as everyone knows, is the favourite occupation of the ordinary Indian peasant or labourer.

The first thing which strikes a visitor on glancing at the river is the fact that there are a number of men being rapidly carried down by the swift current, looking as if they were supported on nothing, appearing as if they would most certainly be drowned, kicking out violently with their feet at intervals, but otherwise appearing perfectly happy.

The first illustration shows a man with his complete "kit." This consists of, firstly, his floating bowl or "chattie"; secondly, his bamboo fork with his net stretched across it; and thirdly, his spear. The cost of a "chattie" is in English money 5s., the bamboo and net 2s., and the dagger 6d., so that for the modest sum of 7s. 6d. the "pullah" fisherman is equipped for at least a season, although, as will be explained later, he generally manages to make the same materials last for more than one year.

The chattie is an earthen vessel about 3ft. in



FIGURE 1.

NATIVE WITH FLOATING BOWL, SPEAR, AND NET.

FIGURE 2.



GROUP OF FISHERMEN JUST LASHED WITH CATCH.
From a Photo. by Gopaldas & Son, Hyderabad

who have just come out of the water. The centre one has his chattie, but the other two are not sufficiently well off to provide themselves with that article, and they have substituted large pumpkins. These they clean out and cover with strong, which is in turn covered with glue to make it watertight. There is no hole at the top, and the pumpkin is tied to the body and acts as a buoy. This method has the disadvantage that the greater part of the man's body is constantly in the water, and they do not appear to be so successful as the others.

Not the least interesting of their methods is that which they adopt for mending a cracked chattie—it is ingenious and satisfactory. The procedure is as follows:—

Having discovered the crack, the man gets a small drill not much larger than a common needle, and carefully drills a line of holes on each side

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of the crack along its whole length and a little farther each way. The crack is then actually sewn together. Each stitch is drawn tight, and when the seam is finished off the whole is covered with a cement which fills up the small pores, and renders the whole watertight. Many chatties can be seen with seams in all directions, and in this way are frequently made to do duty for five or six seasons.

Although at the beginning of the season, when fish are scarce, as much as 1s. each can be got for them, the average price during the busy time is about 3d., and as the toll on this amounts to 1d., the man earns about 2d. a fish. A man can live comfortably on 10s. per month, and allowing a similar amount for his wife and family, he only requires to catch five fish a day to earn a living, and if he manages to catch double this number, he earns sufficient to keep him for the whole year.



From a

GOING HOME LADEN.

(Photo.

II. *The Land of the Leaping Tuna.*

By PROFESSOR CHAS. F. HOLDER, LECTURER ON ZOOLOGY, THROOP UNIVERSITY, PASADENA, CAL.

ALONG the coast of California, from Point Conception southwards, there is a necklace of emeralds set in azure, each gem an island, rocky and precipitous, surrounded by the deepest water without suggestion of reef or shoal. To-day, with few exceptions, they are deserted; but two hundred years ago they were peopled by a vigorous race, who are now only represented by the mounds and implements of stone which are taken from them. Some of the islands belong to the Government; some are private property, and are used as sheep ranches. All are beautiful, with deep cañons running hither and thither: precipitous cliffs fronting the sea, worn into deep caves, among which the ocean beats and bellows eternally.

One of these islands, Santa Catalina by name, forms the natural breakwater of a part of Los Angeles county, and is used as a resort by the southern Californians, who crowd to its shores from April till November. In winter time, tourists from all over the world make this lovely place a point of their itinerary. The attraction of this island is its remarkable climate, winter and summer—a climate which permits the roses to bloom all the year round, which at Avalon knows no frost, and which gives cool breezes the summer long. The photograph we reproduce here is an excellent view of Avalon Bay, Santa Catalina Island.

That this place deserves the title of the "Angler's Paradise" will be evident from the two illustrations on the next page. The first shows a wonderful catch of yellow tail and bonitos, while the second depicts a number of truly gigantic black sea-bass, caught by Mr. F. V. Rider and Dr. Macomber with rod and reel at Santa Catalina, July 21st, 1898. Observe the weights. They are, commencing from the fish on the extreme left, 140lb., 170lb.,

and 150lb. The huge giant on the right weighs no less than 320lb. Lucky members of the Tuna Club. But let us now consider the manner of taking the tuna.

In the placid bay, hardly a mile across, and in the adjacent waters some very remarkable game fish are taken, which have attracted the attention of sportsmen all over the world. At Avalon, the Tuna Club has its head-quarters. This is an organization composed of two hundred gentlemen representing many States, and they are all active in the preservation of game fishes and the encouragement of rod and reel fishing. Twenty-four of these men have distinguished themselves in the angling world by taking a 100lb. tuna, and their silver and enamelled buttons tell a remarkable story of perhaps the grandest game fish in the world.

We will suppose we have engaged our boatman for a day with this monstrous fish, and Jim Gardner, a famous gaffer of the Tuna Club, is on hand bright and early; very early would better express it, as the tuna feeds when the day is just breaking; and it is about four o'clock when we push off. Jim's boat is the *Fortuna* ("for tuna" he also pronounces it). She is an ordinary yawl, intended for rowing, but very broad of beam and a fine sea boat, large enough for three men. She has a diminutive three-quarter horse power engine, that pushes her along at the requisite speed. The seats are so arranged that the fishermen sit



From a Photo. (9)

VIEW OF AVALON BAY, SANTA CATALINA ISLAND, CAL.

(Continued.)



A WONDERFUL CATCH OF YELLOW TAIL AND DEWATER.
From a Photo by C. B. Warte, Los Angeles, Cal.

in easy chairs and face the stern: one fishing to the right, and the other to the left, with 12oz. or 16oz. rods, and from eighteen to twenty-four strand lines usually wound upon big rubber and nickel reels, which hold 600ft. or 900ft. As we purpose taking the tuna, the latter amount is held in reserve; and, gradually paying out, the little boat moves out into the bay.

We have gone perhaps fifty yards when there comes a splash, and some big fish leaves the water and several flying fish dash over the boat, just missing our heads. Next the flying-fish bait astern is seized amid a rush of foam, and the big reel sings loudly under the strain, a zee-eee, long continued. That means the melting away of 100ft., 200ft., 300ft., or 400ft. before the end comes. There is a big leather pad on the reel, and this we press with all our power, hoping to stop the rush; finally this has its effect, and the great fish changes its tactics and for

an instant stops, then the line slackens mysteriously, and he appears to be gone. Not gone, however, but coming at you like the silvery arrow that he is. The boatman utters a shout of warning that sets your hand whirling at the reel. The big multiplier fairly eats up the line as you reel, but all to no purpose: the fish is within 20ft. of the boat, and the line still slack.

The moment he sights the boat he turns, a blaze of silver against the blue water, and before you can realize what has happened, the tuna is away on a rush, the velocity of which whips the line through the water with inconceivable rapidity, and jerks coil after coil from the reel in his cunning and desperate effort to escape. Again 200ft. or 300ft. of line are taken, and it is this splendid ruse, this charge on the angler often repeated, that makes the large tuna one of the most difficult fishes to catch.

Moments are slipping away, however, and it is half an hour since the fish was hooked. He is now sulking deep in the heart of the channel,



From a Photo, by]

CATCH OF COLOSSAL BLACK SEA TUNA.

[Overman

from which he is lifted, however, much after the fashion of a sulking salmon; then comes a series of desperate rushes, frantic circles about the boat, wild plunges, and dashes straight away, which finally resolve themselves into one steady run directly out to sea, the boatman vainly resting his oars in the water to stop or tire the fish. The excitement is immense. It is as though one were lion hunting. The boat moves on stern first with a wave of foam before her. For a mile the huge fish tows the boat, then is turned and comes in again like a beam of light, passing and towing the boat in shore again. Repeatedly he is stopped by violent pressure of the oars, and as many times breaks away. The magnificent contest wages for two hours before this marvellous fish is brought to gaff, and slides, a splendid creature, glistening and scintillating, into the boat, to tip the scales an hour later at 150 lb.

The stories that are told of this fish would fill a volume. One has towed a boat ten miles; another has taken a party for a regular cruise of fifteen miles; one fought for seven hours, another four; and if the records of the Tuna Club were published, the credulity of any one who has not had the experience would be tested very severely indeed.

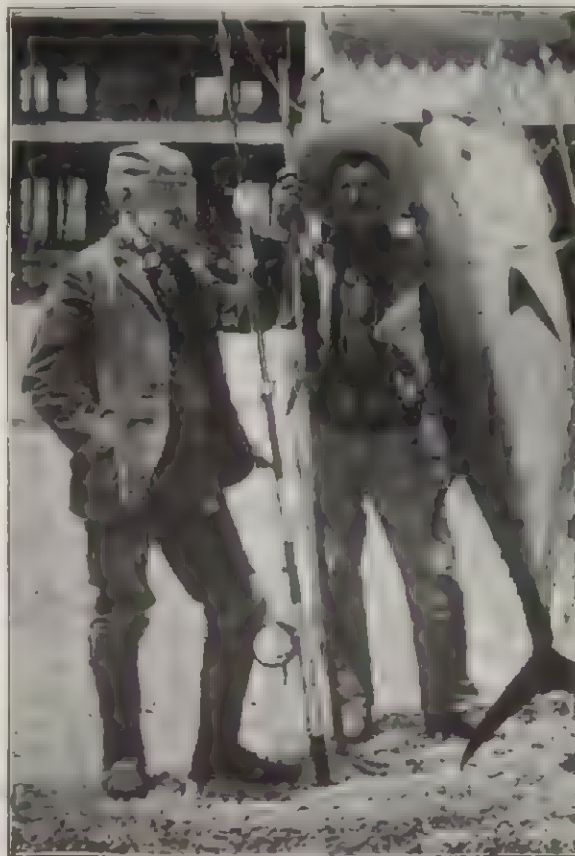
But to our own experience. The lines are baited with sardines, and soon the reel is hissing again and a yellow-tail is hooked. Old salmon fishermen say that the yellow-tail is the more powerful fish of the two, and its struggles on the light rod go far to justify this statement. After twenty minutes of active work on the reel the yellow-tail is brought in, a blaze of silver, yellow, and ultramarine, and a type of fishy activity. The sea is fairly alive and tinted with this beautiful fish at times. Then for variety a sea-bass

strikes, and is brought to gaff with much the same play. It is a radiant creature in bronze tints, and is of enormous size.

In the afternoon we anchor on the black sea-bass beds on the edge of the kelp, not 200 ft. from the shore of the rocky island, and with a live 7 lb. white-fish as bait we begin fishing. Half an hour or more slips away, when suddenly the line begins to move slowly, as the sea-bass is the opposite of the tuna, a slow biter. Five, ten, fifteen feet run out, then the strike is given, and a furious rush is the result. The oarsman casts off the buoy, the boat swings round and is towed away by the heaviest game fish ever caught on a rod. The rushes are terrific, and only the most careful generalship saves the line. The bass is heading for a kelp bank off shore half a mile, hoping to rush among the vines and so break the line; but he is outwitted, and held off and fought vigorously for over twenty minutes. Finally he is brought to gaff—a monster in dark mahogany tints, weighing 300 odd pounds. As the gaff is fixed he lashes the water with his ponderous tail, deluging the boat with spray.

A mighty catch, yet larger have been made; the record catch being a 327 lb. fish, taken in 55 min., while the record tuna weighed 183 lb., and took four hours to land. This latter is seen in the last photograph reproduced, and one glance at its ponderous form will convey even to the non-angling reader some idea of the great skill and labour involved in its capture. The writer, who is president of the Tuna Club, got a gold medal for this record catch. As I said before, this monster fought for four hours, and towed my boat ten miles.

During late spring, summer, and fall days, the shores of Santa Catalina swarm with game fish of many kinds, and the angler is surfeited with all the delights of the rod and reel.



THE AUTHOR WITH A TUNA, WHICH HE TOOK HIS BOAT TEN MILES.
From a Photo. by Greenon.

In the Flooded Cave.

By MAJOR H. DE H. HAIG, R.E.

A narrative of startling adventure that befell a distinguished British officer. How Major Haig and his Mauritian host got out of the flooded cavern, and their dramatic meeting with the superstitious François.



SHOUT of "*Levez-vous, et venez baigner*" awoke me, and as I gazed on the unfamiliar surroundings, I could not at first recall where I was.

The sun, just rising above the rocky hills, streamed through the jalousies on to the polished floor and the elegant mosquito netting round my bed. My host was in the veranda rapping at the window, with his towel over his arm, impatient for a swim, and I then remembered that I was spending a few days with a French friend called Anboise, in Mauritius, on purpose to explore a strange cavern of ill-repute in the neighbourhood.

We were soon wending our way through the beautiful tropical growth of the garden, down to a little coral pier, where, sheltered from view by a clump of delicate feathery filahos, we plunged into the still lagoon. No danger of sharks inside the coral reef, so we fearlessly swam out, frightening the mullet, and making them jump out of the water in shoals. Half a mile away, the breakers thundered everlastingly on the reef; but in the clear shallow water between it and the beach there was hardly a ripple. The shores stretched away on either side, densely covered with nodding cocoanut palms, peeping through the silver-grey belt of filahos along the coast; and behind the tree-tops rose tooth-like peaks, gaunt and bare—the last remains of the volcanoes which once vomited forth this solitary ocean island.

Refreshed by our delicious swim, we walked across the dazzlingly white coral beach, to where

some Creole negroes were fishing. We had not time to examine all their catch, however, for the breakfast bell, clanging loudly, called us to the house, where we found our hostess in the veranda, looking charming and cool in her dainty French morning *demi-toilette*, waiting to greet us.

She had provided a breakfast fit for an epicure, of delicacies such as Mauritius only can supply: a curry of dainty *camarons*—cray fish from the river; a salad of *palmiste*—the undeveloped leaves of the areca-nut palm; and a *pièce de résistance* of *gouramier*, a fish carefully reared in ponds for the table. This was served by turbaned, white liveried Malabar servants, who, with the rest of our surroundings, might easily have deluded us into believing we were in India.

The cavern we were to explore has an evil reputation; it is, of course, haunted, as is every other strange place, to the superstitious negro. In this case, the ghost is that of a murdered Chinaman, whose skeleton was long ago found in its depths. It is said to extend beneath the sea to the Island of Bourbon, 120 miles distant; also to be the mouth of a volcano, and no one who has ever been far into it has ever come out

alive. We had not much faith, however, in these Creole tales, and were determined to see for ourselves.

A short drive, and a walk of a mile in Indian file through dense acacia undergrowth, heavy with the scent of its yellow spheres of bloom,



MAJOR H. DE H. HAIG, R.E.
From a Photo. by G. West & Son, Gairport.

brought us to a cup-like depression, nearly filled with masses of black, cindery lava, piled in confusion. On one side was an opening, about the shape and size of a railway tunnel. Amboise had a dread of someone lighting a fire at the mouth of the cave (as the negroes often did to appease the evil spirits who lived within), for the smoke might sweep through it while we were there; and so he left a Malabar to watch, who was only too delighted to be let off what he looked upon as a mad expedition, certain to end in disaster.

We lighted our candles and put match-boxes into our pockets; then, taking with us a Creole mulatto, François, who was reputed to be very plucky, we clambered into the opening.

The roof, floor, and sides were all one block of rock, as porous and full of holes as a sponge. The sides were everywhere covered with black, glassy lava drops, which once had trickled down and formed a heap on a curious ledge, running along both sides, a few feet from the floor. This ledge, or shelf, was about a yard wide, drooping at the edge, and a close examination revealed the fact that it really consisted of fifteen layers of lava. The molten stone must thus have stood at fifteen different levels, long enough to allow its edges to cool and harden, before it sank and solidified into the rocky floor, which everywhere showed ripple marks, and sometimes sounded hollow, as if there were another cavern below.

After we had gone about half a mile, a muffled roar became audible, which gradually increased as we approached. This was too much for François, who got wild with terror, and fled up the cave with a yell, accidentally extinguishing his candle as he did so. Amboise and I gazed apprehensively at the darkness ahead, expecting some frightful horror to rush out upon us from its unknown depths, and I really felt my scalp

moving as if it bore the "quills of the fretful porcupine"; but our pride made us hold our ground. Nothing came out of the black opening, and as the rumble died harmlessly away, it occurred to me that it was only the train to Port Louis going over our heads, for the cavern

passed under the railway. We went back to retrieve François, who carried the lunch, and found him sprawling on the ground in an agony of tears. He had stumbled in the dark, and falling, gave himself up for lost. Our explanation he did not believe in the least, and we had to watch him, to see that he did not bolt again.

About half a mile in there was a sudden drop in the floor of about four feet; and shortly after that it began to be covered up with gravelly earth. There was a slight, but distinct, draught of air down from the entrance, and we now saw, from its traces, that a stream evidently

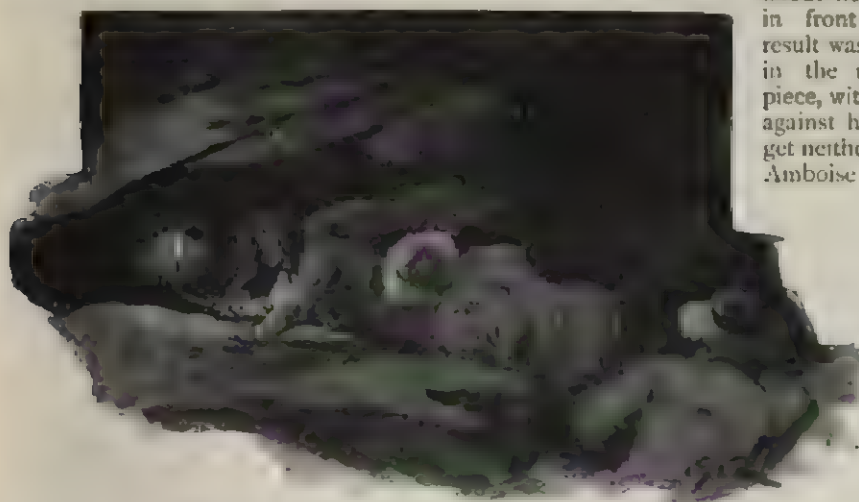
flowed through after heavy rains. The earth brought in by this gradually filled up the bottom of the cavern, and the farther we went the more the floor rose to meet the roof. The roof also was much more irregular, and often, after crawling on our hands and knees for some distance, we would find that we could walk comfortably for several hundred yards.

We had gone about two miles when the roof came down so low that we despaired of getting through. Amboise, however, valiantly pushed forward, crawling like a snake, with his candle on a stick in front of him. After a bit, he paused and peered about. Then he said to me, in an awed tone, in English, for fear of François, "Dere is someting dere regarding me: I see de eyes." I passed him our only weapon, a geological hammer, and, thus armed, he went on to the attack and found the neck of a broken bottle! The light of his candle had been reflected from both sides of it, and looked like eyes.



"THE TUNNEL WAS AN OPENING."

After this we came to another low piece, which we traversed on hands and knees; and we thought we must be nearing the coast, which here is a high cliff full of caves, for a noise like the beating of waves made itself heard. However, we came upon another low



“THERE IS SOMETHING THERE REGARDING ME.”

piece, even worse than the last, and, as it was my turn, I went in with a candle and the hammer and dug away, in the close, stifling air, for some twenty yards, getting through at last by keeping my arms stretched out in front, wriggling on my face like a snake, and forcing myself along by my feet. Unfortunately, the candle was put out in the process, and a search in my pockets revealed the fact that the match box had fallen out. I could not tell the size of the space I was in, but I found that it was too low to sit upright.

Amboise now tried to come through, keeping his arms in front of him in the same way, as I had cautioned him. He, however, being much larger in the chest, with a development of muscle that would have made his fortune as an artist's model, found the opening a very tight fit indeed for him. I crawled towards him, and gave him the handle of the hammer to hold, after digging the earth a little more away; but we had some heavy pulling before he got through, puffing, blowing, and perspiring.

His light showed only a short length of cave, which again lowered abruptly; but, believing we were near the coast, we thought it worth while to try to go farther and return by the “daylight route” above ground. Meanwhile, however, there was François at the other end, waiting his turn to come through.

Amboise told me that when I stuck in the

hole, François danced about, delighted, and whispered, “*Laisse li mort*,” the Creole-French for “*Laissez-le mourir*.” He hated me, and since other adventurous expeditions, thought I wanted to kill him.

François paid no attention to our caution about keeping his arms out in front of him, and the result was that he stuck fast in the middle of this low piece, with his elbows jammed against his sides. He could get neither back nor forwards.

Amboise and I could not help laughing at the burst of sobs that came out of the hole! We shouted, and ordered and swore at him, all to no purpose. He only kept on lamenting his fate and wondering what his wife and children would do without him.

Whilst this was going on, we were startled by our candle burning dimly, and finally going out. On trying to relight it with a match, neither match nor candle would burn for more than a few seconds, and we realized that François was stopping the supply of air coming to us, and we were being smothered! Amboise and I grasped the situation at the same moment, and all sorts of horrible thoughts flashed through my mind—of pitmen struck down in coal-mines; of well-sinkers killed by foul air; and of brewers suffocated when cleaning the vats. I thought how we should die like rats in a trap, two miles underground, and no one a bit the wiser. But it was a time for action and not thought, so I took out my pocket knife, and crawling towards the mulatto till I touched him, said in Creole-French, “I have a knife here: do you hear it?” opening and shutting it to let him hear the click. “You are corking up the hole, and we are smothering. If you don’t come through at once, I will stick the knife into you.” This stopped the sobbing like magic, and in a very frightened tone he asked me to help him; so I caught hold of his hand, and with a frantic struggle we got one of his arms clear out in front, and then, at last, the other. Amboise dragged at my feet, whilst I pulled at François’ hands, and, finally, we got him through.

It was only just in time, for we were quite exhausted, and lay there for some time panting

and drawing in delicious gulps of the fresh air, which seemed to come all too slowly through the narrow opening.

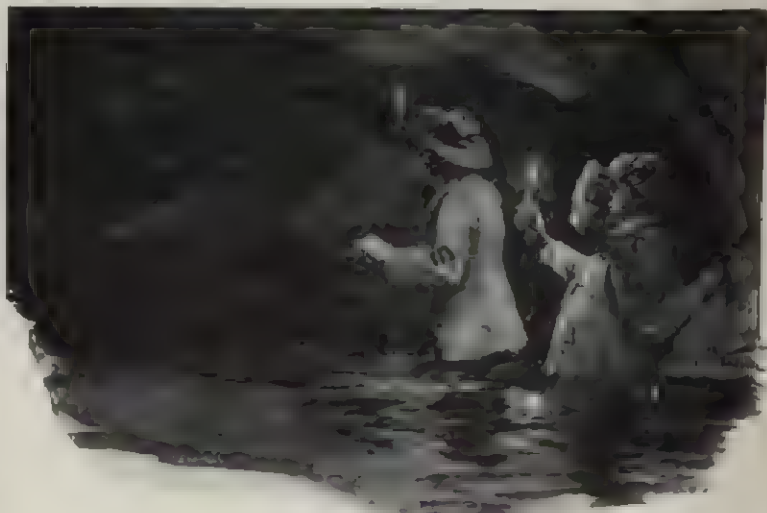
We were much too unnerved and used up to think of going farther, but we had a look at the next narrow place, and willingly voted it too small to try. Just at the entrance to it was a small skull—a monkey's, I think—the only sign of life (or death) we saw, except the clusters of white lizards' eggs that lay about in the crevices, and also some blanched grass growing wherever there was moisture.

We took it in turns to lead, so François started first on the way back, and as Amboise, who followed, began to crawl through the hole, he said suddenly to me, "What is this? It's wet!" And there, sure enough, was a small trickle of water showing itself on the floor of the cave. He struggled through the opening, and shouted to me to be quick, for the rivulet was rapidly increasing in size. I forced my way along on my face, the water dammed back by my body making a continually deepening pool under my chin. We were now thoroughly scared, and scrambled along as fast as the crouching position necessitated by the low roof allowed us, banging our heads frequently against the rough knobs of lava. Before we reached the next low place we were splashing through tepid water as deep as our ankles. It was Amboise's turn to lead here, and we waited impatiently whilst he crawled, oh, so slowly along! When my turn came, the water was nearly touching an elbow of rock, projecting downwards, and I was forced to take a deep breath and dip my face under to get past it; François, following, hesitated at the unaccustomed wash, lost his opportunity, and then found his way was blocked! We heard him yelling and splashing, but could do nothing for him. Overcome by the horror of his situation, we wasted valuable time in shouting useless directions to him, until the water creeping up our shins reminded us that we must leave him to his fate if we wanted to save ourselves.

The roof was now so much higher that we could travel faster, and were able to pass several bad places by stooping low; but a haunting fear

was gripping my mind that we had a bad place in front of us which we had passed before on hands and knees. There was no possibility of consulting, for we were racing as fast as we could plough through the eddying water, holding our candles high to clear the tremendous splashing. As I dreaded, when we came to the next low place, the water was just lapping the roof, and it was too late to get through. We were caught like rats in a trap, and the flood was rising fast!

Amboise dragged me back to the highest part we could find, and we then helped each other on to the ledge of lava mentioned before,



"WE WERE CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN A TRAP."

which gave us an extra couple of feet of height with our heads close up to the roof. Unfortunately, in our rush, both our candles had been extinguished, and our matches were of course soaked. We clung together, pressed against the wall, and awaited our fate in positive terror in the pitchy darkness.

Slowly the water rippled over the ledge, and again rose up our shins, whilst we hoped against hope that the part of the cave we were in would prove solid, and that the pent up air in it would keep the water back, as it does in a diving-bell. It was evident that one of those heavy tropical downpours, like a waterspout, of which only those who have been in them can form any idea, had come on, and was finding its way into the cave a great deal faster than it could get out. How long it would last, and how high the water would rise, it was impossible to guess; we could only wait events, and the concentrated horror of feeling the water steadily mounting up one's body, in that black hole a mile underground, I

could never describe. One thing only could have made it worse—to have been alone! It was a comfort to be able to consult and feel the presence of another in the darkness. Also, one must confess that not being alone in misfortune is a great consolation and aid in bearing one's troubles. Poor François, we thought, must be drowned by now; we were much higher up the cave, and already the water was five feet deep, and if it rose three more we should be done for. Where the unfortunate François was the roof was nowhere four feet above the floor: what chance then could he have? What fools we thought ourselves to put our heads into such a noose, and what bad luck it was that such a storm should come on whilst we were inside! Then there was the Malabar at the entrance: what an idiot he must be not to have warned us. Probably he was afraid to venture in alone! It only that coward François had not stuck in the farthest low part, we should not have been delayed at the end so long, and might have got out in time.

Such were the ideas we discussed, as we supported each other on the ledge, whilst the flood continually rose, eddying round us with soft, gurgling noises. Evidently the storm was not yet over, for the peals of thunder overhead penetrated to our rocky prison, and left us only the forlorn hope that our part of the cave might prove to be like a diving-bell.

The water rose to our armpits, and we fancied it mounted more slowly; but still it did rise, and the thought crossed my mind that as I was a good deal taller than my companion, he would drown first, and probably, in his struggles, pull us both off the ledge into deep water. The air seemed to get thick and oppressive—we hoped, from the pressure of the water; but it was probably only want of ventilation. Still, fortunately, the part of the cavern we were in was high for a considerable distance, and a good deal of air was consequently penned in. The water rose slowly until it got to my collar, and I thought if it got to the top of it it would drown Amboise, and the end would be near. We held each other in silence, for hope was fast ebbing away, and our thoughts were busy with all this meant to us. Suddenly Amboise said, "My friend, I know I shall die; but you are taller, and may save yourself. If you escape, tell my wife that I leave her everything, and that my last thoughts are of her and of my father." I told him not to despair, and made him stand on tip-toe, with his back to the wall, and with his heels resting against it to relieve the strain. I pretended to feel more hope than I really did (as a fact, I felt none), for the constant rise of the water, which now had

reached my "Adam's apple," convinced me that the air was getting away through some fissure, and that the cave was not playing its part as a diving-bell.

The water tantalized us by remaining stationary for a minute or two, and then, when it had raised our hopes, it would move up with a sort of jerk, dashing them again to the ground.

The few inches that Amboise had gained by standing on tip-toe had saved him so far, but now the water began to lap over his chin, although his head was thrown far back. It was only a question of a few minutes when it must go gurgling down his throat.

Suddenly I became conscious of a cold feeling round my neck, just above the surface of the ripples. Again and again the chilly ring was covered, but every time it again felt wet and cold, till at last there was no doubt about it—there was an inch or two of wet space round my neck above the water. *The water was falling, and we were saved!* Amboise and I were so excited that we actually laughed and shouted and danced, and clasped each other; and he kissed me. In fact, we did many foolish things, almost beside ourselves with joy as the water fell away much faster than it rose, leaving us chilled and shivering as its warm ripples receded. At last it had fallen below our ledge, and we thought it time to make a move; but travelling was slow without lights, and we could guide ourselves only by creeping along with one hand on our friendly ledge, floundering through the remains of the flood.

When we reached the entrance, there was our Malabar stolidly squatting on a rock, chewing betel-nut, under an overhanging crevice. He had seen the water pouring into the cave from a hundred fissures, but it had not occurred to his sluggish brain that we were in any danger, or that he should have warned us. I think he heard more choice words, expressive of our opinion of him and his stupidity, in a few minutes than in all the rest of his life put together.

The water now had all run away from the visible part of the cave, so we lit the spare candles and re-entered, with heavy hearts, to search for the remains of François. Tired and discouraged as we were, our progress through the sticky mud was slow and disagreeable. We shouted continually, in the vain hope of an answering yell from the mulatto, but all was still as the grave, save for the little drips and gurgles of the water in the spongy rock. When we came to the low place where François had stuck, we each drew back in dread apprehension of the sight we feared on the other side. At last we crawled through the soft mud and

peered about by the dim light of our candles. Not a sign of him could we find, not a print of his bare foot in the red clay, though we searched every inch of the floor. We could only imagine that, after being drowned, he had floated head first through the next low place, like threading a needle. It seemed most improbable, but we hunted in vain for a more likely explanation. The cave was as free from ramifications as a railway tunnel, so there was no other conclusion possible but that he had been washed farther down. We were in no fit state to search for his body, so we dejectedly made our way to the entrance, revolving in our minds the best way of breaking the sad news to François's unfortunate wife. We resolved to come again on the morrow, with men and spades, and dig out until we found him, for it was too horrible to think of leaving him unburied there.

As we emerged from the damp cave, the heat at the entrance was well-nigh insupportable, and the acacia scrub through which we passed was too low to give any shade, although it was so dense that nothing less than a hurricane

there was a sound of shrill voices, of weeping, and of people running to and fro, and when we got a view, we saw a crowd of gesticulating negroes and Hindus, all gabbling at the tops of their voices.

Suddenly there was a wild shout when some of them caught sight of our mud-stained, dishevelled figures: then dead silence for a moment, as the crowd opened, and who should appear but Mme. Amboise, bathed in hysterical tears—and supported by François!

When at length we could extract sense from the wild incoherencies that followed, we learnt that the mulatto had wandered down the cave, searching for the highest point, when, to his surprise, he discovered a dark fissure in the roof, into which he was able to squeeze. Finding that it enlarged, he followed it, feeling his steps carefully in the dark, when a sudden sharp turn brought him into a dim chamber, opening from a rocky hollow amongst the acacia bushes, whence he easily made his way home. He was convinced that we were drowned, and was telling everyone so, with many superstitious additions



"WE BECAME AWARE OF AN UNUSUAL COMMOTION"

could stir the hot, scorching air of its scented thickets. The scrub thinned and opened, to our intense relief, as we neared Amboise's property, which stood at the edge of a large tract, planted with sugar canes. As we approached, we became aware of an unusual commotion

of his own, when we arrived. The only point to be solved was, how had we missed the fissure when searching for François's body? When we looked for him we were intent on finding his footmarks on the floor, and so it never occurred to us to examine the roof, which elsewhere was perfectly solid, and we had not hitherto dreamt that the cavern had more than one outlet.

A Ploughing Festival in Siam.

By HARRY HILLMAN.

Showing how the Siamese forecast the year's weather, and which will be the most abundant crop. With a complete set of photographs of the ceremony, taken by the writer, and a description replete with curious and amusing facts.



HERE is one thing that the Siamese farmer manages better than his English *confrère*. The latter has his harvest home at the end of the season, and in some districts the remains of the once universal Rogation-tide blessing of the fields and crops. The Siamese, however, not only blesses his seed, but forecasts the best crop of the year, and the probable rainfall as well. The high winds, as characteristic of March in Siam as in England, bring up the rain-clouds from the south, and then the April showers give the signal to the rice farmer to prepare his now grass-covered fields for the seed. But not one of the farmers will think of commencing this work until the great Ploughing Festival has been held. The date is fixed by the astrologers on some auspicious day early in April, and the ruling spirit is the Minister for Agriculture—Phya Surisak by name. Be the day wet or fine, he turns out at the auspicious moment clad in rich robes and accompanied with the pomp of a mimic king, to guide the plough nine times round the three poles which mark out the appointed space. It may be, as was the case this year, that the showers had been so light that the plough merely scratched the surface of the sun-baked earth. Or it may be, as last year, when the Minister and his retinue, and the big crowd that always gathers on these occasions, were ankle-deep in the warm, unctuous mud. For the bare-legged onlookers this was no great matter, but it must surely have been extremely uncomfortable for the Minister of the Government, in his silver-buckled shoes and white silk stockings. The crowd seen so patiently waiting in the first photograph begins to gather as soon as the sun rises a cheerful, happy, careless

group, clad in their brightest colours, often enhanced by a brilliant red, yellow, or green silk sash, bought specially for the occasion. Grown-up children they are, ripe for any fun, spending their money on rattles and other inexpensive and noisy toys, and keeping up such an uproarious babel of sound as will unerringly guide aright the amazed European who, a mile away, may be seeking the rendezvous. As the ceremony does not take place until about ten o'clock, there are four hours of waiting for the earliest comers, but that is nothing to a patient Oriental. Good humour prevails, and such a thing as a policeman's helmet is not to be seen, nor is it ever needed. And the spectators do not beguile the time with horseplay and rowdiness, such as may be seen, say, in London, whilst the crowd is waiting for the Lord Mayor's procession.

The first photograph also reveals the whole structural arrangements that are made. There is a booth open on all sides to any welcome breezes that may blow. Bamboos for posts and roof-beams, and the plaited leaves of the palm-like attap for the roof, are all that are needed in the way of material, with the exception of a few boards for a platform and some red and white



Front of

WAITING FOR THE CEREMONY TO BEGIN.

U'kato.



From a

CUSTOMERS AT A "MUCK" STALL.

[17th photo]

cotton cloth for hangings. A short distance off, three long bamboos are fixed firmly in the earth to mark the space to be ploughed. In Siam the umbrella is an emblem of high rank, and a conventional multiple form of it is used on all public occasions. It will be noticed, therefore, that the bamboos have been given this additional picturesque feature, as well as the small flag that adorns each. They are, moreover, united by an unspun cotton thread of nine strands—the sacred three times three. This cord passes to a small shed in which a couple of bullocks are tethered, and then to the larger booth, which it encircles. Truly, the ceremony is an intricate and stately one.

If the weather permit—and it is bright sunshine, and not rain, that has brought out so many umbrellas—groups will be seen squatting around the baskets from which women purvey the mixture that the Siamese language appropriately terms "muck." Therefore let it not seem strange to you that all the holiday-makers, humble and notable alike, should be spoken of as eating muck. The hot leaf of the betel pepper, the astringent areca nut, with a pinch of tobacco, and a little pink-stained shell lime, make a "quid" that would hardly attract the European onlooker, though the Siamese relish it so heartily that even the toothless old folk carry a small pestle

and mortar about with them to pound it for their own use. The second picture shows just such a group. The woman with such a smile on her face has good reason to look pleased. Both she and her two neighbours have no lack of customers for their toothsome wares, and she herself is in the act of slicing up an areca nut with a knife.

Nor is this the only form of refreshment obtainable. One of the things that European civilization has introduced to the natives of Asia is ice. In the accompanying photograph we have a Chinaman who dispenses iced drinks. He has pitched his stall with its portable awning close to the thirsty

people, and has set out a triple row of glasses each with a little coloured syrup in it. He has a stock of cooked vermicelli in the tin into which he has plunged his hand, and a little of this will go into each glass much as we mix oatmeal with our summer drinks. But the feature of his stall is the lump of ice on the corner to his right. As this melts the water flows down the funnel on which it stands to fall into and cool the drinks below.



From a

A CHINAMAN DISPENSING ICED DRINKS TO THE WAITING CROWD.

[18th photo]



A SHOTSIDE OF THE CEREMONIAL PLOUGH.
From a Photo.

On the ground is an old kerosene oil tin full of water just fetched from a neighbouring pond. It may be slightly muddy, but that will in no way disconcert the Chinaman's customers who are about to drink it, together with the ingredients already mentioned, at the cost of about a farthing a glass.

Not far away lies the plough which will be used for the ceremony. It is entirely of wood, and, as the photograph above shows, is very different from the plough used by our farmers. It is, however, richly decorated, with the carved ends to the yoke, and the

gracefully curved horned extension of the main beam. Where the yoke crosses the beam there is a little Hindu deity, for this festival, although so honoured in Buddhist Siam, is purely of Brahmin origin.

The next picture, with its very European-looking house, represents the home of Phya Surtak, Siamese Minister of Agriculture and High Priest, so to speak, of the Ploughing Festival. Here he entertains a few of his friends, and enables them to have a private view of him in his ceremonial robes; while in the extensive grounds is marshalled the procession which is to escort him to the ceremonial field. When all is ready, and the procession starts, the



THE ATTENDANCE OF THE CEREMONIAL PLOUGHING
From a Photo. DRUMMERS IN FRONT *(Photo)*



THE HOUSE OF PHYA SURTAK, HIGH PRIEST OF THE PLOUGHING FESTIVAL
From a Photo.

sound of horns and drums is heard with redoubled vigour, and all flock out towards the road to witness the approach of the Master of the Ceremonies. A good view is obtained from the bridge over a canal close by, and here a goodly crowd congregates. First comes a line of bare-legged men dressed from head to knee in what was once vivid red, beating drums with sticks shaped like boomerangs. These are seen in the photo. that comes next, while the one that follows it shows the succeeding group of men in the costumes of ancient soldiers, and bearing appropriate arms and shields. Their uniforms are



From a Photo. THE ANCIENT SOLDIERS IN "UNIFORM."

uniform only in their un-uniformity, if I may be permitted to use so fantastic an expression.

Behind these are several Brahmin priests carrying conch shells, which they gravely blow



THE APPROACH OF THE KING. HERE A CHAIR CARRIED BY EIGHT MEN.
From a Photo.

from time to time. The next photo. shows one of these in the foreground, followed by the Minister himself in a chair carried by eight men and attended by nobles in the gorgeous cloth of gold coats and blue nether garments which constitute the Court costume of Siam. There are also the insignia of his rank—the royal umbrellas and the priestly fan, also a sword wreathed with white flowers (seen clearly in the photo. showing the distribution of the consecrated seed later on), and a gold cow—the



THE THIRTEEN IN WATER THROUGH SIX INCHES OF MUD.
From a Photo.

sacred animal of Brahminism—also covered in similar blossoms. Phya Surisak wears robes of the richest material, while over his shoulders is a long cloak of fine white net, heavily embroidered with gold and silver flowers and fruits. Over all is the collar of the Order of the White Elephant, and on his head the curious white crown, studded with jewels, of ancient Siam.

The picture that follows was taken last year, when the procession had to wade through about six inches of mud.

Arrived at the booth, the first act of Phya Surisak is to select one of



From a THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE SEIZES THE PLOUGH.

(Photo)

three cloths lying there, all apparently similar in every respect. This he puts on round his waist, and if it prove to be a short one, and only falls to his knees, then the people know that the year will be extremely wet, so that they will have to pull their garments so high in order to get about. The longest, reaching to the ground, foretells a very dry year, and the other is intermediate between the two. This year the long cloth was chosen, as can be seen in the photograph of the Phya holding the plough. There it is almost sweeping the ground, and a dry year is thus foretold.

The next two pictures require to be taken together. First goes a Siamese noble, carrying a water bottle with a stopper in the shape of a cow. As he walks, he sprinkles the consecrated water on the ground. A Brahmin follows with the golden cow, and he is wearing a handsome

white net robe, lightly embroidered with gold thread. Two others, in plain coat, the breeches-like "phanung," stockings, and shoes, all pure white, are the conch shell blowers already mentioned. The plough is pulled by two cream-coloured bullocks, and guided by the Minister himself holding a long rod, and followed by his attendants. The animals are covered with handsome embroidered cloths, and wear under each ear long tassels of light blue unspun wool. They are made much of, these bullocks, for presently they are to reveal which crops are to be most plentiful. Three times they go round the poles, and then a couple of women one of whom is seen in the next picture—step forward with the consecrated seed-paddy—paddy being the term for rice with the husk still on. These women are the oldest that can be found, and as they are

presented with a full costume of rich material—presumably at the public expense—the office is much sought after. Each woman carries on her shoulder a gilded rod, with a basket sus-



From a

A SIAMESE NOBLE SPRINKLING THE CONSECRATED WATER.

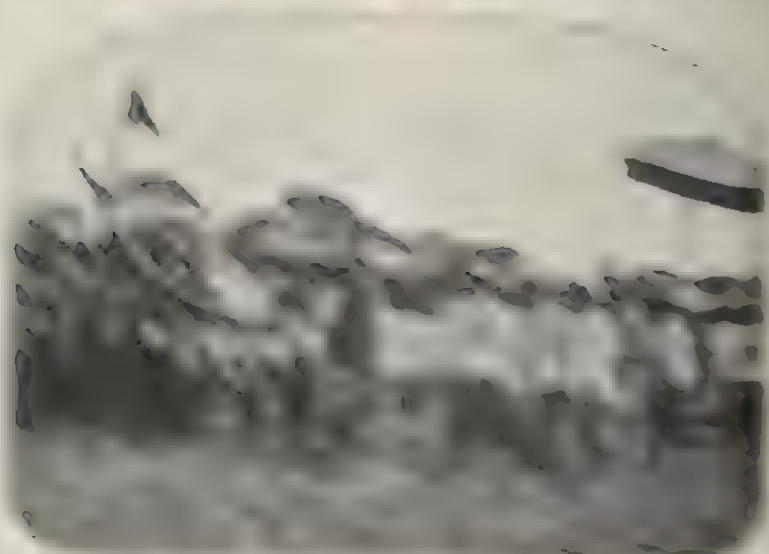
(Photo)

THE NEW WORLD MAGAZINE

...the ... the ... Everywhere the ...
 ... the ... and in some ...
 ... the ground, so that to keep the



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...the ... the ...

beforehand, and filled with paddy, grass, tael-seed, maize, water, and other necessities of life. These are now brought out to the smaller booth, to which the bullocks have already been unharnessed and led. The crowd struggles to see what will happen as the baskets are placed before the bullocks, and the officials have all they can do to keep their feet and note down the preferences of the animals.

The would-be photographer is helpless amid such a crash, so that this interesting moment has to pass unrecorded except by the pen. One bullock goes for maize, and those who grow that crop rejoice accordingly. The other selects tael-seed and grass, and again other sections of the crowd have cause for jubilation. One man, interested in rice, tries to influence the divination by pushing the basket of paddy directly under a bullock's nose. But the gods are not to be made to stultify themselves in that way. They have already foretold a bad year for rain, and how then could they promise a good paddy crop, dependent as that cereal is on an abundant water supply? The bullock picks up the basket, tosses out the grain, and then proceeds leisurely to

eat the basket. One could almost imagine the animal winked at the discomfited paddy-grower. At last the divination is over, and the officials report to the Minister, and then in a loud voice to the people, that this year maize and grass will do well, while the fates appear altogether opposed to the rice trade, which is the staple of the country. The Minister then descends,

enters his chair, which is again lifted to the shoulders of the carriers, and the last that is seen of him is the handsome robe falling from his shoulders over the edges of the chair. As to whether the forecasts prove true or false, it may be that in the

old days the very deep-rooted beliefs of the people caused them to neglect or cultivate certain crops, according to the oracle, so that startling evidence could then be adduced in proof of the astonishing accuracy of the prophecies. But nowadays scepticism has penetrated even the Far East, and it is doubtful if, to the majority of the people, the occasion really presents much more than an opportunity for a much-loved holiday, even as is the case with many old customs amongst ourselves, with the spice of the fortune-telling element thrown in.



[From a]

THE WOMAN WITH THE CONSECRATED SEED.

[Photo.]



THE MINISTER LEAVING THE PLACE OF THE FESTIVAL.

[From a Photo.]

How I Drove the Royal Mail.

BY MISS M. M. ROWLES.

A most delightful story, telling of the pluck and heroism of an English girl in South Africa. All must admire how she extricated herself and her companions from a dangerous dilemma.



WITH many sighs, and possibly a few tears, we took our seats in the Cape cart, which carried the mails, and which was to take us back to school at Fort Somerset. Life, which had been so full of interest and excitement during the past six weeks, suddenly became commonplace, and even the fresh air and the mystery which attends a journey at dawn did not dispel the depression which had fallen upon all. Seven of us had been spending our holidays in a small country town, and we were the only passengers by the Royal Mail. As the oldest of the party I was privileged to take my choice of seats; and as I always prefer to do, I sat next to the driver. Now, in a Cape cart, this is not unalloyed joy: the seat is hard, and the back just catches you under the shoulders and leaves an ache for days afterwards; and, besides, you get the full glare of the sun. But the road lay through some of the grandest scenery in that part of Africa, and Nature soon took the place of comfort.

The first part of the morning passed uneventfully, and we jolted lazily along, drinking in the cool, sweet air, and counting the songs of the different birds. Not a yard of the road was without interest. It curved round the sides of steep hills, and wound in and out of rocky gorges, from which great boulders projected into the road, and looked as if the least touch would bring them down. Bright coloured wild geraniums and jasmine trailed everywhere; and blue-plumbago round its own particular tree, with shining leaves and dazzling red blossom, made glorious patches of colour against the green of the foliage. Aloes with their gorgeous scarlet flowers seemed to cling by tiny

tendrils on the rocks, and here and there were almost hidden by overhanging masses of wild asparagus.

Now and then as we drove through some shallow "spruit" we caught sight of great clumps of long maidenhair fern down in the wet moss, and over all absolute silence, the great stillness of illimitable space.

As the cart jolted on, springboks started up and turned to see the invaders of their quiet homes. For a second, one would stand with eyes full of fear, then with a bound disappear into the bush. Comes darted from their homes in the rocks, and ran across the road almost under the feet of the horses. One of the great excitements of the day was caused by an invasion of baboons. They seemed to be holding a court-martial in the middle of the road, and ten or twelve grizzly old fellows sat

round in a circle chattering and creaking in the most angry way, while on the rock above there seemed to be an army of them, and it took some tact and caution on the driver's part to avoid being drawn into their quarrel.

So the day went on, and the only stoppages were made when we changed horses at intervals. Sometimes, in the heart of the wildest country, six horses and a Kaffir seemed to rise out of the ground, or come from nowhere, so little trace was there of human habitation. During most of the day the heat was intense, and the distant sing sing of the songo lolas, insects which always sing in the hot weather, induced a feeling of drowsiness, which would have ended in sleep had it been possible.

As afternoon advanced, the shadows of approaching evening began to steal across the hills,



THE AUTHOR, AND HEROINE OF THE EX-1011.
From a Photo

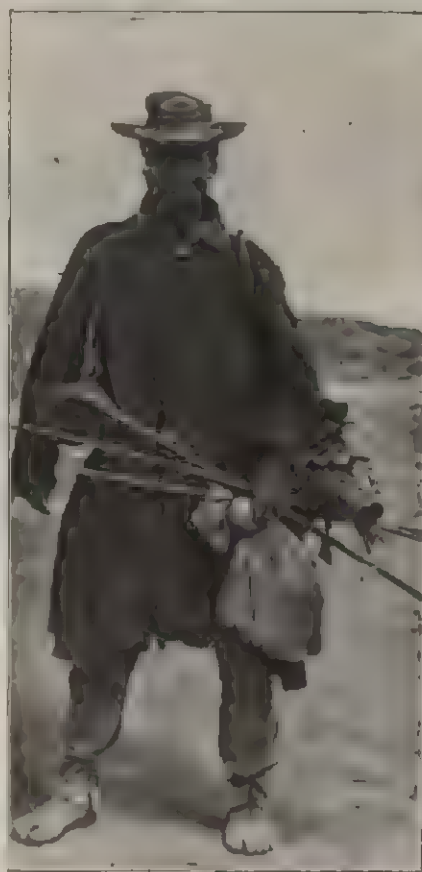


From a

THE CENTRAL PASS OF THE ROAD

Photo

softening the sharp outlines, and producing those wonderful tints and shades which are only seen to perfection in tropical countries. One by one the birds grew silent, until at last only the plaintive song of the wild dove could be heard. Suddenly, in the midst of a meditation on the glorious picture before me, the cart gave a lurch, and the driver, a Hottentot, pitched heavily against me. I looked up in surprise, because the rut was not bad enough to unseat a good driver, and the horrible truth was slowly forced upon me and paralyzed me with fear. Klaas had been drinking heavily, and was growing incapable. We had passed the last inn and had our last relay of horses, and the leaders were unusually restive. In half an hour we should begin the descent of the Devil's Pass, at the bottom of which was one of the worst drifts in the country; and it would be pitch dark then. I glanced back hurriedly to note if anyone else had seen



KLAAS—THE DRUNKEN DRIVER OF THE MAIL

From a Photo.

what I saw, but most of the girls had settled down against the cushions and were too sleepy to notice anything. After the first shock of the discovery had passed I began to think what could be done, and plan after plan rushed through my mind like the horrors of a nightmare. The minutes dragged on, and I shivered as it slowly dawned upon me that there was only one thing to be done. *I must drive!* But six

horses! I had never managed more than two, and how should I get those leaders through the drift? One thing was clear: the other girls must not know; and as it was rapidly growing dark and they were sleepy, it would be easier to avoid discovery. The man leant back drowsily in his seat, the reins grew slack in his hands; and evening crept on.

A short distance ahead the bush grew dense, and I knew a few minutes more would bring us to the head of the pass. A narrow road, not wide enough in many places for two vehicles to pass, cut out of the side of a mountain, winds round sharp curves, and descends steadily for four miles. On our left the ground rose perpendicularly, and the sides of the cutting were almost covered by climbing plants and ferns. On the right was a yawning precipice, sloping sometimes gradually, sometimes abruptly, until the descent was lost in thick vegetation,



[From a]

ROAD NEAR THE FOOT OF THE DEVEL PASS.

[Photo.]

and only the far away murmur of the stream at the bottom could be heard. The pass was said to be haunted, and tales of mysterious wandering forms and the sudden disappearance of travellers flashed through my brain. Slowly I untied my sash, and with cold and trembling fingers lashed myself as well as I could to the seat; then, breathing a prayer for safety, I pushed down the brake as far as it would go, and gently took the reins from the now unconscious driver.

The next hour passed like a fearful dream, and the sensation of absolute loneliness was terrible. We met nothing; but once, when we were half-way down, a white owl flew eerily across the road and set the leaders plunging for a few moments. I could not tell whether I had the reins right; my hands seemed to be full, and they were numb and icy. The only thing I could do was to hold on. Fortunately the horses knew the road better than I did, and I made very little attempt to guide them except going round the curves.

As we neared the drift my heart thumped, and I wondered if this terrible thing would ever come to an end. It was all so like an awful dream, and I felt that presently I should wake up and find myself in my own comfortable bed at home, or perhaps the six o'clock bell at school would wake me. Just at this moment we bumped over a stone, which roused several of the girls, and

one of them leant over my shoulder to see where we were. "Why, you are driving!" "No, I'm not," I gasped out. "Klaas is just letting me hold the reins for a minute while he has a rest." The recording angel is merciful, and I do not think that fib went to my account! If the girls had known, there would have been a scene, and that would have made it much worse. Luckily they suspected nothing, and were soon dozing again.

Now I could hear the murmur of the river, and from the way the water swished I knew the



[From a]

VIEW NEAR THE FOOT OF THE DEVEL PASS.

[Photo.]

drift must be pretty full. I remembered that the last time I had passed through the driver said if one always kept to the right the drift was safe enough. Now came the supreme moment. There was a sharp descent, and the front horses were in the water. "At last," thought I, as we got into the stream, "the trouble is over," and I breathed a sigh of relief. Alas the leaders were almost starting up the ascent of the opposite bank, when the middle horses stood still in the stream and refused to move. I whipped and coaxed and scolded, but without the least effect. My lips grew dry, and my throat parched with agony. "What if the river came roaring down while we were standing there?" It sometimes happened at this season of the year. Suddenly I thought of the brake, and, tugging at it with all my might, I wrenched it back into its place. I then used the whip with all the force I had left. The leaders started off with a jerk, and, after some splashing and kicking, the team plunged forward, making the cart swerve several times as we caught the side of the bank. Good heavens! What was that? A distant rumbling as of thunder, creeping gradually closer and closer, caught my strained ear. The sky was clear, and a few early stars peeped shyly out from the deep blue dome above us. I knew it could be no storm, and my blood ran cold as I realized that we had had a miraculous escape. Five minutes more, and we should have been swept down the river to certain destruction. With their wonderful instinct, the horses seemed to scent the danger, and they quickened their pace.

The rest of the way was easy now, and we were leaving the bush behind us. The open veldt lay before us studded with mimosas, and the night air was laden with the scent of the blossom—a scent that for years afterwards carried me back in thought to that awful night. At last the lights of Fort Somerset peeped out one by one, and the horses trotted quickly forward. In twenty minutes more we were rattling down the street to the terminus hotel. "What do you mean by being two hours late?" a gruff voice called out, as the horses stopped

of their own accord before the door, and I caught sight of two of the teachers waiting for us. "Why, what's this?" The reins dropped from my hands and I moved to get down. "Klaas," I murmured, feebly, "got—drunk—at—at the—Vlei—and—I—had—to—dr—"

When I opened my eyes I found myself on a sofa in the hotel sitting-room. Miss Blake was rubbing my numbed hands, and several people were standing round me. "Well!" I heard someone say, "she's a plucky little girl, and that fellow ought to have two years." "Please, Miss Blake," I gasped out, "tell them Klaas didn't do us any harm," and then I remembered nothing more until I found myself in bed and the principal and Miss Blake standing beside me. "My dear, dear child, we are all so proud of you." The principal leant over and kissed me. "To-morrow," she went on, "you shall tell us all about it, but you must try and sleep now. Is there anything you would like?" I went over in my mind all the things that schoolgirls crave for. Picnics, cakes, chocolate, Turkish delight, all passed through my mind in solemn procession. At last I settled on what I knew would give me a certain position of superiority among my schoolfellows, and I drowsily murmured, "Please may I have my breakfast in bed, with lots of buttered toast?" The principal laughed gently as she once more bent over me and kissed me "good-night." That term was the easiest I ever remember at school.



From a

FORT SOMERSET THE DESTINATION OF THE ROYAL MAIL.

V. A. 100.

Odds and Ends.

A selection from many thousands of travellers' snap-shots and photo. albums, each selected photo being an extraordinary curiosity, and illustrating some remarkable phase of life in countries far and near



HE ubiquitous photographer of to-day, in spite of his persistence, accomplishes a very valuable mission. Thanks to his agency, we are enabled to appreciate the quaint novelties and wonderful sights of the world almost on an equality with the globe trotter, without, of course, any of the attendant expense. Take, for instance, the unique collection we reproduce here. It is culled from the photographic albums kindly placed at our disposal by all sorts and conditions of travelled people, and is thoroughly cosmopolitan in its character.

Our first photograph, which is a particularly fine specimen of the photographer's art, takes us right away at once to Australia, and shows us a novelty in the way of a house. The tree depicted is merely the stump of a giant gum standing in the midst of what is known as the "Raspberry Country," about a hundred miles from Melbourne. As Nature had already kindly hollowed out the interior, and even thoughtfully provided an opening for a doorway, the prospective tenants simply divided the tree into two sections, making an upper and lower story, which they connected by means of a stairway, and then added the roof, as it is seen in the photograph. It is described as being very comfortable and compact, but one would imagine that it was not over well lighted, judging from the darkness of the interior viewed through the doorway.

It is not often one comes across such a remarkable incident as the one depicted in our next snapshot, which shows a carpet snake caught

in a common rat or mouse trap under very exceptional circumstances. Here is the story. At the famous Gympie goldfields some years ago, Dr. J. Shaw saw a carpet snake about 7ft. long in his surgery, and tried to kill it, but the reptile got away with a whole skin. An ordinary steel trap was then baited with a piece of meat at the same spot. On going

afterwards to see the result, Dr. Shaw witnessed a very curious sight. The snake had evidently crawled up to the bait, and found the mouse standing upon the meat, the weight of the little animal not being enough to set off the trap. The temptation of a live mouse was irresistible to the snake, which immediately darted upon its prey. But the force of the blow not only killed the mouse, but also sprang the trap, the teeth of which closed upon the head of the snake and killed it. The fact that the snake's head was caught near the eyes

shows that it had struck the mouse with lightning like rapidity, and had actually drawn back a little way before the jaws of the trap closed.

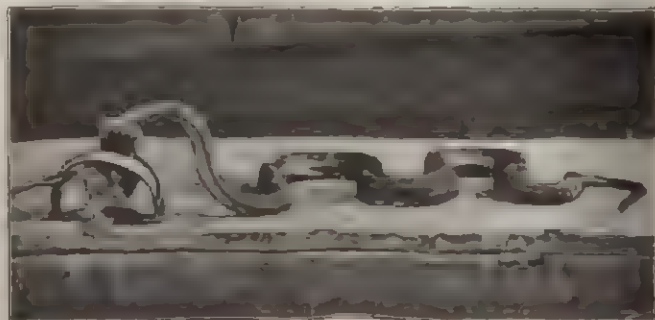
The figure seen cowering under the cone



[From a]

A TREE HOUSE.

[Photo.]



[From a]

A BITE BY.

[Photo.]

shaped extinguisher in the singular way shown in the accompanying photograph is not a prisoner undergoing some form of punishment, but a native gardener of India seeking shelter from the rain. The elegant article of attire is made entirely of the leaves of an immense creeper, which is found in quantities in the jungle. There are generally five or six layers of these leaves, but they are not sewn together with string, as might appear from the photograph. What looks to be string is nothing but the stalks of the leaves, by which alone they are united to each other. These "gungas," as they are called, remind one of nothing so much as of some extraordinary species of gigantic bird.

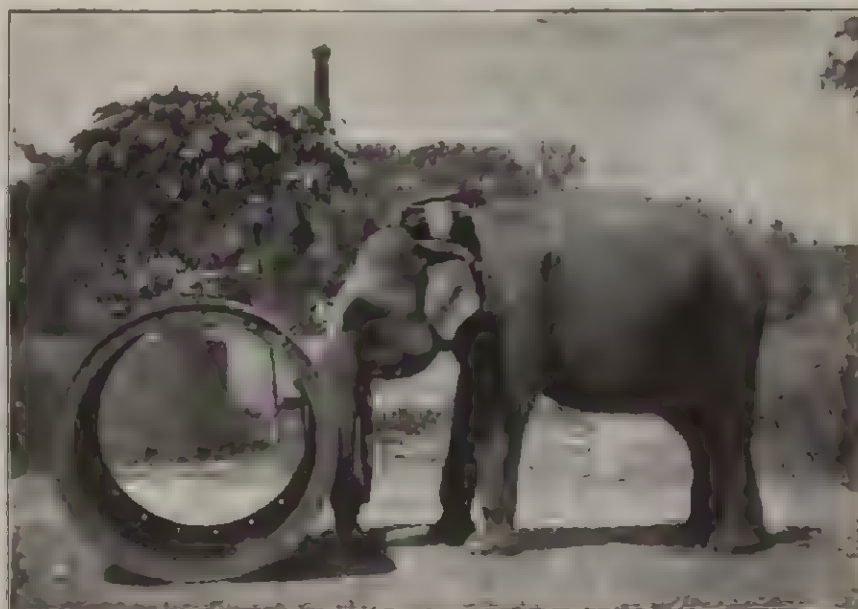
Very interesting is our next reproduction, which shows us an elephant in the Malay Peninsula working almost entirely on his own account. Nothing can be more interesting than the extraordinary sagacity of these elephants, which do the heavy work in India, Ceylon, Burma, and Siam. The elephant shown in our photo. is employed as a "foundry labourer," and his duties consist in shifting sections of very heavy cast-iron pipes. His sagacity in carrying out his somewhat onerous task on rough and undulating ground is nothing short of marvellous. The attitude shown in the photo. is that adopted for moving the section of pipe over level ground. For up-hill work, the intelligent brute lowers his head considerably, so as to obtain a



From a "Gunga" (Photo.)

better purchase; whereas, when descending steep hills, he lays his prehensile trunk along the top surface of the pipe, in much the same manner as that in which a cyclist applies his brake to the top of his front wheel, and with the same result. Curiously enough, these gigantic creatures are both sensitive and delicate, although you might think they could be worked with impunity eighteen hours a day, every day in the year. Such is not by any means the case, however, and the huge "labourers" have their stated days of rest set apart for them, so liable are they to take cold and catch fatal diseases.

Two photos. come next, which give one a very excellent idea of the curious incidents that happen on board ship. They were taken on the sailing ship *Rodney*, 1,400 tons, off Cape Horn. During a gale, enormous masses of water constantly broke over the ship, several hundred tons' weight being on board at one time, and completely filling up the main deck level with



From a "Foundry Labourer" (Photo.)

the top rails. Parts of the deck-houses and the rails on the starboard side of the ship were entirely washed away, the galley was gutted, and the stock-pens smashed, sheep and pigs being washed overboard in all directions, or dashed against the masts and spars and killed outright. However, it is not all storms, even off Cape Horn. The first photo. shows us a couple of fine albatrosses caught with hook and line and hauled on deck. Once there these great creatures are perfectly helpless by reason of their great length of wing, which prevents them from rising, except from the surface of



A ALBATROSS ON POULD SHEP.
FROM A PHOTO.



FROM A

ALBATROSS ON POULD SHEP.

FROM A PHOTO.

the water. Therefore the sailors do not tie the birds in any way, and they are allowed to roam about the deck as they please. The second photo. gives an idea of the albatross's immense spread of wings. The extreme length from tip to tip of the wings of this particular specimen was no less than 11 ft.

The curious looking photograph that next appears was, of course, taken at night, and it represents the Mosque of Djemad Djedid, at Algiers, illuminated on the occasion of the French national fête. It is ex-

remely unusual for a Mohammedan mosque to be illuminated in this manner and to this extent, therefore, the photograph is very rare. The effect, as may be supposed, is wonderfully beautiful, as the dome and roof are covered with small lamps of different colours, which, however, do not show in the photograph. This is a sight seldom seen by tourists, as it is only on July 14th that the mosque is illuminated, and Algiers is too hot for any ordinary person at that time of the year. This curious snapshot was taken from the roof of the Hotel de la Regence, the time of exposure being 20 min.



FROM A

AN ILLUMINATED MOSQUE.

FROM A PHOTO.



From a

HARNESS SHOP, COLUMBIA

[Photo.]

The photo. next reproduced gives us an interesting glimpse of life in a newly-born township in the wilder parts of British North America. Here we see the primitive water works of the four months' old township of Cranbrook, in British Columbia. The water supply is indeed primitive. It consists of nothing more than a big cask mounted on a roughly-made wooden sledge, and covered over with a blanket to prevent its freezing before the man has got back with it. Our friend at the horse's head has no doubt, in the first place, gone along the frozen river, knocked a hole

with his axe through the ice, and then filled his cask. At the moment the photo. was taken, he was on his way back over the frozen surface of the great river. Not the least amusing thing about the photo. is that no kind of harness is provided for the unfortunate horse, who has to submit to the inconvenience and indignity of having the whole of the town's

water-supply made fast to his tail!

Here is a photo. that cannot possibly fail to interest women of all degrees. Much has been said and written about women's work - what they ought to do and ought not to do; but we question whether any other woman ever had the audacity to do what Miss Ray Rockman has accomplished. In the accompanying photo. is shown the house in which this lady lived for six months while she "proved up" her claim to 160 acres of Government land which she had pre-empted. Miss Rockman is seen standing a little to the right hand side, and you will



From a Photo. by

A. FAIRBANKS

[W. P. Miller, Port Angeles, Washington.]

observe that she is clad in a neat, workmanlike suit, and armed with an axe like a backwoodsman. She helped to build her house, went out shooting bears and antelopes, and generally lived her life in the wilderness in accordance with the best traditions of the hardest male pioneers.

Perhaps there is no more remarkable recluse living than the gentleman seen in the beautiful photograph next reproduced, which was taken in the very heart of the primeval forest in Central Africa. It is Mr. Poulett Weatherley, who is seen taking a meal in the dense forest, attended by some of his faithful followers who helped him to circumnavigate Lake Bangweulu. It will be remembered that young Mr. Weatherley was recently awarded the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society for his important discoveries. Mr. Poulett Weatherley has deliberately chosen to cut himself off from civilization, nor does he evince any desire to return thereto. He is a gentleman of rank and wealth, and his numerous followers are magnificently equipped for the work they have to perform. Of course, the explorer arranged his camera for this photograph, and then got one of his "boys" to make the exposure. This photograph faithfully represents the daily life and routine of this nineteenth-century hermit, for whom apparently civilization with all its advantages has no charm whatever. One would think that an Englishman cut off

from his kind, month after month, would find the life terribly wearisome and monotonous, but evidently this is not the case with Mr. Weatherley. His agents send him many things from London, and are in constant communication with him. There is perhaps no more remarkable case extant of pure love of travel and adventure.

A well executed miniature working model of



any kind is always a thing of interest, but it would be an extremely difficult matter to find anything more complete in this direction than the locomotive and carriages depicted in our next photograph. Here we have a complete pocket edition of a train, but unlike most other miniatures, it is put to very practical purpose. The scene of this particular railroad is Young



[From a]

THE TEST OF TRAINS.

[Photo.]

and McShae's pier at Atlantic City, New Jersey. For five cents you can travel from one end of the pier to the other aboard this unique train at a speed slightly in excess of the average walking pace. Each car is capable of holding two children. It will be noticed that the driver is provided with a seat at the rear of the tender, from which he works his brakes and

attends to the stoking-up and other details incidental to the running even of a model train.

Our next photograph also has reference to locomotives, but the incident it depicts borders on the ludicrous, in spite of its undoubted seriousness. A bridge had to be thrown across the Adour near Tarbes, in France, in connection with some railway extensions, and the engineers employed upon the work conceived a really superb idea — on paper. They carried out their plans in their entirety, and the outcome of their efforts was a bridge of most remarkable span and shape. In fact, its design was accepted as sufficient evidence of its stability, and so satisfied were the engineers on this point, that they overlooked the necessity of submitting the bridge to any preliminary test on a minor scale. It must be a "top

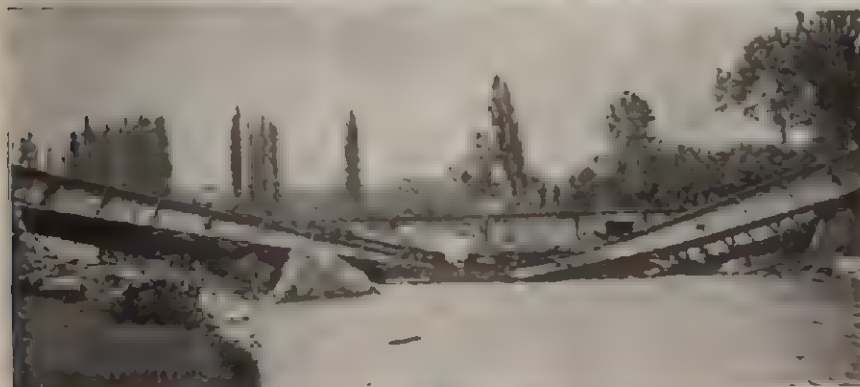
weight" test or none at all, and it was arranged that two heavy locomotives should be driven



[From a]

AN ERROR IN ENGINEERING.

[Photo.]

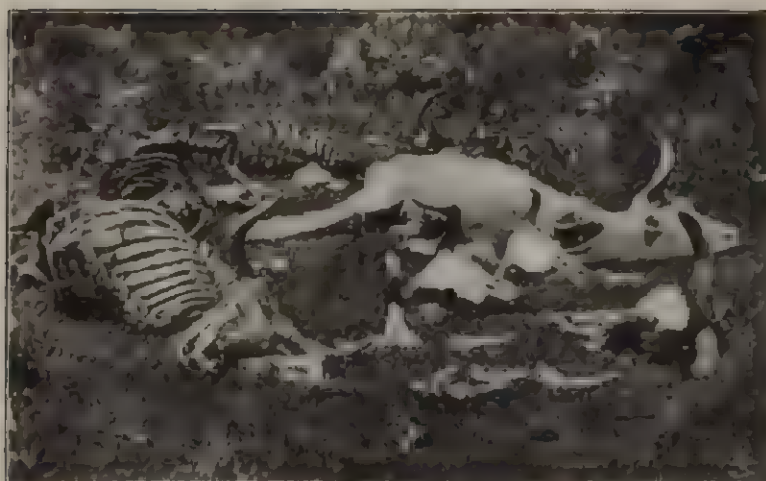


[From a]

AN ERROR IN ENGINEERING.

[Photo.]

across it. On the day appointed the locomotives were duly dispatched on their trip, but they had barely accomplished half the journey before ominous crackings were heard, and in another moment the entire bridge collapsed in the



[Front.]

THE WORK OF "JOHN CROW."

[Photo.]

manner seen in the photograph. Both engines were shot into the water, and turned over towards the building stage, which, however, escaped intact. The confidence of those engineers themselves must have received a rude shock.

The British farmer has much to put up with,

Empire, but of which he is in comparative ignorance. This photo. shows the skeletons and bones of oxen that have been cleanly picked by big black birds known by the name of "John Crows," in British Honduras. The photo. was taken on a large sugar estate in Corozal. Part of this estate forms one of the banks of a river, to which the cattle often stray to water, when they are attacked by alligators, who bite them so severely that in many cases the poor beasts are only just

able to drag themselves out and crawl into the bush to die. Then down come the "John Crows" in swarms, and presently leave only the pitiful remains seen in our illustration.

As everyone knows, the phenomenal rise of the cycling industry gave a tremendous fillip to



[Front.]

A RUBBER CARAVAN.

[Photo.]

but no doubt the next photo. we reproduce will convey some little consolation to him, in that there are certain serious drawbacks to stock-raising which afflict his fellow citizens of the

the rubber trade, and many huge fortunes were won by South American planters on the Amazon and elsewhere. The photograph here reproduced shows a little rubber caravan on one of

the great rivers of Bolivia. On the Pacific side of the Andes Bolivia produces many precious minerals, while the vegetable products of the eastern half include india rubber of the very best quality, and in such surprisingly large quantities that the attention of commercial men was speedily drawn to this model South American Republic. The rubber is shipped principally by the Maderia, Beni, and Amazon rivers to Peru, and thence to Europe and the States. The rubber forests of Bolivia are of vast extent, and in them lie untold fortunes for the enterprising capitalist. The process of collecting, curing, and taking the rubber from the forests is most interesting if rather primitive, and any jaded globe-trotter desirous of passing a few months in a new region could not do better than visit some of the vast rubber estates of Bolivia. He might travel by way of Panama, Mollendo, Arica, Lake Titicaca, and Lapaz.

The picturesque-looking old fellow with the horror-stricken countenance depicted in our next photograph is a Hindu razor-grinder, who has found his way into the Transvaal, South Africa,

where he plies his trade with varying success. One day he dumped his cumbersome but none the less serviceable apparatus in front of the men's quarters on one of the gold mining properties,



From a)

A DEBENTED BULL

[Photo.]

and was preparing to get to work when he suddenly espied a camera being levelled at him by some industrious photographer. The mysterious thing filled him with an overwhelming dread, and he shrank back in fear and doubting. The photographer evidently opened the shutter of the camera at the psychological moment, for the print reproduces with wonderful fidelity the horror and revulsion that filled the old razor-grinder.

In some parts of the world, as, for instance, West Africa, the beasts of burden are usually men. Kaffir porters; but in Korea, apparently, the coolie is careful to save himself any unnecessary labour. The subject depicted in the photograph above shows us a Korean coolie, with a bull loaded up with brushwood. All there is to be seen of the bull is the animal's head, and, judging from his expression, he is not particularly pleased at being buried beneath the burden in this extraordinary manner. Mrs. Bishop, the well-known authority on the Far East, says it is quite a common thing to see loads of brushwood being brought into Seoul every morning in this manner, and while the actual weight is insignificant, the general effect of the shapeless mass is very peculiar and quaint, as may be judged from an inspection of the photo.



From a)

A HORRIFIED HINDU

[Photo.]



From a

AN INDIAN DOG.

[Photo]

Canine sagacity asserts itself in an endless variety of ways, and one of the most recent, and, at the same time, novel instances that have been brought to our notice is illustrated in the next photograph reproduced. The scene is Luchon, in the Haute Garonne, and the dog

whose intelligence we are discussing is one of the large Pyrenean breed. The day was oppressively hot, and the animal evidently made up his mind that a running stream, with the water just high enough to lap over his paws, would be supremely refreshing. When the photographer appeared on the scene the sagacious creature was evidently in the height of his enjoyment. Observe his complacent expression: he may be said to be actually smiling.

It is pay-day at an Indian colliery that is depicted in our next illustration. One of the great coal-mining centres of India is that exploited by the Hyderabad (Deccan) Co., Ltd., a corporation employing about 4,000 native labourers. When the company took over this territory it was nothing but jungle and uncultivated land, whereas at the present day it is dotted with native settlements and villages. The men work in a practically nude condition and in eight-hour shifts. They are paid the surprising wages of sixpence a day. The average day's output, by the way, is estimated at 1,373 tons. It is a common custom for a native to engage himself together with his



From a Photo by

AN INDIAN COLLIERY.

Luchon Garonne.

wife and children the latter carrying and sorting the coal for a lump sum. The women get threepence and fourpence a day, and the children a penny and two pence. The building seen in the photograph is the head office of the company, and squatting before it are a great number of the men waiting for their monthly wages. The common food among these colliers is millet made into cakes and taken with them to their work. Many will dip into a small bag of peas or lentils between meals. The only relaxation the men indulge in is a periodical carousal on a vile and poisonous spirit.

It is the sight of such primitive objects as the public oven, depicted in our next photograph, that serves to remind us that these days of advancement did not always exist. This particular oven is to be found at Aix les Bains (Savoie), at the roadside a little way out of the town. It is built of stone, with a thatched roof, supported by wooden props, and bears the date 1776. Public ovens were quite a common feature of village life at one time, but the oven of the local baker has long since supplanted them. We are informed that the public oven shown in our photograph is still used by the cottagers living near it.

Next comes a very dramatic photograph of



From a

A PUBLIC OVEN.

Photo.

a nameless grave in Canada, on the route from Regina, N.W.T., to Vancouver, British Columbia. The grave of which we give the photograph is in the district of Morley, about 100 miles east of Vancouver. The extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway was the work of years, and, consequently, it was attended with the loss of many lives. How many souls, one wonders, as he meets with these graves, with not even a word of information, have perished on these vast prairies? Even the half-civilized Indian halts and wonders as he looks upon the grave of the dead white man. In the distance on the photo will be seen the foothills of the



From a Photo. by

A NAMELESS GRAVE.

[A. D. Thom, Winnipeg.]

Rockies as they rise in successive tiers of sculptured heights to the snowy range behind them, as though guarding the many nameless dead.

The romance of the telegraph cable has yet to be written, but we predict that when it does come to be treated adequately, it will make some thrilling volumes. The photograph



From a

A CUT FAN-CL

Photo

we here reproduce shows a mass representing about 20yds. of the Eastern Telegraph cable cut off the end of the broken cable. A ship had passed over it and caught it on the screw, breaking the cable and twisting the end that was caught into the shapeless mass. The cable is about 2½ in. to 3 in. thick, and the two ends can just be seen if you look closely into the picture. This happened during the second week of May in Delagoa Bay. It took two men to lift it on to the chair, and they only just managed it. The photograph was taken at the station of the Telegraph Company.



From a

A QUICK TORPEDO

Photo

A queer freak of a cyclone near Topeka, Kansas, is shown in the photo. next reproduced. Here we see a solid plank no less than 10 ft. in length, 12 in. wide, and 3 in. thick, which was



WINDY A CYCLONE CAN DO

From a Photo by W. Grant L. K. Tilton.

carried 700 ft. by the cyclone and then forcibly thrust edgewise through the substantial roof of a dwelling-house. It penetrated clean through a joint of iron piping 2 in. thick. It is difficult for British people to grasp the force of some of the cyclones in the States, but it may be assumed that this most interesting photograph will convey a very fair idea of their violence.

One of the queerest war relics on record is depicted in our next snap-shot. This photograph shows a Confederate torpedo made from a beer keg. The keg was to be filled with explosives, and a fuse placed in the bung-hole. This runs very close in point of interest with the wonderful field gun made by the Boers out of old tyre iron, which was reproduced in a recent issue.



"HE WAS HURLED RIGHT OVER MY HEAD."

(SEE PAGE 420.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

JANUARY, 1899.

No. 10.

*The Adventures of Louis De Rougemont.**

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

VI.

THE WIDE WORLD is a Magazine started with the avowed intention of publishing true stories of actual experiences and avoiding fiction. "The Adventures of Louis De Rougemont" were commenced under the belief that they were the true account of the life of the author. It now turns out that it is not possible for him to have been thirty years among the savages, as stated. His story was told in these offices over a period of several months, during which time he never contradicted himself once. But, after what has transpired, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not publish it as a true narrative, but only as it is given to us by the author, leaving it to the members of the public to believe as much or as little as they please. It is admitted that portions of the story are founded on his experiences. In any case, the story is so crowded with vivid, graphic, and consistent details, that it marks its author, if not a speaker of the truth, at least as a master of fiction who has had no equal in our language since Defoe; so that, even if the story is an invention, it is one which cannot fail to excite the deepest interest, and we are sure that our readers would be keenly disappointed if they were not allowed the opportunity of hearing the extraordinary developments and termination of the narrative. We may conclude, in the witty lines of the *World*—

"Truth is stronger than fiction,

But De Rougemont is stranger than both.

**Yamba
Goes for
Help.**

THAT very night I called Yamba to me and dispatched her to a friendly tribe we had encountered in the King Leopold Ranges—perhaps three days' journey. I instructed her to tell these blacks that I was in great danger, and, therefore, stood in need of a body of warriors, who should be sent off immediately to my assistance. They knew me much better than I did them. They had feasted on the whale. As I concluded my message I looked into Yamba's eyes and told her the case was desperate. Her dear eyes glowed in the firelight, and I saw that she was determined to do or die. I trusted implicitly in her fertility of resource and her extraordinary intelligence.

In a few days she returned, and told me that everything had been arranged, and that a body of armed warriors would presently arrive in the vicinity of the camp, ready to place themselves absolutely at my service.

And sure enough, a few days later twenty stalwart warriors made their appearance at the spot indicated by Yamba, but as I did not consider the force quite large enough for my purpose, I sent some of them back with another message asking for reinforcements, and saying that the great white chief was in danger. Finally, when I felt pretty confident of my position, I marched boldly forward into the camp with my warriors, to the unbounded amazement of the whole tribe with whose chief I was sojourning. He taxed me with having deceived him when I said I was alone, and he also accused me of outraging the laws of hospitality by bringing a party of warriors, obviously hostile, into his presence.

**A Startling
Announcement.**

I wilfully ignored all these points, and calmly told him that I had been thinking over the way in which he had acquired the two white girls, and had come to the conclusion that he had no right to them at all. Therefore, I continued airily, it was my intention to take them away forthwith. I pointed out to the repulsive giant that he had not obtained the girls by fair means, and if he objected in any way to my taking them away with me, it was open to him, according to custom, to sustain his claim to ownership by fighting me for the "property."

Now, these blacks are neither demonstrative nor intelligent, but I think I never saw any human being so astonished in the whole of my life. It dawned upon him presently, however, that I was not joking, and then his amazement gave place to the most furious anger. He promptly accepted my challenge, greatly to the delight of all the warriors in his own tribe, with whom he was by no means popular. But, of course, the anticipation of coming sport had something to do with their glee at the acceptance of the challenge. The big man was as powerful in build as he was ugly, and the moment he opened his mouth I realized that for once Yamba had gone too far in proclaiming my prodigious valour. He said he had heard about my wonderful "flying-spears," and he declined to fight me if I used such preternatural weapons. It was therefore arranged that we should wrestle, the one who overthrew the other twice out of three times to be declared the victor. I may say that this was entirely my suggestion, as I



"I CHALLENGE THE CANNIBAL CHIEF TO FIGHT FOR POSSESSION OF THE GIRLS."

had always loved trick wrestling when at school, and even had a special tutor for that purpose—M. Vignot, an agile little Parisian, living in Geneva. He was an old Crimean veteran. The rank and file of the warriors, however, did not look upon this suggestion with much favour, as they thought it was not paying proper respect to my wonderful powers. I assured them I was perfectly satisfied, and begged them to let the contest proceed.

Then followed one of the most extraordinary combats on record. Picture to yourself, if you can, the agony of mind of poor little *Blanche* and *Gladys Rogers* during the progress of the fight; and also imagine the painful anxiety with which I went in to win.

Preparations for the Fight.

A piece of ground about 20ft. square was lightly marked out by the blacks with their waddies, and the idea was that, to accomplish a throw, the wrestler had to hurl his opponent clean outside the boundary. We prepared for the combat by covering our bodies with grease: and I had my long hair securely tied up into a kind of "chignon" at the back of my head. My

opponent was a far bigger man than myself, but I felt pretty confident in my ability as a trick wrestler, and I did not fear meeting him. What I did fear, however, was that he would dispute the findings of the umpires if they were in my favour, in which case there might be trouble. I had, however, a shrewd suspicion that the chief was a coward at heart. He seemed nervous and anxious, and I saw him talking eagerly with his principal supporter. As for myself, I constantly dwelt upon the ghastly plight of the two poor girls. I resolved that, with God's help, I would vanquish my huge enemy and rescue them from their dreadful position. I was in splendid condition, with muscles like steel from incessant walking. At length the warriors squatted down upon the ground in the form of a crescent, the chiefs in the foreground, and every detail of the struggle that followed was observed with the keenest interest.

Anxious Moments.

I was anxious not to lose a single moment. I felt that if I thought the matter over I might lose heart, so I suddenly bounded nimbly into the arena. My opponent was there already—looking, I must say, a little undecided.

In a moment his huge arms were about my waist and shoulders. It did not take me very long to find out that the big chief was going to depend more upon his weight than upon any technical skill in wrestling. He first made a desperate attempt to force me upon my knees and then backwards, but I wriggled out of his grasp, and a few minutes later an opening presented itself for trying the "cross-buttock" throw. There was not a moment to be lost. Seizing the big man round the thigh I drew him forward, pulled him over on my back, and in the twinkling of an eye—certainly before I myself had time to realize what had happened—he was hurled right over my head outside the inclosure (see frontispiece). The spectators, sportsmen all, frantically slapped their thighs, and I knew then that I had gained their sympathies. My opponent, who had alighted on his head and nearly broken his neck, rose to his feet, looking dazed and furious that he should have been so easily thrown. When he faced me for the second time in the square he was much more cautious, and we struggled silently, but forcefully, for some minutes without either of us gaining any decided advantage. Oddly enough, at the time I was not struck by the dramatic element in the situation: but now that I have returned to civilization I do

see the extraordinary nature of the combat as I look back upon those dreadful days. Just picture the scene for yourself. The weird, unexplored land stretches away on every side, though one could not see much of it on account of the grassy hillocks.

A Weird Situation.

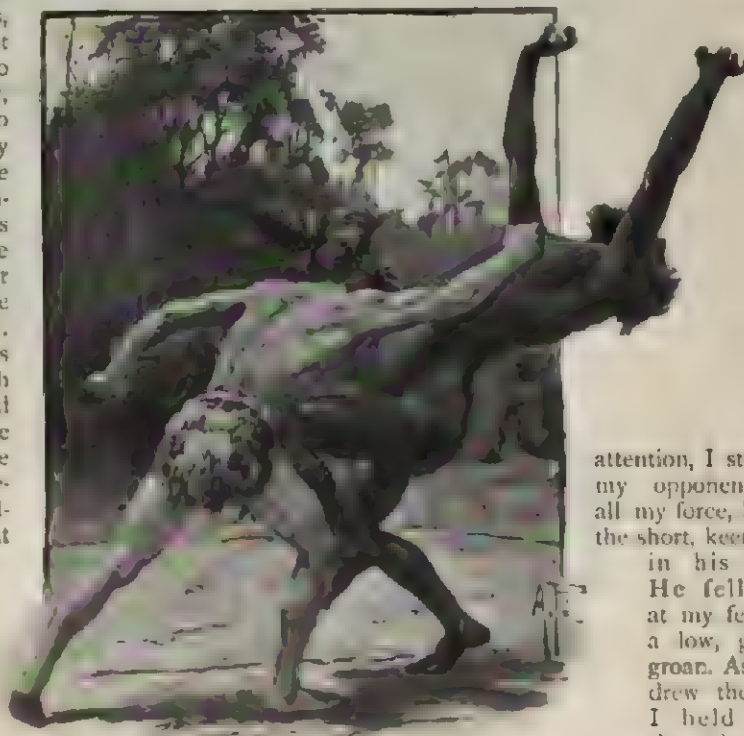
I, a white man, was alone among the blacks in the terrible land of "Never Never," as the Australians call their *terra incognita*; and I was wrestling with a gigantic cannibal chief for the possession of two delicately reared English girls, who were in his power. Scores of other savages squatted before us, their repulsive faces aglow with interest and excitement. Very fortunately, Bruno was not on the spot. I knew what he was of old, and how he made my quarrels his with a strenuous energy and eagerness that frequently got himself as well as his master into serious trouble. Knowing this, I had instructed Yamba to keep him carefully away, and on no account to let him run loose.

Fully aware that delays were dangerous, I gripped my opponent once more and tried to throw him over my back, but this time he was too wary, and broke away from me. When we closed again he commenced his old tactics of trying to crush me to the ground by sheer weight, but in this he was not successful. Frankly, I knew his strength was much greater than mine, and that the longer we wrestled the less chance I would have. Therefore, forcing him suddenly sideways, so that he stood on one leg, I tripped him, hurling him violently from me sideways—and I remember his huge form went rolling outside the square, to the accompaniment of delighted yells from his own people.

I cannot describe my own sensations, "Victory! Victory!" for I believe I was half mad with triumph and excitement. I must not forget to mention that I, too, fell to the ground,

but fortunately well within the square. I was greatly astonished to behold the glee of the spectators—but, then, the keynote of their character is an intense love of deeds of prowess, especially such deeds as provide exciting entertainment.

The vanquished chief sprang to his feet before I did, and ere I could realize what was happening, he dashed at me as I was rising and dealt me a terrible blow in the mouth with his clenched fist. As he was a magnificently muscular savage, the blow broke several of my teeth and filled my mouth with blood. My lips, too, were very badly cut, and altogether I felt half stunned. The effect upon the audience was astounding. The warriors leapt to their feet, highly incensed at the cowardly act, and some of them would actually have speared their chief then and there had I not forestalled them. I was furiously angry, and dexterously drawing my stiletto from its sheath so as not to attract



"BURVING—HE STORY, KEEN BLADE IN HIS HEART."

attention, I struck at my opponent with all my force, burying the short, keen blade in his heart. He fell dead at my feet with a low, gurgling groan. As I withdrew the knife, I held it so that the blade extended up my forearm and was quite hidden.

This, combined with the fact that the fatal wound bled mainly internally, caused the natives to believe I had struck my enemy dead by some supernatural means.

A Melodramatic Attitude.

You will observe that by this time I would seize every opportunity of impressing the blacks by an almost intuitive instinct; and as the huge savage lay dead on the ground, I placed my foot over the wound, folded my arms, and looked round triumphantly upon the enthusiastic crowd, like a gladiator of old.

According to law and etiquette, however, the nearest relatives of the dead man had a perfect right to challenge me, but they did not do so, because they were disgusted at the unfair act of my opponent. I put the usual question, but no champion came forward; on the contrary, I was overwhelmed with congratulations, and even offers of the chieftainship. I am certain, so great was the love of fair play among these natives, that had I not killed the chief with my stiletto his own people would promptly have speared him. The whole of this strange tragedy passed with surprising swiftness; and I may mention here that, as I saw the chief rushing at me, I thought he simply wanted to commence another round. His death was actually an occasion for rejoicing in the tribe. The festivities were quickly ended, however, when I told the warriors that I intended leaving the camp with the two girls in the course of another day or so, to return to my friends in the King Leopold Ranges. In reality it was my intention to make for my own home in the Cambridge Gulf district. The body of the chief was not eaten

(probably on account of the cowardice he displayed), but it was disposed of according to native rites. The corpse was first of all half-roasted in front of a huge fire, and then, when properly shrivelled, it was wrapped in bark and laid on a kind of platform built in the fork of a tree.

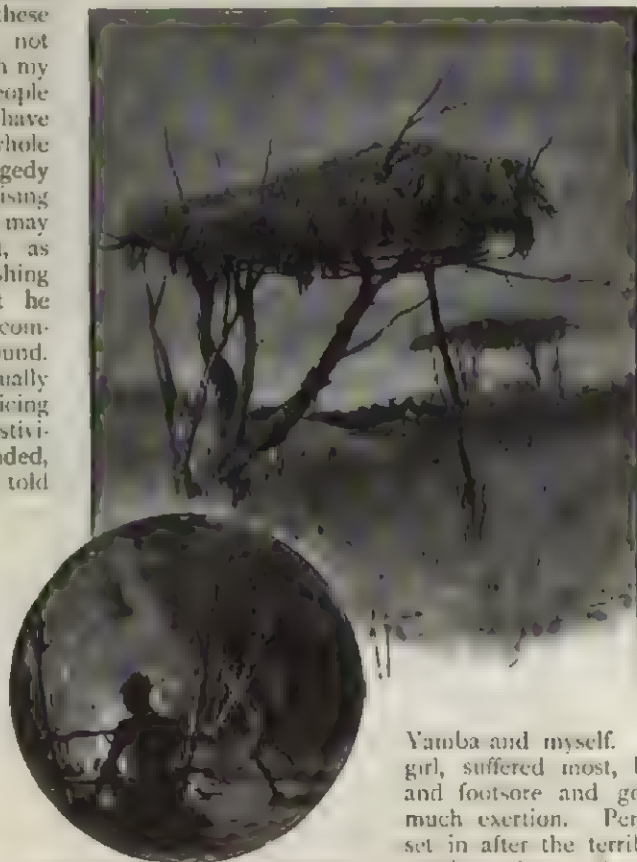
The girls were kept in ignorance of the fatal termination of the wrestling match, as I was afraid it might give them an unnecessary shock. After twelve or fourteen days in the camp, we quietly took our departure. The party consisted of the two girls, who were nearly frantic with excitement over their escape, Yamba, and myself, together with the friendly warriors who had so opportunely come to my assistance.

The Girls Get Sore Feet.

We had not gone far, however, before the girls complained of sore feet. This was not surprising, considering the burning hot sand and the rough country we were traversing, which was quite the worst I had yet seen—at any rate, for the first few

days' march after we got out of the level country in the King Sound region. I, therefore, had to rig up a kind of hammock made of woven grass, and this, slung between two poles, served to carry the girls by turns, the natives acting as bearers. Being totally unused to carrying anything but their own weapons, however, they proved deplorably inefficient as porters, and after a time, so intolerable did the labour become to them, the work of carrying the girls devolved upon

Yamba and myself. Gladys, the younger girl, suffered most, but both were weak and footsore and generally incapable of much exertion. Perhaps a reaction had set in after the terrible excitement of the previous days. Soon our escort left us, to return to their own homes, and Yamba and I had to work extremely hard to get the girls over the terribly rough country. Fortunately there was no need for hurry, and so we proceeded in the most leisurely manner possible, camping frequently and erecting grass shelters for our delicate charges. Food was abundant, and the natives very friendly.



"THE CORPSE WAS FIRST HALF-ROASTED, AND THEN Laid ON A PLATFORM BUILT IN THE FORK OF A TREE."

Easier Travel. At length we came to a stately stream that followed in a N.N.E. direction to Cambridge Gulf. This, I believe, is marked on the map as the Ord River. Here we constructed a catamaran and were able to travel easily and luxuriously upon it, always spending the night ashore. This catamaran was

tion and affection for myself only differentiated them from the other cannibal blacks of unknown Australia.

The Girls Improve. When first I saw these poor girls, in the glow of the fire light, and in their rude shelter of boughs, they looked like old women, so haggard and emaciated were



"THE WORK OF CARRYING THE CATAMARAN DOWN THE ORD RIVER."

exceptionally large, and was long enough to admit of our standing upright on it with perfect safety. After crossing the King Leopold Ranges we struck a level country, covered with rich, tall grass, and well though not thickly wooded. The rough granite ranges, by the way, we found rich in alluvial and reef tin. Gradually the girls grew stronger and brighter. At this time they were, as you know, clad in their strange "sack" garments of bird skins; but even before we reached the Ord River these began to shrink to such an extent that the wearers were eventually wrapped as in a vice, and were scarcely able to walk. Yamba then made some makeshift garments out of opossum skins.

As the girls' spirits rose higher and higher I was assailed by other misgivings. I do not know quite how the idea arose, but somehow they imagined that their protector's home was a more or less civilized settlement, with regular houses, furnished with pianos and other appurtenances of civilized life. So great was their exuberance that I could not find it in my heart to tell them that they were merely going among my own friendly natives, whose admira-

tion; but now, as the spacious catamaran glided down the stately Ord, they gradually resumed their youthful looks, and were very comely indeed. The awful look of intolerable anguish that haunted their faces had gone, and they laughed and chatted with perfect freedom. They were like birds just set at liberty. They loved Bruno from the very first; and he loved them. He showed his love, too, in a very practical manner by going hunting on his own account and bringing home little ducks to his new mistresses. Quite of his own accord, also, he would go through his whole repertoire of tumbling tricks; and whenever the girls returned to camp from their little wanderings, with their bare legs bleeding from the prickles, Bruno would lick their wounds and manifest every token of sympathy and affection.

Of course, after leaving the native encampment, it was several weeks before we made the Ord River, and then we glided down that fine stream for many days, spearing fish in the little creeks, and generally amusing ourselves, time being no object. I have, by the way, seen enormous shoals of fish in this river—mainly



"BRUNO WOULD BRING HOME THE DECKS TO HIS NEW MISTRESS."

mullet which can only be compared to the vast swarms of salmon seen in the rivers of British Columbia.

We came across many isolated hills on our way to the river, and these delayed us very considerably, because we had to go round them. Here, again, there was an abundance of food, but the girls did not take very kindly to the various meats, greatly preferring the roots which Yamba collected. We came upon fields of wild rice, which, apart from any other consideration, lent great beauty to the landscape, covering the country with a pink tinged white blossom. We forced ourselves to get used to the rice, although it was very insipid without either salt or sugar.

Sometimes, during our down-river journey, we were obliged to camp for days and nights without making any progress. This, however, was only after the river became tidal and swept up against us.

Time was no object, and when at length we would put off again in a homeward direction, I sang many little *chansons* to my fair companions. The one that pleased them most, having regard to our position, commenced:—

*Filez, filez, mon beau navire,
Car la bonheur m'attend là bas.*

Whenever the girls appeared to be brooding over the terrible experience they had undergone

I would tell them my own story, which deeply affected them. They would often weep with tender sympathy over the series of misfortunes that had befallen me. They sang to me, too—chiefly hymns, however—such as "Rock of Ages," "Nearer my God to Thee," "There is a Happy Land," and many others. We were constantly meeting new tribes of natives, and for the most part we were very well received. Bruno, however, always evinced an unconquerable aversion for the blacks. He was ever kind to the children, though mostly in disgrace with the men until they knew him.

When at length we reached my own home in Cambridge Gulf, the natives gave us a welcome so warm that in some measure at least it mitigated the girls' disappointment at the absence of civilization.

You see, my people were delighted when they saw me, as they thought, bringing home two white wives. "for now," they said, "the great white chief will certainly remain among us for ever." There were no wars going on just then, and so the whole tribe gave themselves up to festivities.

The blacks were also delighted to see the girls, though of course they did not condescend to greet them, they being mere women, and therefore beneath direct notice.

I ought to mention, however, that long before we reached my home we were constantly provided with escorts of natives from the various tribes we met. These people walked along the high banks or disported themselves in the water like amphibians, greatly to the delight of the girls. We found the banks of the Ord very thickly populated, and we frequently camped at night with different parties of natives. Among these we actually came across some I had fought against many months previously.

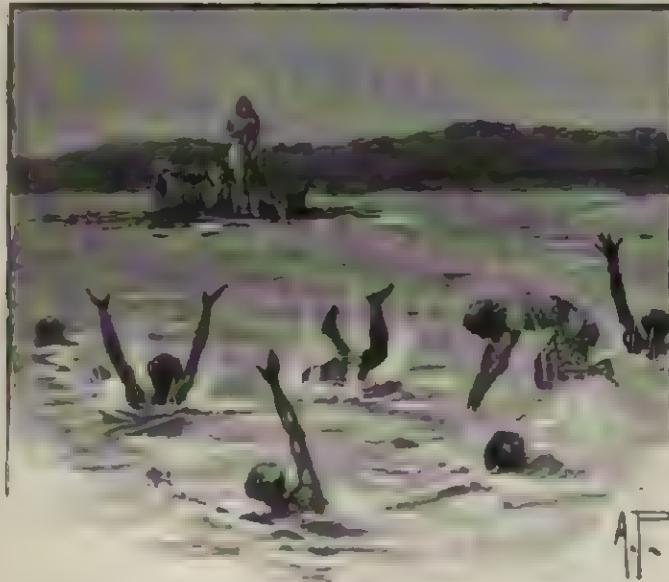
As we neared my home, some of our escort sent up smoke-signals to announce our approach—the old and wonderful "Morse code" of long puffs, short puffs, spiral puffs, and the rest, the variations being produced by damping down the fire or fires with green boughs. Yamba also sent up signals. The result was that crowds of my own people came out in their catamarans to meet us. My reception, in fact, was similar to that accorded a successful Roman General. Needless to say, there was a series of huge *corroborees* held in our honour. The first thing I was told was that my hut had been burnt down in my absence (fires are of quite common occurrence); and so, for the first few days after our arrival, the girls were housed in a temporary grass shelter, pending the construction of a large hut built of logs. Now, as logs were very

*I Serenade
the Girls.*

unusual building material, a word of explanation is necessary.

The girls never conquered their fear of the blacks even my blacks and therefore, in order that they might feel secure from night attack, a purely fanciful idea, I resolved to build a hut which should be thoroughly spear-proof. Bark was also used extensively, and there was a thatch of grass. When finished, our new residence consisted of

enable us all to leave these weird and far-away regions. The girls were in constant terror of being left alone—of being stolen, in fact. They had been told how the natives got wives by stealing them, and they would even wake up in the dead of the night screaming in the most heartrending manner, with a vague, nameless terror. Knowing that the ordinary food must be repulsive to my new and delightful companions, I went back to a certain island, where, during my journey from



"DISTORTED THEMSELVES IN THE WATER, GREATLY TO THE DELIGHT OF THE GIRLS."

three fair-sized rooms—one for the girls to sleep in, one for Yamba and myself, and a third as a "living room," though, of course, we lived mainly *en plein air*. I also arranged a kind of veranda in front of the doorway, and here we frequently sat in the evening, singing, chatting about distant friends, and the times that were, as well as the times that were to be.

Let the truth be told. When these poor young ladies came to my hut their faces expressed their bitter disappointment, and we all wept together the greater part of the night. Afterwards they said how sorry they were thus to have given way, and they begged me not to think them ungrateful. However, they soon resigned themselves to the inevitable, buoyed up by the inexhaustible optimism of youth; and they settled down to live as comfortably as possible among the blacks until some fortuitous accident should

the little sand spit to the main, I had hidden a quantity of corn beneath a cairn.

A Dainty Dish.

This corn I now brought back to my Gulf home, and planted for the use of the girls. They always ate the corn green in the cob, with a kind of vegetable "milk" that exudes from one of the palm-trees. When they became a little more reconciled to their new surroundings, they took a great interest in their home, and would watch me for hours as I tried to fashion rude tables and chairs and other articles of furniture. Yamba acted as cook and waitress, but after a time the work was more than she could cope with unaided. You see, she had to *find* the food as well as cook it. The girls, who were, of course, looked upon as my wives by the tribe (this was their greatest protection), knew nothing about root-hunting, and they, therefore, did not attempt to



"I TRIED TO FASHION RUFF TABLES AND CHAIRS."

accompany Yamba on her daily expeditions. I was in something of a dilemma. If I engaged other native women to help Yamba, they also would be recognised as my wives. Finally, I decided there was nothing left for me but to acquire five more helpmates, who were of the greatest assistance to my own wife.

Of course, the constant topic of conversation was our ultimate escape overland, and to this end we made little expeditions to test the girls' powers of endurance. I suggested, during one of our conversations, that we should either make for Port Essington, or else go overland in search of Port Darwin, but the girls were averse to this owing to their terror of the natives.

Little did I dream, however, that at a place called Cossack, on the coast of the North-west Division of Western Australia, there was a settlement of pearl-fishers, so that, had I only known it, civilization—more or less—was comparatively near. Cossack, it appears, was the pearling rendezvous on the western side of the continent, much as Somerset was on the north-east; that is to say, at the extremity of the Cape York Peninsula.

My tongue or my pen can never tell what those young ladies were to me in my terrible exile. They would recite passages from Sir Walter Scott's works—the "Tales of a Grandfather" I remember in particular; and so excellent was their memory that they were also able to give me many beautiful passages from

Byron and Shakespeare. I had always had a great admiration for Shakespeare, and the girls and myself would frequently act little scenes from "The Tempest," as being the most appropriate to our circumstances. The girls' favourite play, however, was "Pericles, Prince of Tyre." I took the part of the King, and when I called for my robes Yamba would bring some indescribable garments of emu skin, with a gravity that was comical in the extreme. I, on my part, recited passages from the French classics, particularly the Fables of La Fontaine, in French, which language the girls knew fairly well.

And we had other amusements. I made some fiddles out of that peculiar Australian wood which splits into thin strips, and the strings of the bow we made out of my own hair.

We lined the hut with the bark of the paper-tree, which had the appearance of a reddish brown drapery.

The native women made us mats out of the wild flax, and the girls themselves decorated their room daily with beautiful flowers, chiefly lilies. They also busied themselves in making garments of various kinds from opossum skins. They even made some sort of costume for me, but I could not wear it on account of the irritation it caused.

The natives would go miles to get fruit for the girls—wild figs, and a kind of nut about the size of a walnut, which, when ripe, was filled with a delicious substance looking and tasting like raspberry jam. There was also a queer kind of apple which grew upon creepers in the sand, and of which we ate only the outer part raw, cooking the large kernel that is found inside.

I often asked the girls whether they had altogether despaired when in the clutches of the cannibal chief, and they told me that although they often attempted to take their own lives, yet they had intervals of bright hope—so strong is the optimism of youth. My apparition, they told me, seemed like a dream to them.

The natives, of course, were constantly moving their camp from place to place, leaving us alone for weeks at a time, but we kept pretty stationary, and were visited by other friendly tribes, whom we entertained (in accordance with my consistent policy) with songs, plays, recitations, and acrobatic performances.

The Girls
Decorate
Their Home.

In these latter Bruno took a great part, and nothing delighted the blacks more than to see him put his nose on the ground and go head over heels time after time with great gravity and persistency. But the effect of Bruno's many tricks faded into the veriest insignificance beside that produced by his bark. You must understand that the native dogs do not bark at all, but simply give vent to a melancholy howl, not unlike that of the hyena, I believe. Bruno's bark, he it said, has even turned the tide of battle, for he was always in the wars in the most literal sense of the

phrase. These things, combined with his great abilities as a hunter, often prompted the blacks to put in a demand that Bruno should be made over to them altogether. Now, this request was both awkward and inconvenient to answer, but I got out of it by telling them—since they believed in a curious kind of metempsychosis—that Bruno was *my brother*, whose soul and being he possessed. His bark, I pretended, was a perfectly intelligible language, and this they believed the more readily when they saw me speak to the dog and ask him to do various things, such as fetching and carrying, tumbling, walking on his hind legs, etc., etc. Even this argument, however, did not suffice to overcome the covetousness of some tribes, and I was then obliged to assure them confidentially that he was a relative of the Sun, and therefore if I parted with him he would bring all manner of most dreadful curses down upon his new owner or owners. Whenever we went rambling I had to keep Bruno as near me as possible, because we sometimes came across natives, whose first impulse, not knowing that he was a dog, was to spear him. Without doubt the many cross-breeds between Bruno and the native dogs will yet be found by Australian explorers.

Our hut was about three-quarters of a mile away from the sea, and in the morning the very first thing the girls and I did was to go down to the beach arm in arm and have a delicious swim.

"A Teacher of Swimming."

They very soon became expert swimmers, by the way, under my tuition. Frequently I would go out spearing and netting fish, my principal captures being mullet. We nearly always had fish of some sort for breakfast, including

shell-fish, and we would send the women long distances for wild honey. Water was the only liquid we drank at breakfast, and with it Yamba served a very appetizing dish of lily-buds and roots. We used to steam the wild rice—which I found growing almost everywhere, but never more than two feet high—in



"BRUNO WOULD PUT HIS NOSE TO THE GROUND AND GO HEAD OVER HEELS."

primitive ovens, which were merely adapted ants' nests. The material that formed these nests, by the way, we utilized as flooring for our house. We occasionally received quantities of wild figs from the inland natives in exchange for shell and other ornaments which they did not possess. I also discovered a cereal very like barley, which I ground up and made into cakes. The girls never attempted to cook anything, there being no civilized appliances of any kind. Food was never boiled.

From all this you would gather that we were as happy as civilized beings could possibly be under the circumstances. Nevertheless and my heart aches as I recall those times—we had periodical fits of despondency, which filled us with acute and intolerable agony.

How We Fought Depression.

These periods came with curious regularity almost once a week. At such times I at once instituted sports, such as swimming matches, races on the beach, swings, acrobatic performances on the horizontal bars, Shakespearean plays, songs (the girls taught me most of Moore's melodies), and recitations both grave and gay. The fits of despondency were usually most severe when we had been watching the everlasting sea for hours, and had perhaps at last caught sight of a distant sail without being able to attract the attention of those on board. The girls, too, suffered from fits of nervous apprehension lest I should go away from them for any length of time. They never had complete confidence even in

my friendly natives. We were inseparable, we three. We went for long rambles together, and we inspected daily our quaint little corn garden. At first my charming companions evinced the most embarrassing manifestations of gratitude for what I had done, but I earnestly begged of them never even to mention the word to me. The little I had done, I told them, was my bare and obvious duty, and was no more than any other man, worthy of the name, would have done.

In our more hopeful moments we would speak of the future, and these poor girls would dwell upon the thrill of excitement that would go all through Great Britain when their story and mine should first be made known to the public.

Castles in the Air.

For they felt certain their adventures were quite unique in the annals of civilization, and they loved to think that they would have an opportunity of lionizing me when we should return to Europe. They would not hear me when I protested that such a course would, from my point of view, be extremely unpleasant and undignified—even painful. Every day we kept a good look out for passing ships, and from twenty to forty catamarans were always stationed in readiness on the beach to take us out to sea should there be any hope of a rescue. As my knowledge of the English language was at this time not very perfect, the girls took it upon themselves to improve me, and I made rapid progress under their vivacious tuition. They would promptly correct me in the pronunciation of certain vowels when I read aloud from the only book I possessed—the Anglo-French Testament I have already mentioned. They were, by the way, exceedingly interested in the records of my daily life, sensations, etc., which I had written in blood in the margins of my little Bible whilst on the island in Timor Sea. About this time I tried to make some ink, having quill pens in plenty on the bodies of the wild geese, but the experiment was a failure.

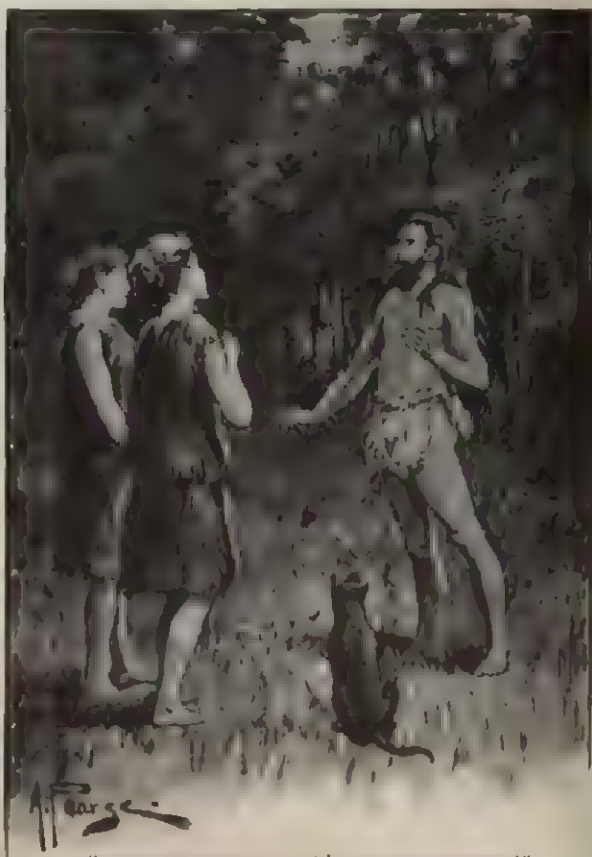
Both girls, as I have already hinted, had wonderful memories, and could recite numberless passages which they had learnt at school. Blanche, the elder girl, would give her sister and myself lessons in elocution, and I should like to say a word to teachers and children on the enormous utility of committing something to memory, whether poems, songs, or passages from historical or classical works. It is, of course, very unlikely that anyone

who reads these lines will be cast away as we were, but still one never knows what the future has in store for one; and I have known pioneers and prospectors who have ventured into the remoter wilds, and emerged therefrom years after, to give striking testimony as to the usefulness of being able to sing or recite in a loud voice.

A Strange Concert.

Sometimes we would have an improvised concert, each of us singing what ever best suited the voice, or we would all join together in a rollicking glee. One day, I remember, I started off with

A notre heureux seigneur,
but almost immediately I realized how ridiculously inappropriate the words were. Still, I struggled on through the first verse, but to my amazement, before I could start the second, the girls joined in with "God Save the Queen," which has exactly the same air. The incident is one that should appeal to all British people, including even Her most gracious Majesty herself. As the girls' voices rose, half-sobbingly, in the old familiar air, beloved of every English-



"THE GIRLS JOINED IN WITH 'GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.'"

speaking person, tears fairly ran down their fair but sad young faces, and I could not help being struck with the pathos of the scene.

But all things considered, these were really happy days for all of us, at any rate in comparison with those we had previously experienced. We had by this time quite an orchestra of reed flutes and the fiddles aforesaid, whose strings were of gut procured from the native wild cat—a very little fellow, about the size of a fair-sized rat; I found him everywhere. These cats were great thieves, and only roamed about at night. I trapped them in great numbers by means of an ingenious native arrangement of pointed sticks of wood, which, while providing an easy entrance, yet confronted the outgoing cat with a formidable *chereux-de-frise*. The bait I used was meat in an almost decomposed condition.

I could not handle the prisoners in the morning, because they scratched and bit quite savagely; I therefore forked them out with a spear. As regards their own prey, they waged perpetual warfare against the native rats. The skin of these cats was beautifully soft, and altogether they were quite leopards in miniature. Best of all, they made excellent eating, the more so in that their flesh was almost the only meat dish that had not the eternal flavour of the

Trapping
Wild Cats.



"MY COMPANIONS TOOK GREAT DELIGHT IN DRESSING MY ABSURDLY LONG TRESSES."



"I FORKED THE WILD CATS OUT WITH A SPEAR."

eucalyptus leaf, which all our other "joints" possessed. The girls never knew that they were eating cats, to say nothing about rats. In order to save their feelings, I told them that both "dishes" were squirrels!

My hair at this time was even longer than the girls' own, so it is no wonder that it provided bows for the fiddles. My companions took great delight in dressing my absurdly long tresses, using combs which I had made out of porcupines' quills.

Our contentment was a great source of joy to Yamba, who was now fully convinced that I would settle down among her people for ever. The blacks, by the way, were strangely affected by our singing. Any kind of civilized music or singing was to them anathema. What they liked best was the harsh uproar made by pieces of wood beaten together, or the weird jabbering and chanting that accompanied a big feast. Our singing they likened to the howling of the

dingoes. They were sincere, but it was hardly complimentary.

The Girls' Terror of Solitude.

Elsewhere I have alluded to the horror the girls had of being left alone. Whenever I went off with the men on a hunting expedition I left them in charge of my other women folk, who were thoroughly capable of looking after them. I also persuaded the natives to keep some distance away from our dwelling, particularly when they were about to hold a cannibal feast, so that the girls were never shocked by such a fearful sight. Certainly they had known of cannibalism in their old camp, but I told them that my own people were a superior race of natives, who were not addicted to this loathsome practice.

Although we had long since lost count of the days, we always set aside one day in every seven and recognised it as Sunday, when we held a kind of service in our spacious hut. Besides the girls, Yamba, and myself, only our own women folk were admitted, because I was careful never to attempt to proselytize any of the natives, or wean them from their ancient beliefs. The girls were religious in the very best sense of the term, and they knew the Old and New Testaments almost by heart. They read the Lessons, and I confess they taught me a good deal about religion which I had not known previously. Blanche would read aloud the most touching and beautiful passages from the Bible, and even as I write I can in memory recall her pale, earnest face, with its pathetic expression and her low, musical voice, as she dwelt upon passages likely to console and strengthen us in our terrible position. The quiet little discussions we had together on theological subjects settled, once and for all, many questions that had previously vexed me a great deal.

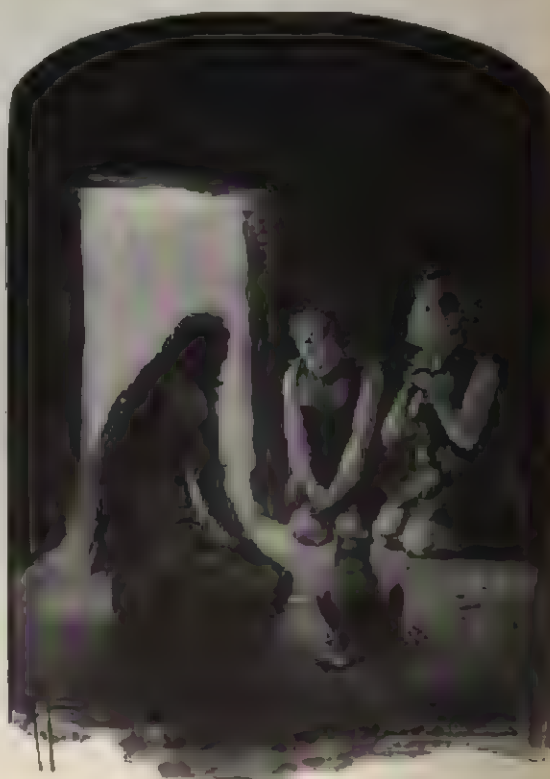
Both girls were devoted adherents of the Church of England, and could repeat most of the Church services entirely from memory. They wanted to do a little missionary work among the blacks, but I gently told them I thought this inadvisable, as any rupture in our friendly relations with the natives would have been quite fatal—if not to our lives, at least to our chances of reaching civilization. Moreover, my people were not by any means without a kind of religion of their own. They believed in the omnipotence of a Great Spirit in whose hands their destinies rested, and him they worshipped with much the same homage which Christians give to God. The fundamental difference was that the sentiment animating them was not *love* but *fear*: propitiation rather than adoration.

We sang the usual old hymns at our Sunday services, and I soon learned to sing them myself. On my part, I taught the girls such simple hymns as the one commencing: "*C'est uaele en silence*," which I had learnt at Sunday school in Switzerland. It is interesting to note that this was Bruno's favourite air. Poor Bruno! he took more or less kindly to all songs, except the Swiss *jodelings*, which he simply detested. When I started one of these plaintive ditties Bruno would first protest by barking his loudest, and if I persisted, he would simply go away in disgust to some place where he could not hear the hated sounds. On Sunday evening we generally held a prayer-service in the hut, and at such times we offered up most fervent supplications for delivery.

Fervent Prayer.

Often I have seen these poor girls lifting up their whole souls in prayer, quite oblivious for the moment of their surroundings until recalled to a sense of their awful positions by the crash of an unusually large wave on the rocks, or the cry of a stricken woman.

The girls knew no more of Australian geography than I did, and when I mention that I merely had a vague idea that the great cities of



"LIFTING UP THEIR WHOLE SOULS IN PRAYER."

the continent—Sydney, Adelaide, Perth, and Melbourne—all lay in a southerly direction, you may imagine how dense was my ignorance of the great island. I am now the strongest possible advocate of a sound geographical training in schools.

On ordinary days we indulged in a variety of games, the principal one being a form of "rounders." I made a ball out of opossum

We had a nice large football made of soft gooseskin stuffed with the paper bark; and in considering our game you must always bear in mind that boots or footgear of any kind were quite unknown. The great drawback of football, from the native point of view, was that it entailed so much exertion, which could be otherwise expended in a far more profitable and practical manner.

A
Gooseskin
Football.



"PLAYING ROUNDERS WITH THE NATIVES."

skin, stuffed with the light soft bark of the paper tree, and stitched with gut. We used a yam stick to strike it with. My native women attendants often joined in the fun, and our antics afforded a vast amount of amusement to the rest of the tribe. The girls taught me cricket, and in due time I tried to induce the blacks to play the British national game, but with little success. We made the necessary bats and stumps out of hard acacia, which I cut down with my tomahawk. The natives themselves, however, made bats much better than mine, simply by whittling flat their waddies, and they soon became expert batsmen. But unfortunately they failed to see why they should run after the ball, especially when they had knocked it a very great distance away. Running about in this manner, they said, was only fit work for women, and was quite beneath their dignity. Yamba and I fielded, but soon found ourselves quite unequal to the task, owing to the enormous distances we had to travel in search of the ball. Therefore we soon abandoned the cricket, and took up football, which was very much more successful.

They argued that if they put the exertion requisite for a game of football into a hunt for food, they would have enough meat to last them for many days. It was, of course, utterly impossible to bring them round to my point of view. With regard to the abandoned cricket, they delighted in hitting the ball, and in catching it—oh! they were wonderfully expert at this—but as to running after the ball, this was quite impossible.

About this time the girls showed me the steps of an Irish jig, which I quickly picked up and soon became quite adept in, much to the delight of the natives, who never tired of watching my gyrations. I kept them in a constant state of wonderment, so that even my hair—now about 3ft. long—commanded their respect and admiration.

Sometimes I would waltz with the younger girl, whilst her sister whistled an old familiar air. When I danced the blacks would squat in a huge circle around me, those in the front rank keeping time by beating drums that I had made and presented to them. The bodies of the drums were made from sections of trees which I

found already hollowed out by the ants. These wonderful little insects would bore through and through the core of the trunk, leaving only the outer shell, which soon became light and dry.

How I
Made
Drums.

I then scraped out with my tomahawk any of the rough inner part that remained, and stretched over the ends of each section a pair of the thinnest wallaby skins I could find; these skins were held taut by sinews from the tail of a kangaroo. I tried emu skins for the drum-heads, but found they were no good, as they soon became perforated when I scraped them.

Never a day passed but we eagerly scanned the glistening sea in the hope of sighting a passing sail. One vessel actually came right into our bay from the north, but she suddenly turned

right back on the course she had come. She was a cutter-rigged vessel, painted a greyish white, and of about fifty tons' burden. She was probably a Government vessel, as she flew the British ensign at the masthead, whereas a pearler would have flown it at the peak. The moment we caught sight of that ship I am afraid we lost our heads. We screamed aloud with excitement, and ran like mad people up and down the beach, waving branches and yelling like maniacs. I even waved wildly my long, luxuriant hair. Unfortunately, the wind was against us, blowing from the W.S.W. We were assisted in our frantic demonstration by quite a crowd of natives with branches, and I think it possible that, even if we had been seen, the people on the ship would have mistaken our efforts for a mere hostile demonstration.



"WE RAN LIKE MAD UP AND DOWN THE BEACH. . . I EVEN WAVED WILDLY MY LONG, LUXURIANT HAIR."

(To be continued.)

perchance, feel the impassioned rhapsody of the chant. Then, again, when the sun mounts the zenith of heaven, when it approaches half the western sky, when it sinks beneath the horizon, and at last, when the darkness of night draws its canopy over the town, he will hear that same distant voice chanting the call to prayer. If, at the last call, the moon be shedding its clear light as it does in the East alone—then let the stranger mount his roof and listen in the silence of the night. Then, perhaps, he will think kindly of the prayerful city beneath.

Mushalla! The faithful not only pray daily

was to unite them in a distinct body quite separated from the surrounding infidels, so also his aim in formulating these several postures and attitudes was to drill and discipline the faithful in such a manner as to accentuate this separation. It would not be permissible for a true believer to pray in private on such important occasions; he must join the body of the faithful in some convenient place of worship to perform his devotions publicly: otherwise, the principle of union among the faithful and separation from the unbelievers would not be carried out.

Having then performed his ablutions in the



[From a]

WESTERN NEWS

Photo.

in the privacy of their homes, but on great religious festivals and other special occasions when they meet together and pray in a body. If the mosque be large enough to hold the brethren, then indeed they go to the sacred building. But if that be too small, they repair to the public squares or even to the fields (as in the annexed series of photographs) to perform their devotions. To the Western observer the four attitudes herein depicted may appear strange and incomprehensible; but that is because he fails to realize and appreciate the true spirit of Islam. Just as the chief object of the Prophet (on whose name be peace!) in bringing together the faithful in prayer

prescribed manner, he repairs to the place of worship and falls into line with the faithful, according to the directions of the *imam*, or priest, who leads the prayers (seen at the head of the photo.). He spreads in front of him a sheet of cloth on which to kneel, and takes up his position as here depicted. It is to be noted that, in accordance with the universal Eastern custom of showing reverence, his head remains covered, but his feet are bare—the many shoes in the foreground of the photo. amply testifying to this latter fact.

The prayers, which are all prescribed in the Koran, are led by the *imam*, and the faithful follow, repeating the passages with him. When



FROM A

POSITION NO. 3.

[1/1000]

a certain part is reached, the whole congregation bow low in deep reverence—as in the second attitude—and thus remain till the passage is finished.

Again, at another part the people all kneel on the cloth before them, each laying his hands on his knees and resting on his heels. This third attitude marks the period of meditation. It is long and profound, and comes as a convenient break in the long routine of prescribed prayers.

At the close the whole congregation bow their heads to the ground. This is at once an act of humility and of adoration—the former as befitting the thoughts essential to a meditation, and the latter in acknowledgment of the supreme Godhead, the sole end of all prayer. The scene at this moment is truly impressive. A vast multitude of men prostrating themselves in unison as one body is a unique sight to the strange observer, and perhaps of lasting remembrance when performed in the open air amidst such environments of Nature as are depicted in these photographs.

Inshallah! And yet this scene, impressive as it is, may be seen throughout Islam from Cairo to Calcutta, on the occasion of every great religious festival. Consider the feast of Ramadan, that comes after the long fast. It begins on a certain new moon in the year, and continues

without a break till after the following new moon. It is not merely a partial abstinence from food, such as is customary in certain countries of Europe, but an absolute fast throughout the day. The only food permitted is at nightfall—and in the vast majority of cases that single meal has to suffice for the whole twenty-four hours. During the day not a morsel of food, not a drop of drink, is permitted. Nay, so rigorous is the rule, that some of the more scrupulous members of the faithful do not even bathe during the day, since, in certain cases, bathing helps to allay thirst, and is, consequently, deemed to be equivalent to drinking! Such extremists bathe only at nightfall, while performing the prescribed ablutions, preparatory to the break of fast.

Now, when the month is over, and the new moon begins, all the faithful meet in the morning and perform their devotions in the most public manner possible. It is, indeed, a strange experience—say, to the English residents of Calcutta—to see the thousands of followers of Islam lining the streets of the city at early dawn and prostrating themselves in prayer, while passers-by of other faiths looked at them askance, smiled, or perchance sneered and scoffed. To the Western observer this public praying may savour to some extent of cant and

hypocrisy, but that is because such conduct in his own country by one of his own faith would undoubtedly be such. Not so, however, in the East. There religion is not a profession, not a business, not a thing like a garment to be put on and off on certain occasions. It is the principle of thought, word, and action that permeates the whole life of the people and rules their entire conduct. The Nazarene that rolls up his eyes to heaven, and stands in the street corner to pray, may perchance be like unto a whitened sepulchre; but he of an Eastern faith that prostrates himself in the dust in the public street does nothing more unusual and noteworthy than the passer-by himself who is following his usual avocation.

Hence, on the occasion of the Ramazan, the thousands that flock to the public places for prayer have no other idea in their minds than the fulfilment of a great religious duty. And their task is rendered all the more difficult because, on the morning of the festival, no man is certain that it is the day of the festival, and not another day of fast. The fact is, the festival is on that day on which the new moon, after the month's fast, is actually seen

with the naked eye. Now, it is an astronomical fact that the new moon is never seen with the naked eye on the date of the new moon itself, it is only on the second or third day that it can be thus seen. Hence if the first moment of actual visibility falls at an inconvenient hour, or if the sky be cloudy, then the festival may have to be postponed to the following day. Consequently it is possible to have two opposing parties in a place, one party averring that they had seen the moon and, therefore, proceeding to end their fast, and the other party still continuing rigidly in it, while maintaining that the former had been deceived by an optical illusion—accentuated no doubt by their hungry condition. In places, however, like India, where there is telegraphic communication, the difficulty is often solved by receiving a message from some part of the country or other to the effect that the moon has undoubtedly been seen there by competent and reliable people. Then do all flock to prayer joyfully, giving thanks to Allah that even unbelieving foreign wires are brought to the use of the faithful. But, *Allah Akbar*! Wonderful are His ways!



Photo. A.

PROCESSION, NO. 4.

Photo. B.



By J. W. QUICK.

A story of two fair stowaways, and how the ingenuity and presence of mind of one saved the blockade-runner. A stirring story of adventure, ably told, and with a plot that fiction could not rival.

YOU will hardly credit the statement, but that innocent-looking old lady in the arm-chair, with her spectacles on the end of her nose, and her crochet work in her capacious lap, is a pirate! Fact, I assure you. She is my wife, but a real buccancer for all that, branded with bloodthirsty piracy on the high seas. My own eyes saw her victims stretched on the gory deck. I have my hopes that advanced age has produced penitence, otherwise I should apologize for introducing her to you.

Thirty-six years ago the American War was in full swing. Shipowners and merchants in London and Liverpool were making tons of money by running cargoes into the blockaded ports for the Southerners. It was a profitable business if successful, and splendid sport for those privileged to join in it. A number of fine vessels of great speed and light draught were hastily built and dispatched, either to be captured or sunk by the blockading fleet, or else by good luck and skilful handling to get through the lines, and so earn huge fortunes for their enterprising owners.

I was mightily proud of being third mate of the smartest ship of them all—a beautifully modelled side-wheel steamer, capable under pressure of seventeen knot speed. Never mind

her name; but she was the talk of the shipping world at the time.

We dropped down the Irish Channel, on her maiden voyage, with the holds staffed with contraband of war, and the decks piled high with fuel. Our vessel was very deep in the water, but we had the good luck to meet with fair weather, and as our roaring furnaces lavishly consumed the coal, so imperceptibly we increased our freeboard and steamed out to Nassau, in the Bahamas, without a stop. Nassau was the base of operations for the blockade runners. Glorious Nassau! A mine of wealth in those thrilling times, for the reckless, jolly crowd of nautical adventurers, gentle and simple, who hurried there; for then the sailor man was in request, and received full value for his hazardous services. Nassau by day, palpitating in the tropical sunshine with bustle and excitement. Nassau, in the warm stillness of the perfumed night, resounding with revelry, music, and laughter.

Our arrival, with the news that we were the fastest boat known, caused great excitement in the little place. One of the owners sailed with us as supercargo, and he promptly engaged Captain H——, the most experienced “running” commander to be obtained—a notable gentleman indeed, who occupied afterwards a high position

and became famous. Captain H—, who brought with him his own pilot and signal man, immediately took charge. He practically dismantled the ship, leaving only a lower mast, which was fitted with a light perch to serve as a look out. Next, a swarm of painters plastered the ship, from the water line to the top of the funnels, a dull dirty white. Two saits of duck



"PAINTERS COAT THE SHIP A DULL DIRTY WHITE."

of the same colour were served out to all hands, and woe betide that man who showed a darker tint. After sundown not a light of any description was allowed—not even a pipe. The engine room sky-lights and binnacle lamp were shrouded. By these precautions, upon an ordinary night, the ship from a cable's length was almost invisible. And finally she was re-christened *The Ghost*, a name which stuck to her as long as she floated.

At the best hotel Nassau could boast there were staying two ladies, both young, refined, and charming. The name of one was given as Mrs. Adelaide Clements, and that of her companion, Miss Nora Delaney. Mrs. Clements seemed to be marvellously well equipped with money; the two entertained with a lavish generosity only excelled by the Princesses one reads of in

the "Arabian Nights." They were the life and soul and pet mystery of the place. Mrs. Adelaide Clements's account of herself was straightforward enough. She was a Northerner by birth, but was the wife of a young Virginian officer fighting with the Confederate army. She had been visiting at her old home when the war broke out, and had made several unsuccessful attempts to return to her husband through the lines of the opposing armies. Failing to obtain permission to pass, she had come to Nassau in the hope of getting through to Wilmington on a "runner."

I regret to say that her statement was not believed. She was suspected of being a spy, and as there had been trouble with more than one adventurous female engaged in this questionable pursuit, the "runners" one and all refused her a passage. Mrs. Clements, therefore, besieged our supercargo and captain with persistent applications to be carried to Wilmington in *The Ghost*, and she backed her request with the tempting offer of £1,000 for the passage of herself and companion—money down in good English currency. This was sternly refused; our folks had no desire at all for passengers, especially ladies; much less one under strong suspicion of being a spy, and who might embroil them in endless complications with the Southern authorities.

The little lady was in despair. She, in retaliation, angrily accused all captains, supercargoes, and agents of mean ingratitude and ungentlemanly conduct. They were all ready enough to attend her receptions, accept her hospitality, dance with her, listen to her songs, to even try and flirt with her; yet at the same time they were base enough to suspect her of double dealing. And here I have an important confession to make. At first sight I had fallen in love with Nora Delaney, the first glance of whose merry blue Irish eyes made me her slave for life. In the few days we spent in port I ousted all other aspirants (they were many), and was by them sorrowfully acknowledged to be the successful and favoured suitor.

But the discarded "boys" were forgiving and generous. The day of *The Ghost's* departure on her first attempt at blockade-running, a farewell dinner was given to her officers—and a toast which aroused a storm of enthusiasm was "Billy Blake and his colleen! Good luck to them! Hurroo!"

Parting from Nora was a serious business for me.

"Oh! it is dreadful to say good-bye, Billy! Can't you smuggle us on board as stowaways? Hide us in the coal or anywhere among the cargo."

"Impossible, Nora; altogether impossible."

"It wouldn't be impossible if we were not girls. You foolish men are all making an absurd mistake: Adelaide is no more a spy than you or I; but if you must go, and we can't come with you - good-bye."

"Good bye, Nora."

The Ghost steamed gaily out from Nassau. Good fortune attended us, and some ten days later we glided unobserved, one dark night, through the blockading fleet safely into Wilmington. Both ourselves and our useful cargo were received with jubilation. We then hurriedly loaded up with a pressed freight of Sea Island cotton. Getting out, however, was mere child's play to getting in. There was no searching in the unmarked blackness of night for a narrow inlet; we simply had to trust to our speed and make a bold dash out for the ocean; within thirty days we were back at Nassau without a scratch on our paint, having earned a profit for the owners equal to a King's ransom.

The charming Mrs. Adelaide Clements and her fair companion were still stranded on the island. They were soon besieging our captain once more for a passage, or even to convey a letter, but were refused more firmly than before. At Wilmington we had heard of a famous female spy getting through in another vessel, which, however, struck the bar; and the intrepid lady, in her haste to get on shore through the surf in a crazy boat, was capsized and drowned.

Failing to make any impression on the captain, the two sirens next took me in hand, and with feminine wiles began to work upon my susceptibilities.

Nora solemnly assured me they were not spies, and that their sympathies were really with the South; and of course I had to believe my adored girl. One act of duplicity they did plead guilty to—Adelaide Clements was not a married woman at all; she only assumed the rôle for greater safety and consideration in travelling. She was really a typical, go-ahead American girl of great wealth, and free enough to indulge her fancies. Her praiseworthy object was really to reach and marry her Virginian lover at the earliest opportunity. He was fighting in that fierce and deadly war. She might lose him any day, and being greatly attached to him, her romantic desire was that they might be joined in wedlock before a much-dreaded catastrophe might occur.

Nora's ultimatum to me was: "I will never marry you, Billy, though I love you dearly, unless you get us to Wilmington."

Next Miss Clements tempted me with her gold. "Mr. Blake, you love Nora, and I don't wonder at it. She is the dearest girl in the world, and I am very fond of her. Of course you want to marry her soon, and I shall be pleased to see her settled with a good husband; I think you are true and straightforward and worthy of her. Now, I am going to make you a splendid offer. If you will scheme to secrete us on *The Ghost* as stowaways, or anything you like, and keep us hidden—if only for a few days my end will be gained. The captain will not send us back, and will be too chivalrous to maroon ladies on a Bahama Cay, so he will be compelled to take us through to Wilmington; and arrived there, I can at once convince him



"MR. BLAKE, YOU LOVE NORA, AND I DON'T WONDER AT IT."

of my honesty. Do this for me, Mr. Blake, and you shall marry Nora as soon as she likes, and on your wedding day my present will be a cheque for £2,000."

The girls entertained no dread of shot or shell, or sinking or capture, or any of the numerous risks associated with our perilous enterprise. I think they would have accepted with alacrity the suggestion of a passage in the smoke stack!

Well, I was young and reckless, and in love.

At the worst I could only get a sound rating and a discharge, but what mattered that, with Nora and £2,000 in prospect? At any rate, I promised to find them a hiding place in *The Ghost*.

Another cargo was being transferred in all haste to *The Ghost*, from a ship recently arrived from England. Fortunately, I had the entire direction of this operation, and my mind was busy concocting a plan. I managed it so that when the holds were crammed there yet remained, to be conveyed that trip, a huge quantity of medical stores and chemicals of the utmost importance. These were mostly packed in barrels, and to expose such delicate goods on deck was out of the question. I suggested, therefore, that we officers should all turn out of the saloon and fill it with the goods. For that passage, at least, I argued, we could live and mess with the engineers, who had a roomy apartment forward.

In those fortune-making days, the claims of business held precedence over mere questions of comfort, so I was ordered to strip the saloon and fill it to its utmost capacity.

This I accordingly did, taking care, however, to leave empty a sleeping room, and bath-room adjoining. Unobserved, I next rolled a cask of fresh water into the bath-room, and then, as the saloon was being packed with barrels and cases from floor to ceiling, I left a cunningly-devised little tunnel leading to the lair.

Meanwhile the adventurous damsel prepared their outfit according to my directions. It was to be boys' attire—nigger-boys' attire. Just a suit of whites each, and concentrated provisions for ten days—these stores to be hidden under fruit, which they were to come aboard selling.

We were at last loaded with every ounce *The*

Ghost could support on top of the rest. It was night. The steam was hissing with impatience to depart. The decks were thronged with friends wishing us "good-by, good-by, 'rouge." In the darkness, and without a thought, two jaunty boys, with very white and very black faces, under floppy straw baskets on arm, piled with fruit, came to comment or even notice. "Will Massa buy banana—much good plenty fruit?" This, with a cheeky wink, revealed to me that Nora and her mistress were aboard. I passed them the key of the saloon door. They had their instructions, and they disappeared

into the gloom. I even ventured down after them just to give them instructions and wish Nora good night.

"You know where you have to crawl to the other side?"

"Yes, we know, they whispered.

"Have you plenty of grub?"

"Yes, and we know it, by our aching arms and these heavy baskets."

"Now, look here, ladies," I said, "there is no reason why you shouldn't be decently comfortable behind these packages all the trip. I have left air spaces through the skylights, although they are tarpaul-

ined. You will get some light by day through one port, but there must be no opening it on any account. The long hours of darkness will be the most trying ordeal. Have you any matches with you?"

"Yes, two boxes."

"What, after my orders to the contrary?"

"Yes, we thought it best. Men are so dictatorial and bossy"—this as a petulant aside.

"Give them to me—every match, or I'll call the captain and have you sent ashore at once."

They obediently handed them over. "Perfectly understand," I said, sternly, "there must be



"WILL MASSA BUY BANANA?"

no light struck down here under any consideration whatever, it would give you and *The Ghost* away at once. Besides, all these barrels and boxes are stuffed with gunpowder, so the result of your having a light might be too awful to contemplate. We should all be blown to little bits for certain."

This was an entire invention on my part, but I calculated rightly that it would have the effect of preventing the girls even wishing for a light in the dark and dreary vigils before them.

"Good-night, Nora."

I clasped one smutty faced boy to my heart - "Halloa! what's this hard thing in your pocket? A revolver, by jingo! What do you want this for, you young rascal?"

"Mind, Billy, it's loaded; there's no knowing what scrapes we may get into, and I know how to use it, if necessary."

"Dangerous plaything for a girl, Nora," I said, warningly; "let me keep it for you."

"Nonsense, Billy; give it me back at once. I'm a boy now, and I'll carry my weapon in case of need."

"Then for goodness sake be careful," I said, as I very reluctantly returned it to her. "Good-bye, both of you; may you enjoy yourselves. I must lock you in now and leave you to your own devices. If you find you really can't stand the confinement, then come to the door, make a jolly row on it, and give yourselves up to the mercy of the skipper. I will try and visit you sometimes, but you must not expect me often. Lie low and keep quiet, and I may let you out at Wilmington without anyone being the wiser."

I locked them up and went on deck. The visitors were leaving *The Ghost*, and she was soon speeding away on her second venture. Our skipper's strategy, which had made him the most successful commander engaged in the exciting trade of blockade-running, lay in his clever, tricky plans of seeing all and yet not being seen.

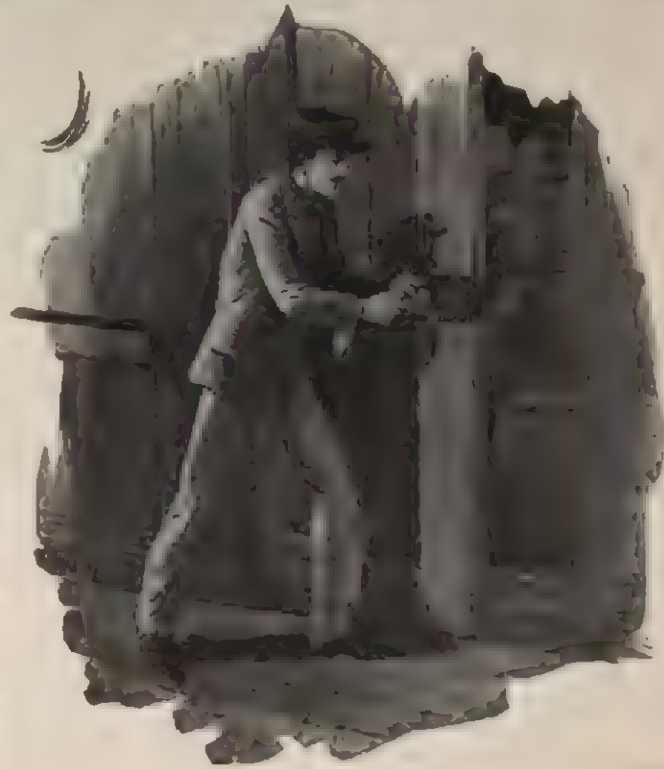
The time had now arrived for cool heads and hard hearts. A large Federal fleet in three lines patrolled the narrow entrance to Wilmington Harbour, with scores of heavy guns ready shotted - ball, shell, grape, and canister—to pour destruction on the "runner." *The Ghost* did not desire a closer acquaintance with these gentry until the shades of evening should hide

her altogether, or disturb their aim. During the passage I had to exercise a vast amount of self control to keep away from the loaded saloon and its prisoners. I only paid them one visit, and that after many days and in the dead of night. I found them intensely miserable, but their courage and determination were still unimpaired, although the long, long hours of total darkness had depressed their spirits and irritated their tempers.

"Oh! for a cup of tea or coffee," groaned Nora, "or something nice to eat. Murky water and stale food in this stuffy atmosphere are just revolting; and we've been so horribly, horribly sea sick."

"Oh! for a breath of fresh air," moaned Miss Clements, "and the sunshine and the blessed land. I long for proper clothes, and to get out of reach of this dreadful gunpowder that frightens me so."

I could only comfort them with cheering words, and advocate courage for a little longer, consoling them also with the assurance that their sufferings would soon be forgotten in the joys of Wilmington and the realization of their long-deferred purpose. Anxiously we crept toward Cape Fear as the sun set, searching the horizon for the least sign of the enemy. It was



"I LOCKED THEM UP."

impossible, in a rush through a hostile fleet on a dark night, accurately to strike the narrow, unlit, and unbuoyed channel over the bar through "Smith's" Inlet.

Our plan was to proceed to the northward of Cape Fear, make the coast on our starboard hand, and then, with the white surf as a guide, steal down the coast to the opening, depending upon our swift heels and a light draught to escape the heavier prowling cruisers. All was going well. We had made the surf, and had its creamy expanse well in view. The white *Ghost*, a pale object against the background of dusky land, was tearing along at full speed. Captain, pilot, and officers were on the bridge, keen-eyed and desperately alert. A trusty man was in the chains, constantly heaving the lead.

Suddenly, within less than a cable's length of our port bow loomed the black mass of a gunboat going in our direction, and fast, too, for even the speedy *Ghost* did not leave her behind, as we expected. We dared not sheer another foot towards the land, so for miles we ran abreast of our formidable escort, holding our very breath and wondering whether the noisy beat of our paddles reached the officers visible on the deck of the warship.

"Well, this beats all," muttered the pilot. "This *Ghost's* a real, transparent, invisible ghost, and that's a fact."

But Mr. Gunboat was only playing fox, and leading us on to a hornet's nest. Suddenly, from his deck soared a stream of brilliant rockets, answered by a regular Fifth of November display ahead. Then the warship sheered in closer to us, and someone hailed, "Stop that steamer; surrender at once, or I'll sink you."

"You play your game, I'll play mine," yelled our skipper, as he ran to the engine-room skylight, dragged off the coverings, and shouted to the suffocating engineers to shake up *The Ghost* for every ounce she could carry. "Pile it on, lads; let the flames roar out of the funnels. It don't matter, now we're spotted; let her out! Give her the throttle."

Crash! bang! whizz! came shot and shell as we tore along for "Smith's" Inlet, outside which the sea was fairly alive with cruisers, gunboats, and launches waiting to pepper us.

I thought it was high time to release the stowaways, as the next shot might send *The Ghost* to the bottom. I hastened to the saloon and opened the door wide. The girls were cowering just inside in the darkness, greatly terrified at the awful uproar.

"Follow me on deck and lie flat down, both of you; but if anything happens to the ship, keep as near me as you can."

Not a second too soon were they liberated. With a peculiar sickening, hurtling, splintering thud, a huge missile pierced *The Ghost* and smashed in amongst the goods in the saloon, from which smoky fumes immediately began to escape through the open door. We were soon in the thick of a tremendous cannonade. Our only chance of escape lay in our good ship keeping up her swift way above the waters. She quivered under the enormous pressure on her engines, and flew on through the storm of shot with captain, pilot, signalman, and steersman still on the bridge, calm and steady, and scorning even to duck their heads.

Suddenly, there was an ominous slackening of our speed, and a creaking, grinding stoppage of the engines, accompanied by the excited advent of the chief engineer, in a frenzy of trouble and perspiration.

"Bound to stop them, sir," he cried, breathlessly, "or they'd stop themselves. Couldn't stand the strain—bearing near red-hot—metal almost running. Give me ten minutes—perhaps five—to start them again."

And this said, the agonized "chief" disappeared below to his staff, who were working at the machinery like heroes.

Our captain knew the excellent "chief" too well to question or cavil about the absolute necessity of the stoppage. He was a cool, level-headed man, our skipper. He heard the derisive cheers of our assailants as they ceased to fire on their prize; he heard the rattle of the falls as they dropped their boats by the dozen, and came yelling exultantly towards us. He knew the game was up and that he had lost, and that he could do no more for his ship, so, like the good commander that he was, thought only of the safety of his crew.

"Every man on deck, except the officers, will quietly assemble right forward and offer no resistance whatever," he ordered.

I was standing resignedly by the starboard sponson, with a cigar in my lips and my hands in my pockets, when the first boat dashed alongside.

A highly elated Federal lieutenant sprang aboard, and began lunging around me with his sword, aggressively shouting, "Surrender! surrender!"

His crew swarmed after him, and in a moment I was surrounded by flashing, waving, menacing cutlasses; but the boarders' ardour was suddenly checked by the unexpected advent of a black boy, who, to the utter stupefaction of everyone, shoved into the scrum, and began blazing away with a revolver in my supposed defence.

With horror, and alarm, I saw it was Nora,

And, picking up the dropped cutlass of one of her victims, I had to lay about me for all I was worth to prevent her being cut to pieces by the enraged man-of-war's men.

This unequal fight would soon have ended in the dispatch of both of us, had not the

top of my voice, "Overboard, all hands—overboard everybody for your lives. There's fifty tons of powder in the saloon, and it's blazing like mad. Overboard everybody and swim, or we'll all be blown to kingdom come." This prospect did not seem alluring to our visitors ;

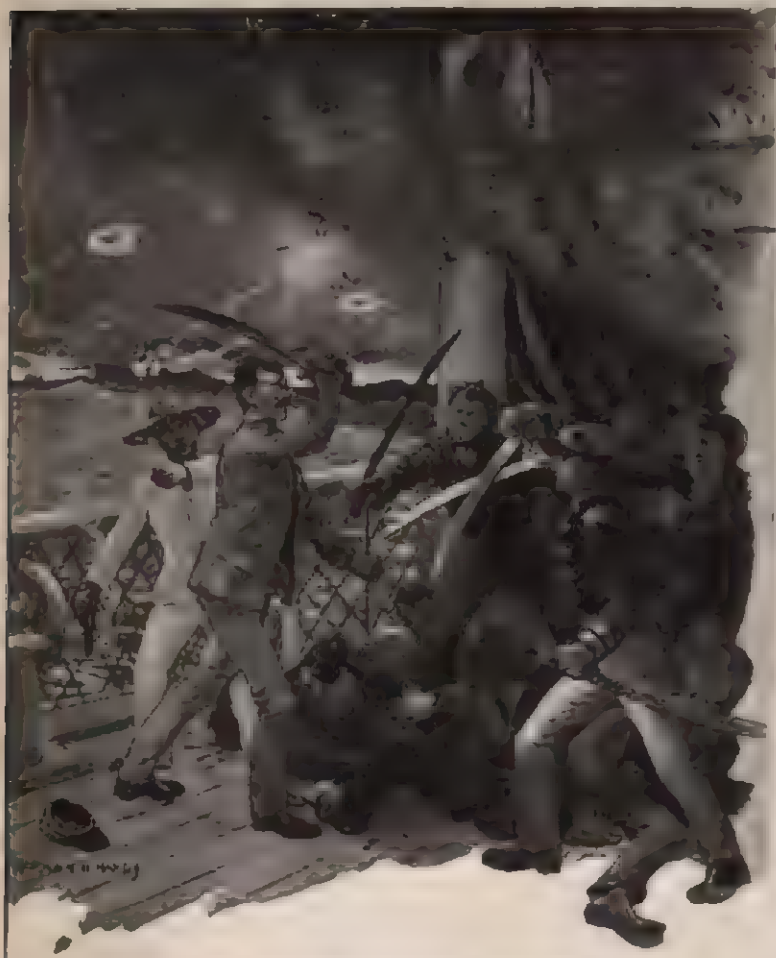
a regular panic set in amongst them, followed by a stampede. The boarders tumbled over each other back into their boats and rowed frantically away from the supposed doomed ship, all but four of their wounded, who lay prone on the deck, having been winged by Nora's shooting-iron.

Our crew stood firm, in the knowledge that we did not carry gunpowder. They were also wise enough to see through and appreciate my ruse. At the order from the bridge, "All hands to fire stations," they ran along the steam and water hose to choke and damp the flames of the blazing saloon.

Meanwhile the unconquered and resourceful engineers had triumphed over the hot bearing, and steam was given to the engines. Slowly and almost imperceptibly the wheels revolved ; then faster and faster, until full speed was attained. Then came our turn to jeer and cheer, as *The Ghost*, her speedy self again, raced away from another spiteful fusillade,

and charged over the surfridden bar into the zone of safety commanded by the guns of Fort Fisher. The fire in the saloon had got no hold, and was easily subdued, having done only trifling damage. We had been hulled several times above the water-line, and a round shot had actually cut down our pole-mast ; yet no man had been struck.

We pulled up off Fort Fisher until daylight. Boatloads of officers at once came off to us, full of congratulations and curiosity as to our condition after the heavy cannonade. The *codes*



"I HAD TO LAY ABOUT ME FOR ALL I WAS WORTH."

pressing attention of the enemy been diverted by a great sheet of angry flame which shot out amongst us from the saloon companion. This was accompanied by a piercing scream, the like of which I never heard before or since, as another black boy with shrill voice danced about, shouting : "Oh ! oh ! oh ! the saloon's on fire, and it's stuffed with gunpowder. Oh ! oh ! oh !"

The swarm of cruiser's men clambering aboard and my fierce assailants were checked, and momentarily hesitated. An inspiration came to me like a flash, and I, too, yelled out at the

popped and flew, and glasses bubbled over with the sparkling wine of France, to pledge our guests and celebrate our marvellous escape.

During these courtesies and genialities (which took place on deck), the stowaways, who, of course, had been observed, were ordered up before the skipper. The two sneaky, black-faced culprits, in broken straw hats and dirty whites, stood hand in hand, but in no way crest-fallen before authority.

"Which of you boys is *the pirate* who fired on and wounded those men, and turned my



"WHICH OF YOU BOYS IS THE PIRATE?" ASKED THE CAPTAIN.

ship into a buccaneering craft?" asked the captain, sternly.

"Why, I did, of course," replied one of the "niggers." "They were going to kill my Billy, and not a man of you went to his help. And where would you all have been now, I should like to know, if she" pointing to Adelaide—"hadn't saved your nasty old ship by screaming 'gunpowder and fire'?"

"She? Who? What?" roared the puzzled skipper.

"Why, Adelaide—Adelaide Clements, who you ridiculous people insist is a spy—she will show you now, or when she gets on land—how absurd and unkind you have all been."

"Adelaide Clements! Adelaide Clements!

is it possible?" excitedly exclaimed a Confederate officer from the group of interested and amused spectators. There was a glad, answering cry, as the other black boy threw himself into the astonished officer's arms, and became at once emotional and ungrammatical.

"It's me, Herbert!—it's me, really! Adelaide, your Adelaide. Oh! oh! I've had such a dreadful stuffy time, shut up in the dark with mice, and rats, and gunpowder, and things—but I don't care a bit now; not a bit."

"Well, this certainly does look creation," said the captain, good humouredly, as he scrutinized the dirty faces before him. "Mrs. Clements," he said, with a bow.

"Pardon my interruption, sir," said I, "but, Miss Clements, this side the bar."

"Miss or Mrs., I can recognise your beauty even through the burnt cork. I apologize humbly for my unjust suspicions, and regret you have had such an uncomfortable passage. Sir" (this to the Confederate officer), "I congratulate you on being loved by so faithful a lady. Myself, the crew, and the owners owe her a debt of gratitude—for she certainly saved the ship from capture and us all from imprisonment, or worse. Mr. William Blake, you are very busy and satisfied looking; I guess you and this little pirate, who is so handy with her tongue and her bullets, fixed this surprise up between you; but 'all's well that ends well,' and we will also allow that 'all's fair in love and war.' Steward, fill up the glasses—gentlemen all, here's to the gallant little lady who saved the ship, *Miss Adelaide Clements*, and to the *Pirate of The Ghost*—hot-headed and true-hearted *Miss Nora Delaney*—and the fortunate gentlemen who possess their affections.

"Long life and happiness to them all."

Before *The Ghost* rushed the fleet again on her backward trip, there was a double wedding at Wilmington which made the town hum.

The Ghost made many more successful trips until nearly the close of the war, when she paid the penalty of her tamerity by being sunk under a broadside, almost within touch of the bar and safety. The blockaders were very anxious to capture the pirates of the notorious *Ghost*, in revenge for their wounded men whom Nora potted and who became prisoners of the Southerners, but we escaped in our boats to the friendly shore, leaving our good vessel, who had earned her value many times over, to rest beneath the waves, invisible for all time.

Where Beasts are Baptized.

By J. S. STUART-GLENNIE, M.A.

An authority on Folk-lore unearths a series of astonishing ceremonies which take place in Brittany, and he illustrates his article with actual photographs taken during the festival.

IN the Megalithic Wonderland of Carnac, in the Department of Morbihan, South-Western Brittany, folk-customs are to this day observed which date back to the remotest ages of Paganism. Like so many of the stupendous menhirs, tumuli, and dolmens of this wonderful district, these old Pagan observances have been, after a fashion, Christianized. Many of these monuments have had Christian crosses placed on the top of them; and so, likewise, many of the equally ancient Pagan customs have now attached to them Christian ceremonies.

To their old customs and the beliefs which they express the heathens here, as elsewhere, were found to be too devotedly wedded to give them up at the instance of Christian priests. But they had little or no objection to adding further ceremonies to their immemorial customs; and so, a happy compromise was established between priests and people. The *Pardon* of the second Sunday of September draws pilgrims to Carnac from all parts of the country for leagues around this immemorial centre of sacred rites. And I will now proceed to describe the, in part, purely Pagan and, in part, Christianized Pagan ceremonies which I witnessed there last September, and particularly on the *Pardon* Sunday, and the subsequent Tuesday, the 13th, which is the great day of the annual fête and fair. These ceremonies, all closely related, may be described under three heads. And first, as to the purely Pagan ceremonies conducted

by the peasants themselves, without either the supervision or interposition of Christian priests—the autumnal Baptisms of the Beasts.

Every evening, from half past eight till nine, in the later weeks of September, as we sat after dinner, with our coffee and cigarettes, under the resplendent sky, on the pavement in front of the little *auberge* calling itself “*Hôtel des Voyageurs*” (next the house of the Mayor, covered with creepers), we heard the clatter of wooden shoes and of cloven hoofs, and saw in the starlight dim figures of men, women, and beasts, defiling along the opposite side of the little square, and passing in procession round the eastern end of the Church of St. Cornély, which forms another side of the square. If it is the first time we observe one of these weird processions—of which there are sometimes two or three in the same evening—we rise and follow it. Passing round the south side of the church, in the most impressive silence, they come with their cattle to the great western tower and the door, above which is a statue of the old Pagan god, the protector of animals, transformed into a Christian saint and Pope.

Here, in the darkness under the old tower,



[From]

HOTEL WHERE THE AUTHOR STAYED.

[Photo.]

the peasants, generally in the proportion of three or four women to one man, holding their beasts by ropes thrown round their horns, kneel for three or four minutes—it was too dark to note the time exactly by my watch—in silent prayer. And then, reforming their procession in a sort of automatic way, without a single spoken word, they pass up the little High Street. This silence, and their total disregard of us outsiders, was very striking. It was no mere mechanical performance that they were engaged in, but an immemorially sacred rite, of which the spell would be broken by other than the muttered magical words.

Presently, turning to the left, they descend a winding lane that leads to one of the most picturesque of tree-embowered sacred fountains that I can recall—many though I have seen in the East—and can never forget. In Brittany, as in the East, the feeling of the sacredness of fountains is still testified to by building them round about. Here, out of a square inclosure, into which we descend by a couple of steps in the middle of each of the four sides, there rises a stone structure enshrining not only the fountain but another statue of the divine protector of animals transformed into a Pope. This is shown in the next photograph.

About two dozen trees surround the fountain. In this little grove there chanced to be a couple of caravans of tinkers and gipsies. Out and in flitted in the darkness dim figures of women and children, while at an improvised table with a lamp on it the men drank and gambled. A more picturesque scene of ruddy light and darkest shadow could not be imagined. By no means, however, did this sacred fountain need these accidental accessories to give it, for

me at least, a fascination which drew me to it again and again, both by sun and starlight. The scene, as it still was, of sacred rites, it had almost certainly also been from an antiquity as undatedly remote as that to which we are carried back by the Wonderland of Megalithic Monuments which lies immediately behind this fountain.

But, alas! owing to the terribly long-continued drought, there was no water, or none, at least, that the authorities could permit to be so waste-

tully—as, in this age of the decay of all faith, they sceptically thought—so wastefully used as in the baptism of beasts. And so, what water there was at this fountain was under lock and key, and strictly guarded from the peasants. Useless would it have been for them to explain, even if they could have put their lebel into articulate words, that the dousing of their beasts with water was the surest means of bringing water down for their beasts. For baptisms—dippings in, or dousings with, water—have in folk-belief two quite different effects, namely, purification, and the bringing about of that which is imitated. In Greek folk-custom, for instance, young girls are, in times of

drought, drenched with water, in the belief that this action, duly performed in the customary procession, with its accompanying song, will bring a drenching on the earth.*

And with a similar belief the Bretons, in early autumn, when rain is usually so much needed, not only pour the water of their most sacred fountain over their beasts, but let it run down over themselves, raising their arms for that purpose after washing face and hands. No such baptisms, however, could be permitted this year.



THE SACRED FOUNTAIN AT WHICH THE BRETON PEASANTS ARE BAPTIZED.
From a Photo. by L. Le Roux, Carnac, France.

* See my edition of "Greek Folk-poetry," vi., p. 60.

Yet one there was, just enough to save the title of this paper. For a rascal sold to one troop of peasants a bucketful, which he falsely declared had been drawn from the sacred fountain. So, with this, as they stood or knelt round the sacred inclosure, that baptism of their beasts was accomplished which was, in their belief, the most effective of all rites for procuring the rain of which man and beast were so terribly in need. And if the baptism, with this fraudulently substituted water, was pathetic, still more so was the exactitude with which all the other rites of the pilgrimage, save that believed to be the most certainly effective one, were silently and uncomplainingly performed by all the other innumerable processionists.

So much, then, for still almost purely Pagan ceremonies, without supervision or interposition of priests. We now turn to the canonization of a Pagan god. For I have now to describe the Christian, superimposed on old Pagan, ceremonies, precisely as are Christian crosses on old Pagan menhirs and dolmens. The idea underlying the baptism ceremony—the idea of such an influence of things and actions on each other that the representation of an action, as, for instance, that of drenching with water, will produce a corresponding action in the downfall of rain—is of the most primitive character, and incalculably older than the idea of Papal saints, and even, perhaps, than that of gods, in the later and now usual sense of the term. And yet it is with a Christian saint—a saint with Papal tiara and other Pontifical trappings—that most of these immemorial autumnal rites of Paganism are now associated. How has this come about? I must here describe rather than speculate. But I may at least say that the neolithic men whose designs were carried out in the elevation of these stupendous menhirs, and the construction of these marvellous dolmens and alignments, and who also possessed

tamed animals, would certainly appear as gods to the paleolithic men whom they subjected. The divine man associated by the lower race with the domestic animals as their patron and protector—and especially with the ox and cow, the most useful of all—would thus be originally a representative of the men who introduced these animals, and would later be honoured with the usual ancestor worship. It was such a real, such an historical, figure that I saw in the tawdry statue of the Papal saint. And I confess that to me, seeing in the priestly St. Cornély this immemorially remote historical man and benefactor of his race, there was something exceedingly touching in the genuflections before and kissings of his shrines, testimonies as these reverences were of an undying remembrance and gratitude, if also of supplication for continued favours. But now for description rather than speculation.

Already, on the Saturday preceding the great second Sunday of September, not only the little square of which the north side of the Church of St. Cornély forms one side, but also the High Street leading to its western tower and door, were filled with the booths of shop men and show-men. And close to the northern door of the church, with its remarkable royal crown formed, like so much of the church itself and its altars, of the granite of ancient menhirs, there

was established an immense merry-go-round—*carrousel aux chevaux en bois*—the centre for the next three days of a moving throng attracted by the strident noise of the monotonously ground-out tunes, and the apparently delightfully maddening excitement of the race round and round at five-centimes the ride. We look about us at the various strange figures that compose the throng, and especially note the pilgrim-peasants or rather yeomen; for they mostly now, I believe, own the land they cultivate.

One is, first of all, struck by the



EFFIGY OF ST. CORNÉLY (BAPTISM OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS) ABOVE THE DOOR OF THE CHURCH.

From a Photo. by L. Le Rouze, Carnac, France.



VIEW OF THE FAIR AT CARNAC, BRETAGNE, THE PEOPLE WHO COME TO HAVE THEIR BEASTS FAT-TERED AND BLESSED.
From a Photo. by Z. Le Kowicz, Carnac, France.

ethnographical difference of the men and women. There is no such difference, I am told, in other parts of Brittany, but here it was remarked by all. It suggested to me the probability of derivation from two different races; and recalled such differences between male and female insects of the same species as have led to their being sometimes mistaken for insects of different species. The men are generally handsome fellows, with long faces, high noses, fair, or at least not black, moustachios, and good profiles. The women, with exceedingly few exceptions, are plump little persons, with roundish faces and flattish noses, with no figures at all, and with the rotundity of Dutch women. Possibly this latter feature may be partly owing to the full gathers of their goreless skirts. But as to this I had no opportunity of judging.

Very curiously, seeing how immemorially the Carnac region has been, in its megalithic monuments, the Land of Sepulchres, not "motley," but black was "the only wear," both of men and women, relieved merely by the coloured and often costly aprons and kerchiefs of the latter, and their white caps. And on the garments both of men and women the black cloth jackets, double breasted waistcoats, and broad-brimmed, low-crowned, and ribboned caps of the former, and bodices of the latter—there was a profusion of black velvet. Needless to say, the wearing of such holiday attire in a blazing September day

involved a perpetual mopping of heads, faces, and necks.*

Such were, in outward appearance, both the peasants of the neighbourhood and the pilgrims who had arrived the previous evening. Having first engaged lodgings in garrets and lofts wherever they could, they had gone to see the great sights—the sea, the so-called Mont St. Michel, which covers a great dolmen, and the wondrous lines of menhirs called the "Soldiers of St. Cornély"—and had wound up with, in general, a too-prolonged night carouse in some *débit des boissons*. Turning out of their garrets, however, on Sunday morning, they had begun the day's ceremonies with such a procession round the church, and thence to the fountain of Saint Cornély, as the peasants of the neighbourhood form themselves into, as we have seen, every evening in the later part of September; and at the church and fountain they had practised rites similar to those already described. Returning to the church, they had passed up the northern aisle to a life-sized golden bust of the saint in a glass case attached to a pillar near the chancel (seen in the next photo.), and with, it need hardly be added, boxes on either side for the receipt of pecuniary gifts.

*It may be worth noting for the ethnologist that, though the distinctive Breton cap as above described was generally worn by the men, yet one observed on some heads the *bonnet* of the Basque peasant, which again is so similar to the characteristic "bonnet" of the Scottish Highlanders that, as it is by no means so voluminous and hot a material, I generally wore it when in the Pyrenees.

Having reverently knelt, they rise and kiss the glass of the shrine, and then drop their offerings into the gaping slots of the boxes. Hung up near the shrine a model of a ship will be observed. Such models one may, in France, see in many Catholic churches, where there is a seafaring population. And the primitive idea underlying the custom would appear to be

Animals—something was read out of a book by a priest—a prayer, or prayers, I suppose—but so muttered that few consecutive words could be distinctly heard. I may note, however, that instead of fronting the saint who looks southward from his niche over the fountain, the priestly procession, standing on the south side, looked northward. Passing round the fountain



From a Photo. by

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. CORNÉLY.

[Z. Le Roux, Carnus, France.]

identical with that above noted as probably underlying the Breton baptism of beasts—the idea of mutual influence. The model of the ship, magically acted on by the adjoining bust of the saint, will itself act on the vessels which it imitates or represents, and so convey to them the powers emanating from the sacred bust. The fundamental beliefs of sailor and of farmer are still Pagan, and essentially identical.

But superimposed on, rather than substituted for, these Pagan have been Christian beliefs and ceremonies. After vespers (with the sacred music had clamorously mingled the profane music, or rather strident noise, of the merry go-round at the church door, Sunday though it was) a procession was formed within the church and issued forth in all the pomp of gold-embroidered banners, lofty crucifixes, and golden shrines, accompanied and followed by magnificently robed priests. Up the main street they passed, every male head being uncovered, and then down to the sacred Fountain of the Baptisms. Here

at what was really, as we have seen, probably the shrine of a Pagan god, the Protector of

and its little grove, the procession returned down the main street and re-entered the church. And the only further ceremony that need here be noted was the kissing of the glass of a little box containing a precious relic—a minute portion of a bone of St. Cornély.

In striking contrast, however, with the impressiveness of the genuine folk-ceremonies first described was the little reverence displayed in this priestly performance. Going to one end of the chancel rails along which knelt a long row of the faithful, a surpliced cleric presented the box to the first in the row, by him it was kissed, then wiped by the priest, then kissed by the next, and so on along the whole row, and by one row after another with a celerity of alternate kissing, and wiping, that said more for the business-like activity than for the reverential belief of the officiating priest. But as for the faithful, please note that it was for the sake of their beasts that they kissed this morsel of a bone of him who, as they were assured, had been when on earth, and was for evermore, the Protector of Animals.

And who, in historical fact and in legendary fiction, was this "Saint Cornéli, de Carnac, Protecteur des Animaux domestiques"? Dean Milman, in his eight-volumed "History of Latin Christianity," requires barely eight lines to say all that it is necessary to say of Cornelius, Bishop of Rome, for about a couple of years, from 251 to 253. He was exiled by the Emperor Gallus to Civita Vecchia, the seaport of Rome. He received a letter from St. Cyprian, the Bishop of Carthage. And he died shortly after, but very doubtfully by any violent martyrdom. Even in the ecclesiastical legend told in a broadsheet, sold for a sou, with a brightly coloured picture of the saint blessing the beasts, nothing is said of his having been specially connected with animals, domestic or other. And yet this is the popular legend attached to the name of St. Cornély. Obligated to take to flight, he was accompanied from Rome by two oxen, who carried his baggage, and himself when

array of them into stones. And there they stand to this day—the long lines of thousands of menhirs, called by the peasants the "Soldats de St. Cornély."

It was a transformation of the same kind as those which we constantly find in folk-tales, and in accordance with that fundamental belief in mutual influence and transformative powers which folk-tales so variously express. And in similar accordance with the folk-tales of helpful heroes and grateful beasts, or of helpful beasts and grateful heroes, all domestic animals are now believed to be protected and aided by Saint Cornély out of gratitude for the aid afforded him in his flight by those two patient oxen.

The third ceremony I have to describe is the autumnal Sacrifice of the Beasts. Sacrifices, as everyone knows, were the most important performances in the old Pagan religions; and most of the eatable parts of the beasts sacrificed were the perquisites of the priests. Having got



THE SQUAD TAKING THE POSITION IN FRONT OF THE CHURCH
From a Photo. by L. Le Roux, Carnac, France.

troubled. Arriving at a village where he intended to stop, he heard a girl insult her mother, and on that account went on to another village. Presently, however, he saw before him the sea, and behind him the Roman coast. He had, in fact, arrived at Carnac. He, turning round, he transformed the whole

the whole worship of a Pagan god, the Protector of Animals, transformed into the worship of an early and obscure Bishop, or Pope, of Rome, the priests have not failed also to get the old sacrifices to the Protector of Animals transformed, and after a fashion so profitable to themselves as to be almost humorous. And I

now proceed to describe the ceremonies of the third and last day of the great autumnal festival—Tuesday, the 13th of September. One had to be early in the forenoon at the church door in the great western tower to secure a good place in the crowd outside. For the score or couple of dozen beasts which were to be sacrificed by the peasants were first to be blessed before the church door, and that by the Bishop of the Diocese himself (the Bishop of Vannes). And as he happened to be a Gascon, with little knowledge of, and less sympathy with, old Breton customs, there was considerable curiosity as to how he would conduct himself.

Great was the throng, especially as the street was lined with the booths of the fair. The peasants were still in their holiday attire already described, only one or two being in their everyday clothes with blue blouses. One was a drunken old fellow, whose impudent but amusing gestures and remarks to the women caused him to be at length quietly hustled out of the crowd. As to the tourists, they were mostly in light-coloured knickerbocker suits. See, for instance, the elegant female figure, on the top of the wall there unfortunately just a little beyond the line of the photograph who looks complacently down, securely perched, with

boldly widespread, dangling legs in emancipated knickers.

But with the ringing of the bells which have now begun all eyes are turned to the peasants who, dragging and driving their cattle, are pressing up through the throng to take their due places before the great door. For, though the beasts are small, one may be unpleasantly poked by their horns. At length the doors are opened, and the ecclesiastical procession is dimly seen moving down the dark nave. All heads of us men, at least, are reverently uncovered. Some younger priests now get way made for the peasants and their cattle, and arrange them in two lines with about a dozen beasts in each. The bishop then advances, resplendent in golden mitre and violet silk and white lace vestments. The Gascon prelate appeared for a minute or so to be at a loss to know what he was expected to do with these Breton peasants and their beasts. Presently, however, an old quarto volume is held open before him, and the passages he has to read are indicated. It was in an unknown and, even by those who might have understood it, unheard tongue that the benediction was uttered, but, therefore, of course, it was on that account all the more impressive and mystically powerful. The whole of this



From a Photo. by

THE BISHOP OF VANNES BLESSING THE DOMESTIC BEASTS.

(L. LE NOBLE, VANNES, FRANCE.)

The Story of an Alpine Adventure.

By MISS A. E. METCALFE.

The entertaining and exciting experiences of two young ladies. How they missed their way, and by persisting in a wrong course found themselves in a position of much danger and discomfort.



ACCOUNTS of dangerous mountain ascents are familiar to all. The details of these expeditions are so well known as to be almost common-place. None the less familiar, unfortunately, are the accounts of the fatal termination of many such undertakings. But I venture to think that the adventure which I am about to relate is somewhat unique: in the first place, because it occurred on a very ordinary walk; and in the second place, because few, I think, could endure what we did, and yet escape unhurt to tell the story.

Well, to begin at the beginning, my friend and I were staying a few days at Hospenthal, that charming little village situated, as all tourists in Switzerland know, where the coach roads diverge to the Furka, St. Gotthard, and Oberalp Passes. As we had arrived at Hospenthal by crossing over the St. Gotthard Pass from Italy on foot, and meant to depart over the Furka by the same mode of progression, we took advantage of the first fine day to explore the Oberalp Pass. We naturally took the short cuts leading from one branch of the zig-zags of the coach road to another, but found to our surprise, on turning a corner, that we had climbed considerably above the Pass, as the coach road lay some distance below us, stretching in a long, straight line to the Oberalp See.

We were, in fact, not very far from the summit of what, I believe, is called the Gatschli—not a well known mountain—but no doubt important from a military point of view, as it is surmounted by a fort which commands the entrance of all three Passes. Having climbed

so far, we thought it would be much more interesting to reach the summit, and were indeed fired with a desire to scale the walls of the fortress, and behold the view which an awe-inspiring sentinel was contemplating with much zeal. Our movements caused him evident uneasiness, and whenever we appeared in view, we were the objects of prolonged and earnest scrutiny through a telescope. Lest our packets of sandwiches should be mistaken for bombs or any such trifles, we halted near a hut where lemonade was to be had, and proceeded to dispose of them—an operation which was watched with great interest by the telescope.

Hearing from the proprietor of the hut that a few days previously an English girl had been politely but firmly requested

to withdraw on approaching too near to that military stronghold, we reluctantly abandoned all thought of carrying it by storm, and had to content ourselves with the view a few hundred feet or so from the summit—a most unsatisfactory result of our labours, for, as everybody knows, however small or however gigantic the mountain, the object in climbing it is to stand, for one brief moment at least, at its veritable summit. The view, however, was magnificent, and as it was then only about 1 p.m., and we were not at all tired, and it was a lovely afternoon, we thought to prolong the pleasure and perhaps to extend the view by walking farther along the top of the ridge.

Those who know this part of the country will understand the situation when I explain that it is this mountain which lies between the Oberalp Pass



MISS A. E. METCALFE.
From a Photo. by Norman Hay & Co., Ltd.,
Cheltenham.



MISS M. CAIRD.
From a Photo. by Debenham & Smith,
Southampton.

and that part of the St. Gotthard Pass leading from Andermatt to Lucerne. Thus, the direction in which we were now walking was about at right angles to the latter road, and we hoped a little farther on to be able to get a peep down into the magnificent valley through which it runs. That was folly number one. Folly number two was the serious attempt to carry out the insane idea of descending on that side of the mountain, and so seeing the famous Devil's Bridge on the way home. In defence of this insanity, I can only say that we had plenty of time before us, and did not imagine that the descent of a mountain, which had only involved from two to two and a half hours' easy climbing, could take very long. We did not realize it was a matter of some 3,000ft., and, needless to say, we did not realize above all what sort of a descent it would be.

Well, it began nicely enough; there were grassy slopes, plentifully besprinkled with boulders, which afforded good foothold, and we had in fact a very enjoyable scramble. By-and-by it got a bit steeper, and we began to pay attention to our foot steps, and went down one or two places with great nicety and deliberation. Had we but taken warning then and retraced our steps somewhat, we might have regained the original short cuts to the carriage road only at the expense of a little unnecessary fatigue. But whether it was fate that beckoned us onwards, or whether we were the sport of some evil spirit inhabiting that mountain side, or whether we were actuated by the eminently British desire to carry out a project once embarked upon, or whether, lastly, we were the creatures of a combination of these and perhaps other circumstances, certain it is we continued our way with as yet unabated ardour.

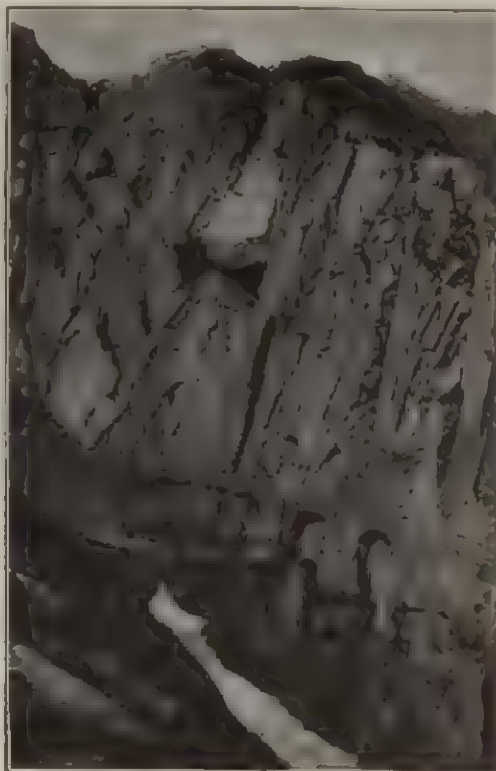
I do not deny that we became somewhat thoughtful, and that our conversation was not as animated as it had been earlier in the day. But

then each step at this period was the result of deep deliberation and careful manipulation. Presently, fearing that we might come suddenly upon the edge of a cliff, where descent would be impossible and retreat very difficult, we decided to try and make our way down by the side of a mountain stream—for though this was by no means an inviting route, it looked at least passable, as there were grass and boulders on either side of the stream and there would at any rate be no fear of losing the way. But it was after we had followed this stream for some little time that our troubles really began. The grass became long and lush, treacherously concealing the underlying stones, among which a sprained or broken limb might have been achieved with the greatest ease.

Now and then the rocks would close in on both sides, and we were compelled to make our way along the bed of the stream itself, stepping from stone to stone, or when these were not conveniently situated, plunging into the stream itself. Added to this, the descent was steep in the extreme, and we were rapidly becoming exhausted, as our progress was very slow, and what provisions we had brought had been consumed some time since. However, we pushed on, thinking that at the worst we should have to forego the cherished afternoon tea, and should undoubtedly get back for *table d'hôte* at half past seven.

I happened to have a homœopathic bottle full of brandy in my pocket—a charm for the toothache—and the

gratitude with which we each swallowed a mouthful made it impossible to disguise the fact that our case was getting decidedly serious. At one time I thought my friend would collapse, and asked whether I should push on and see whether help could be obtained. But, fortunately, as it proved later on, we decided to keep together. It was at this period that we had been obliged to keep entirely in the



From a THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE Photo.

bed of the stream, and as the rocks were mostly under water, had tried to wade without shoes or stockings. In one or two places, where the water fell in little cascades, we actually slipped with it and alighted on feet or knees as the case might be. Our feet became so grievously cut and scratched, that we tied our soaking boots on again, and proceeded as best we might.

If at this period it is asked why we did not turn back, I can only say that, had it been possible to do so, our British pride would have accepted defeat cheerfully we might even have rallied our forces sufficiently to combat Fate and put to flight a whole army of evil spirits—but the fact was, we *could not* return. Looking back, or rather up, places down which we had partly scrambled, partly allowed ourselves to drop, appeared utterly impracticable from below. Our only chance of safety appeared to be in continuing the hazardous descent, and that with as good speed as possible, for progress had been very slow, and the daylight was beginning to fail.

By no means the least danger to which we were subject was this—that whoever was descending last was wont to set stones rolling, which might prostrate the one in front. I have a dim recollection of some pretty heavy stones rattling close to my head, and my companion afterwards said what an agonized minute she had endured, until she saw them subside harmlessly.

At last, about 6 p.m., we found ourselves in a corner of the ravine where the cliffs had closed in on both sides, and the only possible path for us would be that chosen by the stream, namely, an almost perpendicular drop of about 12ft. or 14ft. I am aware that does not sound anything very impressive. With a bit of rope it would have been comparatively simple. Earlier in the day

we might even have risked lowering ourselves gradually and then slipping, though how or where we should alight was uncertain. But now we did not feel equal to the undertaking. We sat down and looked at that rock, and then looked at one another, and then the truth could no longer be concealed. Somehow or other, we must try and retrace our steps. *The only outlet of that ravine for us was at the top.* We were then within a few hundred feet of the St. Gotthard road, and could easily distinguish the pedestrians and the occupants of the various carriages which were frequently coming and going. So we shouted and waved till we were hoarse and breathless.

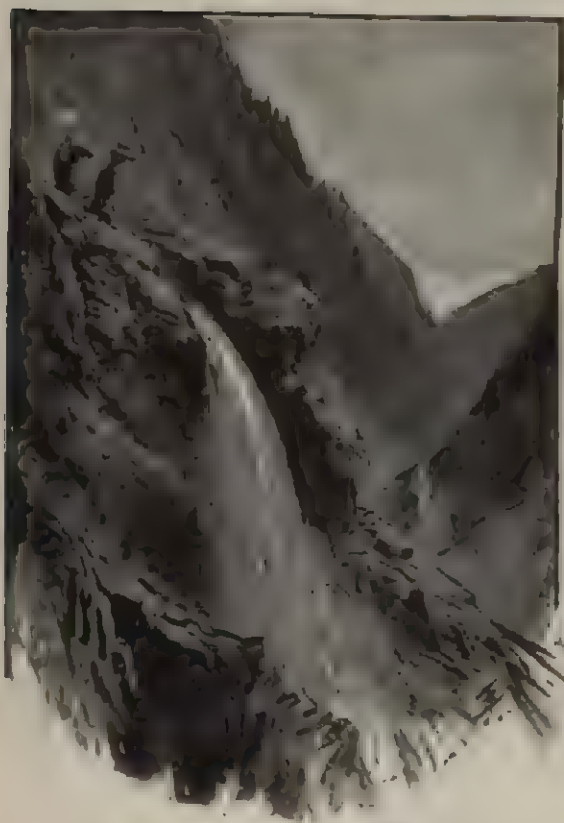
I have often taken a delight in rousing the echoes on a bleak mountain-side—never did I think to have to do it in such deadly earnest! To our joy, the sounds evidently carried—for a pedestrian first stopped, then looked up (O, joy!), then waved his stick and halloed back, and then . . . why, then he went on his way! And this happened two or three times. I have no doubt they did not see us, as we were not in an exposed place, and they must have thought someone was halloaing from pure lightness of heart—which shows how dangerous

it is to make assumptions, especially when you hear shouts from an untimely and unfrequented ravine!

These experiences soon convinced us that, if we desired to escape alive out of that same ravine, it must be by virtue of our own efforts; there were yet two hours of daylight, and we decided that, though it would be impossible to reach the hotel that night, we must get under some sort of shelter, as a night out, all soaking and exhausted as we were, would mean certain death. We further decided that, as it would be really impossible to climb up some of the places down which we had slipped, we must forsake



"SOME PRETTY HEAVY STONES RATTLED CLOSE TO MY HEAD."



"WE MOULDED AND WAITED TILL WE WERE HOARSE AND FREAKISH."

that treacherous guide, the stream, and try to make our way up the ravine, parallel to it, but some little way above it, on the left hand side. As far as we could see, it would be possible to creep along a sort of platform at the foot of the high cliff that rose straight above us, this platform being above the smaller cliffs and rocks stretching downwards to the stream. The platform was itself very steep, covered with long, rank grass, and rendered very difficult in places by overhanging bushes.

It was seldom, indeed, that we could stand up straight—we were for the most part stretched at full length, hanging on and scrambling up as best we could by hands, knees, and feet. My friend afterwards told me that she here again endured an awful moment, when she once lost hold altogether, and thought that all was up. However, she managed somehow to regain her balance. I was on in front at the time, and quite unaware of her danger. I on my part was in momentary peril of doing the same thing and involving her in my fall, and the

danger of allowing stones to roll was equally great. In specially difficult places one would wait behind until the other had cautiously mounted to some place of comparative security.

It would be difficult to describe the feeling of sickening suspense with which we kept looking ahead, lest this sort of shelf along which we were crawling should come to an end suddenly. It would have needed so very little more to put us in an absolutely hopeless predicament! One false step, a sprained ankle, or an unexpected obstacle, and we should have been helpless.

About 8 p.m. the light became very uncertain, and we were then, as the astute reader will, no doubt, have surmised, very far from the top of that ravine. So, whatever may have been our previous ideas about obtaining shelter for the night, we were thankful to take advantage of a fairly level ledge, and to make up our minds to encamp there for the night. It was not exactly an ideal spot for the purpose, being so sloping and slippery that it would have been madness to think of sleep, even if there had been room to lie down. So we sat down to await daylight (which we knew could not make its appearance for nine hours), huddled as close together as possible, for the sake of warmth and company. Our reflections, as may be imagined, were not of the most lively. We recalled the fact that our names were not even in the

visitors' book of the hotel, that no one in the wide world had the slightest knowledge of our whereabouts, and the thought of a particularly forbidding looking place at which we had stopped short when the daylight failed, haunted us through those long hours.



"WE SAT DOWN TO AWAIT LIGHT."

My companion, who on our return to England would shortly sail for Canada, recollected a little incident not exactly calculated to cheer her. Just before leaving England, she had happened to mention that she had booked her passage for a certain date. "But surely," said her friend, "that is a little unwise before a tour in Switzerland; you may leave your bones on some mountain side!" I must add that she did not communicate that reminiscence to me at the time. I gloomily contemplated writing a farewell letter in the "Baedeker" (a volume, by-the-by, which survived the adventure in the form of a shapeless pulp), but decided to postpone doing so until we were absolutely hopeless. I also thought with infinite regret of the recent purchase of a new bicycle.

I will not dwell further on our thoughts and feelings. Suffice it to say we knew ourselves to be in imminent danger of a lingering and horrible death. I shall never forget the cruelty of that night. The bleak, cold mountain side, the precipice below, and unknown difficulties above; the cold, pitiless wind which danced about us, seeming positively to delight in our misery; the dark clouds hiding a moon which might otherwise have kept us company during a part at least of our long vigil; the physical exhaustion proceeding from want of food, saturated clothing, and excessive exertion. Then as a climax, from about twelve o'clock onwards, there was a more or less steady downpour of cold, relentless rain.

Here was an opportunity for a sensational rescue with lamps and ropes! Every now and then, indeed, we imagined we could hear a call—hoped a search-party had been sent from the hotel, or that one of those light-hearted tourists had at last bethought himself that our shouts were not the result of unmitigated joy—and then we would break the stillness of that dark, silent night with a forlorn howl. In the early hours of the morning we did, I believe, relax our vigilance, and indulge in an occasional semi-conscious doze; but by four o'clock, the coldest, darkest time of all, we were wide awake, longing for daylight, and yet dreading the time when we should have to move. We felt almost bereft of vitality, and were quite unable to control the violent chattering of teeth and shivering in every limb which overtook us.

Soon after five the light became sufficiently strong to show us that we were now above that part of the stream which was shut in by cliffs, so that if once we could make our way to the side of the stream, we might with comparative safety regain the top of the ravine. The chief difficulty lay in the short but precipitous descent to the bed of the river, which by its forbidding

aspect had arrested our progress the night before. However, we nerved ourselves to the effort, and after some twenty minutes' hazardous descent, we could feel that the worst was over, and that our ultimate safety was now a matter of time—always supposing our now very limited supply of strength would last long enough. But if progress had been difficult the night before, it was doubly so now, for the long grass was soaked with rain, it was still pouring steadily, and our skirts were so heavy with water that, before taking each step, we had to lift them up first, and then climb after them! We had long since thrown away our one umbrella, but fortunately I had kept my walking-stick, which was now a usefully in seeking out places where there was a reasonable foothold.

After about two hours' weary climbing of this sort, we at last reached the top of that ravine; of our relief at that achievement I leave the reader to judge. We now had the somewhat easier task of working our way round the side of the mountain, and so regaining the zig-zag road leading up to the fort. But that was no really easy matter, and we frequently had to climb up only to come down again, and to reach certain points by very circuitous routes. Of this I am sure, that had it not been a matter of life and death, we simply *could not* have struggled on. We were too exhausted to take more than two or three consecutive steps, and more than once I thought my companion would have collapsed altogether. However, the inexorable "I must!" of the situation forced itself upon us, and urged us onwards.

At last, about 9 a.m., we came upon a grassy slope around which a goat track wound, leading on to the road. It was an extraordinary thing, but as soon as we struck the road I, at least, felt what little strength I had utterly give way. A few minutes before, and we had been climbing slowly and wearily, certainly, but in places which required a steady head and a firm balance. Now my head swam, and I could hardly stagger. I can, of course, only describe my own sensations.

Fortunately, in a short time we came upon some peasants trying to convert sodden grass into hay. By the irony of Fate, the first whom we addressed was both deaf and dumb! (Truth compels me to state that at the time we did not appreciate the richness of the joke.) There was, however, a woman belonging to the party, and she, with readier wits than any of the men, seemed to grasp the situation; for I have reason to believe our appearance was not such as to warrant the supposition that we were taking an altogether pleasurable morning stroll.

She sent a sharp little girl to show us to a chalet hard by and give us bread and wine, and she herself soon followed. I never wish to see a kinder woman than that ugly, weather-beaten, rough old soul. She made the bed, a most untempting looking resort, situated in the chief apartment, and invited us to lie down upon it, she also lit a fire, by which we steamed (I can not say dried—that took two days), until the sharp little girl arrived in a carriage, in search of which she had been sent, and then the dear old thing tucked my arm into hers, and stumping across the intervening field or two, deposited us in the conveyance.

I might mention that we had attempted to walk further down the mountain, but had found ourselves quite unequal to the effort. Perhaps the "vin ordinaire" was too much after our twenty-two hours' fast—it certainly had a most intoxicating effect, so much so that I found myself making idiotic remarks, and began to think seriously that delirium was setting in.

It would be unnecessary to enter into further details. Of the thankfulness with which we reached our hotel and betook ourselves to bed of the hot coffee we had then, and the magnitude of the dinner which we consumed later of the kindness we experienced at the hands of the proprietress and her charming wife (who, by-the-bye, insured we must have spent the night at the Oberalp Hotel), of the pains and aches we endured for many days of the weariness of the homeward journey—

of all these let the reader judge. Suffice it to say, the only thing which was, if anything, more wonderful than that we managed to escape out of that ravine at all was that we neither of us became seriously ill after the long exposure. On looking back at all the circumstances, both

facts seem nothing short of miraculous. We were afterwards told by an experienced guide that descent on that side of the mountain was absolutely impossible -- and also that had we attempted to move on during the night, we should undoubtedly have perished.

It may interest some readers to know that when we came to pay the hotel bill, the price of two dinners and breakfasts had been deducted from our "pension" — so that we had the satisfaction of feeling that that bit of our holiday was highly economical.

This gratifying result was, however, somewhat marred by the fact that the carriage cost twenty-five francs.

In conclusion, let me say that in this narrative I have simply endeavored to relate events exactly as they occurred, and to give as faithful an account as possible of this little adventure. I can only devoutly hope that it may never be the lot of any who may chance to read these pages to meet with a similar experience. Should they ever feel disposed to do anything which might rival the folly of our mad attempt to scramble down a sheer mountain side, I trust they will remember my advice, which is simply this—"Don't."



"THE LAST WITH WE APPEARED WAS WITH THE CHIEF OF THE MOUNTAIN."

A Race up Mont Blanc.

BY SAMUEL TURNER

An interesting instance of the craze for making records. The story of a successful climb against time, with all the hardships and dangers attendant upon so unceremonious a victory over the Giant of the Alps.

LEAVING Cardiff, rather fascinated than otherwise by the numerous fatalities that have recently taken place in the high Alps, I determined before returning to stand on the summit of Mont Blanc, after having cherished this ambition for three years. After waiting for September weather, I booked to Geneva, and from there to Faget, twelve and a half miles from Chamonix. From there I took a pleasant walk through beautiful scenery, having a fine view of the sunset on Mont Blanc on my way through the Valley of Chamonix, and arriving at the



THE AUTHOR, MR. NATHANIEL BURNAP
 FROM A PICTURE, BY GEORGE BIRCH, Esq.

in time for dinner. Afterwards I had a look round the town, and arranged for the nailing of a special pair of Alpine boots, which is a very important item. I also purchased the remainder of my outfit, consisting of a pair of snow leggings, a pair of hand-knitted woollen gloves, and a first-rate ice-axe.

On the 7th of September last I arranged with my guide, Frédéric Payot, to make a trial trip over the Montanvert across the Mer-de-Glace, and a little way up the Dru (height 8,000ft.), as training for my chief climb, and also to get used to sound this trip a splendid one.



from a photo by

MONTE LASC AND THE VALUE OF CANNONIX

[Тайных, и канонических]

and arrived back at 7 p.m. After handing to the head waiter of the hotel a list of provisions for the journey, I spent the remainder of the evening in a long chat with my guide about the morrow's journey, and decided to engage a porter to carry the provisions.

I rose early on the 8th in time to see the sun rise over Chamonix. The Mont Blanc range was lit up long before Chamonix had lost its darkness. We made a start at 10.10 a.m. from the Hotel Imperial amidst good wishes for success, in four or five different languages, from the visitors in the hotel. Going slowly through the wood which leads from Chamonix along a mule path, crossing and recrossing the glacier stream, we arrived at Pierre Pointue (6,723 ft.) at twelve o'clock. After taking lunch at the small pavilion, we had a fine view of the Brevent almost opposite the Valley of Chamonix, and also a splendid view of the crevassed masses of the Glacier des Bossons streaked with azure blue. nearer we had a fine view of the Grands Mulets.

Leaving at 12.20 the mule path after ten minutes' walk came to an end. Here the path was very narrow on to Pointe d'Héliod on the right side of the steep rocks approaching the right bank of the Glacier des Bossons, where we recommenced our journey across the ice, which is a mile and a half in extent. Had the journey been made without any real difficulty except what one might expect from dismounting ice. The crevasses were from fifteen to one hundred feet deep, many of them filled with most beautiful pure

blue water, which is very tempting to drink, though not good. Half-way across we roped together, as the crevasses are deeper and more numerous where the Glacier de Tacoumaz and the Glacier des Bossons join together.

Here the huge blocks of ice are piled in all directions, with magnificent deep crevasses which resemble each other so closely, and are so close together, that they are **exceptionally dangerous**, unless one has a good guide who may be trusted to steer clear of all the difficulties. But even

guides find the route difficult to follow, as the glacier changes so often. A route taken one day may be changed the next. Not being able to see the bottom of the deepest crevasses, it is hard to get a correct idea of their depth, but my guide assured me that one or **two of them** measured 800 ft. Most of them, I learn, are from 200 ft. to 500 ft. deep. As I intended reaching the summit in record time, we found ourselves clearing many more crevasses by taking almost a straight line across the glacier instead of going round them, and in this way taking over two



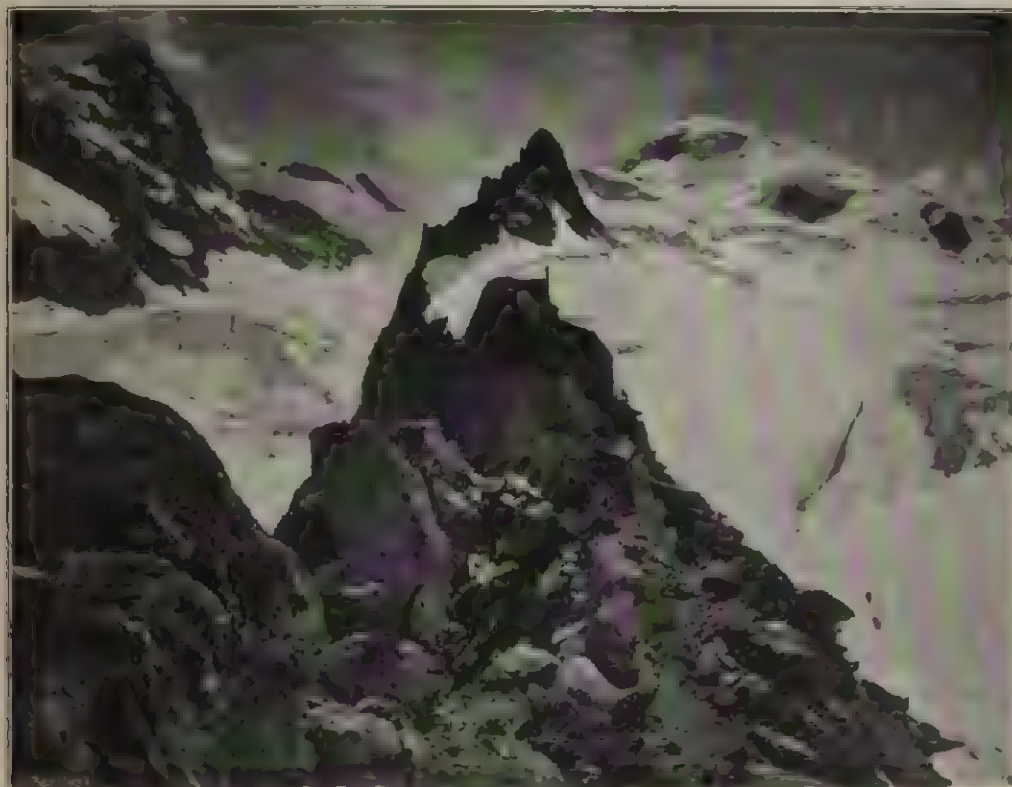
THE GRANDS MULETS, CHAMONIX.

hours longer. The sides of these crevasses, by the way, are a most beautiful colour on the top, and become a lovely dark blue the deeper you look down. Others are at an angle of 70° to 80°, and are very steep. It would be most interesting to find out where they lead to. As we reached the Grands Mulets the crevasses were much wider. Two of them had ponies thrown across, with strips of wood in order to get a pony to walk on.

We arrived at the Grands Mulets at 3.30 p.m.

after a most delightful trip. To my mind there is nothing finer than crossing a glacier. It keeps you beautifully cool, and you are breathing the pure air, and feeling a tinge of excitement at the thought of what the journey will bring forth. The Grands Mulets is a rough wooden hut built on a steep rock standing 10,000ft. above the level of the

markable phenomenon only lasted a few minutes. The sunset from the Grands Mulets must be seen to be appreciated, and once seen will never be forgotten. The hut keeper burned an Italian light, which gave a deep red glow, as a signal. It was answered by a similar light in Chamonix, which could be seen very distinctly. After sunset it grew intensely cold, so we turned in for



From a Photo. by

THE GRANDS MULETS.

[Tairraz, Chamonix]

sea between two glaciers, and it is sheltered from the snow and ice. The charge is twelve francs for a bed. Provisions, as you may suppose, are very dear, and there is no water save that which is melted from snow, giving the tea a very disagreeable taste. After dinner we stepped outside to see the sunset. Picturesque little Chamonix was already in darkness, but the giant summits of the Mont Blanc range were lit up most beautifully, colouring the snow a deep red tint. The gathering gloom rose quickly from the village below. I timed the rise of the darkness, which took one and a half minutes to travel from one rock to another, a distance of 4,000ft., leaving the snow grey, until only the summit of Mont Blanc appeared ablaze close by us. As the sun vanished, Mont Blanc seemed to drop back almost out of sight, although this re-

the night. Shortly afterwards we heard cries for help coming from the direction of the glacier. A guide went down with a lantern, and found that a porter who was bringing provisions to the Grands Mulets had been overtaken by the darkness. I could not get to sleep during the night, and one o'clock found me prepared to start. The temperature was 15deg. below freezing-point. The mountain was faintly lit up by the half moon, which made the ice look somewhat ghastly. After a hurried meal, we started at 2.30 a.m. from the upper end of the rocks on which the Grands Mulets stands. The ice slope across the Glacier-de-Taconnaz (which is an incline varying from 30deg. to 40deg.) required careful climbing, owing to the fact that it had been freezing, and besides there were crevasses on each side of us.

We found the ice axe very useful here, as we were compelled to cut steps down one side of the crevasse and up the opposite side. The glacier is very rough here, and it presents quite a wilderness of broken masses of ice piled up wildly over each other. I forgot for a minute we were walking on the side of a deep crevasse, and I stopped to view this most wonderful sight of wild Nature.

Our progress here was very slow, as we had to go carefully along the edge of the long crevasse instead of walking across the snow, which covered many deep crevasses, and sloped at an angle of 30deg. The moon was now much brighter, it being nearly three o'clock, and as we approached the immense pyramid of ice it presented a most extraordinary appearance, towering between 60ft. and 70ft. from its base, and bordered by deep crevasses, over which

we crossed by some snow bridges, uniting one side with the other. Sometimes these snow bridges were a useful aid, but at others they presented a dangerous uncertainty. The guide went a few steps ahead and sounded the most suspicious places with his ice axe. We jumped many ugly places and crawled across others, keeping the ice-axe flat so as to distribute our weight over as large a surface as possible. Up a steep incline and along a zig-zag route, we crossed the Petit Plateau, which is made dangerous by avalanches that come thundering down at the most unexpected moment. Herr Rothe and Michel Simond were swept into a crevasse and killed on August 21st, 1891, at this very spot. My guide pointed out the crevasse in which their bodies were found. Pushing on, with easy climbing, we came to a very steep hill of ice and snow—a slope of fully

50deg., looking even steeper in the pale moonlight. Making a halt for refreshments here, I found that the bottle of tea which my porter had carried for me from the Grands Mulets was frozen into a block of ice. However, we had the pleasure of seeing it shoot down the slope and over a dizzy precipice. After a stiff climb of about 100yds., we reached the Grand Plateau (12,000ft.) at 4.50. This is very flat, being 300 to 400 square yards of snow, very much exposed to avalanches. There was hardly any air stirring, and I began to feel very sleepy. As we hurried across this plain of snow, I could not help feeling a most chilling sensation at its death-like appearance, more especially as the spot was pointed out to me where the terrible Hamel accident occurred on August 8th, 1820, resulting in the loss of three lives. The bodies have never been recovered.

Leaving the Grand Plateau, we saw the sun rise. There was a straight line across the horizon, and, up to that line, the



From a Photo by

NEQUITA TONG A CREVASSE

[TERRACE, CHAMOUNI.]

pale moon shone, struggling with faint signs of dawn. Beyond the line was a mass of deep, gloomy red. Gradually the line rose, until the summit of Mont Blanc was once more lit up. Increasing our pace, we mounted a moderate incline to the right of the Refuge Vallot (14,321ft.), which is built near the Dôme-du-Godtê (14,210ft.). The want of sleep and the rarity of the air began to tell on me now, so we made a short stay at the hut, but soon resumed our journey over the Bosses du-Dromadaire, which is seen in the photo. looking from the Vallot Hut.

We climbed to the top of the ridge exactly

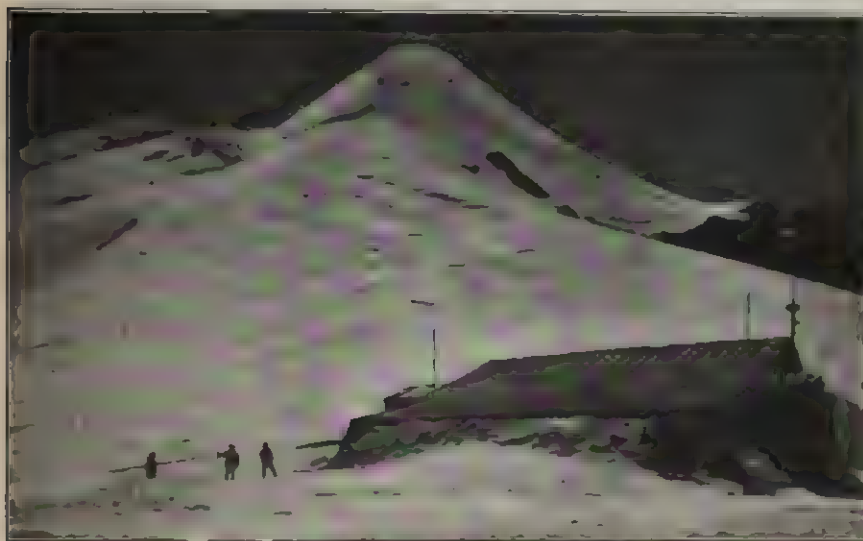
more repeating the salute. Just as I had climbed down from the top of the railings, I had the satisfaction of knowing we were recognised from Chamonix, by the firing of the first cannon, which sounded very faint, but was quickly followed by a second and third.

I slept in the Observatory for nearly three hours, when my guide awoke me to take a cup of tea made from snow water. I could not drink it, however, as I had a slight attack of mountain sickness. The Observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc is seen in the next photo. reproduced, and it is built upon snow 15,784ft. above the sea-level. It cannot be

occupied permanently on account of the temperature, which is always below freezing-point in the shade. The panorama was simply grand and awful in an indescribable degree. It embraced hundreds of snow-capped mountains, glistening in the sun. The Jura and Monts d'Auvergne were very distinct; even the plains of Lombardy could be seen in the distance. Turning round,

the lovely Lake of Geneva could be seen in all its radiant splendour.

We roped together at 11.30, and bade farewell to the summit we had striven so hard to reach, the porter taking the lead. Half-way down the Bosse, my guide gave a short tug at the rope, compelling me to sit down. He thought I had overbalanced myself, because my ice-axe had slipped through the snow. This was the first time I appeared to require help. We had been travelling together many hours without a slip, but the faithful guide was apparently quite on the alert all the time. We soon climbed down the second Bosse, and after a short stay at the Refuge Vallot, descended to the Grand Plateau, which we hurried across without a word. Coming to the steep incline, we slid down on our backs, using our ice-axes to steer us, and we reached the Petit Plateau very quickly indeed in this way. Here we were compelled to go very carefully by the side and



THE GRAND PLATEAU AND MONT BLANC FROM THE VALLOT HUT
From a Photo. by Tairraz, Chamonix.

in the centre. Although the climb requires great care, each side leading to a precipice of tremendous depth, I was several times on the point of lying down, being so overcome with sleep. As we reached the top a fresh breeze sprang up, which had a very beneficial effect. My guide informed me that we must now get along as quickly as possible over the Bosses, as it would be very dangerous travelling over the exposed ice if the breeze increased. Without these remarks, the sight of the summit from the first Bosse, together with the knowledge that we could be very plainly seen through the large and powerful telescopes in Chamonix, prompted me to pass very quickly over the second Bosse, and almost running up the last slope we reached the summit at 8.30 exactly 6hrs. from the Grands Mulets. I waved my handkerchief on both sides of the Observatory, and as soon as my guide had unlocked the Observatory itself, I made my way to the top, once



THE OBSERVATORY ON THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC. (15,780 ft.)
From a Photo. by Taveras, Chamonix.

across crevasses, shortly reaching the Glacier-de-Taconnaz, with its monstrous blocks of ice. After a zig zag route, jumping many crevasses, we took a sharp turn to the right and suddenly came in sight of the Grands Mulets once more.

After taking lunch, we started off on our downward march. A little later a German doctor with his two guides, led by his porter, experienced a small mishap. After travelling about five minutes from the Grands Mulets, the porter, without the slightest warning, shot down a deep slope into a crevasse, dragging the doctor to his knees. The two guides checked the sudden descent by the aid of their ice axes, but as they themselves were on a steep slope, they were compelled to stay in that position. We hurried to the rescue around the other side of the crevasse, where we could see the porter swinging like a pendulum from one side of the crevasse to the other, and that crevasse was about 60 ft. deep. I was inclined to look upon the matter very seriously, and was therefore astonished at the coolness of my guide, Frédéric Payot, whom I saw calmly untying our rope and lowering it to the porter. Payot was actually joking with the poor fellow, who, to my astonishment, laughingly replied. He presently fastened the rope under his arms, and I soon had the pleasure of helping my guide to pull him out. After this, I acquired more confidence on the

glacier, and we quickly cleared one crevasse after another, until we came to the stream which ran over the rocks from the Aig-du-Midi, where I stopped to take a drink, after being unroped. My guide was about 15 yds. ahead. I was surprised to see him suddenly running back, and, on looking towards the mountain, I saw several huge boulders bounding down the steep rocks, crossing the track we had to descend, and shooting into a deep chasm. The noise

was like thunder, and clouds of dust were raised. I learned from my guide that these avalanches are of very frequent occurrence on that side of the mountain. We hurried across the track on to a narrow path, and were soon past Pierre-à-l'Echelle, shortly afterwards taking lunch at Pierre Pointue. After thirty minutes' rest we started down the mountain, keeping to the mule path which led through the woods, and across the glacier stream. We reached Chamonix in fifty minutes. I was much amused, on turning round, to find ourselves at the head of quite a procession of people, who had sociably joined us, walking into the town. The first cannon announced our return from the summit, followed by a second, which brought a small crowd of people from the side streets. Amidst congratulations, the third cannon went off as we entered the Hotel Imperial. The people of Chamonix made me a present of a most lovely bouquet of flowers, and in the morning I received a certificate with the record time written on it. A facsimile of this interesting document, showing the route, is reproduced on the opposite page. It is the custom when climbing Mont Blanc with most tourists to ride on mules to Pierre Pointue: we walked all the way from Chamonix and back. The time is taken starting from the chief guide's office.



bonne lecture pour ascension • ITINÉRAIRE •

Distances De Chamonix à Pierre Pointue 5 h. — au Grand Plateau 11 h. — au sommet du Mont Blanc 16 h.

Hauteurs: Mont Blanc 4810 m. — Mont Maudit 4771 m. — Aiguille de Bionnassay 4061 m. — Dôme du Goûte 4331 m. — Grand Plateau 3932 m. — Aiguille du Nord 3843 m. — Grands Mulets 3050 m. — Pierre à l'Écluse 2041 m. — Pierre Pointue 2049 m.

Ascension N° 1656

Année 1898

CERTIFICAT D'ASCENSION AU MONT-BLANC

Le Guide Chef soussigné atteste et certifie à qui il appartient que le 9 Septembre 1898
M^r *Laurent* a fait avec succès

l'ascension du Mont Blanc, accompagné de M^r
et des guides *Pagot, Frédisse, Bonnet, Jarry, Pichon* tous guides officiels
de la Société des Guides de Chamonix qui ont signé avec moi le présent certificat qui est délivré
pour servir de document authentique aux titulaires

*Frédéric
Couttet Joseph*

CHAMONIX, le 10 Septembre 1898

Le Guide Chef
Guinard



Fascinated by a Snake.

By WALTER H. BONE.

A well-known Sydney resident tells a remarkable story of his own adventure, and illustrates it with a complete set of photographs, which were taken by his companion.

IHATE snakes with a holy hatred; but, not being afflicted with "nerves" in any great measure, am not afraid of them under ordinary circumstances; and even in the somewhat out-of-the-way position in which I found myself on Saturday, the 17th April, 1897, I can hardly say now whether it is to fear, or fascination, as entirely distinct from terror, that my feelings on that particular occasion are to be ascribed.

Accompanied by my friend, Mr. Lindsay Turner, I went to spend my holidays in a shooting trip on the Blue Mountains, New South Wales, the locality chosen being the district in which the notorious Butler committed his series of cold-blooded murders the previous year—a district of wild gorges, gloomy ravines, and stupendous cliffs, towering up from masses of mountain-ash, sassafras, eucalyptus, and tree-ferns, with innumerable creeks and runlets sparkling among the rocks and underbrush.

There is not a great variety of game in such localities, what there is consisting chiefly of wallaroo (a heavily-built black kangaroo), lyre birds, and chocolate-coloured rock-wallaby; it was the latter we were after.

Leaving the Great Western Railway at Woodford, fifty-five miles from Sydney, on Friday morning, we struggled along with our impedimenta over sundry ranges, and camped in a likely-looking gully, where the indications promised a fair quantity of game. Our expectations were hardly realized, however, our whole bag for that afternoon and night consisting of a

single wallaroo, which my companion shot. We were sitting on the crest of a small scrubby ridge waiting for the moon to rise; Mr. Turner was seated upon the butt of a large gum that had been prostrated by a storm and lay diagonally along the ridge, one end of the log projecting out over the declivity beneath, and I was fifty yards farther along the rocks. We had waited for some time peering down into the valley, when suddenly my friend was almost

jolted from his seat: an old buck wallaroo had come silently out of the dark bush behind us, and without perceiving Turner, or either of us perceiving him, jumped across the intervening space and landed with a thump upon the far end of the log. He was blown almost inside out at that close range.

Next morning we decided to go farther afield, and slipping a few biscuits into the haversack along with the camera, followed the course of the creek running through the gully in which the tent was pitched, until about two miles below the camp, where the water went over a peculiar horse-shoe fall, whence it continued its course through a narrow pass bounded on both

sides by precipitous sandstone cliffs. By climbing down a tall sapling growing beside the fall we managed to reach the bottom, and then found ourselves slipping and stumbling over the loose rocks among which the stream wended its tortuous way, and forcing ourselves through the dense underbrush that filled the gorge; the bed of the creek deepening and the cliffs correspondingly increasing in height as we proceeded.



THE A. H. BONE. THE END OF THE GULLY. FROM A PHOTO.



From a

THE CAM IN THE GULF.

Photo

Finding this mode of travelling very fatiguing, we rested upon an up-ended moss-covered boulder, from which through a rift in the trees we could see the rugged face of the cliff. We had hardly settled ourselves here when a tiny joey (young wallaby) was observed, probably startled by the noise we made, hopping merrily along the edge of the precipice opposite us, 150ft. above our heads. "There's a shot," I remarked to my companion; "bet you tuppence you can't fetch him." He fired, the animal staggered a few paces farther, and as Turner breathed a deep "Ah-h," toppled over the cliff. Instead of falling clear to the bottom, however, the carcass struck a small shelf of rock twenty feet below, and, catching behind a twig, hung with head, legs, and tail dangling against the face of the precipice.

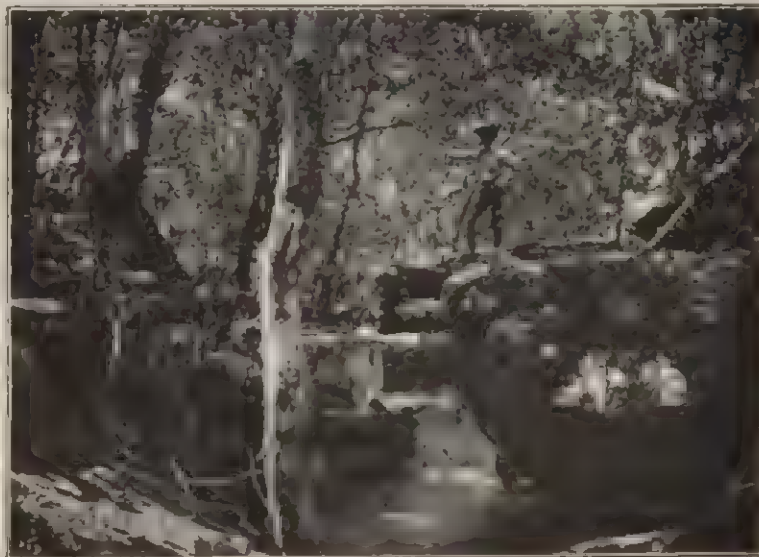
For a quarter of an hour we expended our surplus energy in pelting stones and whirling sticks boomerang-fashion up the cliff in the attempt to knock the wallaby down, but such few missiles as escaped the trees overhanging us and struck the carcass, only swung its extremities without causing it to fall. As a last resort, Turner emptied both barrels at the wallaby, and then,

failing to detach it, he remarked: "If anybody wants that wallaby's jacket he's welcome to get it," and so saying, my companion began to fill his pipe.

About two hundred yards back we had noticed a break in the rock-wall, the sides of which were extremely rough, and, with the assistance of a huge pile of loose rocks pyramiding up at its base and the trees and shrubs filling every crevice, it offered comparatively easy climbing. Indeed, as we passed, we had discussed the advisability of regaining the crown of the range and travelling wide of the pass, but decided to continue the

cooler, if more broken, course at the bottom.

At this break there was a rocky platform near the top, which was prolonged in the form of a narrow shelving terrace covered with ti-tree scrub along the face, fining down at length into a ledge that gradually fell away to nothing. It was just beyond the extreme edge of this ledge upon a detached shelf that the body rested. While we were smoking away our chagrin, it occurred to me that if one really wanted the skin, and were prepared to take a little risk, it might be possible, by climbing up at the break and then crawling along the edge, to dislodge



From a

THE CREEK AND THE GULF.

Photo

the carcass, and I mentioned this to my companion, who replied, with charming frankness, that "if I were jackass enough to try it, he would be happy to attend the funeral."

I placed my small rifle against a tree and strolled back along the foot of the cliff, following with my eye the ledge until I reached the break, and on arrival there was so convinced about the practicability of the idea that I began the climb, and after toiling upwards for ten minutes, managed, by taking advantage of every projecting root and point of rock that afforded foothold, to arrive, very much out of breath, and with my heart thumping against my ribs, on the platform from which the terrace extended.

From this platform, which filled an angle in the cliff, a steep incline, covered with loose broken stones, led up to the crest of the ridge, and I had scarcely straightened my back after the toilsome climb, when my attention was attracted by a slight fall of gravel higher up, and, glancing in that direction, saw a large black snake gliding slowly down the slope towards me. This rather surprised me, as it was somewhat late in the year for such reptiles to be abroad, the snake season being from about the end of September until the middle of March, most of them hibernating from the end of March until the hot weather commences again; and, in addition to this, the black snake (deadly venomous) dearly loves the proximity of water. Probably the reptile was making for the creek when I saw him, but the matter hardly cost me a thought, and pitching a couple of stones at him, which sent him promptly into hiding, I walked across the level rock and began carefully picking my way along the narrow, scrub-covered terrace, whose inclination was much steeper than I had anticipated.

However, as yet there was very little risk, for although there was a sheer fall of over a hundred feet, with a nice assortment of broken stuff to land on at the bottom, the terrace was a couple of yards wide in oblique surface, and thickly covered with bushes; but as I progressed it became considerably narrower and took an upward direction, while the face of the cliff bulged out above it and compelled me to

crouch along in a stooping posture, pressing my foot down on every irregularity in the stone before trusting my entire weight upon it, and holding firmly to the tough ti-tree stems. In this manner I had covered the greater part of the distance, when the terrace abruptly fined down to such an extent that it became merely an irregular succession of ledges with a width of a few inches, but from crevices above projected scattered bunches of ferns, with here and there a stouter stem intermixed with it. From this point I could see the wallaby dangling from the stick behind which it was caught not



FIGURE 1

WHERE MR. TURNER WAITED FOR THE AUTHOR.

FIGURE 2

twenty yards in advance, but a glance at the fearful depth below made me shudder. As a matter of fact, I had started more out of curiosity than with any intention of taking such a foolish risk, and the whole way my friend had been informing me at the top of his voice that Gladesville was the proper place for lunatics; that if I *really* wanted to commit suicide he would gladly lend me a pistol, and such other cheerful suggestions as he could think of. But having come so far the temptation to complete the journey was too strong to be resisted, and responding to Turner's witticisms with some chaffing reply, I took a good grip of a bunch of ferns and proceeded boldly along the ledge.

Squeezing well into the smooth cliff, and taking particular care to test, as well as I was able, the crumbling sandstone ledges which, in many instances, were so narrow that my heels overhung the sheer descent, I at length arrived close to the shelf from which the body depended,

but from the extreme end of the ledge upon which I stood there was a gap of 6ft., destitute of hold for the hands, with the exception of cracks in the rock, where the shelf broke off—though a gap running along the cliff a foot below promised secure foothold.

Up to this point Turner's objurgations had regularly increased in fervency, but his "language" suddenly ceased when I lowered my foot until my toe rested on the gap, and with my cheek, and body, and outstretched arms flat against the wall, inched across the gap and released the wallaby's carcass. It seemed a long while before the sound of its fall came up to me.

On the return I had very little difficulty in regaining the former level, for the gap ran many yards back, and I had only to follow it, holding by the projections of the ledge, until a firmly-rooted shrub assisted me.

I had negotiated the narrow broken ledges, and was about to enter comparative safety when, without any warning, my friend the snake came slipping leisurely along through the ferns and scrub within a few feet of where I stood at the extreme end of the terrace, upon a 4in. ledge, holding on with the fingers of both hands stuck in a shoulder-high crevice. Both the reptile and I came to a sudden halt upon seeing each other, the snake's black forked tongue flickering in and out as it raised its head threateningly. I wondered what on earth the brute could be doing in that spot, but supposed that it had got out of its course when making for the low ground, and presuming that, after the nature of its kind, it would scuttle back again as I advanced, I was on the point of moving forward when, to my utter horror, instead of retreating, it began to sway its head gently to and fro horizontally, at the same time coming towards me by imperceptible degrees, until it lay with its round nose within striking distance of my leggings.

I cannot account for the feeling which took possession of me. I tried to retreat—I had only to go back a pace or two, and I would be in absolute security—but for the life of me I could not do so. Let it not be thought that at this time I had the slightest fear, notwithstanding the fact that a bite from the snake meant certain death; my only sensation was that of wonder both at the serpent's behaviour, and *the consciousness of my inability to move*. After remaining thus for some time, the reptile drew its length by slow degrees into coil, the transverse belly-scales making a gritty, hissing rustle as they dragged over the rock. Then it gradually raised its head

a foot above the centre coil, and I have an indistinct recollection that I tried to cry to Mr. Turner to "look at the black snake," while a cold sweat broke out in the palms of my hands. The beauty of the snake excited an overpowering sense of admiration in me; its polished, jet black skin, its diamond eyes, the lovely tints of its belly, that flushed and glowed from bright crimson to rosy pink; and above all, the eternal licking and flickering of the long, forked tongue quivering back and forth. After a time my attention was fixed on the tongue alone, and as I watched its incessant movement, I felt so utterly helpless, *yet so conscious of that helplessness*, without, I maintain, the slightest approach to fear, that I wondered how it was I continued to keep my hold.

At this stage I could hear Turner shouting excitedly to me from far below, though my mind was too preoccupied to comprehend what he was saying. My senses, even my sight, had become obscured, and the body of the snake assumed huge proportions; and, as seen through the misty haze that appeared to surround it, it seemed actually to fill the cavity formed by the narrow terrace and the bulging cliff above it, while in the midst of it all



THE CROSS MARKS THE PLACE FROM WHICH THE AUTHOR FEEL.
From a Photo.

shone that pair of glistening diamonds that were the reptile's eyes, and that infernal, ever-restless tongue.

The head swayed more rapidly now, and a low, humming murmur throbbled through my brain, drumming, drumming in my ears and keeping time to the sway, till the eyes and tongue seemed a flashing, glittering band of light across my sight. Suddenly the movement ceased. My senses returned instantly with a great contraction of the heart, like one who is suddenly awakened to terrible danger. I trembled in every limb; the sweat was pouring down my temples and along my spine, for my danger *was* imminent; the snake's neck was drawn back in a curve sideways ready to strike; it shot forward, I felt the slight blow as it struck my legging, and with a shriek of desperate terror I leapt backwards off the cliff. Down, down, down I went, struck something and came to myself again, to find Mr. Turner holding my head on his knee and bathing it with icy-cold water.

I have heard that people in such cases review the whole course of their lives, particularly the sinful part; that may be quite possible, but I distinctly recollect that my only thought during the fall was, "How on earth will Turner get my body back to camp?"

My escape was almost miraculous, for though I was bruised from head to foot and my shirt reduced to rags, not a bone was fractured, not a limb wrenched; only my temple and shoulder were rather severely scratched. Of course, I am hardly in a position to give the details of my aerial flight, but my companion's account, as he related it, when I recovered from my dazed condition, and after searching carefully to make sure that the snake's fangs had not penetrated my garter and the thick breeches beneath, is as follows: Seeing me regain the terrace, after safely passing along the broken ledges, he had picked up the camera with the object of snap shooting me, and was moving about to get a clear view through the trees, when I called to him to "look at the snake." Becoming alarmed, he put the camera down and, seizing his gun, backed off to the opposite side of the pass to try and get a shot, but, unable to do so, was compelled to remain staring helplessly up at me. For fully five minutes I stood perfectly still, at intervals calling out "Snake! snake!" until suddenly I sprang backward off the cliff. For get it, I tell sheer (let the reader look down from that altitude), and, my spring having carried me clear of the rock, I landed in a sitting posture upon the top of a tall mountain ash tree, crashed through the small

branches like a thunderbolt, the boughs growing thicker as they neared the base and breaking my fall considerably, then from the lower branches I fell into a mass of creepers growing over the crown of some saplings, which gradually yielded to the weight of my body, and allowed me to fall through upon some interlaced boughs, where I hung within a few feet of the ground. Turner says I yelled nearly all the way down. I don't remember it, and when he rushed to my assistance the breath was completely knocked out of me, together with my senses. Seeing me thus, and aware that whatever injury I had sustained was already done, he ran back, made the accompanying exposure, and then, being a powerful man, eased me gently to the ground.



SAVED BY TURNER'S CAMERAS FROM A FALL.
From a Photo.

After resting and smoking for half an hour, I felt entirely recovered, and determined to revisit the terrace in the hope of finding the snake and paying off old scores.

One has a very faint idea of what his friends think of him until circumstances arise which call for the expression of their opinion. It was quite a surprise to me to find there were so many kinds of fools, idiots, and jackasses in existence—and that I was every one of them—when I told Turner of my decision,



THE AUTHOR AS HE APPEARED SEVERAL HOURS AFTER THE FALL.
From a Photo. CONSERVATION.

and began the climb again. Finding that I was determined, however, he begged me at least to take my rifle, as it could hang from my shoulder by its sling without impeding my progress, and at first I intended to do so, but as a rifle requires two hands for its accurate sighting, and I might be in a position necessitating a hold while dealing with the reptile, I concluded to leave it behind.

Arriving at the rocky platform, I armed myself with a stout stick, and had barely covered half the terrace when I caught sight of my black acquaintance sunning himself at full length on the very verge of the precipice. It must have astonished him to see me again after having comfortably disposed of me in such a satisfactory manner, and he promptly made for the farther end as fast as he could travel. I did not hurry, for I knew he could not possibly escape me unless by crawling into some crevice where I could not reach him, but on arriving at the extremity of the terrace he doubled back and came straight at me with head erect, swollen neck, and hissing like a fiend. That sort of thing I could understand, so I cut him down, gave

him one across the back that broke his spine, and then administered a dose of his own medicine by inserting the end of my stick among the writhing coils and tossing him over the cliff, where Mr. Turner, already warned, completed the business by smashing the brute's head.

We took him back to camp for accurate measurement—5 ft. 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ in., a shade over the average length for black snakes in the mountains; and after taking his portrait as a memento of the adventure, made a present of the carcass to the ants and kook-aburras.*

I can hardly bring myself to believe in the fascination theory, but I have described my "symptoms" as accurately as I can remember them, and the only alternative hypothesis which presents itself to me is that possibly my nerves had, unknown to me, been overstrained by the continuous tension during my dangerous climb.

* The laughing hawk (great kingfisher), which kills and eats snakes. Small snakes it deals with at once, the larger reptiles it carries into the air and drops catatonically and dispatched. I have seen it done. W. H. B.



THE SNAKE WHICH CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE.
From a Photo.

Congo Money.

By J. R. WADE.

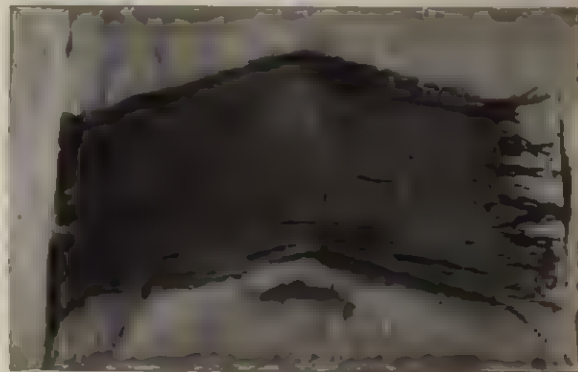
An out-of-the-way article showing by means of photographs the extraordinary things used as money in West Africa. With full and curious details concerning values, etc.



HAT purchase took its rise in simple barter is the commonest knowledge of everybody. But everybody does not know of the many curious intermediate stages coming between barter and a fixed gold standard—stages wherein one may trace the gradual recognition of some especial article of general and common use as a ready medium of sale and purchase, and the final fashioning or adaptation of some article whose sole use shall be that of current coin. Among the tribes of West Africa one may see in use at the present day many curious forms of money belonging to all the stages of monetary evolution separating barter pure and simple from purchase and sale by minted coin as we know it ourselves. Among these, beads and cowries play some part, as most people know. But among these people not everyone knows precisely what a cowrie is, nor what is its value. While the popular conception of the value of beads among savages is that the enterprising explorer can buy an elephant for a handful of any sort, and a large clinker of solid gold for about half-a-dozen. These notions are a trifle inaccurate, as we shall see.

As is the way in *THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE*, the articles we are to speak of are shown from authentic photographs taken from the actual objects. Our first specimen is one of the most curious. It is a very little mat, made of grass, and it is an example of the oldest existing form of African currency; indeed, the use of these mats is now almost obsolete. It will be observed that our specimen, by constant passing from hand to hand, has become to all appearance little more than a tangle of dried grass, though the weaving

is still distinguishable in the centre. The natives call this sort of mat the "makuta," and it is known to have been in use as coin between four and five hundred years ago. With an income of thirty such mats a week a native of the Congo can live very comfortably. The "makuta" was the ordinary small change of mat currency—say the shilling. For more important payments there was a mat half-sovereign, which we show in our



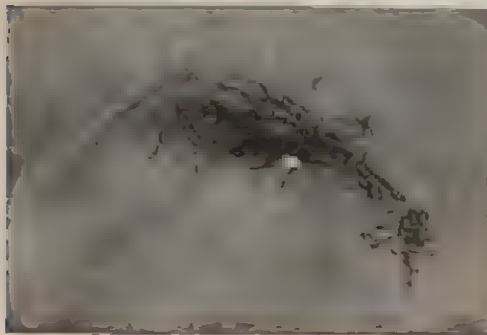
From a

CASHER GRASS MAT.

1/2 Makuta

next picture. The first-mentioned small mat is again photographed just under the half-sovereign article to show their relative sizes. Apparently it would take a great many of the shillings to make a half-sovereign, but the value of the larger mat was only ten of the smaller, nevertheless. To the average man of business it would appear as though the most profitable occupation to be followed in the Congo must be the cutting up of mat half-sovereigns each into about seventy mat shillings. This large mat would keep a man for two days, and leave him a little change to carry over.

Now we come to the world-famed cowrie shells. We perceive that they are shells of a sort long familiar to many of us as card counters, so that this country may be added to the list of those wherein a currency of cowries has been recognised—on the card table, at any rate. Not only in the Congo have these shells been used as current money, but also in India, and in other parts of Southern Asia. In India their value has varied from about 2,500 to about 3,250 to the rupee—from which it will be seen that an individual cowrie is not worth a vast deal of coined money. Still, when the shells formed the standard currency in the Congo, eight of them



From a

SMALL GRASS MAT.

1/2 Makuta



Cowrie shells. (Photo)

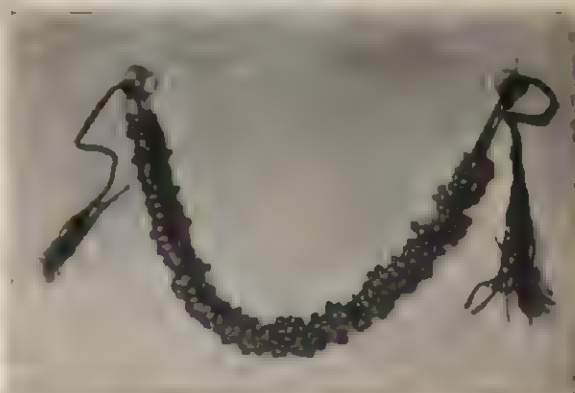
would buy a fowl, and even now, when they have been largely displaced by regular coined money, a fowl may be bought with a hundred of them. Many English housewives would be glad to know where to buy fowls at a halfpenny a piece or so, which is what the price would work out at, calculating by the rupee equivalent. Cowries have been current money in the Congo almost as long as the mats we have just been considering; but just now they are being displaced by the rods of brass wire which we shall speak of later. But the cowries maintain their place as ornaments. The natives use them for decorating their head gear and as embellishments to the harness of their horses, while the women fasten them on their girdles; but their commonest use is in the form of a necklet—a use to which many other forms of primitive money have been put. It may be mentioned, in passing, that all kinds of cowries are not so cheap as those used for money. Various rare species are much prized by conchologists and collectors, and as much as £40 has been paid for a single shell of *Cypræa princeps*.

Common salt, by the way, is an odd, but a very usual, form of currency in the Congo. Pretty nearly anything can be bought with salt in that region. Five teaspoonfuls will buy a fowl, but a goat would cost fourteen times as much. Anybody anxious to inspect a photograph of this form of coinage may readily obtain one by carrying a domestic salt cellar to the photographer's.

After the salt, the beads. The next illustration is from a photograph of a string of beads, blue in colour, and each so large in the hole as to take rather the form of a ring, as may be well seen from the two end beads which suspend the string. These beads seem to have lost much of their charm in the Congo, possibly from the corrupting influence of contact with civilized man, who is not in the habit of parting with anything valuable in exchange for

glass heads. But they still have a purchasing power about equal to that of the cowries. That is to say, a hundred will buy a fowl—which bird, by the way, would almost seem to be a sort of currency itself, in the Congo. But, of course, the beads are apt to vary in value, according as the district in which they are used is near to or remote from civilization. In some unsophisticated parts, where beads are much coveted, a hundred might possibly buy a slave, if the market in slaves happened to be depressed and overcrowded, and ready beads were "tight."

The photo. at the top of the next page is of two strings of beads of native manufacture, also used as money. They are made of iron, and each bead may be held to correspond with a penny or two of our money, as expended in tips. Any small personal service by a native would be rewarded perhaps with one, perhaps with two such beads. The whole lot here represented would buy a supply of cassava root, from which native bread is made, enough to supply a man with food for nearly four weeks.



Two strings of beads. (Photo)

Almost anything in the shape of a bead may be used as money in West Africa; its value, of course, depending on its colour, quality, material, size, and other circumstances, to say nothing of the state of civilization, or, the reverse, prevailing in the district wherein it might be offered. A diamond worth £10,000 in London would not buy one hen's egg in West Africa, unless it were bored through with a hole. For how else is the recipient to string his money together and keep it? He has no pockets, nor even any trousers to fix them in. So he wears his bead-money in strings round his neck and about his head. The privilege of wearing the beads on the head is one of honour, and a slave, though he may wear as many as he can get about his neck, is per-



(Front.) THREE DIFFERENT VALUES OF BEADS. (Back.)

allowed, on any account, to carry them about his head. Various tribes have varying fancies in beads. Some will accept none but red beads, some none but blue, others will insist on white beads or none at all, while others still "go blind" on black—which the next tribe, perhaps, would refuse to look at. In our sixth photograph one each of three diverse sorts of beads may be distinguished, each of a different value. That to the right is a red olive bead; in the places where they are current five hundred will buy a slave. On the left is a blue pipe bead, and these are less valuable. It takes ten of them to buy a hen's egg. The centre bead is one of the blue ring variety, already illustrated. There were places where a hundred such beads might buy a slave. The particular bead here photographed was one actually carried and used



(Front.) THREE DIFFERENT VALUES OF BEADS. (Back.)

by Mr. H. M. Stanley. It has been kindly lent for the purposes of photographing by its present owner, the Rev. W. Holman Bentley, who justly prizes it as a relic.

We have already spoken of salt as a medium

of exchange. Until quite lately, at the mouth of the Congo River and on the coast, the natives would take no money but gin. Any hungry man who sought to buy a dinner, but who had no bottle of gin, had to remain hungry or find the gin. Fishing-nets have also been used in this district for the purpose of coin, but naturally their values were variable, depending on many circumstances—the size and quality of the nets chiefly, of course.

From these forms of currency, most of them old, and some falling into disuse, we come to others more recent in date. The subject of our next illustration, which to a slovenly observer might appear a battledore, is nothing of the kind. It is a

"shoka, and ten shoka make one "ngbele." If any farther information seems necessary it may be added that the shoka is made of iron, and that it will buy a fish of ten or twelve pounds weight, or a large bunch of plantains. Also, it will keep a black man servant for three days, or a negro boy for a week. It will also knock down either the man-servant or the boy, if efficiently wielded, and this would appear to



ONE SHOKA OF CONGO. (Back.)

be its only use in addition to its legitimate one as coin. Here, indeed, we see the first rude approach to regular "coin of the realm," as we know it. The "shoka" is not primarily applicable to uses of its own, as are the beads, the mat, the gin, and the salt; it is money, simply, and can be used as nothing else unless it be smelted and hammered into another shape.

As we have said, ten shoka make one ngbele; and here, in the next photograph, is the ngbele. A ngbele is not a boy with an unduly elongated kite, as a hasty observer might suppose. The boy is simply there to hold up the ngbele, which is made of wrought iron, like the shoka. The ngbele, in fact, is a sort of Congo five-pound note. It is 6 ft. long, which is large for a bank note; and at its thickest part $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick—thick for a bank note, also. Still, it can be bent by

the application of a little force, though not with the pleasant crackle that one gets from a bent five-pound note in this country. To see the well-to-do natives—solemn niggers all going to market with their fivers under their arms or over their shoulders is a truly inspiring sight. In any active dispute over a bargain this ponderous article of "spondulix" would be likely to prove exceedingly serviceable as a knock down argument; being, indeed, in that respect, what a shameless punster might call a "coin of vantage." A native can live on a ngbele for a month, though probably any attempt to pronounce the word without preparation would result in his leaving off living very suddenly. Ten of these huge coins will buy a large canoe 35 ft. or 40 ft. long. The ngbele is said to be the only five pound note entirely proof against pickpockets.

The brass-headed nails which are used at home to hold down the coverings of chairs to the frame are now current coin in parts of West Africa. Six of them will buy a fowl—not a dear fowl at the price. It is an illustration of the



FIGURE 1. A LARGE BRASS-HEADED NAIL. (Photo.)

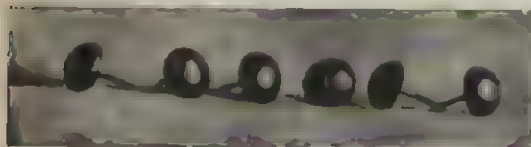


FIGURE 2. SIX BRASS-HEADED NAILS—EQUAT ONE FOWL. (Photo.)

inconsistency of African standards of value with our own, that for this fowl, valued at six brass-headed nails, one would have to pay the value of fivepence, if one paid in little penny mirrors. These last are also current coin, and always in demand, being readily exchangeable for native money at the price of one shoka per mirror.

Cloth is a thing much in use in the Congo as a purchasing agent. Here is an approximate table of values, given in terms of fowls, which, after all, would seem to be the one trustworthy standard of value in West Africa. Of course, the values of the various sorts of stuff vary somewhat with different tribes.

- One yard white calico = five fowls.
- One yard coarse red flannel = ten fowls.
- One yard Navy blue print = eight fowls.
- One yard Oxford shirting = five fowls.

Cheap fowls all, again.

But any useful manufactured article is usually freely taken in payment in the Congo. A small table-knife, for instance, will buy two fowls; and a native, if he gave you eight fowls for a large garden-knife, would congratulate himself on striking a bargain. So that a green Briton might be apt to think it a good speculation to start out with a roll or two of calico, half a crown's worth of penny mirrors, and a bushel of nails to stock a poultry farm.

Just now a small red seed is all the rage in those parts. But the prevailing currency, which, as already hinted, is ousting the cowrie shell and other early forms, is brass wire. The natives call it "ntaku," but the average Englishman dodges the word, if possible. The brass wire goes out in large coils of a hundred-weight or so, and the missionaries cut it into lengths of about ten inches. Our photograph shows one of these lengths. The dear, innocent, untutored natives used to cut off little bits from the ends of these lengths, thus getting so much the better of their bargains and laying up an illicit store of valuable brass, to be forged together into hangles, which are wealth. In other words, they clipped their coinage, just as the low and wicked coin sweeter of civilization

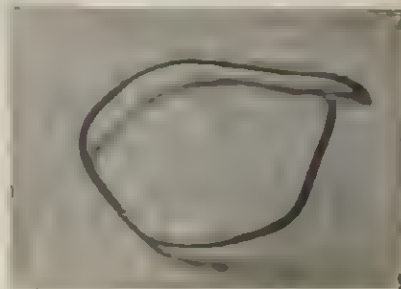
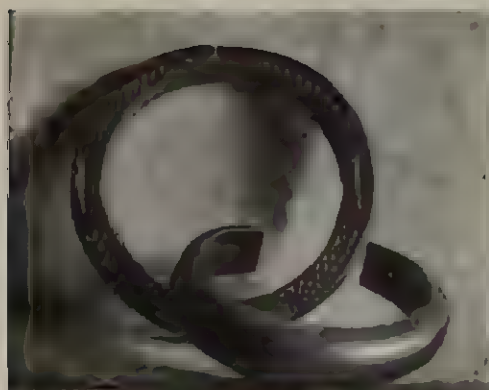


FIGURE 3. A LENGTH OF BRASS WIRE. (Photo.)

does. But the guileless little game was stopped by the harsh proceeding of weighing the lengths.

The wire is soft, and the natives convert it into all sorts of small articles. They bend them round walking sticks and spears, and they melt them down into hair pins, pipe stems, armlets, necklets, and anklets; all these things being of equal value according to weight,



BRASS RINGS WHICH OUR CHIEFS WEAR. (Photo.)
 (Photo.) OF ANKLETS OF THE SAME MATERIAL. (Photo.)

and all evidences of their owner's wealth. We give a photograph of two of these armlets. They are cast in solid clay moulds, and sometimes chased and incised very skilfully, as it may be observed one is in the illustration. The women-kind of the chiefs and rich men wear these things, and a woman will often carry about on her person 20lb., 25lb., or 30lb. weight of these brass rings and anklets. It is, of course, a terrible impediment, but no fashionable belle would care to be seen without them. It is usual to wear a piece of rag under the lowest ring as a protection to the skin; but notwithstanding this, the heavy brass chafes fearfully, and starts very bad ulcers. But the woman's wealth is displayed by this sort of jewellery, and she piles on every bit she can possibly get hold of.

A boy can buy his day's food with four or five of the brass wire rods, as originally cut for purposes of corn. Near the coast a fowl costs twenty-five of the rods, but well up the Congo River three rods would buy one. Another illustration of the differing values in different parts of the country. Slave trading, fortunately, is being gradually suppressed, but not so long ago, when it was generally recognised, you could buy a man slave for two hundred of these

bits of wire, and a woman for a little less. Perhaps each piece may be valued roughly at a penny—from which a very simple operation of arithmetic will indicate the value put upon a human being in the Congo.

Sometimes other manufactured metal articles are preferred by the Congolese before their own brass rods. For instance, one missionary assured the writer that he got ten large pineapples in exchange for a common iron padlock which could have been bought anywhere in England for threepence; and the seller of the pineapples was certain that he had got altogether the better of the white man in that deal, at any rate.

Of course, many of these transactions are but a scarcely modified form of barter, and almost any generally useful thing may be used in the way of coin on occasion. Such, for instance, as the very ingenious though simple rat-trap made in the parts we are speaking of. This, by the way, is interesting enough to warrant illustration. It is made of thin strips of cane, plaited. A bait of some sort of food is placed in the closed



COINS OF THE CONGO STATE. (Photo.)

end, and the rat forces his way in toward it very easily, but get back again he cannot. The more he struggles the tighter the trap grows. Some of us may remember a once popular toy on a precisely identical principle, made of plaited rush. It was easy to insert the finger in this toy, but impossible to pull it away again by force.

At last the Congo State, officially at least, is provided with money of the sort used and recognised in civilized countries, and the above illustration shows this money in its various denominations. It will be seen that each of the four copper coins is pierced with a hole. This is because the natives, having as yet no pockets, persist in stringing their coins round their necks, like their beads and cowries.



RAT-TRAP. (Photo.)

Short Stories.

I.—*Bob Mansell's Lion.*

By JACK AUSTIN.

This plain, straightforward account of an exciting adventure is written from the point of view of the ordinary person, and without "heroics."



We were trekking with a span of oxen from the Transvaal to Angola, and had reached the Okoranga River. Here our waggon had broken down, and whilst the repairs were in progress a lion had caught one of our oxen. One of our three Hottentot boys had just brought the news to us. The sun had barely topped the undulating horizon, and the clear cut outline was fast emerging into the haze and shimmer which betokened a scorching day. We had finished our early coffee, and were now preparing to revenge the loss of our ox. As it was Bob's second lion and my first, he, by virtue of his experience, directed the process of vengeance. "Come on," he said.

"Don't talk as if we were going to catch a train," I remarked. "Aren't you going to take more cartridges?"

"I've got three, and there's only one lion," answered Bob.

I felt that a Maxim gun would have been a comfort; however, stifling this vain wish, I loaded myself with a dozen cartridges and the heaviest rifle we had, and announced myself ready. We had not far to go. The Hottentot had marked down the lion and its prey, and we hoped to be in time to spoil the enemy's breakfast, or at least to cause some interruption thereto. We soon entered the "elephant" bush, and cautiously followed our guide. There was a strained intensity about this walk, which may seem unaccountable to a good many, and ridiculous to the rest: it may have been a unique case and worth going into by scientists, or it may have simply been a case of fright disguised in a cloak of absorbing earnestness and sinking determination. However, we presently came to a grassy open space,

on the edge of which the boy stopped and told us the lion was close.

"Shake him up," said Bob.

I thought this extremely silly. We were not driving partridges. I fervently hoped the boy would not upset or irritate the lion by shaking him up. It was not my idea of lion hunting at all, and I said in a low, impressive voice, "Don't spoil sport, Bob"; to which he replied, "Rot!" (He often used that rude word to me. He had been six weeks longer in the country than I had.) "Look here," continued he, "you shall have first shot."

"We've got to find him first," I murmured.

Just then the Hottentot crept back and told us he had located the lion about thirty yards off; that it was feeding on our ox, and refused to be shaken up. I thought it quite proper of the beast to object to this rat-and-terrier style of amusement; it seemed to me so undignified in lion hunting. But Bob was not inclined to treat the king of the forest with much courtesy.

"Lazy pig," he muttered, and straightway made for the spot indicated by the boy. The grass was knee deep, and formed a patch of about half an acre in extent. We went on for a couple of minutes,

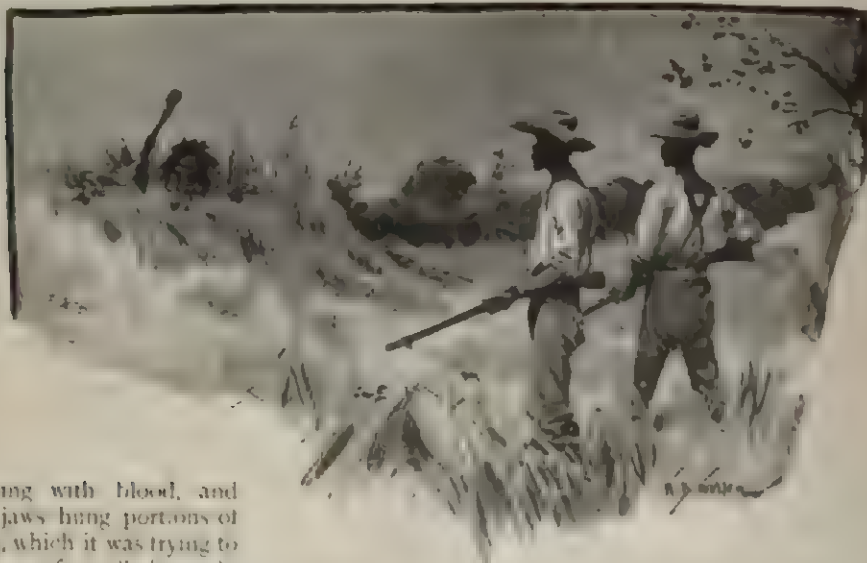
and I began to hear ominous rustlings all round. Then the boy stopped and pointed to a spot in advance of us. We looked in that direction, and whilst we stood listening, a grating kind of noise with a twang in it was distinctly audible. Going on a few steps we distinguished amid the grass the hind legs of an ox, hoofs uppermost, waving in the air, and half a dozen paces farther disclosed the situation entirely. There was our dead beast extended on its back, and between its hind legs lay the lion feeding on the vital parts of the poor animal.



BOB MANSELL.
Taken at 11.30, by Brown, Farmer & Co.,
Pretoria Street.

At first we only saw the lion's shoulders, on account of its head being low down, but Bob shouted, "Get up, you thieving villain." I thought Bob was mad. Slowly the brute raised its head and looked at us. It was not a taking face, nor was it exactly a handsome one. It

in case the lion looked up and thought of inquiring into my business. I kept my rifle close to my leg too; in fact, I went out of my way to keep the situation peaceful. In a minute or two the lion did look up—and at me. I smiled; the lion returned the salutation—



was reeking with blood, and from its jaws hung portions of torn flesh, which it was trying to secure more effectually by working its tongue round the outside of its huge mouth. But it did not exhibit much surprise or curiosity about us. A slight glitter in its eyes, and a deep hum with a banjo discord in it, was all the brute thought necessary for the occasion, and then down went its great head again. I felt the snub, and Bob said something about a lion's cheek taking the cake, but I was beyond modern proverbs now, and looked upon this horrid animal as a personal enemy.

It was very annoying to be made to feel small by a lion in such a filthy condition. We didn't get a roar or half a one, nor had he taken the trouble to lash his tail; he had indeed barely acknowledged our presence, and then gone on with his meal like a company promoter. It wasn't lion like—at least, not *look* lion like. I could see Bob was very much annoyed at being considered such small fry. He said he'd go round and get a flank shot, and told me to stay where I was and not let him pass me, whilst the boy was sent round to the other flank to chuck a spear at him. So it looked as though Mr. Lion was to be interrupted, and possibly annoyed too. Meanwhile he continued his breakfast, making a nasty noise as he did so. Bob and the "Potter" departed, and left me standing very quiet, and trying to look amiable

somewhat grimly it is true, but it was a decided return all the same. I felt a kind of modern Androcles.

It was somewhat trying to hang on to one's smile, but kindness costs nothing in cases of this sort. As I was considering whether it would be safe or nice to speak pleasantly and give the smile a rest, a spear whizzed just above the lion's head, transixed the left hind leg of the ox, and stuck there. That Hottentot had destroyed the situation. Where was Bob and his flank movement? The lion looked at the quivering spear, and the expression on his face changed to one of annoyance, with a tinge of sadness. I read his thoughts. He was disappointed with me. He connected me with that spear, and put me down as a humbug.

This was vexing, because it was so true, however, sentiment on each side had gone, more particularly when a second spear went through the lion's forepaw. Up went his head, and a snarl of such intense malignity came from him, that almost before I knew it I had sent a bullet at him, which went through the loose skin at the back of his neck. I aimed to hit just behind the ear, and can't to this day determine why I

and not kill that lion. I forget what excuse I made afterwards; it was a fairly good one, I know. We were now in for it, and no mistake. The wounded beast was in a horrid temper about one thing and another. It sprang out so as to get a clear idea of the situation, and seemed to gather impressions that I was at the root of the whole business. I wasn't smiling now.

At this moment, however, it caught sight of the Tottie, who wanted to get his spear out of the leg of the ox, and who was dodging around in a highly

We followed as quickly as possible. I thought this was really something like lion hunting, quite in accordance with the very best traditions of my youth. In a minute or two the beast stopped, dropped the man, and gripped him afresh by the upper part of the left arm, gnawing it and sucking the blood. We heard the horrid crunching of bone above the snarling and snuffing. Bob said, "I may hit the nigger, but he'd be killed anyway, so." *Bang!* A rattling good shot, smashing its way into the lion's skull.



"BANG!"

suspicious manner. His behaviour caused the lion to reverse his judgment of me; he, as it were, bound me over to keep the peace for a few minutes, whilst he attended to the Tottie's affairs. That meant a lash of the tail, a deep growl, a crouch, and a spring. In mid-air, a bullet from Bob broke his fore-paw, or the nigger's skull would have been smashed in, hard as it was. Instead, however, of this happening, the lion came full bounce against the unfortunate man, and crushed him to the ground. There they got mixed up in a straggle, which was much too one-sided.

Not a sound came from the black chap, but the lion was humming a nasty tune. Bob and I fired; the smoke hung low; we rushed to get clear of it, and saw the lion limping off into the bush with the man in his mouth. He had seized him by the hip, and every few seconds gave him a vicious shake.

It was all over: the huge beast lifted itself up, its mouth half opened, and then the lifeless mass collapsed. We pulled the body clear of the poor Hottentot, and found him terribly mauled. Bob took him in hand, and managed, with odds and ends of garments, to stop the bleeding, after which we got him to the waggon. He lived three days, and spent most of that time telling the other two how it all happened. He seemed to feel no pain, and Bob said he was doing nicely. But the next morning, when we were at our coffee, we were told casually that he was dead. It appeared that he had somehow started the bleeding again, and had refused to allow us to be called: so the poor fellow lay there in the darkness and let his life's blood go from him till his life went too. Bob said he could have brought him through if he had been called, but I said I didn't think it possible, because the bones were so crushed, and one couldn't set crushed bones. Bob, as usual, when I ventured an opinion, remarked, "Rot!" And so ended the adventure.

II. *Run Amok.*

By MRS. A. L. DONALDSON.

Related to the authoress by Mr E. W. Barrant, an official of the British North Borneo Company



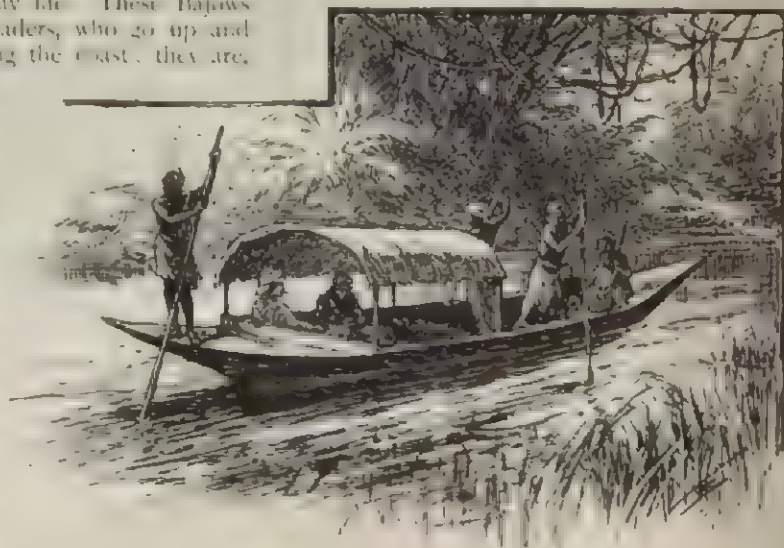
The following is an account of an encounter I had with a Bajow, or pirate, which nearly cost me my life. These Bajows are a tribe of small traders, who go up and down the river and along the coast; they are, for the most part, little better than bloodthirsty pirates, and a rascally and unscrupulous set at that. The scene is a district on the Labak River, about eight hours by steam launch from Sandakan, in British North Borneo.

One day I was sitting in my office doing business, with a lot of natives all round me, when I saw a boat going down the river in front of my bungalow; it was drifting about in an aimless sort of way, as though no one were steering or in charge of it. I sent a policeman to stop it, and find out what it was doing there. The man returned bringing with him the owner, one of these Bajows. He would give no

satisfactory account of himself, but, by dint of cross-examination, I eventually elicited from him the information that he had murdered two men in the interior, giving as his excuse for the crime that it had been committed in self defence.

I ordered him to be detained until I could go and enquire into the matter, and he was sent in custody to his boat to fetch the weapons with which he had done the deed. He brought them up to my house, and laid them on the table before me. They were, firstly, a *Sulu parang*, broad and flat like a butcher's knife, and, secondly, a *kris*, or sharp sword, about a yard in length. They looked well suited to the purpose for which they had been used.

Three days later I started up the river in my police-boat, taking with me my five Dyak policemen, and the Bajow murderer, whose weapons, with those of my men, were concealed from his sight. My prisoner was handcuffed, and sat beside me under the awning formed of *balpang*, or matting, which covered my end of the boat. There was no atapp over the rest of



it having been removed to allow the men to pore; and I therefore gave my prisoner shelter from the sun alongside me. I did not, however, altogether relish the companionship of such a questionable character.

At mid day we stopped, in order that the men might go ashore to prepare their own food and a meal for me. When it was ready, I ordered the Bajow to get behind the awning, so that I might eat in privacy. He replied that he, too, was hungry. I peeled a pine-apple and gave him half of it, which he devoured at once. By that time the men had cooked their food, and I told the Bajow he might join them, where they were squatting down eating, about fifteen yards away. He got out of the boat, and went to them, but, to my surprise, returned again almost immediately, having barely tasted a mouthful of rice.

I had warned my men that he might prove dangerous, and, as they left the boat, they took the precaution of hiding their guns, and his weapons also, under some *kud-janga* close by, imagining that he had not seen this being done. But when the Bajow went to the river to wash his hands after eating, he must have caught sight of the

weapons in passing. And presently his opportunity came, for the Dyaks had loosened his handcuffs to enable him to use his hands.

As the man crawled back into the boat, I said to him:

"How is this? You told me you were hungry, but you don't eat!" And he replied, laconically:—

"Satisfied, Tuan" (master or lord.)

The next moment he suddenly sprang from the boat, and armed himself with parang and kris. Then rushing at the sentry, he cut the poor fellow down before he could do anything to defend himself. Seizing my rifle, which lay by my side—it was unfortunately not loaded, so that I could not fire, and so stop him at once—I jumped into the water towards where my men were vainly endeavouring to arm themselves; but their consternation was so great that they did not seem to know where to find their guns. Beyond them I could see my Chinese boy running for his life, his pig-tail flying out straight behind him like a stick—

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a comical sight, which, even in such a terrible emergency, made me smile. But the Bajow soon turned and came straight at me, and, for a short distance, I also wheeled and ran away. But it was only to enable me to get a good grasp of my gun, so that, just as he came up to me, I faced him swiftly, and with the butt end of it struck him a tremendous blow on the head. The shock knocked him down, and the impetus was so great that I fell heavily on the top of him. Grasping both his hands, I grappled with him, my face pressed against his head. Thus interlocked, we struggled desperately in the water, which was there rather more than a foot deep. He managed to give me no fewer than eleven wounds during those few fearful minutes, but so keen was the fight, that I did not even notice them. At last my men came to my assistance; they dragged me off with difficulty and left the Bajow dead. His skull



"HE STRUCK HIM A TREMENDOUS BLOW ON THE HEAD."

had been fractured when I struck him with my gun; but, in spite of that, he had fought like a tiger, until my men finished him in their efforts to set me free. They carried me back to the boat and brought me to my house. It was then found that a tobacco estate launch had just arrived, so I was transferred on board at once and taken straight away to Sandakan as soon as the manager of the estate had attended to my wounds. My men had already done all they could in this respect, and their care was not unnecessary, for two of my wounds were serious. One gash had laid open the side of my right hand from finger to wrist, the other cutting along my chin, so that if it had been half an inch lower down, it must have been fatal, for it would have gone clean across my throat. The Dyaks, by the way, have a curious preference for binding up wounds with red cloth, so that the patient shall not be alarmed by seeing too much blood.

It was a narrow escape for me, and not the only one I have had.

III.—*Burra Bagh.*

BY MARGARET C. S. MARSHALL.

How a lady left in a bungalow by herself attacked and killed single-handed a huge man-eating tiger.

ONE of the hottest days of India's hot season was drawing to a close. Throughout the day the heat had been oppressive and overpowering, and in the late afternoon there were no signs either of rain or of a cooling breeze. The creepers surrounding the bungalow were drooping, and even the usually stately palms looked languid. Everything out of doors was motionless, as if paralyzed by the stifling atmosphere. "Rain, rain, rain," was the universal cry of thirsty Nature.

At this time we lived away up in the North Provinces, fully twenty miles beyond the Mission Station of Rhanaghat, the missionaries there being our nearest white neighbours.

Round us on every side was jungle, stretching as far as the eye could see. To the west could be seen, in bright weather, the clear, sharp, snow-crowned peaks of the mountains more than a hundred miles away. Our beautiful white bungalow, which always looked so clean and cool almost hidden in a wealth of roses and gaily coloured creepers, and surrounded by rhododendrons, azaleas, and other flowering shrubs, was built on the slope of a hill overlooking the little native village of Sagnal.

My brother was in Government service, and the week previously he had received notice to meet a State official at Rhanaghat. He had gone with a company of natives, taking with him his guns and dogs, in order on the way back to try and rid the neighbourhood of its terror, a man-eating tiger.

"Sahib," said Chadda, one of our men, "near Botta Singarum, a village two *cor* (four miles) off, there one Burra Bagh" ("bagh" means tiger) "who kill plenty men; he ate one old woman yesterday. He has an evil spirit, sahib, for though all shikarmen and village-people plenty, plenty, looking, never can find him. *Ho burra chor ky* (he is a very great thief, sir)."

That was Chadda's account.

Inquiry more than substantiated the accusations made against the terrible Burra Bagh, and it was found that, not only was he a great thief, but a wholesale murderer to boot. Lurking amongst the dense brushwood that skirted

the highway, he had within the last six months seized and devoured the amazing number of forty of the inhabitants—sixteen of whom were "running postmen." Over and over again he had snatched the cattle-watchers, leaving the cattle untouched. The natives were of the opinion that it was of little use seeking him, as he never remained two nights at the same place. My brother, however, was determined that these awful devastations should come to an end, and he therefore organized the hunt to take place on his way back from Rhanaghat.

So he departed, and I was left alone—alone in my little home up among the hills. Fear I knew not, so accustomed had I grown to the sights and sounds of jungle life. But on this the third evening of his absence, I began to feel lonely, and the extreme heat made me rather nervous into the bargain.

I had finished my home letters ere dusk, and, with a yawn, I drank the cup of welcome *chakwa* (coffee) which Bara, the ayah, brought me. I then retired to my room, and was soon in bed. How hot it was! I have been in what are considered warmer parts of India since, but never have I experienced heat like that which prevailed that night. My baby-sister lay in her little cot by my bedside, and her regular breathing soon made me feel drowsy. The fragrance of the roses seemed to fill the air, bearing a train of pleasant memories, and visions, happy visions, of the dear home-folks away in England floated before me till I was almost asleep.

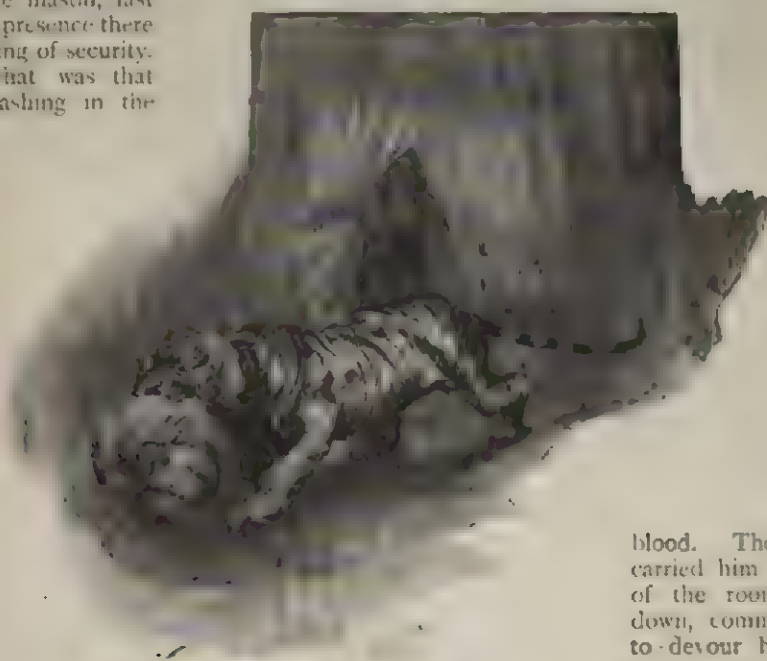


TIGER IN THE JUNGLE.

Suddenly a big *gadul* (black bat) landed on my mosquito net. I started, and sat up in bed shaking all over. When I discovered the cause of alarm I felt foolish. Black bats were quite common, but my nervousness at seeing them was most uncommon.

I lay back on my pillow again and listened to the eerie noises of the jackals holding festival in the jungle, and the occasional screeches of wild birds. I lay awake till it was quite dark - the peculiar darkness of an Indian night. All was still, save for the low, steady snoring of Bana, the ayah, whose dusky form I could make out lying on a mat just beyond my dressing-room door. Through the muslin curtains of the sitting-room doorway I saw Bruno, the mastiff, fast asleep, and his presence there gave me a feeling of security. But, hark! what was that noise? a crashing in the

proclaimed that the beast had entered the room. I sprang from my bed and peered through the curtains. Bruno also had leaped up, but only to meet his doom. What met my gaze fairly stupefied me with horror. There crouched a tiger of immense size! In his blazing eyes was a gleam of what seemed to me insanity. His magnificently coloured body was motionless, and his tail moved restlessly to and fro with an almost fascinating regularity. He gave a growl of satisfaction, and springing forward, had in a moment crushed poor Bruno's skull beneath his deadly paw. Seizing the mastiff by the back he shook him as a cat shakes a mouse, then with his claws slit up the neck, and drained the



THE TIGER THEN CARRIED HIM TO THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM.

shrubbery, then a soft, gliding movement among the bushes below the veranda. I was thoroughly awake now, and listening intently. The sound ceased as suddenly as it came, and then after a short interval was heard again. It seemed to me now like the tread of some heavy animal. Could any of the bullocks have broken loose? No, that was not likely. I waited, and in a minute heard a terrific thud on the sitting room veranda, which seemed to shake the whole house. The animal, whatever it was, was evidently bent on mischief. The shattering and splintering of glass and the rending of curtains next

blood. The tiger then carried him to the centre of the room, and lying down, commenced slowly to devour him. I heard the crunching of bones and the smacking of those terrible lips, and I turned away with horror and

nausea. I nearly fainted, but one glance at the little crib fortified and nerved me. I must, if possible, try and save myself for the sake of my brother and dear home-folks, and not only myself, but also my helpless baby sister and the retinue of faithful servants.

What was to be done? If the servants were called and informed of the situation, a panic would ensue, the beast would be roused, and death would be the certain and speedy fate of at least some of us. There was only one thing to do, and that I must do alone. In a drawer at my brother's dressing table lay a loaded

revolver. If I could but get that, and use it rightly! I knew nothing of firearms, but I had an idea that revolvers could only be used when near the object aimed at. I shuddered. Could I approach that awful beast? I clenched my

death-agony, and staining the white palm-mat with his blood. I stepped on one side and fired again--this time behind the ear. A slight tremor passed over his limbs, and then all was still. Burra Bagh, the man-eater,



"I STEPPED ON ONE SIDE AND FIRED AGAIN."

teeth and softly crossed the room. I was cold now—cold as the beautifully plated revolver which I drew from the drawer.

Nerving myself I crossed the room, passed through the curtained doorway, and in a moment stood behind the monarch of the jungle, who was now standing finishing the horrid remains of the first course of his feast. What would the second course be? He was evidently an old animal and rather deaf, or he must have heard my movements, quiet though they were. Now or never! I levelled the revolver, took aim, and fired at the back of his head. With a roar like thunder he turned and prepared to spring. I fired another shot, which must have entered his neck; then another hurried one, which seemed to penetrate farther down. When the smoke cleared away, I saw him rolling over and over, writhing in his

death-agony, and staining the white palm-mat with his blood. I stepped on one side and fired again—this time behind the ear. A slight tremor passed over his limbs, and then all was still. Burra Bagh, the man-eater,

was dead and his victims avenged. I had accomplished unwittingly what my brother had failed to do. These thoughts passed through my mind, and then I seemed to fade away.

I remembered no more till I awoke in the centre of an excited group at Rhanaghat, whither the kindly natives had carried me, all those twenty miles.

When I returned home, a month later, I was met by a band of villagers, headed by Chadda, who in the name of the people presented me with the skin of Burra Bagh, which they had carefully cured for me, and, underneath the veranda they stood and sang, in their quaint style:—

Burra Bagh is dead, sing O Korinda tree:
No more will Burra Bagh sleep underneath thee.
Bring forth blossoms, put them on white woman's head,
She killed man-eater: Burra Bagh is dead.

IV. *A Battle for Life Under Water.*

By J. WILLIMONT.

The story of a terrible struggle between a strong man who could swim, and the rest of his crew who could not.

My father tells the following story of a truly fearful experience he had some four and thirty years ago in the Mediterranean Sea. He was

engaged as diver on board H.M.S. *Pelican*, which was then doing duty as cable ship, and the work in hand was the repairing of that

section of the Levant cable between Beyrout and Benghazi, which had been badly broken.

For obvious reasons, I omit full names, as my father is still on the pension lists, and the mention of names might arouse unpleasant recollections in some quarters, even at this late period. My father says: We had located the fracture in the cable, and after grappling for it for nearly two days, had managed to grip it and raise it to the surface. As the vessel was not fitted up for cable work, we did not hoist the cable on board, but lowered one of the ship's boats and took the cable into it, resting it across the gun-wales, and intending to work our way along it until we reached the broken end. It was then our intention to have buoyed it, preparatory to finding the other end and repairing the break.

There were seven of us in the boat—a chief petty officer, four seamen, myself, and an assistant.

We were working along the cable in a satisfactory manner, when, without the slightest warning, the boat filled and sank—whether by the weight of the cable, or by the plug being forced in by the pressure of the water, I cannot say. At any rate, the whole seven of us were drawn under in a terrifying manner by the powerful suction.

I seemed to sink faster than the others, perhaps because I had on a pair of heavy sea-boots and an oilskin. I am glad to say, however, that I retained perfect self-possession. As I went down, I looked up through the clear green sea, and saw my comrades struggling against the suction of the water as they slowly sank.

Being a good swimmer, I had little fear that I should drown; but as I knew that my assistant and three of the seamen could not swim a stroke, I was afraid that one or more of

them might cling to me, and drag me down to my death.

I tried to throw off my oilskin, so that my arms should be free; but, before I could manage this, one of the seamen, poor Tom H—, had thrown his arms round my body in a death-grip, and another, James B—, had grasped my leg in a despairing effort to save himself. The result was that the three of us began slowly to sink.



"THE THREE OF US BEGAN SLOWLY TO SINK."

Now, it is all very well to talk about keeping your head, but I felt I was giving way to terror. I knew that if I could not shake off the two men I should drown; and, on the other hand, if I succeeded in freeing myself from their grasp, they would never rise again. It was an awful situation. I thought of my home, my wife, and my children, and in a moment my mind was made up. By a supreme effort, I managed to free my arms. I then strove to force Tom H— from me, but without effect. Then I thought that if I could kick off my sea-boots, and drop my oilskin, two of us, at least, might rise to the surface.

I kicked out with all my might, and presently had the satisfaction of feeling my boots leave me; but at the same time I was horrified to feel I had inadvertently kicked James B— on the head. I looked down and saw him let go my leg and sink like a stone. Never shall I forget the awful stare of horror and despair depicted on his face, nor the stream of bubbles which rose from his mouth while he sank. I had stunned him by the blow, and that sealed his death.

Next I got rid of my oilskin, but in spite of this lightening, and my efforts to rise to the surface, I found that the dead weight of my remaining companion was still dragging me down.

If I could only force him to loosen his hold, and keep him at arm's length, I might yet save both myself and him. But notwithstanding all my efforts, he only clung the tighter.

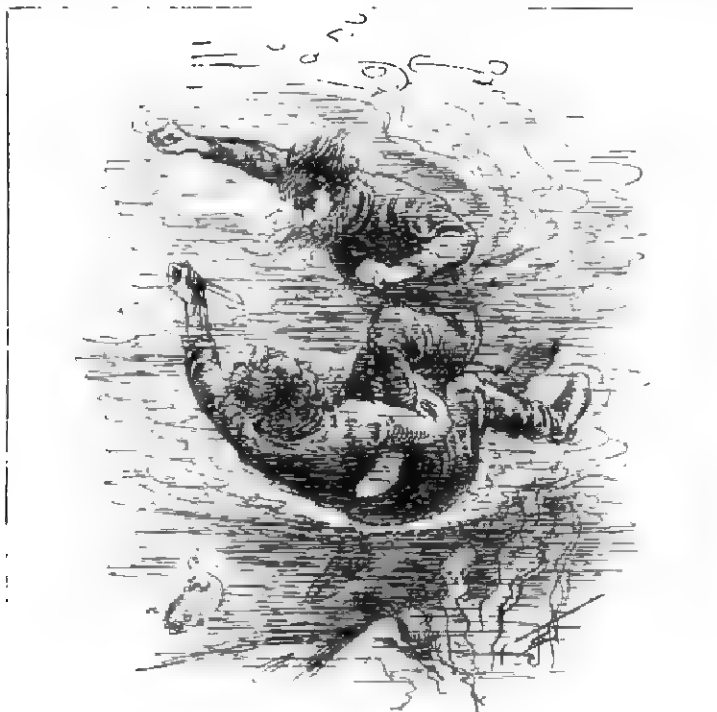
At last, maddened by the pressure of the blood in my head, which felt like bursting, and knowing that if I did not speedily do something we should both infallibly drown, whilst by a desperate effort we might yet be saved, I thrust back my companion's head with my left hand, and struck him between the eyes with my right fist with all the force I could muster. He at once relaxed his hold on me, but the flow of blood from his nose, as a result of the blow, must have relieved

last despairing effort, I drew my frantic assailant to the surface.

It was useless, however; he seemed not to realize his position, for, dropping the knife, he again seized me, this time round the neck, and down we both went again.

I then realized that it was hopeless for me to try and save his life; so, as it was a case of sacrificing his life or that of both of us, I chose that it should be his.

I waited till we reached the bottom, where I allowed myself to sink into a crouching position. Then giving a sudden push with my feet, I jerked myself free from my companion and shot



"THE MADMAN SEIZED ME BY THE LEG."

the pressure on his brain, for he seemed suddenly to regain his full consciousness. He seized the lanyard, which I was wearing, and drew out my knife, opening it with his teeth. I saw murder in his look as he made for me. Then we had a fearful struggle, the marks of which I still bear on my face and hands. As I tried to rise, the madman—for I believe he had gone mad—seized me by the leg, and I struck him again and again to compel him to release me. Presently I managed to get behind him and seize him by the ears: and, finally, making one

up to the surface, where I was at once drawn exhausted into a boat, which had been lowered from the ship as soon as the accident occurred. None of my companions were saved. No doubt the swimmers were seized by the non-swimmers, and thus suffered the fate from which I so miraculously escaped.

Although the story takes so long to tell, yet I afterwards learned that the actual time from the occurrence of the accident to the time I was picked up was precisely four minutes. To me it seemed years.

The Floating Church on the Seine.

By H. MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ.

A French missionary writes about an extraordinary floating chapel, which plies up and down the Seine and its ramifications. With actual photographs and many interesting details about the church, its good work, its dangers, and its congregations.



"**FLOATING Church,**" "A Peripatetic Religion," "A Salvation Navy." Such were the titles of articles published in the Parisian newspapers when in May, 1890, the *Herald of Mercy*, of the Portsmouth Seamen's Mission, began work near the Pont de la Concorde in the gay French capital.

Before the arrival of the English mission-boat missionary services had been held in Paris in more than twenty halls, situated in the principal Parisian thoroughfares; but as open-air meetings are forbidden, Dr. MacAll, the founder of the mission, thought that through this floating mission-hall many souls might be reached who had never heard the Gospel before.

At the end of July, 1890, the *Herald of Mercy* left the banks of the Seine for the ocean harbours, where she still continues her good work. But her success had been so great, that the committee of the MacAll Mission determined to build a floating church, specially fitted for the vast internal system of rivers and canals running throughout France. Thus the Gospel would be conveyed not only to the towns, but also to a multitude of remote places.

France has nearly one hundred navigable rivers, besides one of the most complete canal systems in the world. The Loire is navigable for 450 miles. Napoleon said that Paris, Rouen, and Havre were all one town, and that the Seine was their High Street. Entering by the mouth of the Seine, you may thread your way to any other of the great French rivers you please, winding about through varying scenery from north to south and from west to east by lock, river, or canal, for months together, never seeing the sea or touching land. Now think of the difficulty and expense of doing extensive evangelistic work in a country where the Protestant churches are so few and scattered that there are many Departments which possess one or two ministers only. How, then, can a suitable mission-room be procured? True, there is the village hall, where you may be allowed to speak, but never to sing or pray. Then, again, there is the dancing-room, adjoining the cabaret, but no respectable women will ever go there; and as to the men in such case, they would probably take a glass at the conclusion of the service, and so the good effect would be ruined. On the other hand, with the boat, "*On est chez soi*," as the French say. Like

an Englishman's house, the boat is the missionary's castle. He may use it as he pleases. In it he has hall, lodging, and means of transport all in one. All he has to do is to stop at a convenient place, throw the gangway over to the shore, and advertise a meeting, when he will be sure to get a good congregation.

"We have permanent halls in the town; we must have a movable hall for the villages." So thought the venerable founder of the mission. Accordingly, an appeal was made, and the 25,000 francs necessary for the building of the floating church having been subscribed, M. Aug. Rey, a gifted young Parisian architect, set to work, and on April 6th, 1892, the new boat-chapel was completed and the inaugural service held on board. She was moored by the Pont Royal, a few hundred yards from the place where the *Herald of Mercy* had lain two years before.

As can be seen from the photographs we reproduce, the mission-boat is quite a little Noah's Ark. Destined for inland waters where she may be towed or tugged, she needs no machinery and no sails. This circumstance greatly lessened the cost, while increasing the space available for mission purposes. In the centre is a hall with graceful curved ceiling and stained-glass windows. On the platform are placed a small desk and a harmonium. In the nave there are seats to hold no fewer than 160 people. At the bow is a cabin for the captain-evangelist and his family; whilst at the stern are established a small kitchen and servant's room. The chapel is heated by hot water from the kitchen stove. On the roof is a narrow platform or deck for navigating purposes. From this deck one obtains a pleasant view as the floating church glides along its silent pathway. The towing is done by horse, or steam tug—sometimes by the *toueur*, a queer kind of tug propelled by a wheel which drags on a chain sunk in the bed of the river. Generally, the boat is lashed to the last of a long train of barges—undignified, perhaps, but convenient. When the church has arrived at her next halting place, the long rope is cast loose and the train of barges moves on, leaving to the crew of the *Bon Messager* the task of taking her to a convenient place and making her fast. The expenses of these "cruises" are very slight—indeed, not to be compared with the cost of conveying a van or tent by road or rail.

Often the church is towed by men like the

"trackers" of the Yonne and the Upper Loire. The life of these people, by the way, is very curious. The towing of their own boats is done by the men themselves—or, if they can afford it, by donkeys. The tracker is much to be pitied. He has no real home—no house but his boat, which he seldom leaves. But even the boat does not belong to him, and he can never hope to possess it. When a manufacturer or a carrier has a cargo to be taken, or an empty boat to be towed, say from St. Mammes to Roanne, he makes a contract with a tracker, who forthwith places on board his little wooden hut, his wife and children. He then harnesses his

Since this extraordinary church began her winding course she has had two captains. The first was an Englishman and a sailor; the present missionary is a Frenchman. Very different in many respects, they have both been remarkably well suited to their difficult task.

Laying on a canal boat may seem a very tame career to the seaman, but, nevertheless, river navigation has its perils. A few years ago, in February, 1895, our floating church, the *Bon Messager*, had a very narrow escape. She was then at Creil, on the Oise. I quote the words of M. Huet:—

"Till yesterday evening the river had not



(Facing p.)

THE "BON MESSAGER" CONGREGATION LOIRE, NEAR ROANNE

(Facing p.)

donkey (if he possesses one), takes the tow rope over his shoulder, and off he starts. The family all take their turn at the towing, and the boat itself goes forward slowly, and as best it may, for it has no rudder and nothing to guide it, such as the larger and better boats have.

On reaching his destination, the tracker shifts his hut, and the family encamp in the open air until they find another job.

The soul of the mission-work on board the floating church *Le Bon Messager* is the captain-missionary, whose task, as may be imagined, is no small one. He is captain and crew all in one when the boat is on her voyage. He is preacher, choir master, and organist at the mission services. He must be cautious, firm, and friendly; both with roughs and punctilious officials; and he must have a word in season both for bigots and atheists.

been frozen over, although for some days numerous blocks of ice had been floating down. But so far there was no sign of danger, and the meetings were carried on as usual in the church. One morning I found the whole surface of the river covered with ice. I had to break it away all round the boat."

And tidings were brought which caused much excitement among the crews of the barges moored along the banks. "The weir of the new lock at Pont St. Maxence has given way, and the ice is sweeping down on us!" Every one hastily got out the ropes on board, and strengthened his moorings as much as possible. Many removed their furniture to the shore, and orders were given that no one should sleep on board any of the boats that night.

Some hundred yards above the *Bon Messager* was moored a large floating wash house, about

soyds. long. About half-past four a distant roar was heard, like a railway train entering a tunnel. For some time crowds had lined the banks and the bridge; and others had accompanied the great wave from Pont St. Maxence, for it travelled slowly. The wall of heaped-up blocks of ice bore down with immense force on to the wash-house, which was the first obstacle it encountered. Its hawsers at once snapped, and next moment the huge structure was being swept down towards the floating church.

Alarmed by the exclamations of the crowd, Mme. Huet and Mlle. Ott each snatched up a child and rushed on shore only just in time. The children were taken from them and hurried off to the house of a member of the congrega-

snap. It was a terrible moment. Had they given way, the *Bon Messager* and the immense wash-house would have been carried away together, and probably smashed to fragments lower down the river.

Our picture shows the *Bon Messager* as she lay after the *Samaritaine* bath and wash barge had come down upon her.

This interesting "church" never stays more than a month in the same place, and although never leaving the Seine and its tributaries, the *Bon Messager* will not be able to visit the same place more than once every eight or ten years. In a few towns, such as Epernay, Lagny, and Auxerre, special services have been established by the resident pastors for the



THE FLOATING CHURCH IN DANGER. VIEW OF THE "BON MESSAGER" AFTER THE GREAT BATH-HOUSE HAD SWIFTED DOWN UPON HER. [1/2 auto.]

tion. It seemed as if the *Bon Messager* must be crushed to matchwood. The square, sharp corner of the huge wash house was on the very point of crashing into her bows; but providentially, at this critical moment, a large iron boat belonging to the wash-house interposed itself between the two and received the full force of the shock, which almost bent it double, and squeezed its sides so that only a few inches intervened between the two larger craft. But, the iron boat being half turned over, it was driven into the mud, and formed an anchor, which helped to arrest the drifting mass.

The strain on the ropes of the floating church was tremendous. The five strong hawsers were stretched more than four feet, but they did not

people who have attended the mission boat meetings: but, in most cases, all that she can leave behind is a New Testament, a hymn-book, and—engraved in brain and heart—the Divine Word that giveth life.

The mission services on board the *Bon Messager* are very simple. The French hymn-book of the MacAll Mission is sold for twenty centimes, and the people learn the hymns very quickly and sing them with pleasure. After a good deal of singing comes the reading of a Scripture lesson; and then follow one or two short addresses, and the service concludes with a hymn and a prayer. It stands to reason that the preaching is of the simplest kind. The Old Testament is as unknown to some of the hearers

as the history or the dynasties of Egypt or China, and the knowledge they have of the New Testament is also slight.

The surroundings of the floating church itself supply most interesting illustrations, which can always be made good use of. The river, the bridges and fishermen, the birds, cornfields, fruit and flowers, the hills, and the blue skies — all these are the pictures of a book ever open before our eyes, and to which the attention of the eager country folk can be intelligently drawn.

Whenever possible M. Huet is not left alone, but gets the help of some other minister or layman, who often travels many hours in the

The *Bon Messager* was at Compiègne not long ago; and I would like to quote the remarks of a Christian pastor who has toiled for years in his native country and who knows the work by most intimate acquaintance.

"When I heard that the *Bon Messager* was coming to Compiègne," he says, "I wondered, not without anxiety, what kind of reception the boat would have there.

"My fears were groundless, however, and from the first time I visited the boat I was amazed at what I saw. The floating church was crammed with people, sitting and standing. As is always the case, it took a little time for all to find their places and settle down quietly. But



From a) M. HUET, THE PASTOR OF THE FLOATING CHURCH, WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTERS.

Photo

train or on his bicycle to reach the boat. Mme. Huet, who accompanies her husband, is a pleasant, practical, earnest woman. She was for many years a teacher in the national schools, and knows well how to speak to the children. She has two amiable little daughters, who get plenty of variety in the way of tuition, seeing that they have to change school every time the boat goes to a new station. As the people reluctantly file out, leaflets are distributed and New Testaments sold to them. In nine cases out of ten it is the first time in their life they have seen a New Testament printed in their mother tongue.

Let us now recall one among the many missions that we could speak about.

hardly had I opened my lips to ask for silence, than the most perfect order prevailed, and the general decorum was not once interrupted.

"But the 150 odd seats of the boat were not nearly enough to hold all who wished to listen. So nearly every evening, after remaining on board more than an hour, and having to hurry off to catch my train, I had to force my way through a crowd that was waiting to get into the second meeting which M. Huet conducted.

"Two other things struck me. Firstly, that, contrary to the general expectation, here were all classes represented, from the poor workman to the lady and gentleman elegantly dressed. The majority present were small tradesmen and comparatively well-to-do working men. The

second remarkable fact was that so large a number became quickly regular attendants."

On one occasion the church was moored by the lock at Soisy-sous-Fitoulles, on the Seine, between Paris and Corbeil. It was here that the photograph of a meeting on board the boat was taken. The faces of the people have a somewhat bewildered look, but this is due to the sudden glare of the magnesium light. A

always get as near as we did at Cezy, on the Yonne, where the *Bon Messager* spent the month of July of this year. Very soon the people come in little clusters to look at this novel craft. Some have seen it at its former station, and bring their friends to visit it. The news spreads very quickly that there will be a "conference" at seven o'clock. A Frenchman is always fond of hearing a good speech, so at the appointed time



[Photo.]

A TYPICAL CONGREGATION

[Photo.]

very pleasant congregation they were, however, and right heartily did they sing our Gospel hymns. Nearly all were farmers or navvies from the adjoining quarries, with their wives and children. It was on Easter Monday that the photograph of Soisy was taken; I had gone on a pilgrimage to the floating church with the young people of my own mission-hall from Paris. Some of these can be seen in the photo. They are mostly working girls from the factories and workshops of the great Parisian beehive. Many of them have taken off their hats so as not to spoil them. This is very characteristic of our Parisian girls.

When we first began the boat-missions, we thought we should have to spend a good deal of money and go to much trouble in advertising the meetings, but this has not been so. The floating church is her own advertisement.

The place where she is moored is always as near as possible to a bridge, although we do not

there will be quite a little crowd waiting at the end of the gangway. There is the ploughman in his wooden shoes, the artisan with his blouse, the village mayor or doctor and the schoolmistress—all wanting to see the wonderful floating temple. The gentry, who think it a little *infra dig.* to come in the evening, will step in next day after *déjeuner* and have a chat with M. Huet and his wife. And even they will not be allowed to go home without a New Testament or some leaflets, and often a basket of grapes from the *château* will be sent in return, to add a relish to the humble fare of the missionary and his family.

At seven o'clock the mission service commences. Let us quote the report of one of our missionaries on a meeting that was held at Jouy-le-Moutier, on the Oise. Circumstances were most unfavourable. It was in December. At seven o'clock it was pitch dark, and the banks were slippery and dangerous.



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE FLOATING CHURCH. THERE ARE SEATS FOR 160 PEOPLE.
From a Photo.

"On Tuesday evening before seven o'clock a crowd had gathered near the boat, waiting for admission. At seven the people were allowed to come in; and at ten minutes past, every available seat being occupied and the doorway being blocked, we began the meeting. At the close thirteen francs' worth of Testaments and hymn-books were bought.

"Yesterday at half-past six, in the darkness and the damp, the crowd was impatiently waiting at the entrance, and at seven the boat was literally invaded. The people poured in and took possession of every nook and corner, women and boys sat on the platform, several people sat on one another's knees, and the bridge, the deck, and the passage between the benches right up to the platform were full of men, women, and children, who had to remain standing for more than one hour. We had to begin at seven. At the close we sold seventeen francs' worth of Testaments, hymn books, and Bibles. Four large Bibles were purchased. As I spoke I dared not move, in case I should knock those at my elbows and behind me. As the people went out, the doorkeeper counted 224, and how many listeners there were outside we could not tell; but all the round windows were left open, so that late comers might be able to hear.

"Some were heard to say that they must come at six o'clock to secure a seat. Others said: 'We shall bring our food with us, so as to be in good time.'

"The congregation was composed of hardy,

healthy-looking country folks—broad shouldered, round-faced, ruddy-cheeked men and women, noisy and blustering as they took their seats, but silent and eager whilst listening. I do not think I saw one man wearing a tie, or one woman wearing a bonnet or hat."

Some of the visitors to the floating church, however, are not quite as uncere-
monious. At a village on the Oise, south of Paris, our mis-

sionary was much astonished to see the headle of the Roman Catholic church walk up to the boat and besprinkle it with holy water. Then he entered the hall and solemnly repeated the same exorcism within. Our people were wondering what this could mean, when at the hour of the evening service Monsieur le Curé himself crossed the gangway in cassock and broad-brimmed hat and sat down on the first bench. This he did every evening so long as the boat remained in his parish. His behaviour was always friendly, and being asked why he always sat down on the first bench, he answered that he did not want his people to think that he was come to spy upon them.

But the mission work is not always as idyllic as that. "Everyone that doeth evil hateth the light." We have also experienced this on board the *Bon Messager*. Our missionaries have actually been represented as spies in the pay of the English and German Governments, and also as ignoble Dreyfusards—a title which, however, we are not much ashamed of.

At Misy on the Yonne some unknown persons hired a gang of four or five roughs, who came by train, and after a good dinner specially came to the boat to make trouble. At the very first meeting they brought balls filled with foul-smelling gas, which they broke, filling the church with most horrible odours. But the population of the place, brought to the boat in numbers by these attacks against us, sided with the missionaries, and ejected the roughs.



From a Photo. by

THE PIAZZA VITTORIO EMMANUELE, SIENA, WHERE THIS STRANGE RACE IS HELD.

[Lombardi.]

The Strangest Horse Race on Earth.

ALL ABOUT THE "PALIO" OF SIENA. BY ROBERT H. HOBART CUST.

Round and round a cobble-paved piazza—the jockeys flog their rivals instead of the horses, and go to confession before the race.



AMONG the most celebrated of the surviving medieval "Festas" in Italy none is more famous than the "Palio" of Siena, still held twice annually in that ancient city, namely, on the feasts of the Madonna of Provenzano (July 2nd) and of the Assumption of the Virgin (August 16th). These "Palii," especially the latter one, attract vast crowds, and are the one sensation that galvanizes into life the otherwise apathetic Sienese. Indeed, the "Palio" and all connected therewith excite in him an enthusiasm impossible for a foreigner to realize, and it colours, as it has done for centuries, his whole life and thoughts.

But, what exactly is the "Palio"? Well, a "Palio," strictly speaking, means "a banner." In Siena, however, it has acquired a special meaning, namely, that of a "horse race," the prize for which is a "Palio," or banner. It is, however, no ordinary horse race. From time immemorial the historic, shell-shaped Piazza

del Campo, once the crater of an extinct volcano, and now rechristened Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, has been the scene of all the great Sienese festivities. In early times these were generally of a barbarous and bloodthirsty description, such as bull-fights, sham battles, and the like, in which loss of life was by no means infrequent. Of these, the "Palio" of to-day is the successor. Even now, though, there is a very strong element of danger to life and limb, of both man and beast, in these very races. Indeed, during the trials for the most recent Palio, two horses were killed outright and one man was rather badly injured. The course, as may be seen in the above illustration, is one that might well frighten a bold jockey. It would seem almost impossible to have chosen a place more absolutely unsuitable. Imagine racing round the rim of a vast "barber's basin" with, moreover, the flattened side cut off, so that the rider must descend into a hollow on that side and ride up again. Further, imagine this

basin paved with irregular shaped cobbles, and surrounded on all sides by ancient and extremely picturesque palaces. The magnificent Palazzo del Comune, by the way, shown in this illustration, fills almost the whole of the flattened side. Then, notice the entire hollow of the basin, packed with country folk, some 10,000 of them, in holiday attire, and in their midst the vast flapping Leghorn hats of the peasant women, piled with flowers of every imaginable hue, are most conspicuous. Finally, imagine spectators, to the number of another 8,000 to 10,000, crowding the rim—in window, balcony, and specially-erected stand; and then you will have some idea of the Siena race course on the day of the Palio.

The origin and, indeed, the continued existence of the "Palio" are mainly due to the fierce rivalry which has always existed, and exists to this day, between the "Contrade," into which the City of Siena is divided. Formerly, in the days of her greatness, there were fifty-nine of these Contrade, which partake of the nature of Guilds, but from various causes their number has now been reduced to seventeen, from among whom ten competitors are chosen to race at each Palio.

At 9 a.m. and 6 p.m. on each of the preceding days, and on the morning of the day itself, "Prove," or trial races, are held in the Piazza. Though the horses are of the very roughest description—taken from cab, cart, plough, or anywhere, and they are, moreover, ridden bare-back by riders in the wildest state of excitement—these Prove are, generally, as races, more



THE LANDING OF JOCKEY OF THE
"CONTRADE" SILENCE.

From a Photo. by H. Burton

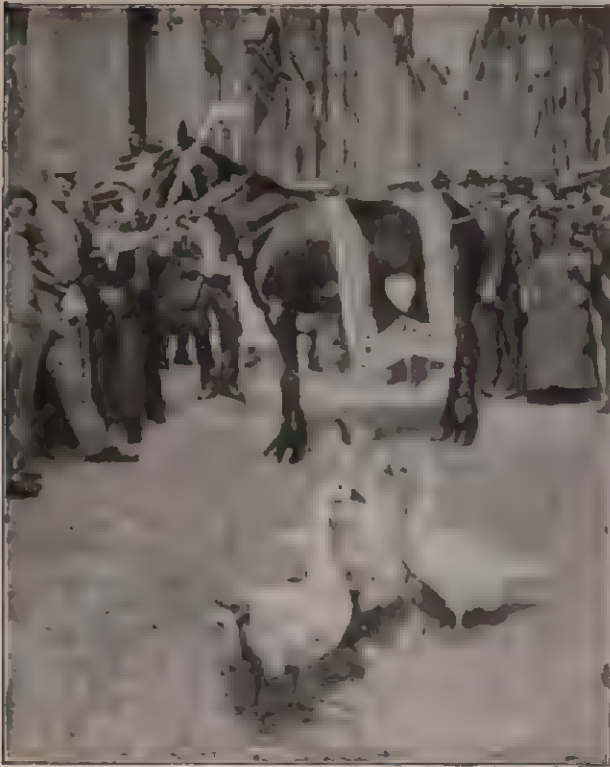
last, because at it they are finally balloted for and assigned to their respective riders. On the eve of the race itself, and only then, the jockeys, at the moment of starting, are provided with heavy thong whips, with which they are permitted, not so much to belabour their own beasts, as more especially the heads and shoulders of their rivals; it by so doing they may disconcert, and perhaps unseat, them. Truly, a curious race.

At half-past three on the afternoon of the great day the proceedings commence with the blessing of the horses, and the "Fantini" or jockeys—each pair at the chapel of their own Contrada. The next illustration is a photograph of the Fantino of the Contrada "dell' Oca," or the



THE PRANTIC START OF A "PROVE," OR TRIAL RACE, AT SENNA.

From a Photo. by H. Burton



REPRESENTATIVE HORSE OF THE CONTRADA DEI NOBILI ("GOOSE" CONTRADA),
WITH LIVE GEESSE IN THE FOREGROUND.
From a Photo. by H. Burton.

Goose, a Contrada "dei Nobili," and one of the richest in the city. It has, moreover, the lower church in the house of Saint Catherine, Patroness of Siena, for its chapel: and, by a curious accident, its colours, red, white, and green, are also those of the present kingdom of Italy. On account of this the Goose, its heraldic emblem, now wears, attached to its neck, the white cross of the Royal House of Savoy.

The illustration given above shows the representative horse accompanied by some of the live geese always kept by this Contrada. Before the race itself, each Fantino, or jockey, is confessed by a priest in attendance at the Palazzo Publico for the

purpose, and after it is over, the winner with his steed proceeds to church to return thanks for his victory.

To show how real in the minds of these people is the idea of the direct protection of their patron saint, I may mention that when, at the blessing of the horse shown herewith, for the last Falso, an English lady was expressing regret to the young Seminarist, who assisted at the ceremony, that the horse belonging to the "Drago" Contrada had unfortunately been killed at one of the Prove, the youth angrily replied that he was very glad: that the Drago had always been an enemy to the Oca; and that he further solemnly believed that Saint Catherine herself had interceded to destroy the rival horse, so that her own Contrada should have more chance of the victory. In striking contrast to this somewhat brutal tale is another of two little girls, who, although they had no direct interest in the Contrada del Drago, were so broken-hearted at hearing of the death of the horse, who had been a special friend of theirs, that they absolutely refused to go to see the sight at all, which to a Sienese child means an act of extraordinary self-denial.

A great procession of all the Contrade, or City Guilds, precedes the final race, which is, in fact, the most beautiful and interesting part of the show. Each Contrada



THE GREAT PROCESSION OF ALL THE CONTRADE OF SIENA, WHICH PRECEDES THE FINAL RACE.
From a Photo. by H. Burton.



THE CONTRADA DELL' OCA AS IT APPEARED LAST JULY.
From a Photo by H. Burton.

is represented by eleven of its members in full fifteenth century costume.

The above illustration shows the Contrada dell' Oca as it appeared in July last, on which occasion it looked extremely well. But in August it was still more handsomely attired in brand new Venetian costumes, as may be seen in the illustration following. They wore superb grass-green velvet over thick white satin, long, tight fitting grass green silk hose, and tiny scarlet velvet caps perched on their wigs of fine flaxen hair. A most artistic and imposing sight were these selected champions of their guild.

extraordinary. The banners are vast squares of silk, about two yards across, attached to strong but light wooden staves weighted at the ends. They are waved, wound about, brandished, and tossed lightly to a great height into the air, as the procession moves along its course, making a display of colour and movement that is indescribably beautiful.

At six o'clock p.m. the Piazza is filled with a vast crowd of expectant people. At a signal, given by the firing of a gun, a small body of the mounted Carabinieri proceed to clear the course, and when this is done, the procession appears at the north-west

corner of the square and moves very slowly, with frequent pauses, all round it.

A more beautiful sight it would be difficult to conceive, especially when the cortège is well round on its course; but the late hour of the evening makes it well-nigh impossible to secure satisfactory instantaneous pictures of it while in motion. When it arrives at the Palazzo Pubblico, the Contrade take their seats on a stand specially erected for them, and then the race commences.

Drums and another gun give a signal, and the riders, appearing from the palace, ride round to



From a Photo by

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE SAME CONTRADA IN VENETIAN COSTUME.

[H. Burton.

On the top of the next page is one of the two "Alfieri" or banner-bearers of this same Contrada. These Alfieri and their banners are a special feature of the show; and their banner practice, an art which dates far back into the past, and for which there are actually still schools in Siena, is something quite

the north-east corner of the Piazza, where two parallel ropes stretched across the course form a sort of pen, into which the horses are driven; both men and animals being fairly wild with excitement. The arrangements are most primitive, and are fraught with a certain amount of danger, causing as they do a species

of *mêlée* when the signal to start is given and the restraining rope withdrawn. A starter, dressed in a quaint mediæval dress of black and white, the colours of the City of Siena, gives the signal with a white flag and they are off—more or less. Three times round forms the course, during which the excitement is intense even delirious. In August last, a very close contest between the Contrade "del Nicchio" (the Shell), "dell' Aquila" (the Eagle), and "del Tartuca" (the Tortoise) ended strangely enough, considering the name—in a fine victory for the latter. The successful Fantino, or jockey, is at once surrounded by his friends, who kiss and hug him in the exuberance of their delight; but he has also to be protected by a body of five or six Carabinieri, lest he should come to harm at the hands of his disappointed rivals. Then comes the short service of thanksgiving, and the successful Fantino afterwards holds a species of reception of his enthusiastic and admiring friends at the chapel of his Contrada.

Next day the victorious Contrada

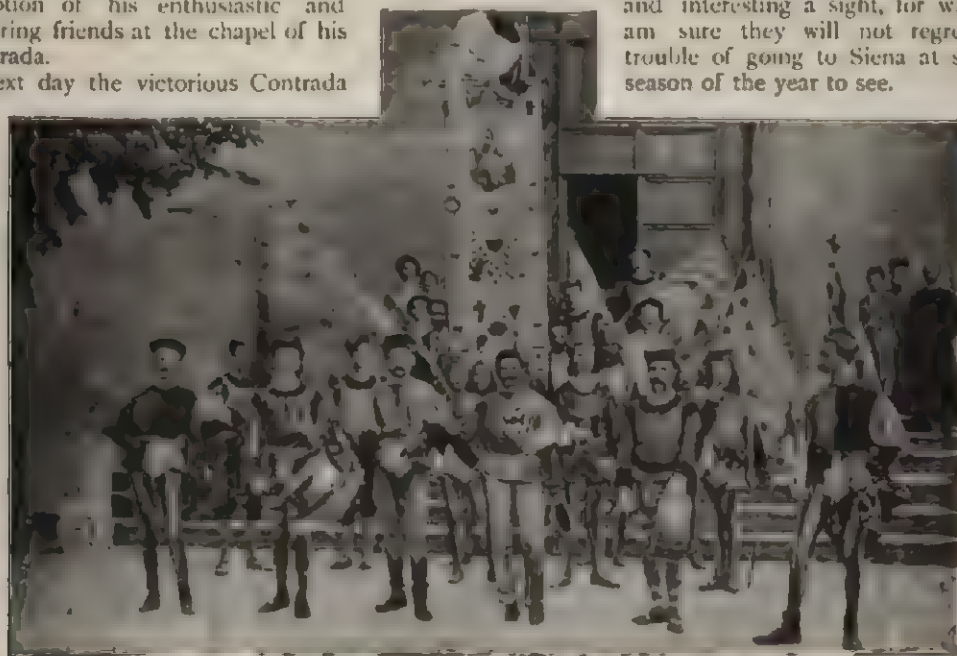


ONE OF THE "ALBERI" OR ANSERMEN OF THE CONTRADA DELL' AQUILA.
From a Photo. by H. Burton.

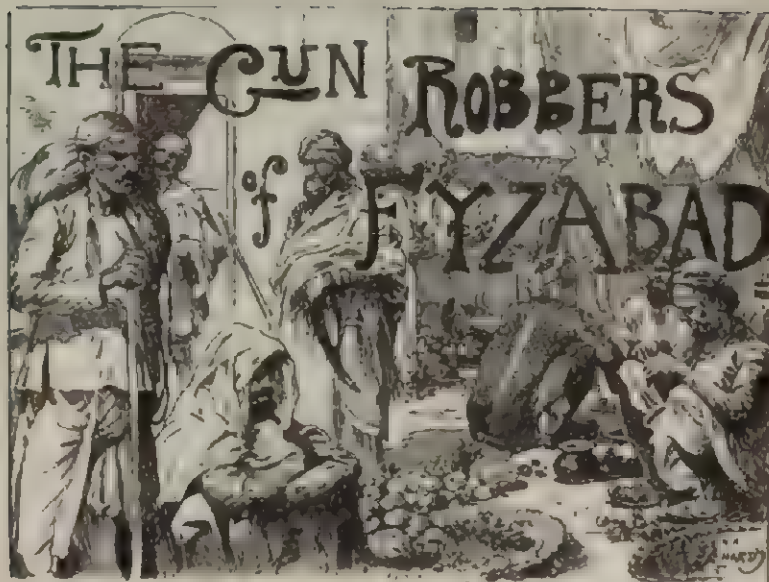
parade the town with drums and banners, collecting subscriptions for a feast to be held by them a month later. This photograph was taken of the Contrada del Tartuca while on their round, grouped on the steps of the Church of San Domenico.

Were space available I would add an account of one of these feasts, at which I had the good fortune to be present; and also an account of some of the Palii (banners) themselves, of which the Contrada delle Torre (the Tower) possesses a remarkably fine collection, dating far back into the seventeenth century.

Endless interesting details might also be added in connection with this most interesting and curious Festa, but for these I must refer my readers to the many *brochures* on the subject to be procured in Siena. I would, however, most strongly recommend everyone who can manage it to endeavour to get an opportunity of witnessing so strange and interesting a sight, for which I am sure they will not regret the trouble of going to Siena at such a season of the year to see.



REPRESENTATIVES OF THE CONTRADA DEL TARTUCA, WHO WON A CLOSE RACE LAST AUGUST.
From a Photo. by H. Burton.



By MICHAEL LYNCH.

The story of a plain private of Her Majesty's Army, a grizzled veteran, taken down as he gave it. How he pursued the gun robber, meditating the while how he should drag him back to camp, and how the gun robber turned out to be a very formidable handful indeed.



THIS is the plain, unvarnished account of an adventure that betell a plain, blunt man - one who has served his country and his Queen, and has since known but too well the dreary work-houses of Greater London. In story books one does read of thrilling episodes in which the chief actors generally manage to escape from the gravest dangers just in the nick of time, without the cost of so much as a scratch. In the adventures of real life, however, one of which I am just about to narrate, the dangers are often not less imminent, and, more rarely, their removal not less timely, but it is indeed seldom that their indelible marks are not left behind in after life. In my case, a third of a century has now passed since the incident occurred, which nearly cost me my life, and I believe I shall carry the tangible proofs thereof to my grave.

It happened a few years after the Mutiny. The whole province of Oudh was in a state of perfect tranquillity after the severe storm through which it had recently passed, and the civil powers, having resumed their normal authority, were now carrying on the work of administration. Nevertheless, it was deemed prudent to maintain a strong garrison in each of the large towns of the province to overawe the population. It

must be remembered that the Mutiny, which was a mere Sepoy revolt in other parts of Northern India, was a popular insurrection in the province of Oudh. Consequently, the bulk of the British forces then available in India for the purpose was concentrated in that province between Delhi and Cawnpore. Our regiment, the 1st Devon (then called the 11th Foot), was stationed at Fyzabad, not far from Lucknow, together with another British infantry regiment, four native battalions, a regiment of cavalry, and a battery of artillery.

Fyzabad, though a small town as regards size, was the capital of a district and the headquarters of the Commissioner. Its native bazaar was the principal commercial centre of the district, consequently, strangers from distant parts were often seen about the town without exciting any particular suspicion as to their movements. Tall, bearded Jats, short, wiry Mahattas, and long-haired, unwashed Pathans jostled one another, cursed and saluted one another, then went on their several ways, in much the same manner as their forefathers had done before the dawn of modern history. The Pathans were there pretty frequently. Their ostensible business was to sell grapes, dates, dried figs, and other

hill products, which they carried under their flowing robes. Mysteriously, their advent was always marked by the theft of rifles from the cantonments. The deed was always done at night, in the wildest and cunningest manner, without the shadow of a clue as to who were the culprits. It was exasperating and serious. Suspicion fell upon the Pathans, not that there was any *prima facie* evidence against them, but merely because of their known love for rifles. A Pathan loves a good rifle ten times more passionately than an Arab loves his horse. He will swap his whole womankind (and throw in a couple of blankets to clinch the bargain), or commit ten cold blooded murders, to get hold of one Lee-Metford in working order. The reason is very simple. Not merely his life on occasions of tribal feuds, but also his daily bread, depends largely upon a good rifle. If he can bring down the mountain goat from the dizzy height by a single shot, he will get his dinner: if not, not.

More than that. A good rifle enables him to become a tribal hero—a sort of a demi-god. During a frontier war not very long ago, a Pathan left his village at early dawn with ten cartridges and a stolen Martini, and took up his position behind a boulder overlooking a long nullah. He fired a shot at three or four hundred yards to find the range, and then waited. He waited the whole day. At last the redecoats began to pass that way. The rifle spoke intermittently, and each time with unerring effect. That night the Pathan went home and bragged before the women that he had killed nine Kaffars. He became a Paladin. To be his wife, or rather one of his wives, was an undoubted honour.

Thus it is that a good rifle is a priceless treasure in Pathanistan.

In Fyzabad, however, though the Pathans were the true culprits, there was not the least bit of any positive evidence against them till the event occurred which I am about to relate. How they ever got away from the town with the rifles each time was a mystery. It was, however, generally believed that they had friends in the bazaar, who hid them and their booty, after each nocturnal expedition, until the affair blew over. Then the several hands

of Pathans from the neighbouring districts stealthily met at some *rendezvous*, and marched back to the hills by unfrequented routes with the rifles they had stolen from the different garrisons.

But this is how the adventure befell me, which, but for the most providential intervention in the nick of time, would have ended my

career by an assassin's dagger. The Fyzabad cantonment, as is usual in India, consisted of a number of long, low bungalows, about the size of an ordinary barrack-room, placed in echelon to catch the air and light as much as possible. A regimental company generally required two bungalows for its men, and this was the case with F company, to which I belonged. Both the longitudinal walls of each bungalow had a number of doors at intervals of about 4 ft.; that is, with just sufficient space for a couple of beds between the doors. These doors all led to the compound that surrounded the bungalow, and

were always kept wide open at night on account of the intense heat. The compound had neither wall nor fence around it, so that it was the easiest thing in the world for anybody to wander over the whole camp at night, and even ransack the bungalows without serious molestation. It was a happy-go-lucky sort of an arrangement—in accordance with the true spirit of the East.

The night was hot and stifling. The monsoon had not yet broken, and the thirsty earth cried out for the rain that never came. And yet the forty men in my bungalow were fast locked in slumber, and minded not the droning punkah that stopped and jerked under the spasmodic efforts of the sleepy coolie. The fact was, there had been some athletic sports that day, and we were all dead-beat when we turned in at night. I had been in many of the events, one of which was a quarter-mile against an artilleryman for a purse of 150 rupees, and on my return to the cantonment I had thrown myself on the bed just as I was in my running costume, and fallen fast asleep in a few minutes. It was a soothing sleep, composing my tired limbs to rest and restoring their pristine vigour.

Suddenly I awoke with a start.



Portrait Photo of the Author.

"*Lootswalla! Lootswalla!*" (robber! robber!) rang out a voice in the midnight air.

I sprang out of bed just in time to see three dusky forms glide swiftly through the open doorway. In an instant I was after them. Reaching the field adjoining the compound, the three divided, two to the left and one to the right. I followed the latter.

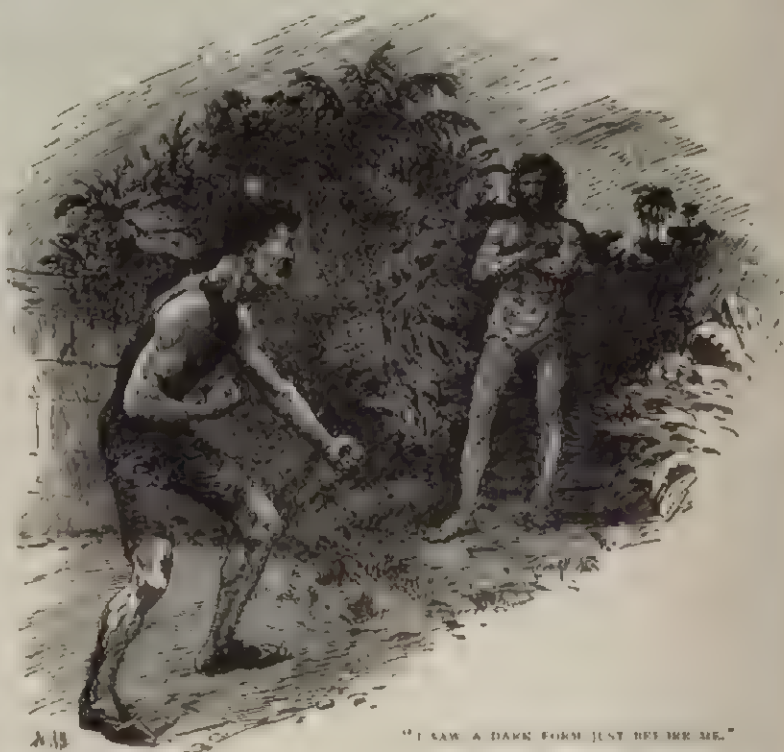
The fellow was a magnificent runner, and flew over the ground, vaulting over mounds and boulders even as a mountain-goat in his native hills. At first he drew away ahead till he was just visible in the dim light of the starry night; then the gap ceased to widen. Thus we kept over the fields, pursuer and pursued, like weird shadows sweeping onwards with a constant space between.

Fanned by the cool midnight breeze, I felt myself in fine form for the chase. So far I had not exerted my utmost, for I knew but too well that there must needs be a fierce struggle when I closed upon him; it might be imprudent to exhaust myself before then. It was a question of stamina and not of mere speed; the chase was too long for that. So I just kept him in sight along the wide fields that stretched far away on either side.

And now the distance began to tell and the constant gap to grow shorter and shorter. I was gaining upon him, slowly but steadily. Soon I made out his dark, naked limbs as they still rushed swiftly on. The steps grew shorter, the motion spasmodic; with a cry of triumph, I closed upon him. At that instant, spurred on by one last desperate effort, he put on a sudden spurt and drew away again into the enshrouding darkness, under the shadow of a long line of black looming against the sky. It was an orchard of tall trees, surrounded by a low brick wall. Now was my chance, I thought, to bring him to bay—but with a flying leap he vaulted over the wall and disappeared from sight. I followed a second or two after. When I landed on my feet on the other side, I saw a dark form

just before me. It was the Pathan gun robber standing with folded arms calmly waiting for me.

He was a fine big fellow, not less than 5ft. 10in. in height on his bare feet. Strong in the arm and chest, big-boned and muscular, his naked limbs showed to advantage as he stood there in his loincloth. It needed not a second glance to convince me that I had no mean antagonist here. His fiery eyes glared with



"I SAW A DARK FORM JUST BEFORE ME."

ferocious hate under his over-hanging brows; his deep, muscular chest heaved under his black, bushy beard as he still stood with folded arms awaiting the onslaught.

Thus we paused, eye to eye, height against height. Could I vanquish him, and lead him back a submissive prisoner? Thus I thought—only for one brief moment. Forsooth, here was not the man to yield without a struggle. No, I must wait till the others arrived from the camp to help me capture him. I knew they had been awakened by the sudden uproar, and would soon follow to my aid. I must abide my time and hold the quarry at bay till they came.

Thus we stood, in sullen silence. Not a movement of the one escaped the other, were it but a deeper breath or a spasmodic twitching. If the eye but failed for one brief second, the other would have him by the throat and at his

mercy. Thus we stood on the defensive, face to face. How long it was, I knew not; it could not have been more than a few seconds, and yet it seemed much longer in that silent watching. It was again a question of stamina, and again I hoped that mine would prevail.

Suddenly, like a flash of lightning, the thought struck me that by waiting I was merely giving my exhausted opponent time to recover his strength. Would it not be better to close with him at once? No, I thought; my friends must soon come to my aid and help me to overpower him, even if he gained by the delay. Then again a doubt assailed me—what if they had lost their way in the darkness or taken a different direction? There was no sign of their coming, not a sound, not a step.

I hesitated no longer. With a rapid plunge I closed with him. Immediately he threw up his right arm and darted at me. A sudden shock on my side, and an instant pain, first apprised me that the fellow was armed. Fortunately, the stab was not deep, as the dagger had glanced off the rib in that hurried movement; else my story had ended there.

I immediately changed my tactics. A tremendous left-hander straight from the shoulder, against which he knew no mode of defence, caught him just behind the ear and sent him sprawling on the ground. I rushed upon him to snatch away the dagger from his hand; a nasty stab on my right arm proved that he was not so much hurt as I had expected. Immediately I felt the strength of that limb decrease; I might have been now almost at his mercy had I not, most fortunately, been left-handed. I fell upon him with my full weight as he lay on the ground.

Then commenced a long and desperate struggle for that dagger. The Pathan was on his back and I on the top of him, with my left hand clutching his right arm. The point of the dagger lay not six inches below me as he held it in his right hand. If now I could only

use my other hand to snatch it away I would have him at my mercy. Unfortunately I had to use my injured arm to press down his left hand to the ground, lest perchance he transferred the dagger from one hand to the other and stabbed me to the heart before I could prevent the motion.

Thus we lay a few seconds face to face, my left hand clutching his right arm a few inches below the wrist, and my right hand pressing



"THUS WE LAY A FEW SECONDS FACE TO FACE."

down his left to prevent it from snatching up the dagger from his right. The night was close and stifling, and the utter silence that reigned around was weird and oppressive—only broken as it was by the gasping breaths of men fighting for their lives. The pursuers—my comrades—had not yet come, and there was not a sound of any kind to break the monotony of our deep, hard breathing, and the short, sharp snorts that

escaped us from time to time as we closed in a deadlier embrace. In the fitful starlight I caught the fire in his eye as it glared in implacable fury. It was murder that I saw there, for by putting me out of existence he would not only be free for the time, but also remove the sole witness of his deeds. I felt the awful danger as my blood poured out from the two wounds, and my strength diminished with that steady tide. I only hoped that help would come before I fell exhausted from the loss of blood and the terrible tension of that silent struggle. How the tables were turned! I could do no more. To alter my position was but to increase the danger. If I had only been able to clutch his right arm by the wrist I might have obtained a greater leverage over the dagger. As it was, I only held him by the forearm. I dared not slip up the hand to catch him by the wrist, for the momentary release would have given him the chance he sought. I could only wait for help to come.

Suddenly he jerked his right arm off; the next instant I felt the dagger enter my stomach, and a sickening sensation crept over me of mingled anguish and torpor. With one desperate effort I seized his hand over the dagger. It was just in time. An inch deeper, and I had fallen dead over him. But in that cramped position the dagger had failed to go far enough at one sweep, and he was striving by sheer force to thrust it deeper. I caught his hand just in time. As it was, the blood was pouring in streams from that hideous gash, and I felt my strength fast sinking with it. He struggled hard to strike me again, but with one supreme effort I released my other arm and seized the dagger over his fist with both hands. With a sudden jerk I managed to get it above his head and press it down on the ground, the point still towards me.

There are important facts about my injuries at this point that I could not think of inflicting upon you, so hideous are they. Let it suffice to say that, owing to my stooping posture and certain other natural causes, the flow of blood from my stomach stopped almost completely, else I had soon been insensible, never to recover consciousness again.

Even now I felt the strain, and but for the fact that I held the dagger with both hands, I would have received another stab to finish me completely. My sole hope lay in holding him thus till help came to release me from that awful position. But how long could I do so? Every moment my strength was decreasing, and as for the prostrate Pathan, he had only to abide his time to have me at his mercy—and small

mercy it would be. The horror of my position dawned upon me, as I lay over him striving with my ever-ebbing strength to hold his cruel, murderous hand away from my body. A horrible feeling of impotence began to creep over me; I felt that in a few seconds more all would be over with me. I was helpless. *I was dying!*

Suddenly I heard a distant cry, a confused sound followed by a general confusion and tumult. I strained my ear to catch the voices as they grew louder and louder. Thank God! they were coming! I had but to hold the gun robber a minute more, and that deadly struggle would be over. I waited with an anxiety no pen can ever describe.

But the terrible struggle for life was not yet over. Noticing that help was nigh, my assailant made one last desperate effort to kill me and escape in the darkness before they came. The point of the dagger was now not more than six inches from my eye: a violent thrust upwards and I should have been pierced to the brain. I had protected one vital part to expose another. A fierce wrench, and the Pathan endeavoured to push my hands back and strike me in the eye; but I was conscious of his intention in time to put all my remaining strength into one despairing effort to force his hand down to the ground. For a moment it lay there, as far back as possible from the eye he sought to reach. Then suddenly he threw off his left arm, which was now free, curled it over me and endeavoured to draw my head down to him so as to lessen the distance between the dagger and the eye.

That sudden manœuvre nearly succeeded; taken unawares by it, my head was drawn down to within an inch of the dagger—an inch more and I should have received the fatal thrust. With a last desperate strain I threw back my head—but his arm had gripped it round as in a vice: farther back than that saving inch it could not go. I was at a terrible disadvantage. The gleam of triumph in his eye revealed to me that he saw his chance at last; one sudden thrust upwards, and that narrow inch was spanned. I was now at last completely at his mercy.

Lucky it was at that moment that he pretended to relax the strain on the arm that held the dagger—merely to increase the force of the thrust when it came; and lucky it was that in drawing down my head with his left arm he had slightly displaced it from the straight line with the dagger. A wild inspiration flashed through my mind—I resolved to meet the blow. It came a second later. With a sudden swerve I jerked my head a little to one side of the advancing dagger, then dropped it down over

his shoulder. The dagger missed the eye, grazed the ear, and lay harmlessly beyond.

A brief struggle on the ground, in which we rolled over and over, now one above, now the other - the fallen twigs beneath cracked and snapped under our united weight, raising the first sound of that hitherto silent grapple; an answering shout from the hurrying rescuers now close upon us, a loud crash as the foremost landed on his feet beside us, and that terrible struggle for life was over.

nature of two of the wounds, but also because of an outbreak of cholera in the camp soon after my admission. Owing, however, to a vigorous constitution, I was convalescent and able to leave the hospital after a fortnight. I was then told that it was little short of a miracle that lockjaw had not set in because of the wound in the arm. As I walked back to the cantonment all the men, and even the women and children, turned out to meet me. They cheered enthusiastically—



"THEY CHEERED ENTHUSIASTICALLY."

They put me, in an exhausted condition, on a dhooly (a kind of stretcher used in India), and took me to the military hospital at Fyzabad, where Surgeon-Major Throusdell and Dr. Harries, of the 1st Devon, were already waiting for me, having been told of the incident by one of the rescuers in advance. There I lay in rather a precarious condition, not merely because of the loss of blood and the serious

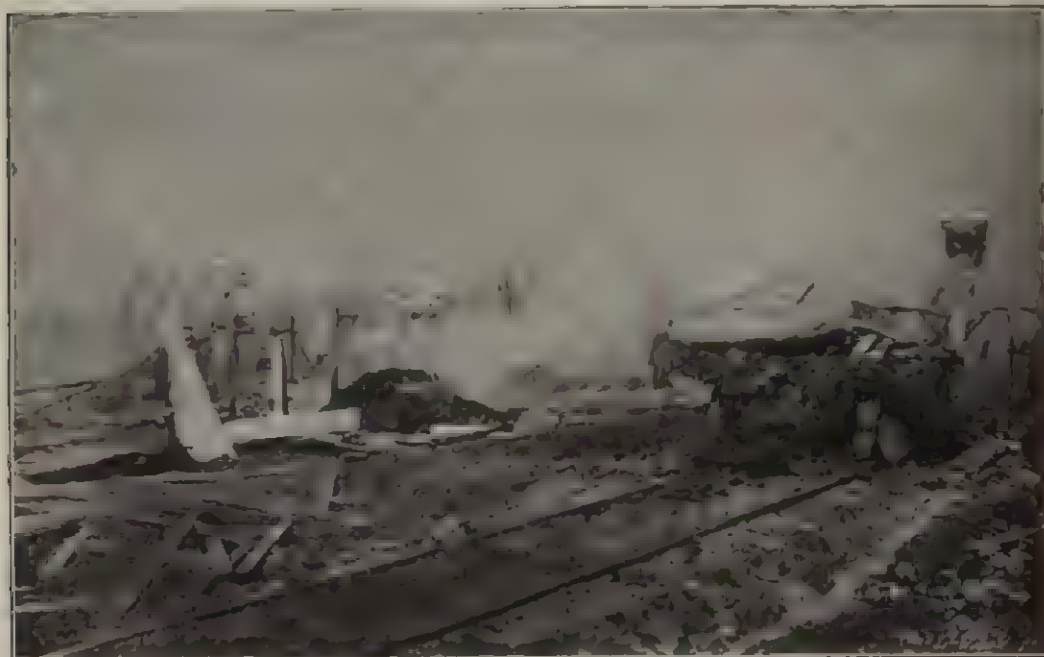
for, to tell the truth, they never expected to see me alive again.

My assailant was brought to trial at the Allahabad High Court, and sentenced to penal servitude for life in the Andaman Isles. The other two Pathans, who were subsequently captured, got fifteen years each. Needless to say, no more gun robberies took place at Fyzabad after that.

The Havoc Wrought by One Man.

By EDWIN R. JACKSON.

This is a narrative you should point out to your friends, for assuredly it is unique. A Chinaman accused of murder barricaded himself in a powder magazine, and as to what happened when they tried to arrest him—why, the photographs speak for themselves.



NO. 1.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE AFTER THE EXPLOSION.
From a Photo. by Edwin R. Jackson, Oakland, Cal.

WITHIN the confines of Melrose, a mere gathering of buildings in the suburbs of the City of Oakland, Alameda County, California, there existed previous to the early part of July, 1898, a factory known to the people of the Western States as The Western Fuse Works. From this factory fuse was shipped to all parts of the world, and on account of the recent gold excitement in Alaska, its machinery had hardly ceased its busy hum for a period of four months.

On the eighteenth day of July, however, smoke ceased to pour forth from the factory smoke-stack, and about the premises a deadly silence reigned. Gong Ung Chung, the Chinese foreman of the works, had murdered a fellow workman. He first assaulted his fellow countryman, named Hum Hi Sing, with a hatchet, and then shot him. Gong then took refuge in the powder magazine, where there were stored *five thousand pounds of powder*, and barricaded the

doorway with powder-cans, threatening to set off the whole appalling quantity of explosive material if anyone attempted to enter. The neighbourhood was terrorized on that night, and afraid to go to bed for fear of being blown to atoms before morning.

The trouble will it be believed? all arose over a *ten-cent Chinese lottery ticket*, for the purchase of which Gong Chung claimed to have given money to Hum Hi Sing. He further asserted that the ticket had won a drawing, and that Sing refused to give him the money. Sing, who was an honest and industrious Chinaman, denied that the ticket had won anything. Then followed the fatal blows and shots from which the poor, honest Sing died about an hour later in the Oakland Receiving Hospital.

From behind his powder can barricade in the magazine doorway Gong Chung peered out at his pursuers, while in one hand he held tightly clinched his bloody hatchet, and in the other the revolver with which he had committed his



NO. 2.—SOLDIERS SEARCHING THE REMAINS OF THE VICTIMS.
From a Photo. by Edwin R. Jackson, Oakland, Cal.

heinous crime. By this time the sheriff and his posse had arrived and completely surrounded Chung in his stronghold. A Chinese interpreter

was then sent to consult with the murderer and try to induce him to surrender, but this was of no avail. He was then offered quite a sum



NO. 3.—BURNING FREIGHT CARS OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.
From a Photo. by Edwin R. Jackson, Oakland, Cal.

of money and guaranteed the services of the best attorney in the State of California if he would refrain from carrying out his threat of blowing up the magazine, and would leave his dangerous position. The officers, furthermore, agreed to give him an hour's handicap after leaving the magazine if he would only come from behind his deadly barricade. Finally, the superintendent of the works, for whom Chung had worked for about fifteen years, spoke very kindly to the murderer, and told him that he would do all in his power to save him from the gallows if he would surrender to the officers.

In reply, Chung warned the superintendent,

belongings and retired to a vacant field several hundred yards away, there to spend perhaps days and nights in fear and trembling. Gathered together like a band of Bedouins on the great Sahara were these poor creatures beneath the hot July sun, each expecting momentarily to hear the terrific report of an explosion that would render them homeless.

The sun had set on the first day of the tragedy, and still Chung remained defiant. He would accept no terms of surrender. With a revolver in one hand and a hatchet in the other, behind his barrier of death-dealing powder, he sat, like the great Sphinx, in silence. For



NO. 4.—HUGE HOLE CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSION—THE MAGAZINE STOOD HERE BEFORE CHUNG FIRED THE FATAL SHOT.
From a Photo. by Edwin R. Jackson, Oakland, Cal.

as his friend, to leave the premises, and tell all good people to get out of the way, as he might soon have occasion to ignite the powder in the magazine.

Was there ever such a situation? And is it not an extraordinary exemplification of the adage: "Truth is stranger than fiction"? The sheriff's officers acted upon Chung's warning to the superintendent, and requested all families living in the vicinity of the magazine to seek safety elsewhere. As a result of this request about thirty-five families, most of them of the poorer classes, gathered together their few

hours he had not touched food or drink, and had but little hope of obtaining either. It was by refusing him these that the officers hoped to force him to surrender.

Twilight had given place to darkness, and darkness was about to give way to the light of dawn, when one of the officers suggested that Chung might be asleep and an attack upon his stronghold might prove effective. Acting upon this suggestion, one of the officers, with rifle in hand, advanced cautiously toward the doorway of the heathen's den. He had not taken many steps, however, when the murderer,

like a tiger aroused from his lair, sprang forward in front of the pile of powder cans, and pointing his revolver backward at a can of dynamite, shouted, in a fiendish manner, "You come, me shoot!"

Whether the poor officer advanced or not will

Number one is a general view of the wreckage of the Western Fuse Co.'s Works after the explosion. The burning freight cars on the right contain fuse ready for shipment, and they belong to the Southern Pacific Railroad Co. Many of these trucks were totally destroyed.



NO. 5.—SHOWING THE GENERAL CONDITION OF THE HOUSES IN THE VICINITY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.
From a Photo. by Edwin R. Jackson, Oakland, Cal.

never be known, but it was evident to thousands of people within a radius of fifty miles from the fatal spot that Chung had fired his long dreaded shot.

It was exactly 5.18 o'clock on the morning of July 19th, 1898, when the hand of one man dealt a death-blow the like of which perhaps history has never known. For the sake of a ten-cent ticket in a game of chance, Gong Ung Chung took the lives of seven good citizens, besides that of his fellow-countryman whom he had murdered, and his own. In addition to all this he maimed five other persons, destroyed an entire factory worth thousands of dollars, completely wrecked over thirty homes, and shattered hundreds of panes of glass within a radius of five miles around his deadly abode. Such is the power of man.

Now we have told the story, let us consider for a moment the set of six most vivid and unique photographs which illustrate the truly appalling havoc wrought by this frenzied man.

Photograph number two shows a company of soldiers of the Eighth Regiment of North Californian Volunteers from Camp Barrett searching for fragments of victims of the explosion. All they found of Gong Ung Chung was his pigtail and his revolver. Camp Barrett, just mentioned, was made up of Californian Volunteers, who were waiting to be ordered to Manila. The camp was located about 250yds. west from the doomed works of the Western Fuse Co. The force of the explosion was so great that many of the sentries on duty were actually blown off their feet and hurled 10ft. or 15ft. away, whilst nearly a hundred tents were blown down. Many of the soldiers at first thought that a Spanish war-vessel must be bombarding San Francisco.

In photograph number three we see some burning freight cars belonging to the Southern Pacific Railroad Co. These also were loaded with fuse ready to be shipped, and had been shunted near the ill-fated factory. Several cars containing powder chanced to be

these, but fortunately they were not exploded. Before the fire could reach them, some cool-headed soldiers of the Califorman Regiment uncoupled them, and pushed them a few hundred yards farther along the track out of danger.

In the next photograph we are contemplating a huge hole in the ground, caused by the tremendous explosion, and it is specially interest-

half in thickness. A few bricks of the magazine can be seen in the photograph. One officer's body was found horribly mutilated at the foot of the tree shown in the centre of the photograph. Another body was found on top of the framework behind the man on the extreme left of the illustration.

Our fifth photograph is a view showing the general condition of the houses in the vicinity



NO. 6.—THE PACIFIC CORDAGE COMPANY'S BUILDING, AFTER THE EXPLOSION—IT STOOD 50 FT. FROM THE POWDER MAGAZINE.
From a Photo. by Edwin K. Jackson, Oakland, Cal.

ing in that it was over this hole that the magazine was located before the explosion, so that we are here viewing the spot where the desperate Gong took his stand. Observe the way in which the very roof itself is wrecked in this photograph, testifying to the terrific energy of the explosion. The magazine was built of brick, with a concrete floor a foot and a

half of the powder magazine after the explosion. These houses were about 30 ft. from the magazine itself.

The sixth and last photograph is a view of the Pacific Cordage Co.'s building, which stood at least 600 ft. from the powder magazine. Fortunately this building was unoccupied at the time of the explosion.



The Wreck of the GENERAL GRANT

BY DR. W. A. OSBORNE.

We wish to draw special attention to this absorbing narrative, which Dr. Osborne has been at such pains to elicit from survivors. Even in the romantic annals of the sea one would look in vain for so remarkable a "desert island" experience.



N the shores of Dundrum Bay, in the County of Down, Ireland, lies the little town of Newcastle. Of late years hotels and lodging houses have sprung up, and the quaint little

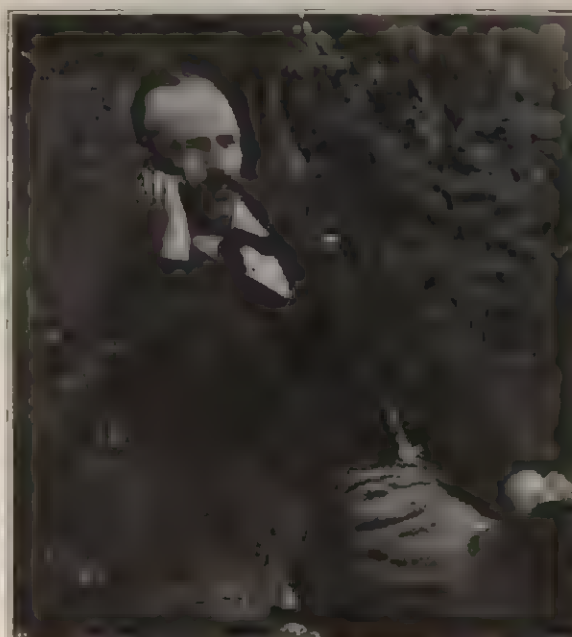
cottages which formerly used to be seen here have made way for more pretentious structures.

Newcastle to day lies in the hands of the omnipotent cyclist and golfer, and the only remnant of its former population, fishermen mostly, is to be found in the neighbourhood of the old, broken-down harbour, at that end of the town where the steep slopes of the mountain dip into the sea.

Many a strange story of adventure might be picked up here if one but questioned these

hardy fisherfolk as they sit baiting their lines or mending their nets. It was from one of these toilers of the sea, Mr. Jack Teer, that the writer first heard of the remarkable history of the *General Grant*. Teer had obtained all his facts

from his uncle, with whom he had lived in Australia, and who, as we shall see from the following pages, was the hero of the story. On further investigation the writer learned that not only the brother and sister of the hero, but also one of the actual survivors of the *General Grant*, Mr. Patrick Caughey, were still living in Newcastle. From all of these interesting details were obtained which not only helped to confirm and correct the original version, but which added new and startling facts to the narrative. The whole was th-



From a Photo. by

MR. JACK TEER.

(Wells, Belfast.)

fully corrected and checked by means of reference to various authentic records.

It was in the year 1845 that James Teer, a lad of eighteen, left his native village of Newcastle to enter upon a life of adventure on the high seas. The next that we hear of him is in the goldfields of Australia six or seven years later, and the picture which has been left of him whilst working there presents to us a splendid type of manhood. Six feet two in his socks, and with a build so perfect that his unusual height was not perceptible; a frank, manly, and intelligent face, and the grip of a Samson; and if to these you add that he was a man of unimpeachable honesty and of cool and intrepid courage, you have James Teer in his prime.

They were wild and stirring times, those early years of Australian gold digging. What with bushrangers, sharpers, convicts, and the like, the miner's life was often a short and not even a merry one. But Teer came unscathed through all. He had a way of holding his own and maintaining his rights with a strong arm which must have been rather awkward to the bully and the thief.

One day when Teer was hard at work in the gold-fields he noticed that the claim next to his was occupied by a young man with whose face he seemed strangely familiar. Whom should this turn out to be but an old school-fellow, Patrick Caughey, from the same village of Newcastle! They were delighted to see each other, as we can easily imagine, and soon became fast friends. Nor was it long before they were "pals," working the same claim and sharing the same profits. The two friends stuck to each other through thick and thin; through prosperity and adversity, drought and flood; and also through the horrors of shipwreck and months of weary suffering which were so soon to come upon them. Fortune seems at first to have smiled upon their efforts, for they had soon amassed a considerable sum of money. With this increase in worldly goods came a strange yearning to see again the old home in Ireland. The desire soon became irresistible, so that, in the last week of April, 1866, we find Teer and Caughey in Melbourne ready to start for England. Here they learned that a ship called the *General Grant*

was about to sail for London in a few days. This was a fine three-master sailing-vessel of 1,200 tons burthen, owned by a firm in Boston (U.S.A.). The voyage from Boston to Melbourne, which she had just completed, was a maiden one, but in it an unlucky and ominous incident had occurred. On the second night out the vessel had been struck by a heavy squall, and whilst the crew were shortening sail the third mate was washed overboard and never seen again.

On the day on which the ship was to start Teer and Caughey came on board, bringing all their gold with them. This gold they had decided (unfortunately for themselves) not to insure, as they thought everything safe, and, besides, they could thereby effect a saving of half a crown on every ounce. Teer, however, took the precaution of sewing up 300 sovereigns in a belt, which he wore constantly night and day.

The crew of the *General Grant* was not a large one, but seems to have been quite efficient. There was a full complement of passengers on board, most of whom—like our friends, Teer and Caughey—were successful emigrants returning to the old country, and bringing with them all their valuable belongings.

Altogether there were eighty-three souls on board. The cargo was a very valuable one, and consisted of a large quantity of wool and skins. But there was one commodity also on board of far greater value than these. Stowed away in some safe nook, known only to the captain and a few trusted men, were four square, wooden boxes, heavily bound with iron. Each of these contained 1,000 ounces of gold.

This total of 4,000 ounces was the amount of insured gold on board; but there was also a very large quantity carried privately by the passengers, who seem also to have been well supplied with jewellery. One passenger placed his "pile" in the care of the captain, and when the worst came and the captain went down in the sinking ship, this same little man went down too, rather than lose sight of the custodian of his gold. Bulking together the gold, insured and uninsured, as well as the jewellery, the minimum estimate we must make of the treasure on board the *General Grant* is something like £50,000.



[From a] JAMES TEER. [Photo]

On the 4th of May, 1866, the *General Grant* sailed gallantly out of Hobson's Bay on what was to be her last voyage. She bore down towards the south-east, so as to call at a New Zealand port. By some extraordinary combination of circumstances, however, which no one was ever able to explain, the *General Grant* wandered far out of her course. Whether this was due to carelessness or pure inevitable accident, we cannot decide, for those most able to throw some light on this strange mischance never survived it—as in the recent inexplicable case of the *Mohegan*.

At ten o'clock on the night of the 13th of May, the look-out man signalled land on the lee beam. This land was about three or four miles distant, and had the appearance of a fog-bank. The wind, which was blowing from the south-west, was very slight, but there was an angry swell on the sea. The ship kept for an hour or so to the south-east, when the coast began gradually to clear up, and the land first sighted was recognised as Disappointment Island, one of the Auckland group. Shortly after eleven o'clock on the same night, the entire Auckland Archipelago lay before them. The captain now determined to steer between Disappointment Island and the main island, but unfortunately the wind fell at the most critical moment, and it soon became evident that the heavy swell was driving the ship on the rocks. The captain did all in his power to avert the inevitable catastrophe. The yards were hauled in every possible direction to catch each breath of air. But these little puffs became feebler and feebler, till at last they ceased altogether, being cut away by the high cliffs.

The ship was now at the mercy of the waves, each of which drove her nearer and nearer to the giant cliffs which towered up sheer to the height of 400ft. The darkness of the night became intense, the sky was covered with thick clouds, and the air was murky with mist. It must be remembered, moreover, that at this time the winter of the southern hemisphere was just commencing. It will, no doubt, be asked why, when the wind fell, was the *General Grant* not anchored there and then. To this, two different answers have been given. One account says that the anchors and cables were stowed away in the hold, and were consequently never used; whilst another affirms that an attempt was actually made to anchor the ship, but that the lead could not discover bottom anywhere. At midnight the *General Grant* lay close to the shore, a fact which was rendered terribly evident to the passengers and crew by the roar of the surf and the great mass of rock, blacker than the black night, which seemed to overhang the tall masts of the doomed

vessel. A current seems now to have borne the ship along parallel to the coast, but shortly after one o'clock all progress in this direction was stopped by the ship striking against a projecting portion of the cliff. The jibboom snapped with a noise like a thunderclap and was carried away, together with the foreboom staysail. The *General Grant* trembled throughout her whole length with the violence of the shock, then recoiled and ran astern for some hundreds of yards. But the unfortunate ship was again to meet the same fate, for her backward course was arrested by another projecting mass of rock, which she struck heavily with her stern. This time the rudder was carried away and the spanker-boom shattered. The man at the wheel had not time to escape, but was struck by the falling boom and mortally wounded.

Between these two projecting points the vessel began to drift slowly, each wave urging her inwards little by little. But to the surprise of everyone the cliff seemed to open out instead of narrowing, and it now appeared that the ship was drifting, bows foremost, into one of those great rifts which are found in the cliffs of all volcanic islands. Some lights were now hung out on the ship's side, and by means of their uncertain glimmer both passengers and crew could see a great wall of smooth rock rising on either side to a height far beyond their ken. In front of them was blackness, and behind them the big waves raced in and drove the vessel still forward—where, they could not tell. Deeper and deeper into the rift they went, and then a cry of horror rose from every mouth, for by the flicker of their lights on the great masses of rock overhead, they all saw that the cliffs had closed together above them, and then the awful truth dawned upon their minds that their ship was drifting into a great ocean cavern, there to be beaten and broken to pieces by the fury of the waves. The captain now ordered the boats to be lowered, but something happened which prevented this order from being carried out. The ship drove, inch by inch, into the cave. Suddenly the tall masts began to scrape the roof of the cavern, and great masses of earth and stone came raining down on those below. The writer has been assured by his informant (Caughy) that nothing more terrible could be imagined than this deadly shower from the blackness overhead, combined with the agony of uncertainty that came over them all. The frightened passengers all hurried aft, and huddled together to avoid the falling rubble and stones which came down with every heave of the ship. A sounding taken at this time showed that the water was five fathoms deep under the keel. To launch the boats in the darkness,



"THE SHIP DROVE, INSD BY ICE, INTO THE CAVE."

strong chance that they or their occupants would be smashed by a falling boulder, was not to be thought of. Nothing could be done, therefore, until the dawn came, and for that they all patiently waited.

As the night advanced, the wind increased in strength, and the waves that broke into the cavern grew larger and fiercer. The heaving of the ship became in consequence greater than ever, and it was feared that the masts would suffer from the violence with which they struck the rock above. This fear was soon realized. The fore royal mast crashed down on the deck in a confused tangle of spars and rigging. Down came the top-mast next, and after it the lower mast. With each breakage the ship drove farther into the cave, and, owing to the increased leverage which the stumps of the masts exerted on the roof, great masses of solid stone now became loosened and fell thundering down on deck. The fore-castle deck was soon

broken up completely, and the star-board deck house a few moments later was half buried beneath a mass of stones, clay, and wooden splinters. Shortly after daylight broke the mizzen-top gallant mast came down with a fearful crash on the deck. The captain did not hesitate any longer to order the boats to be lowered, as the daylight was increasing, but more especially because the danger from the falling stones and spars became momentarily greater, and those in the after-part of the vessel could no longer hope to remain uninjured.

The utmost order had prevailed amongst the passengers during the trials of the night. From this time onward, however, everything was confusion and panic. Some leaped madly overboard, others crowded into the boats and threatened to swamp them. A few sick and disheartened men refused to leave the ship at all. But if the terror of death and the mad hope of self-preservation had driven most of the passengers into a state of panic, there was one at least of their number who kept cool and self-possessed. It would be impossible to over-estimate the services which Teer rendered to his fellow passengers on that awful morning. He kept the boats from over-crowding, and he saved more than one life by his coolness and courage. He succeeded in getting the stewardess, a Mrs. Yewell,

of Manchester, into one of the quarter-boats, and also in saving the life of her husband. His old comrade, Caughey, he also rescued, and found him a seat in the same boat with Mrs. Yewell and her husband.

The *General Grant* had three boats on board—two quarter-boats and one long-boat. The two quarter-boats had been lowered and were engaged in picking up those of the passengers and crew who were struggling for life in the water. In one of the boats—the one in which Teer was—a quantity of beef and pork was placed, together with about fifty tins of bouillon. The long-boat (20ft. keel), which now lay on the quarter-deck, was manned by a few sailors and filled with passengers, chiefly women and children. The difficulty of launching this boat was soon solved, for as one wave bigger than its fellows rushed in and lifted up the *General Grant* on its crest, the main mast struck the rock above so forcibly that the lower end was

driven right through the bottom of the hull, and in a few moments the waves were breaking over the deck. The captain and one of the passengers (the little man who wished to save his gold) climbed up into the rigging. The long-boat then glided off the sinking deck into the water, leaving behind it two or three unfortunate beings, amongst whom was the mate's wife. The long-boat pulled rapidly to the mouth of the cave to join the others, but before it was a hundred yards from the ship, a heavy sea, a swift eddy, and the great weight of passengers caused it to founder, and all its occupants were left screaming and fighting for dear life in the angry waves. Two of the sailors and one passenger struck out boldly, and were picked up by Teer, but all the rest were lost. In their endeavour to rescue these last, the occupants of Teer's boat came right across the mouth of the cavern, and were just in time to see the last death throes of the *General Grant*. The hull was completely submerged, the broken masts being all that remained above water. Down she went before the eyes of Teer and his companions, who

beheld the water crawling up the masts quicker and quicker, and over the heads of one or two luckless beings, who screamed for the aid which could not come. Over the head of the last passenger on board the little man with the gold—went the heaving waters, and then over the mizzen-top crosstrees, where the captain stood. The light was dim, but Teer and those with him were just able to make out a dark figure waving a white handkerchief as a last adieu, when the figure sank and the sullen waters of the cavern closed over all, and the few survivors who now remained knew that they had bidden good bye to their captain and their ship.

The two boats which had succeeded in

escaping the dangers of the cavern were quarter-boats, each 22ft. over all and 5ft. beam, but both were woefully lacking in necessities. The occupants were lightly clad, and in the hurry and panic had entirely omitted to bring with them clothes, tools, or anything that would be serviceable during prolonged exposure on the sea, or residence on an uninhabited island.

The two boats were now beside each other, and

the occupants began to consult together as to what was best to be done. The position in which these fifteen survivors found themselves cannot have been a very enviable one. At first they simply sat shivering in the boats, their clothes soaking wet and the air bitterly cold. A murky haze hung over the sea, whilst the only signs of life in the whole bleak prospect were a few porpoises that rose occasionally out of the water, and some sea-gulls that wheeled and screamed overhead.

Teer seems to have preserved his admirable coolness throughout all these trying events. The writer cannot do better than continue the narrative in Teer's own words:

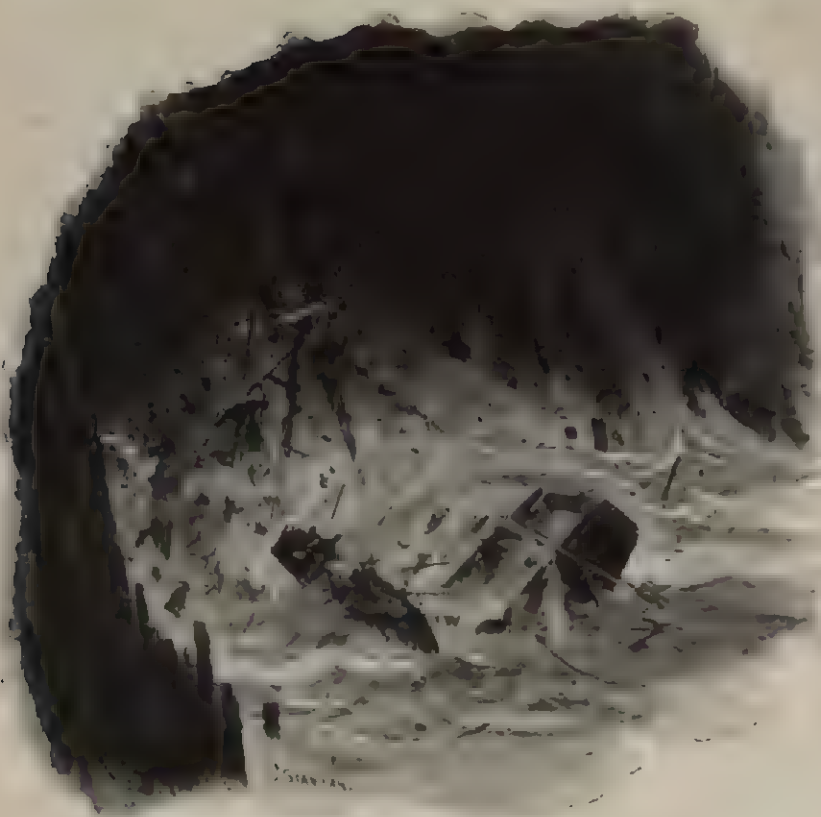
"Whilst outside deliberating upon what was best to be done, I had an opportunity of seeing the whole of the cave. The rocks around it were, I think, about 400ft. high, and overhanging. The ship was in underneath these about two lengths of herself. The coast, as far as we could see, consisted of high perpendicular rocks, and we saw no possibility of landing. We now consulted with each other and with those on the other boat upon what was best to be done. We thought it best to pull to Disappointment Island, about six miles distant in a westerly direction. We had much trouble to get there, however, our boat having such a quantity of beef, pork, and bouillon tins in her, besides seven men. It was not by



From a

MR. AND MRS. YEWELL.

(Photo.



"IN A FEW MOMENTS THE WAVES WERE BREAKING OVER THE DECK."

means of incessant baling that we could keep out the water which from time to time she lifted. Once or twice she was all but full, and at last we gave up and intended to try our luck among the rocks to leeward, trying at the same time to get as far towards the north end of the island as possible, hoping to find a beach where some of us might get ashore. But as we proceeded to the northward we saw that the sea and wind were decreasing; we again pulled head to wind, and seeing a large rock about a mile and a half distant to the north-east of Disappointment Island we pulled for it, and reached it just at dark. The other boat, which, like ourselves, had given up before the weather moderated, arrived at the island about twenty minutes after we touched there."

This latter boat, which somehow or other had managed to get separated from its companion, had also had a very trying time of it. Its occupants made one or two desperate but unsuccessful endeavours to land at the foot of the cliff with the intention of climbing up the rocks. On the last of these occasions one of the sailors climbed up the dizzy face of the precipice till

he was completely out of sight. Whilst his companions were waiting patiently for his return, they heard a loud scream, and almost immediately afterward they saw, to their horror, something hurtling through the air and falling with a splash into the sea. They immediately rowed to the spot, but no trace could they find of the poor fellow. Sadly they pulled out again to sea, but ere they had made a hundred yards they heard, to their no small bewilderment, a succession of "Ahoys" and "Halloas" from the shore. Looking up they saw their *dead* sailor

scrambling down the cliff with the agility of a wild goat. In a few moments he was safe in the boat once more. It appears that the active climber had somehow managed, when high up the face of the cliff, to catch and strangle an albatross, and to fling its body down into the abyss below. Then, finding all further upward progress arrested by the sheerness of the rocks, he simply scrambled down, to find his companions away out at sea.

After this adventure they made no more attempts to land, but rowed steadily in the wake of the other boat until darkness fell upon them. Then, as we have seen, all hope of reaching Disappointment Island was given up. Presently, through the darkness, they heard the shouts of their companions, and towards them they steered till their keel grated on the shores of the island rock.

Thoroughly exhausted with the labours of a night and a day, these fifteen wretched beings (fourteen men and one woman), poorly clad and shivering with the cold, huddled together on the rock to pass the night. The air was chilly with mist, and every now and then a flake

of snow was blown upon their faces and exposed limbs, for shelter there was absolutely none. In the morning they all set out in the two boats, and reached a larger island, which has been dignified with a name—Adam Island.

The history of the survivors for the next week is nothing but a dreary record of heart-breaking suffering. They wandered up and down the desolate shores by day in the search for food, and at night they slept huddled together in some less exposed part of the rocks. The temptation to consume their entire stores of pork and bouillon was terrible, but Teer—a born leader—would not hear of it. He foresaw, in fact, the day when they might be in need of food which would keep sweet during a voyage or other expedition. There was some slight bickering at this decision, but Teer had a strong mind and a strong arm—a happy combination which gave him from this time onward the position of leader amongst his fellow-survivors.

During this week, therefore, the only obtainable food was what they could pick up on the shore, *e.g.*, different varieties of shell-fish, amongst which, unfortunately, there was a poisonous species, which made some of the party very ill. Such was the miserable position of the fifteen survivors in the last week of May—a position terrible enough to bring despair into the strongest mind. The daylight was gradually lessening; the cold was getting more and more intense; and the mists and snows of the Antarctic came rolling up on them from the south.

Let us now pause for a moment to consider the nature of these islands upon which the survivors were cast. The Auckland Archipelago lies, roughly speaking, in the 56th degree of

south latitude. The islands are of undoubted volcanic origin. The cliffs are irregular and precipitous, and often assume grotesque shapes. Great cracks running down the face of the hard rock, and numerous caves which plainly

were never scooped out by the sea, attest the fiery genesis of these islands. Although throughout the greater part of the year the Aucklands are swept by storms of such violence as to render human habitation almost impossible, yet abundant vegetation exists. The larger islands are covered by a dense forest of gnarled hardwood and pine; whilst beneath these grows an impenetrable tangle of grasses, ferns, and scrub of every description. There is also a plentiful supply of fresh water. As the Auckland group has always been a favourite haunt of seals, more than one attempt has been made to plant a small colony on the main island, but owing to the severity of the weather all such settlements had ultimately to be abandoned. It is a remarkable fact that in three years there should have been



"HE MANAGED TO CATCH AND STRANGLE AN ALBATROSS."

three distinct cases of a shipwrecked crew being cast ashore on the Aucklands, and existing there for some months amidst great hardships and privations. The first case was of the brig *Grafton*, commanded by Captain Musgrave, which was wrecked here in January, 1864.

Musgrave and his crew of four reached one of the islands in safety, and stayed there until they were rescued in July, 1865. The narrative of their sojourn on this desolate archipelago has been twice written—in the one case by Captain Musgrave himself, and again by M. Raynal, one of the survivors. The second case was that of Captain Dalgarno and part of the crew of the *Invercauld*, who lived from May, 1864, until

of money and guaranteed the services of the best attorney in the State of California if he would refrain from carrying out his threat of blowing up the magazine, and would leave his dangerous position. The officers, furthermore, agreed to give him an hour's handicap after leaving the magazine if he would only come from behind his deadly barricade. Finally, the superintendent of the works, for whom Chung had worked for about fifteen years, spoke very kindly to the murderer, and told him that he would do all in his power to save him from the gallows if he would surrender to the officers.

In reply, Chung warned the superintendent,

belongings and retired to a vacant field several hundred yards away, there to spend perhaps days and nights in fear and trembling. Gathered together like a band of Bedouins on the great Sahara were these poor creatures beneath the hot July sun, each expecting momentarily to hear the terrific report of an explosion that would render them homeless.

The sun had set on the first day of the tragedy, and still Chung remained defiant. He would accept no terms of surrender. With a revolver in one hand and a hatchet in the other, behind his barrier of death-dealing powder, he sat, like the great Sphinx, in silence. For



NO. 4.—HUGE HOLE CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSION. THE MAGAZINE STOOD HERE WHEN CHUNG FIRED THE FATAL SHOT.
From a Photo by Edwin R. Jackson, Oakland, Cal.

as his friend, to leave the premises, and tell all good people to get out of the way, as he might soon have occasion to ignite the powder in the magazine.

Was there ever such a situation? And is it not an extraordinary exemplification of the adage: "Truth is stranger than fiction"? The sheriff's officers acted upon Chung's warning to the superintendent, and requested all families living in the vicinity of the magazine to seek safety elsewhere. As a result of this request about thirty-five families, most of them of the poorer classes, gathered together their few

hours he had not touched food or drink, and had but little hope of obtaining either. It was by refusing him these that the officers hoped to force him to surrender.

Twilight had given place to darkness, and darkness was about to give way to the light of dawn, when one of the officers suggested that Chung might be asleep and an attack upon his stronghold might prove effective. Acting upon this suggestion, one of the officers, with rifle in hand, advanced cautiously toward the doorway of the heathen's den. He had not taken many steps, however, when the murderer,

like a tiger aroused from his lair, sprang forward in front of the pile of powder-cans, and pointing his revolver backward at a can of dynamite, shouted, in a fiendish manner, "You come, me shoot!"

Whether the poor officer advanced or not will

Number one is a general view of the wreckage of the Western Fuse Co.'s Works after the explosion. The burning freight cars on the right contain fuse ready for shipment, and they belong to the Southern Pacific Railroad Co. Many of these trucks were totally destroyed.



NO. 5. SHOWING THE GENERAL CONDITION OF THE HOUSES IN THE VICINITY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.
From a Photo. by Edwin R. Jackson, Oakland, Cal.

never be known, but it was evident to thousands of people within a radius of fifty miles from the fatal spot that Chung had fired his long-dreaded shot.

It was exactly 5.18 o'clock on the morning of July 19th, 1898, when the hand of one man dealt a death-blow the like of which perhaps history has never known. For the sake of a ten-cent ticket in a game of chance, Gong Ung Chung took the lives of seven good citizens, besides that of his fellow countryman whom he had murdered, and his own. In addition to all this he maimed five other persons, destroyed an entire factory worth thousands of dollars, completely wrecked over thirty homes, and shattered hundreds of panes of glass within a radius of five miles around his deadly abode. Such is the power of man.

Now we have told the story, let us consider for a moment the set of six most vivid and unique photographs which illustrate the truly appalling havoc wrought by this frenzied man.

Photograph number two shows a company of soldiers of the Eighth Regiment of North Californian Volunteers from Camp Barrett searching for fragments of victims of the explosion. All they found of Gong Ung Chung was his pigtail and his revolver. Camp Barrett, just mentioned, was made up of Californian Volunteers, who were waiting to be ordered to Manila. The camp was located about 250 yds. west from the doomed works of the Western Fuse Co. The force of the explosion was so great that many of the sentries on duty were actually blown off their feet and hurled 10 ft. or 15 ft. away, whilst nearly a hundred tents were blown down. Many of the soldiers at first thought that a Spanish war-vessel must be bombarding San Francisco.

In photograph number three we see some burning freight cars belonging to the Southern Pacific Railroad Co. These also were loaded with fuse ready to be shipped, and had been shunted near the ill-fated factory. Several cars containing powder chanced to be near

these, but fortunately they were not exploded. Before the fire could reach them, some cool-headed soldiers of the Californian Regiment uncoupled them, and pushed them a few hundred yards farther along the track out of danger.

In the next photograph we are contemplating a huge hole in the ground, caused by the tremendous explosion, and it is specially interest-

half in thickness. A few bricks of the magazine can be seen in the photograph. One officer's body was found horribly mutilated at the foot of the tree shown in the centre of the photograph. Another body was found on top of the framework behind the man on the extreme left of the illustration.

Our fifth photograph is a view showing the general condition of the houses in the vicinity

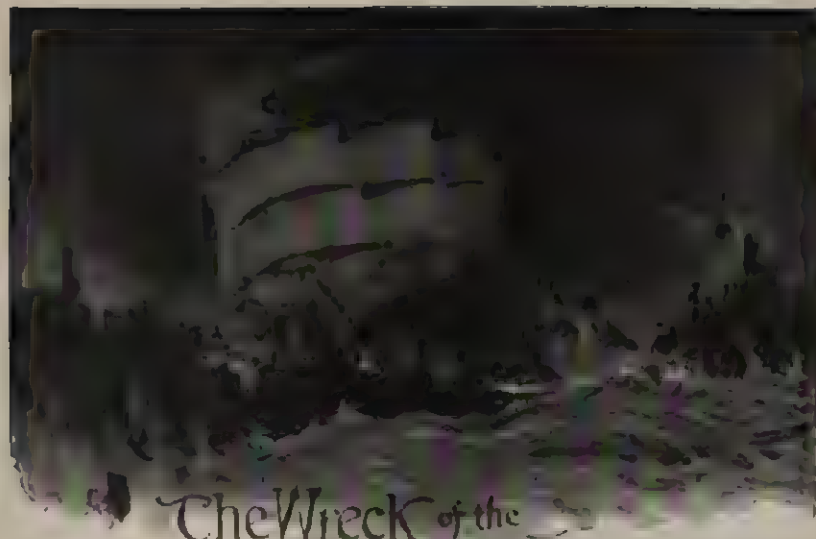


NO. 5.—THE PACIFIC CORDAGE COMPANY'S BUILDING, AFTER THE EXPLOSION, AT 400 FEET, FROM THE POWDER MAGAZINE.
From a Photo. by Edwin R. Jackson, Oakland, Cal.

ing in that it was over this hole that the magazine was located before the explosion, so that we are here viewing the spot where the desperate Gong took his stand. Observe the way in which the very roof itself is wrecked in this photograph, testifying to the terrific energy of the explosion. The magazine was built of brick, with a concrete floor a foot and a

of the powder magazine after the explosion. These houses were about 30ft. from the magazine itself.

The sixth and last photograph is a view of the Pacific Cordage Co.'s building, which stood at least 600ft. from the powder magazine. Fortunately this building was unoccupied at the time of the explosion.



The Wreck of the GENERAL GRANT

By DR. W. A. OSBORNE.

We wish to draw special attention to this absorbing narrative, which Dr. Osborne has been at such pains to elicit from survivors. Even in the romantic annals of the sea one would look in vain for so remarkable a "desert island" experience.



N the shores of Dundrum Bay, in the County of Down, Ireland, lies the little town of Newcastle. Of late years hotels and lodging houses have sprung up, and the quaint little

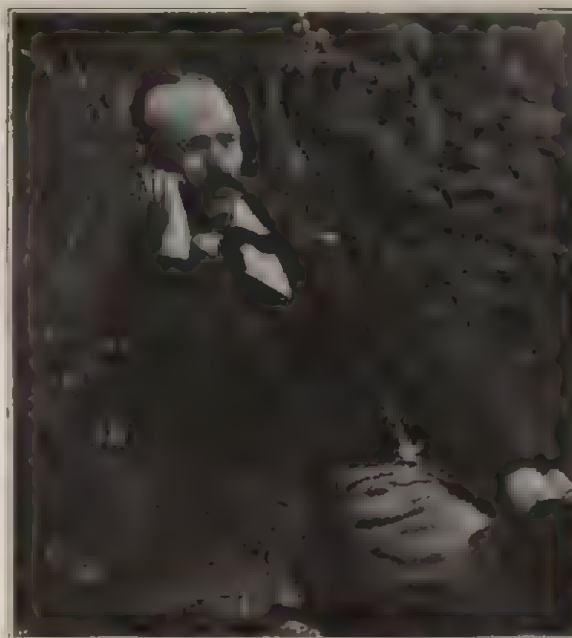
cottages which formerly used to be seen here have made way for more pretentious structures.

Newcastle to day lies in the hands of the omnipotent cyclist and golfer, and the only remnant of its former population, fishermen mostly, is to be found in the neighbourhood of the old, broken-down harbour, at that end of the town where the steep slopes of the mountain dip into the sea.

Many a strange story of adventure might be picked up here if one but questioned these

hardy fisherfolk as they sit bating their lines or mending their nets. It was from one of these toilers of the sea, Mr. Jack Teer, that the writer first heard of the remarkable history of the *General Grant*. Teer had obtained all his facts

from his uncle, with whom he had lived in Australia, and who, as we shall see from the following pages, was the hero of the story. On further investigation the writer learned that not only the brother and sister of the hero, but also one of the actual survivors of the *General Grant*, Mr. Patrick Caughey, were still living in Newcastle. From all of these interesting details were obtained which not only helped to confirm and correct the original version, but which added new and startling facts to the narrative. The whole was then care-



From a Photo. by

MR. JACK TEER.

[Welch, Belfast.]

fully corrected and checked by means of reference to various authentic records.

It was in the year 1845 that James Teer, a lad of eighteen, left his native village of Newcastle to enter upon a life of adventure on the high seas. The next that we hear of him is in the goldfields of Australia six or seven years later, and the picture which has been left of him whilst working there presents to us a splendid type of manhood. Six feet two in his socks, and with a build so perfect that his unusual height was not perceptible; a frank, manly, and intelligent face, and the grip of a Samson, and if to these you add that he was a man of unimpeachable honesty and of cool and intrepid courage, you have James Teer in his prime.

They were wild and stirring times, those early years of Australian gold digging. What with bushrangers, sharpers, convicts, and the like, the miner's life was often a short and not even a merry one. But Teer came unscathed through all. He had a way of holding his own and maintaining his rights with a strong arm which must have been rather awkward to the bully and the thief.

One day when Teer was hard at work in the goldfields he noticed that the claim next to his was occupied by a young man with whose face he seemed strangely familiar. Whom should this turn out to be but an old school-fellow, Patrick Caughey, from the same village of Newcastle! They were delighted to see each other, as we can easily imagine, and soon became fast friends. Nor was it long before they were "pals," working the same claim and sharing the same profits. The two friends stuck to each other through thick and thin; through prosperity and adversity, drought and flood; and also through the horrors of shipwreck and months of weary suffering which were so soon to come upon them. Fortune seems at first to have smiled upon their efforts, for they had soon amassed a considerable sum of money. With this increase in worldly goods came a strange yearning to see again the old home in Ireland. The desire soon became irresistible, so that, in the last week of April, 1866, we find Teer and Caughey in Melbourne ready to start for England. Here they learned that a ship called the *General Grant*

was about to sail for London in a few days. This was a fine three-master sailing-vessel of 1,200 tons burthen, owned by a firm in Boston (U.S.A.). The voyage from Boston to Melbourne, which she had just completed, was a maiden one, but in it an unlucky and ominous incident had occurred. On the second night out the vessel had been struck by a heavy squall, and whilst the crew were shortening sail the third mate was washed overboard and never seen again.

On the day on which the ship was to start Teer and Caughey came on board, bringing all their gold with them. This gold they had decided (unfortunately for themselves) not to insure, as they thought everything safe; and, besides, they could thereby effect a saving of half a crown on every ounce. Teer, however, took the precaution of sewing up 300 sovereigns in a belt, which he wore constantly night and day.

The crew of the *General Grant* was not a large one, but seems to have been quite efficient. There was a full complement of passengers on board, most of whom—like our friends, Teer and Caughey—were successful emigrants returning to the old country, and bringing with them all their valuable belongings.

Altogether there were eighty-three souls on board. The cargo was a very valuable one, and consisted of a large quantity of wool and skins. But there was one commodity also on board of far greater value than these. Stowed away in some safe nook, known only to the captain and a few trusted men, were four square, wooden boxes, heavily bound with iron. Each of these contained 1,000 ounces of gold.

This total of 4,000 ounces was the amount of insured gold on board; but there was also a very large quantity carried privately by the passengers, who seem also to have been well supplied with jewellery. One passenger placed his "pile" in the care of the captain, and when the worst came and the captain went down in the sinking ship, this same little man went down too, rather than lose sight of the custodian of his gold. Bulking together the gold, insured and uninsured, as well as the jewellery, the minimum estimate we must make of the treasure on board the *General Grant* is something like £50,000.



[Portrait] JAMES TEER. [Photo.]

On the 4th of May, 1866, the *General Grant* sailed gallantly out of Hobson's Bay on what was to be her last voyage. She bore down towards the south-east, so as to call at a New Zealand port. By some extraordinary combination of circumstances, however, which no one was ever able to explain, the *General Grant* wandered far out of her course. Whether this was due to carelessness or pure inevitable accident, we cannot decide, for those most able to throw some light on this strange mischance never survived it—as in the recent inexplicable case of the *Mohegan*.

At ten o'clock on the night of the 13th of May, the look-out man signalled land on the lee beam. This land was about three or four miles distant, and had the appearance of a fog-bank. The wind, which was blowing from the south-west, was very slight, but there was an angry swell on the sea. The ship kept for an hour or so to the south-east, when the coast began gradually to clear up, and the land first sighted was recognised as Disappointment Island, one of the Auckland group. Shortly after eleven o'clock on the same night, the entire Auckland Archipelago lay before them. The captain now determined to steer between Disappointment Island and the main island, but unfortunately the wind fell at the most critical moment, and it soon became evident that the heavy swell was driving the ship on the rocks. The captain did all in his power to avert the inevitable catastrophe. The yards were hauled in every possible direction to catch each breath of air. But these little puffs became feebler and feebler, till at last they ceased altogether, being cut away by the high cliffs.

The ship was now at the mercy of the waves, each of which drove her nearer and nearer to the giant cliffs which towered up sheer to the height of 400ft. The darkness of the night became intense, the sky was covered with thick clouds, and the air was murky with mist. It must be remembered, moreover, that at this time the winter of the southern hemisphere was just commencing. It will, no doubt, be asked why, when the wind fell, was the *General Grant* not anchored there and then. To this, two different answers have been given. One account says that the anchors and cables were stowed away in the hold, and were consequently never used; whilst another affirms that an attempt was actually made to anchor the ship, but that the lead could not discover bottom anywhere. At midnight the *General Grant* lay close to the shore, a fact which was rendered terribly evident to the passengers and crew by the roar of the surf and the great mass of rock, blacker than the black night, which seemed to overhang the tall masts of the doomed

vessel. A current seems now to have borne the ship along parallel to the coast, but shortly after one o'clock all progress in this direction was stopped by the ship striking against a projecting portion of the cliff. The jibboom snapped with a noise like a thunderclap and was carried away, together with the foreboom staysail. The *General Grant* trembled throughout her whole length with the violence of the shock, then recoiled and ran astern for some hundreds of yards. But the unfortunate ship was again to meet the same fate, for her backward course was arrested by another projecting mass of rock, which she struck heavily with her stern. This time the rudder was carried away and the spanker-boom shattered. The man at the wheel had not time to escape, but was struck by the falling boom and mortally wounded.

Between these two projecting points the vessel began to drift slowly, each wave urging her inwards little by little. But to the surprise of everyone the cliff seemed to open out instead of narrowing, and it now appeared that the ship was drifting, bows foremost, into one of those great rifts which are found in the cliffs of all volcanic islands. Some lights were now hung out on the ship's side, and by means of their uncertain glimmer both passengers and crew could see a great wall of smooth rock rising on either side to a height far beyond their ken. In front of them was blackness, and behind them the big waves raced in and drove the vessel still forward—where, they could not tell. Deeper and deeper into the rift they went, and then a cry of horror rose from every mouth, for by the flicker of their lights on the great masses of rock overhead, they all saw that the cliffs had closed together above them, and then the awful truth dawned upon their minds that their ship was drifting into a great ocean cavern, there to be beaten and broken to pieces by the fury of the waves. The captain now ordered the boats to be lowered, but something happened which prevented this order from being carried out. The ship drove, inch by inch, into the cave. Suddenly the tall masts began to scrape the roof of the cavern, and great masses of earth and stone came raining down on those below. The writer has been assured by his informant (Caughy) that nothing more terrible could be imagined than this deadly shower from the blackness overhead, combined with the agony of uncertainty that came over them all. The frightened passengers all hurried aft, and huddled together to avoid the falling rubble and stones which came down with every heave of the ship. A sounding taken at this time showed that the water was five fathoms deep under the keel. To launch the boats in the darkness, with



"THE SHIP DROVE, INCH BY INCH, INTO THE CAVE."

strong chance that they or their occupants would be smashed by a falling boulder, was not to be thought of. Nothing could be done, therefore, until the dawn came, and for that they all patiently waited.

As the night advanced, the wind increased in strength, and the waves that broke into the cavern grew larger and fiercer. The heaving of the ship became in consequence greater than ever, and it was feared that the masts would suffer from the violence with which they struck the rock above. This fear was soon realized. The fore royal mast crashed down on the deck in a confused tangle of spars and rigging. Down came the top-mast next, and after it the lower mast. With each breakage the ship drove farther into the cave, and, owing to the increased leverage which the stumps of the masts exerted on the roof, great masses of solid stone now became loosened and fell thundering down on deck. The fore-castle deck was soon

broken up completely, and the star-board deck-house a few moments later was half buried beneath a mass of stones, clay, and wooden splinters. Shortly after daylight broke the mizzen-topgallant mast came down with a fearful crash on the deck. The captain did not hesitate any longer to order the boats to be lowered, as the daylight was increasing, but more especially because the danger from the falling stones and spars became momentarily greater, and those in the after-part of the vessel could no longer hope to remain uninjured.

The utmost order had prevailed amongst the passengers during the trials of the night. From this time onward, however, everything was confusion and panic. Some leaped madly overboard, others crowded into the boats and threatened to swamp them. A few sick and disheartened men refused to leave the ship at all. But if the terror of death and the mad hope of self-preservation had driven most of the passengers into a state of panic, there was one at least of their number who kept cool and self-possessed. It would be impossible to over-estimate the services which Teer rendered to his fellow-passengers on that awful morning. He kept the boats from over-crowding, and he saved more than one life by his coolness and courage. He succeeded in getting the stewardess, a Mrs. Yewell,

of Manchester, into one of the quarter-boats, and also in saving the life of her husband. His old comrade, Caughey, he also rescued, and found him a seat in the same boat with Mrs. Yewell and her husband.

The *General Grant* had three boats on board—two quarter-boats and one long-boat. The two quarter-boats had been lowered and were engaged in picking up those of the passengers and crew who were struggling for life in the water. In one of the boats—the one in which Teer was—a quantity of beef and pork was placed, together with about fifty tins of bouillon. The long-boat (20ft. keel), which now lay on the quarter-deck, was manned by a few sailors and filled with passengers, chiefly women and children. The difficulty of launching this boat was soon solved, for as one wave bigger than its fellows rushed in and lifted up the *General Grant* on its crest, the main mast struck the rock above so forcibly that the lower end was

driven right through the bottom of the hull, and in a few moments the waves were breaking over the deck. The captain and one of the passengers (the little man who wished to save his gold) climbed up into the rigging. The long-boat then glided off the sinking deck into the water, leaving behind it two or three unfortunate beings, amongst whom was the mate's wife. The long-boat pulled rapidly to the mouth of the cave to join the others, but before it was a hundred yards from the ship, a heavy sea, a swift eddy, and the great weight of passengers caused it to founder, and all its occupants were left screaming and fighting for dear life in the angry waves. Two of the sailors and one passenger struck out boldly, and were picked up by Teer, but all the rest were lost. In their endeavour to rescue these last, the occupants of Teer's boat came right across the mouth of the cavern, and were just in time to see the last death throes of the *General Grant*. The hull was completely submerged, the broken masts being all that remained above water. Down she went before the eyes of Teer and his companions, who

beheld the water crawling up the masts quicker and quicker, and over the heads of one or two luckless beings, who screamed for the aid which could not come. Over the head of the last passenger on board the little man with the gold went the heaving waters, and then over the mizzen-top crosstrees, where the captain stood. The light was dim, but Teer and those with him were just able to make out a dark figure waving a white handkerchief as a last adieu, when the figure sank and the sullen waters of the cavern closed over all, and the few survivors who now remained knew that they had bidden good-bye to their captain and their ship.

The two boats which had succeeded in

escaping the dangers of the cavern were quarter-boats, each 22ft. over all and 5ft. beam, but both were woefully lacking in necessities. The occupants were lightly clad, and in the hurry and panic had entirely omitted to bring with them clothes, tools, or anything that would be serviceable during prolonged exposure on the sea, or residence on an uninhabited island.

The two boats were now beside each other, and the occupants began to consult together as to what was best to be done. The position in which these fifteen survivors found themselves cannot have been a very enviable one. At first they simply sat shivering in the boats, their clothes soaking wet and the air bitterly cold. A murky haze hung over the sea, whilst the only signs of life in the whole bleak prospect were a few porpoises that rose occasionally out of the water, and some sea-gulls that wheeled and screamed overhead.

Teer seems to have preserved his admirable coolness throughout all these trying events. The writer cannot do better than continue the narrative in Teer's own words:—

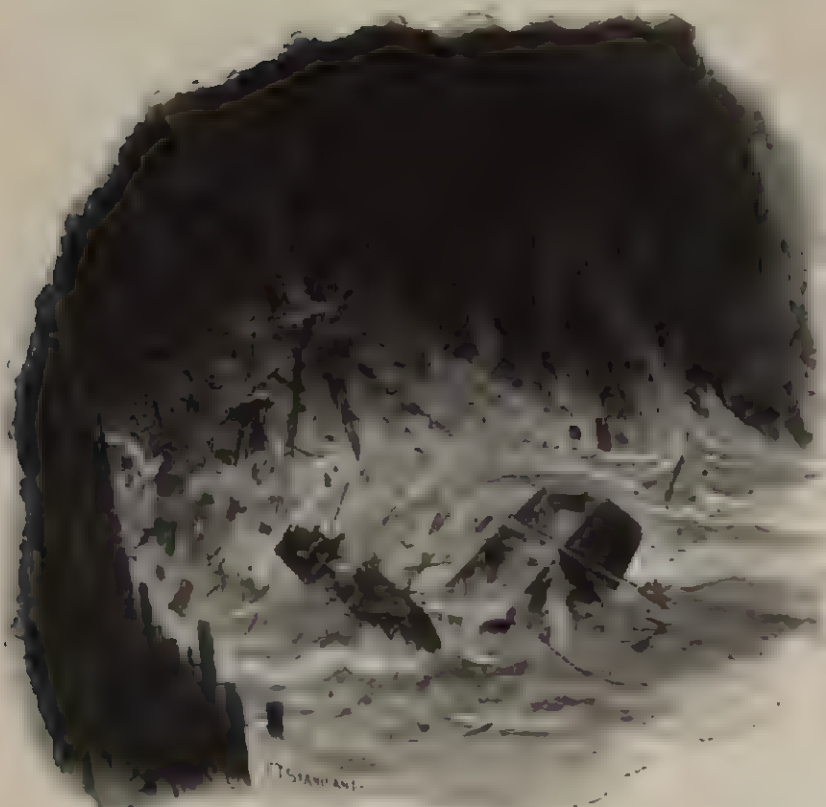
"Whilst outside deliberating upon what was best to be done, I had an opportunity of seeing the whole of the cave. The rocks around it were, I think, about 400ft. high, and overhanging. The ship was in underneath these about two lengths of herself. The coast, as far as we could see, consisted of high perpendicular rocks, and we saw no possibility of landing. We now consulted with each other and with those on the other boat upon what was best to be done. We thought it best to pull to Disappointment Island, about six miles distant in a westerly direction. We had much trouble to get there, however, our boat having such a quantity of beef, pork, and bouillon tins in her, besides seven men. It was



From a

MR. AND MRS. VEREUL.

(Photo.



"IN A FEW MOMENTS THE WAVES WERE BREAKING OVER THE DECK."

means of incessant haling that we could keep out the water which from time to time she lifted. Once or twice she was all but full, and at last we gave up and intended to try our luck among the rocks to leeward, trying at the same time to get as far towards the north end of the island as possible, hoping to find a beach where some of us might get ashore. But as we proceeded to the northward we saw that the sea and wind were decreasing; we again pulled head to wind, and seeing a large rock about a mile and a half distant to the northeast of Disappointment Island we pulled for it, and reached it just at dark. The other boat, which, like ourselves, had given up before the weather moderated, arrived at the island about twenty minutes after we touched there.

This latter boat, which somehow or other had managed to get separated from its companion, had also had a very trying time of it. Its occupants made one or two desperate but unsuccessful endeavours to land at the foot of the cliff with the intention of climbing up the rocks. On the last of these occasions one of the sailors climbed up the dizzy face of the precipice till

he was completely out of sight. Whilst his companions were waiting patiently for his return, they heard a loud scream, and almost immediately afterward they saw, to their horror, something hurtling through the air and falling with a splash into the sea. They immediately rowed to the spot, but no trace could they find of the poor fellow. Sadly they pulled out again to sea, but ere they had made a hundred yards they heard, to their no small bewilderment, a succession of "Ahoys" and "Halloos" from the shore. Looking up they saw their *dead* sailor

scrambling down the cliff with the agility of a wild goat. In a few moments he was safe in the boat once more. It appears that the active climber had somehow managed, when high up the face of the cliff, to catch and strangle an albatross, and to fling its body down into the abyss below. Then, finding all further upward progress arrested by the sheerness of the rocks, he simply scrambled down, to find his companions away out at sea.

After this adventure they made no more attempts to land, but rowed steadily in the wake of the other boat until darkness fell upon them. Then, as we have seen, all hope of reaching Disappointment Island was given up. Presently, through the darkness, they heard the shouts of their companions, and towards them they steered till their keel grated on the shores of the island rock.

Thoroughly exhausted with the labours of a night and a day, these fifteen wretched beings (fourteen men and one woman), poorly clad and shivering with the cold, huddled together on the rock to pass the night. The air was chilly with mist, and every now and then a flake

of snow was blown upon their faces and exposed limbs, for shelter there was absolutely none. In the morning they all set out in the two boats, and reached a larger island, which has been dignified with a name—Adam Island.

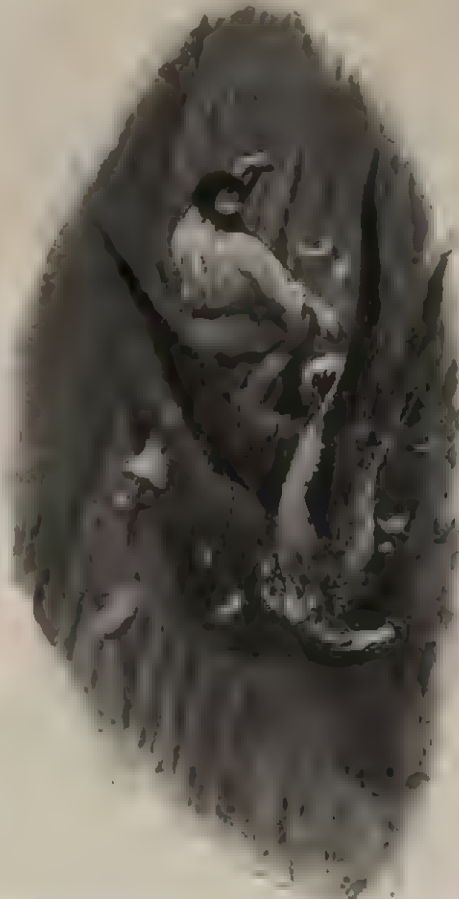
The history of the survivors for the next week is nothing but a dreary record of heart-breaking suffering. They wandered up and down the desolate shores by day in the search for food, and at night they slept huddled together in some less exposed part of the rocks. The temptation to consume their entire stores of pork and lard was terrible, but Teer—a born leader—would not hear of it. He foresaw, in fact, the day when they might be in need of food which would keep sweet during a voyage or other expedition. There was some slight bickering at this decision, but Teer had a strong mind and a strong arm—a happy combination which gave him from this time onward the position of leader amongst his fellow-survivors.

During this week, therefore, the only obtainable food was what they could pick up on the shore, e.g., different varieties of shell fish, amongst which, unfortunately, there was a poisonous species, which made some of the party very ill. Such was the miserable position of the fifteen survivors in the last week of May—a position terrible enough to bring despair into the strongest mind. The daylight was gradually lessening; the cold was getting more and more intense; and the mists and snows of the Antarctic came rolling up on them from the south.

Let us now pause for a moment to consider the nature of these islands upon which the survivors were cast. The Auckland Archipelago lies, roughly speaking, in the 56th degree of

south latitude. The islands are of undoubted volcanic origin. The cliffs are irregular and precipitous, and often assume grotesque shapes. Great cracks running down the face of the hard rock, and numerous caves which plainly

were never scooped out by the sea, attest the fiery genesis of these islands. Although throughout the greater part of the year the Aucklands are swept by storms of such violence as to render human habitation almost impossible, yet abundant vegetation exists. The larger islands are covered by a dense forest of gnarled hardwood and pine; whilst beneath these grows an impenetrable tangle of grasses, ferns, and scrub of every description. There is also a plentiful supply of fresh water. As the Auckland group has always been a favourite haunt of seals, more than one attempt has been made to plant a small colony on the main island, but owing to the severity of the weather all such settlements had ultimately to be abandoned. It is a remarkable fact that in three years there should have been



"HE MANAGED TO CATCH AND STRANGLE AN ALBATROSS."

three distinct cases of a shipwrecked crew being cast ashore on the Aucklands, and existing there for some months amidst great hardships and privations. The first case was of the brig *Grafton*, commanded by Captain Musgrave, which was wrecked here in January, 1864.

Musgrave and his crew of four reached one of the islands in safety, and stayed there until they were rescued in July, 1865. The narrative of their sojourn on this desolate archipelago has been twice written—in the one case by Captain Musgrave himself, and again by M. Raynal, one of the survivors. The second case was that of Captain Dalgarno and part of the crew of the *Invercauld*, who lived from May, 1864, till

May, 1866, actually on the same island as Captain Musgrave and his party without being aware of the latter's existence. The third instance is that of the *General Grant*.

In the interesting narrative of M. Raynal we find that, though the party of which he was a member was well supplied with food and other necessities, including a gun with ammunition, yet when the winter came and the seals left the islands in a body, a feeling of hopeless despair came into the mind of each individual. How black, therefore, must have been the prospect before the wretched survivors of the *General Grant*, left as they were half clad and bereft of any means of securing or preserving food! The cold increased daily, and it soon became evident that unless a fire were obtained the life of the survivors must be a short one. But there was no such thing as a flint on any of the islands. Such was the state of affairs when Teer made a joyful discovery. Rummaging in one of his pockets he found a small box of wax fuses. A quantity of dry bark was soon collected as material for a fire, and Teer took the first match in his hand and rubbed it against a dry stone. It would not light. *It was damp.* One after the other was tried but all in vain, till only two were left, and Teer had not the courage to strike these. Taking one of the matches he placed it in his hair to dry, and gave the other to the mate to do the same. Teer now went inland through the forest to see if any game or edible plants could be discovered, but his efforts were fruitless, and he returned in the evening weary, empty handed, and disheartened, to find the rest of the party in a state of great agitation.

The mate's match had struck!

"And where's the fire?" said Teer, sick at heart. It appears that the mate, in his excitement, had either lit the match at some distance from the dry material, or else had dropped it

whilst burning from his fingers. At any rate, there was no fire.

For the first time in the history of these events did Teer show fierce anger. He strode up to the mate and struck him a violent blow in the face.

One match between them and death! This Teer took from his hair and examined carefully. It seemed perfectly dry. The stumps of the other matches which had failed to light were torn up into fine shreds and placed beneath the dry bark. Then a dramatic scene occurred. The fifteen survivors—men from different parts of the earth, some of them adventurers and gold diggers, others hardy sailors who had spent their life on the sea—all knelt down on the sand and prayed fervently to the Almighty to bless their last hope. Then Teer took the match in his hand. What the agony of that moment must have been we cannot imagine, for Teer, strong man as he was, could scarcely by the utmost effort of his will suppress the painful trembling of his fingers. But the crisis was soon over. There was a steady rub on a dry stone, a splutter of flame, and then a thin blue streak of smoke rose from the piled-up fuel. They were saved. The fire thus lit was watched and tended carefully day and night, each member of the party keeping guard over it in turn until the subsequent discovery of a flint relieved



"THERE WAS A SPLUTTER OF FLAME, AND THEN A THIN BLUE STREAK OF SMOKE."

the survivors for ever of the haunting fear of their fire going out.

How sufficient food was found during the ensuing winter to keep life within the half frozen bodies of these fifteen unfortunates is a problem which cannot well be solved. A few seals, probably those which were too old to migrate with the rest, were killed now and then on the



"A FEW SEALS WERE KILLED."

shores of the creek. The flesh of each victim supplied a royal feast to its slayers, whilst the skins were preserved for future use as clothing. These, with some stray birds, and now and then a fish caught in the shallows, constituted at first the only food obtainable. One day, however, Teer was surprised to find the track of some animal on the sandy part of the soil. He ran back to his companions and told them of his discovery, but they were all incredulous. Then Teer declared that he would follow these tracks and bring back dead the beast that made them. But this idea was also scouted. Nothing daunted, Teer set out and followed the tracks for many a mile until, on reaching the summit of a high ridge of land, he saw in front of him a sight as joyful as it was surprising. A number of goats were grazing in the valley.

Armed with a rude club of hardwood, Teer rushed upon the herd, but the goats were too quick for him. Away they went, scampering up the steepest cliffs or plunging madly into deep ravines. But one little kid was not so quick as the rest, for Teer soon overtook it, and

then one swift blow from his club stretched it out dead on the grass.

When Teer returned to his companions with the kid slung over his great shoulders, we can imagine that the laugh was entirely on his side. From this time onward, as the survivors got more expert, numerous goats were hunted down or trapped.

How these goats came upon the islands was long a mystery to the survivors. But the explanation is simple. The Aucklands were

among those islands in which experiments had been made of acclimatizing various animals especially pigs and goats. By the time the survivors of the *General Grant* landed, these animals had multiplied in numbers and had become perfectly wild. So wild, indeed, that the capture of a goat was a decidedly difficult performance; whilst the pigs, of whose existence the survivors were ignorant until six

months had passed away, were found to be in a state of savagery comparable to the wild boars of history and romance.

When our hero next appears in the chronicle it is in the character of a tailor. The colony of poor wretches suffered terribly from the cold, and were in great need of clothes. But of these fifteen mortals only one, and that one Teer, had the faintest smattering of the tailor's craft. The duty of making fifteen suits thus devolved necessarily upon him. The skins of both goat and seal, which had been carefully preserved were now taken, and as a preliminary were washed in salt water. Then the fat was carefully scraped away with sharp stones. After another wash in salt water they were ready to be cut out. The bone of an albatross served as a needle, whilst thin strips of the skin itself were used as thread. With these rough materials and rougher implements, Teer sat down and made unaided the fifteen suits of clothes. The writer of this article has had the pleasure of examining one of these identical suits made by Teer on the Aucklands, and he can assure his readers



MR. JAMES TEER IN HIS CLOTHES OF SKIN.

that, though artistic embellishments were absent, these garments must have served their purpose extremely well, for they covered the body sufficiently, and were both warm and comfortable.

The survivors being now protected from the cold turned their attention to the exploration of the archipelago upon which they had been cast. Teer remembered that when he was in Melbourne he had heard a great deal about the Musgrave expedition and the wreck of the *Griffon* on the Aucklands. He rightly conjectured that as this party was well supplied with tools and other useful articles from their bag, something might probably have been left behind. He, therefore, proposed that two or three of the party should accompany him in one of the boats to discover the Musgrave settlement. But, strange to say, this proposal did not meet with the full approval of his companions; the idea, in fact, was scouted as visionary. But Teer persisted, in spite of this opposition. He represented strongly that even though the Musgrave settlement, if such existed, were not found, yet something undoubtedly would be gained by an exploration of the coast. His plan was at last adopted, and a careful

search was made of the intricate coast line of the various islands.

Teer's prediction was verified in a striking manner. The actual wooden hut which Musgrave and his companions had erected was found, whilst in it were also discovered some of the long wished for tools. The roof of the hut was composed largely of sail cloth, which was stripped off and carefully preserved. Among the important finds might be mentioned a flint and a rusty file: the head of a shovel, several nails, and a piece of sheet iron. The shovel head proved a valuable acquisition, for Teer was able by means of the file to cut it into nine strips of metal, each of which served as a knife.

Among the different occupations, besides those already mentioned, which helped to relieve the tedium of the winter, the following may be interesting. In order to obtain salt, sea water was allowed to boil in a small tin used for boiling out one of the boats, and it was constantly replenished until it had acquired a fairly thick consistency. Then by cooling quickly and stirring with a stick a crystalline precipitate formed in the solution.

One of the first things the survivors determined to do was to send signals of some kind out to sea on the off-chance that they might be picked up by some passing vessel, or be driven on to some inhabited shore. Teer undertook to make these signals, but his first efforts were scarcely successful. He inflated several seals' bladders with air, tied them tightly, and attached to each a small piece of wood on which he had written, by means of an old nail heated red-hot, a few words describing the fate of the *General Grant* and her luckless crew. These were sent off from the lee shore of the island. But a strange, unforeseen fate prevented these signals from being of any service.

As the queer-looking objects floated out the big sea birds overhead, imagining them to be some new kind of fish or other edible, pounced down from a height and punctured them with their beaks.

Nothing daunted, Teer set about devising a new method. He cut a small log of wood about a yard long into the shape of a miniature decked boat. A mast was also rigged up and a small sail made out of a piece of sheet zinc picked up on the shore. On the "sail" he scratched, as before, a short account of the wreck. The same words were also branded on the deck of the tiny vessel.

From time to time a number of these miniature ships were sent off, and, strange to relate, it was owing to one of them that the survivors

were ultimately saved. But this is anticipating, as the novelists say.

Notwithstanding these various occupations, the survivors had still a good deal of spare time on hand, and so, to vary the monotony of their enforced idleness, two or three packs of cards were manufactured out of oyster shells; rather crude, doubtless, but still quite serviceable, for many a merry game the survivors had during their long stay on the island.

On the 6th of October a sail was sighted far out at sea. One of the boats was hastily launched and signal fires were lighted, but all to no purpose, for the distant ship sailed slowly out of view. Another gleam of hope was given them by the sudden appearance one morning of a bulldog, which approached their hut, but soon went off again. From the appearance of the animal, they concluded that it had not been a long time on the island. But no traces of human beings were discovered.

The terrible winter season at length passed away, and the weary survivors began to welcome the advancing summer. But so severe had their hardships been, and so little chance apparently remained of being rescued, that they determined to make one desperate attempt to communicate with the nearest inhabited country, which was New Zealand. One of the boats was repaired, as well as their rude tools permitted. Then a deck was made of sealskins. Sails were made out of the old sail cloth which they had taken from the roof of Musgrave's hut. The following provisions were then placed on board: Firstly, the flesh of a goat and two kids caught on Enderby Island; next some smoked seal, some dozens of sea birds' eggs, seven tins of bouillon (which, as we have seen, had been carefully preserved for such an emergency), and an adequate stock of fresh water contained in bags made of sealskin. When everything was ready, the question arose: How many men should undertake the voyage, and who should they be? It was at length decided that four would be enough. It was suggested that these should be selected by lot, but the mate, Brown, stepped forward, and said in a few firm words that it was only right for him as

first officer to take his place in the boat. It only remained now to select three of the remaining thirteen men. Amid great silence the lots were drawn by means of marked oyster shells, and three men named William Scott, Andrew Morrison, and Peter McNiven drew the marked shells from the bag. On the 22nd January, 1867, these four resolute fellows, without chart, compass, or instruments of any kind, set out with the desperate resolve of reaching the shores of New Zealand, 400 miles to the northward, in a crazy boat. What the fate of these four heroes was we cannot determine; only this we know for certain that they were never again seen by mortal eyes.

The summer passed, and the winter with its snows and tempests came round again. The severe climate and the scarcity of food began to tell on the health of the party. In August, 1867, David McLelland, aged sixty-two, fell ill, and he died in the following month. The number of the survivors on the island was now reduced to ten. Next scurvy made its appearance amongst them and attacked one after the other. The disease manifested itself by the usual symptoms, combined with a general listlessness and indifference to their fate. So tired and helpless did they feel that one after another would lie down on the sand and sleep most of the day away, making no effort to secure food, or to shelter themselves from the sleet and rain.

Teer, however, had some energy left. He foresaw the consequences of such inaction.



"VIGOROUS AND ORIGINAL MEASURES."

Failing to rouse his fellow-sufferers with words, he employed more vigorous and original measures. At one part of the island where the beach was sandy and shelving he rigged up something which looked very like a spring-board. He then went to another part of the island where a species of long and fibrous grass was growing, and from this he plaited a stout whip. What follows is rather amusing. Teer, armed with the whip, marshalled his fellow-sufferers in Indian file and made them run along the plank, one after another, and jump on to the sand below. This had to be repeated until the cure began to "work," and the writer has been informed on good authority that, rough as this treatment was, it had the effect of rousing the scurvy-stricken men.

On the 19th November a sail was sighted a considerable distance out at sea. The usual frantic signals were made, but in vain, for the vessel passed the island in a southerly direction.

On the 21st of the same month another ship was sighted, this time making straight for Enderby Island. This was the brig *Amherst*, from Port Bluff, which had just set out on a whaling expedition. She had not been long at sea, before one of Teer's miniature ships was picked up, and becoming in this way acquainted with the fate of the *General Grant*, her captain had determined to search the Aucklands for the survivors. One can readily believe that the excitement amongst the castaways was intense as the *Amherst* neared their island. Teer and three others put off in their only remaining boat and pulled madly for the strange brig. But when Captain Gilroy, of the *Amherst*, saw these four strange beings clothed in shaggy skins, and with faces shaggier still with eighteen months' hair; and further, as he saw on the beach the remaining six survivors dancing a frantic dance of glee around their fire, strong suspicions entered his mind that

these persons after all might be convicts or marooned mutineers or mad men. At any rate, he refused to let Teer and his companions come on board. Teer begged, prayed, expostulated, but Gilroy was not to be moved. At last Teer gained permission to go alone on board and tell his story to the captain. This he did, but so great was the poor fellow's excitement that he could not give a coherent account of himself or his friends. Gilroy, believing his suspicions confirmed, ordered the distracted man back into his boat, and refused to hear another word. But at this very moment an old negro was coming up on deck through one of the hatchways. He probably heard Teer's last words and the captain's order. Glancing towards Teer he uttered an exclamation of surprise, for there before him stood one whom he recognised—notwithstanding the changes which time, hardship, and the uncouth dress had produced—as a fellow-sailor on a voyage several years before. The old negro explained matters to the captain, and between them they managed to set everything right. On the following morning, Gilroy dispatched one of his boats to the island, and brought off the remaining survivors. "Words are powerless," says one of them, "to express the sentiments of joy and relief which we felt on seeing ourselves at last delivered from the miseries and privations we had endured for the long period of eighteen months."



GILROY ORDERED THE DISTRACTED MAN BACK INTO HIS BOAT.

Captain Gilroy and his crew lavished every attention on the survivors, and even promised to abandon his whaling expedition and take them direct to Australia. But Teer, speaking for all, would not hear of this. He told Gilroy to go on as usual with his whale fishing, because he and his fellow-survivors, having waited eighteen months, could surely wait a few months more. The anchor was therefore weighed, the sails were unfurled, and the *Amherst* swung round and headed for the south. Under the kind care of Gilroy and his crew we must now leave the

survivors for a few months, as they tacked here and there on the search for whale in the icy regions that border on the Antarctic circle.

No one who was in Australia at the time can ever forget the excitement which was caused by the news that a ship on her way to Melbourne had called at a New Zealand port, and had there given to the world the tragic story of the *General Grant*. When a little later the *Amherst* glided into the docks at Melbourne, the adjacent wharves were lined with thousands of spectators, and we can easily imagine that the most interesting sight they beheld was that small group of ten persons standing on the deck clad in the same sealskin garments which they had worn on the Aucklands.

One pleasant little function which occurred now must not be passed over. This was the presentation to Teer by his fellow-survivors of a gold ring and an address in token of their esteem and gratitude for his services.

But a still greater honour than this was in store for Teer. As they had neglected insuring their gold, our two friends found that they could claim no compensation for the loss of their hard-won earnings. The New Zealand Government, however, was so impressed with the value of the services which Teer had rendered to his fellow-sufferers, that it offered to reimburse him for all the treasure which he had lost. This tempting offer, however, was refused. He had only done his duty, he said, and if the Government wished to reimburse him, it must do the same to Caughey and the others, for there must be no distinction between them. But the New Zealand Government succeeded in inducing Teer to accept a valuable gold watch and chain. Curiously enough, the same ill-luck which had followed the *General Grant* seemed to be at work in this case too. The watch was sent home in the keeping of a young sailor well known to Teer, but the ship in which he sailed was wrecked on an island off the China coast, and that was the end of the valuable watch and chain.

The next part of this strange narrative deals with the efforts which were made to recover the treasure on board the *General Grant*. As all these attempts were carried out with great secrecy, we cannot be so definite as regards the details. The following may, however, be accepted as accurate.

Teer had still in his possession his belt of 300 sovereigns, and in addition had a small sum of money lodged in one of the Melbourne banks. So, clubbing together, the two friends lost no time in devising some method of quietly securing the gold in the sunken vessel. A small steamer was chartered, and a professional diver

was induced to accompany them on payment of a substantial sum. Only the captain and the diver were in the secret of the expedition. The vessel made straight for the Aucklands, and, guided by Teer, lay in a short time off the mouth of the cave. But just at this time a stiff gale arose, blowing from the land. With full steam ahead the little vessel could just hold her own and no more; nor could a boat be sent ashore on account of the heavy surf. There they stuck till their coal was done, and when that occurred there was nothing to do but to get the sails out and go home to Melbourne. After this disappointment, Caughey gave up the project as hopeless, and returned to his home in Ireland. But Teer never despaired of ultimate success.

The next thing that we hear of Teer was that he was engaged by the New Zealand Government to accompany the expedition whose object was to make a thorough exploration of the Auckland Archipelago. Many were the attempts made by the captain of the vessel to worm out of Teer the secret of the position of the cave, but Teer was not to be so easily trapped. They even passed close to its mouth, where the wreck of the *General Grant* lay, but Teer, though his heart was beating violently, gave no sign of emotion, and the ship passed on.

A short time after this another expedition was secretly fitted out under the command of one of the survivors. It is very hard to get the true facts in this case; but it appears that Teer was asked to join, and that, doubting the skipper's seamanship, he refrained. It was well for him that he did so, for the vessel, owing probably to bad management, went down in a storm with all hands.

Still another expedition, this one also under the command of a survivor; but again we are confronted with difficulty in finding the exact truth of the matter. This much we do know, however, that the gold in the sunken wreck was not disturbed. That the expedition reached the cave and that operations were actually in progress to commence a search is certain. Something happened, however—most probably a quarrel with the diver—and the project fell through.

Even so recently as the year 1889 Teer prepared for another great effort. He laid all his plans carefully, and everything seemed to favour the attempt.

But almost on the very eve of the expedition, when the final preparations were being made, and when it seemed that the fated gold in the *General Grant* was at last within reach, James Teer was found dead in an hotel in Melbourne—a dramatic end to a dramatic life.

Odds and Ends.

We desire to draw special attention to the photographs reproduced in this section. They are selected from among thousands sent in to our offices from practically every nation on earth, civilized and uncivilized, and they afford vivid glimpses of life in many lands.



[From a] SNOW-PLUGH AT WORK IN THE VILLAGE OF MOREZ, JURA MOUNTAINS. [Photo]



N strong contrast to the somewhat antiquated methods adopted by some of our own towns in the matter of clearing the streets of snow, let us consider the accompanying photo., which was taken in the little village of Morez, in the Jura Mountains. After each fall of snow out comes the great snow-plough, manned by eight, ten, or more horses, according to the thickness of the snow to be cleared. As many as thirty horses have been harnessed to this plough, or *charrue*, as it is called by the villagers. It is shaped in the form of a V, and the angle is strengthened by several stout cross-bars. We can just see in the photo. that there are ten horses dragging the plough through the snowdrift, which is evidently not extraordinarily heavy. The rather plain-looking building on the right is the Hotel de Ville.

One of the most trying periods in a man's lifetime is when he stands before the officiating minister with his blushing bride, and declares,

with more or less trepidation, "With this ring I thee wed," and it becomes more portentous still if the said ring, when wanted at the critical moment, is — missing! Before now the church key and other makeshift "circlets" have been made use of in painful emergencies of this kind, but we doubt whether such "rings" as those shown in our photograph are often available. These are not grindstones, as might be supposed, but actually stone rings, which have been lying for ages

in a churchyard in the Isle of Man — the famous Kirk Braddan, to wit. In times gone by it was the Manx custom for the bride and bridegroom to clasp hands through the holes in the stones during the wedding ceremony. Although the custom has fallen into desuetude, these old relics would seem to suggest a splendid use for waste grindstones — let them be laid in churchyards, ready to be used by bewildered bridegrooms who have forgotten the ring!



EXTRAORDINARY STONE WEDDING-RINGS, KIRK BRADDAN, ISLE OF MAN.
From a Photo. by W. H. Knowles, Great Harwood.

We next consider the miraculous jewelled image of the Bambino at Rome. As a general rule it is to Russia that we must go for jewelled images of great price. The image, there known as an *icon*, consists of a picture, portions of which are overlaid with gold and precious stones. This is set out in a church for the people to come and kiss, and thieves have been known to bite out a jewel when pretending to be engaged upon this pious ceremony. The *icons* of Moscow are probably the most valuable images in the world, or at any rate in Europe; for Indian idols have often been adorned with priceless stones. Among Roman Catholics it is far less the custom to place ornaments of great value upon images, and the *Santo Bambino*, or Holy Child, the money value of which has been roughly computed at £50,000, is probably unique of its kind. It is known in Rome as "The Little Doctor," and has a great reputation for its cures. The fees charged by its custodians are high, so that it is not everyone who can afford the luxury of its visits, but still it is in great request, and it may often be seen driven through the streets in a very gorgeous carriage with outriders and much ceremony on its way to visit a patient. On one day of the year only, on the Feast of the Epiphany, it is taken out in solemn procession through the streets for the benefit of everybody. All fervent Catholics who may find themselves on its



THE BAMBINO, OR JEWELLED IMAGE OF ROME.
From a Photo.

way instantly kneel down at its passage, and sick people who cannot afford to send for it on their own account come out in large numbers in hopes of receiving benefit from the sight of it. It is a strange spectacle to witness the crowds of afflicted persons who line the pavements, filled with faith and hope that a miracle may be vouchsafed to them, and mothers are especially numerous, carrying sick babies in their arms, for it has the special reputation of caring for children of its own age. In these days of scepticism it has not, of course, anything like the vogue which it enjoyed in the days of the Papal States, but old beliefs are hard to eradicate among the simple peasantry of the Latin races, and there are still many who prefer "The Little Doctor" to any more modern physician.

One of the queerest shops that one ever saw is depicted in our next little snap shot, which shows a hairdressing saloon in a remote village in Bolivia, South America. This "saloon" is kept by an Indian and his wife. Between them they possess an ancient pair of scissors and an amazingly blunt razor,

whose condition may be imagined from the fact that its duties besides shaving are sharpening lead pencils and cutting leather. The saloon is divided into two parts one is the shop proper, in which customers are treated; whilst the other is the house portion, in which the proprietors eat and sleep.



REMARKABLE HAIRDRESSING SALOON IN BOLIVIA.
From a Photo.



[From a]

THE 'ROLLER-BOAT' OF MR. KNAPP.

[Photo.]

Boiler or boat? Such a question might well be asked by anyone glancing at the accompanying photographs of the latest attempt to solve the question of rapidity and smoothness in water travel. To one looking at the pictures it is at once apparent that Mr. Knapp, the originator of this strange craft, has, at last, struck out on a new principle in his endeavours to solve the problem of ocean navigation.

In the first place, pursuing his idea of constructing a boat which should offer the least possible resistance to the surrounding water, the inventor arrived at the conception of a craft which should rest almost entirely on the surface, and bear more and more easily on it the faster it was propelled: thus reversing the ordinary result of increased speed. The practical outcome of this idea resolved itself into the extraordinary vessel appearing in the illustrations.

As will be there seen, it has taken the form of a huge boiler, from which at regular intervals there project a series of blades resembling those of a paddle-wheel. Within this great tube-like erection there is

another of corresponding length but of smaller diameter, which is supported by means of a series of bearings upon the interior of the outer tube. This inner shell carries the necessary engines for propulsion, and, along with the platforms at both ends, affords the necessary space for passengers and cargo.

When this strange structure is in motion the inner tube remains horizontal, while the rotary motion is conveyed from the engines there situated to the outer shell by means of an arrangement of friction wheels. On revolving,

this great outer tube passes along the surface of the water by means of the action of the series of paddles which it carries. Such in outline is the simple theory of this strange "roller-boat." Before its recent trials in Toronto Bay, prophecies as to its unseaworthiness were rife. However, it is only just to say that the inventor's hopes were to a certain extent justified by trial, for the strange contrivance steamed about the harbour in safety. As yet, however—as the inventor claims, through lack of adequate engine power—a very low rate of speed has been reached.



[From a]

AN 'END-ON' VIEW OF THE SAME CRAFT.

[Photo.]



From a) WILLIAM LAURENS, AND THE BOAT IN WHICH HE HAS LIVED FOR YEARS. (Photo.

Here is a photograph of a curious dwelling-place on the shores of Loch Ridden, in Scotland. The householder is William Laurens, a Dane, who originally worked in one of the Glasgow shipbuilding yards. Many years ago he beached his boat on the spot where it now lies, and here he has lived ever since, picking up a living by fishing. His tastes are exceedingly simple, and he takes a great delight in the little "garden" on the roof of his cabin. He does not encourage wants which he cannot satisfy, giving as a reason for his bachelorhood that he has "no room for another person—it is only just large enough for himself." His only confessed ungratified longing is to see the "old folks at home," but it is a pleasing trait, showing that our hermit is no misanthrope. The boat like its owner shows signs of age, and though it may be hoped that he will long outlast its decaying timbers, another home must shelter him: a prospect he does not at all appreciate.

The three characters seen in the photograph we next reproduce (which everyone will agree is

a very remarkable one) are Turkish brigands, who were captured in 1894 near Bourgas, in Bulgaria. The band they belonged to was a small one, consisting only of five members, of whom the two on the left and right of the photograph were taken alive. The figure in the centre was captain of the band. He was shot while holding a little shepherd boy in front of him as a shield, in the vain hope that the gendarmes and armed villagers who were attacking would be reluctant to run the risk of killing an innocent child. The boy was afterwards found to have six bullet

holes though his clothes, but to be unscathed. A second brigand was shot at the same time, whilst the remaining one took refuge in a disused mill, and, refusing to surrender to Ghaours, was burned alive in his shelter. The idea of photographing the dead chief



From a Photo by) THREE TURKISH BRIGANDS CAPTURED IN BULGARIA. (Illustrated France.

with his surviving followers is decidedly gruesome.

The next photograph should be studied attentively, for it possesses an extraordinary

amount of human interest. It is a photograph taken by a sergeant of the 16th Lancers stationed in India. It represents a strange custom in vogue in some parts of the Himalaya Mountains. In the heat of the day the native women place their children in the middle of a stream, and direct the water, by means of a palm leaf or piece of tin doubled up, to flow on the back of the child's head. The umbrella seen in the photo. is made of bamboo and leaves, and it shelters the baby from the sun. The water pouring on the child's head apparently sends it to sleep, and keeps it so, while the mother proceeds



BABY PLACED IN A STREAM SO THAT THE WATER FLOWS OVER ITS HEAD. [Photo.]

with her work in the fields. No one seems ever to fear that baby may be drowned.

Everyone has heard of the Great Wall of China. And we are glad to be able to reproduce here what is perhaps the best photograph of it that was ever taken. It is well known that this wall is one of the wonders of the world. It was originally built to be a defence against the incursions of the northern tribes, and was commenced in 214 B.C. Its length in a straight line would be 1,255 miles, but if measured along its sinuosities this distance must be increased to 1,500. It is formed by two strong



[Photo.]

THE FAMOUS GREAT WALL OF CHINA (1,500 MILES LONG).

[Photo.]

retaining walls of brick, rising from granite foundations, the space between being filled up with stones and earth. The breadth of it at the base is about 25ft., at the top 15ft., and the height varies from 15ft. to 30ft.

Our next photograph shows a street scene in New York City, which it is not too much to say is absolutely unprecedented. It is nothing less than an electrocution, which was witnessed by thousands in the year 1888. The man up the pole was repairing a supposed "dead" wire, but which, it was afterwards found, crossed a "live" wire some distance away. The gutta-percha covering having got frayed by the friction, converted the wire held by the lineman into a "live" wire, and when his foot rested on another "live" wire a complete circuit was established. The terrific shock threw him down, his neck catching across another wire, as seen in the photo. There he remained for upwards of thirty minutes, with sparks flying from his mouth, hands, and feet. This fearful display accounts for the great crowd gathered below. Finally a fireman, wearing rubber gloves, went up and brought the body down. These overhead wires are now a thing of

the past, they having long since been put underground. The building seen in course of erection on the left is the famous office of the *New York World*. In the background can be seen the staircase leading to the Elevated Railroad.

By this photo. it is easy to form some idea of the great height of the buildings in New York City, and the manner in which the fire-escapes are fitted to them. But the photograph of this electrocution is unique.



EXTRAORDINARY PHOTO. OF AN ELECTROCUTION WITNESSED BY THE LANE OF PEOPLE.

A remarkable photograph from Newfoundland is next reproduced. It shows no fewer than 369 carcasses of caribou, and it supplies ample proof of a grand sporting country. Enormous herds of caribou inhabit the interior of Newfoundland. They migrate northward in the spring and come south again upon the approach of winter. The antelopes travel along well-known paths, and fall an easy prey to the settlers. The Coastal Company's steamer



A HEAP OF CARIBOU TAKEN IN NEWFOUNDLAND.
From a Photo. by M. G. Gosling, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Virginia Lake has recently brought to St. John's, on the west coast, large quantities of the frozen carcasses of these beautiful animals. The great heap here pictured contained 300 caribou, and a fortnight afterwards the same steamer brought 500 more. They are not wasted, but form a delicious and cheap article of food, greatly purchased by rich and poor. The stags shed their horns every year, and it seems almost incredible that the enormous spread of antlers—often spanning over 4ft.—can possibly be the growth of a single season.

The next photo. reproduced deals with Christmastide at Whakarewarewa, the centre of the hot lake district of New Zealand. Describing the occasion, the sender says: "Dinner time is approaching, and although

13,000 miles of ocean lie between us and 'home'—the Old Country is invariably thus designated by Colonials, even though they have never visited it—the ancient British Yuletide traditions are duly observed. As Nature has kindly provided boiling springs, the Maoris often utilize these for cooking purposes, instead of consuming coal, which costs about £3 a ton; and the illustration—with a covered bath in the back ground for the use of white people—shows them in the act of

withdrawing string bags of potatoes, done to a turn, which are to accompany the 'ros' bif,' while on the right is seen the pot, which has done its duty, and from which is about to be taken the precious plum pudding, to which justice is subsequently done in true British style."



COOKING THE CHRISTMAS DINNER IN A BOILING SPRING, NEW ZEALAND.
From a Photo. by Joshua Minton.



"I CRASHED HEAVILY OVERBOARD."

(SEE PAGE 533.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

No. 11.

*The Adventures of Louis De Rougemont.**

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

VII.

THE WIDE WORLD is a Magazine started with the avowed intention of publishing true stories of actual experiences and avoiding fiction. "The Adventures of Louis De Rougemont" were commenced under the belief that they were the true account of the life of the author. It now turns out that it is not possible for him to have been thirty years among the savages, as stated. His story was told in these offices over a period of several months, during which time he never contradicted himself once. But, after what has transpired, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not publish it as a true narrative, but only as it is given to us by the author, leaving it to the members of the public to believe as much or as little as they please. It is admitted that portions of the story are founded on his experiences. In any case, the story is so crowded with vivid, graphic, and consistent details, that it marks its author, if not a speaker of the truth, at least as a master of fiction who has had no equal in our language since Defoe; so that, even if the story is an invention, it is one which cannot fail to excite the deepest interest, and we are sure that our readers would be keenly disappointed if they were not allowed the opportunity of hearing the extraordinary developments and termination of the narrative. We may conclude, in the witty lines of the *World*

"Truth is stranger than Fiction,"
But De Rougemont is stranger than both.



WHEN it was too late, and the ship was almost out of sight, I suddenly realized that I had made another fatal mistake in having the blacks with me. Had I and the two girls been alone on the beach, I feel sure the officers of the ship would have detected our white skins through their glasses. But, indeed, we may well have escaped notice altogether.

An Amazing Case.

I may mention here a most amazing case that came to my notice when I

returned to civilization. An Austrian ship, manned partly by Frenchmen, was wrecked at North West Cape, on the extreme western side of the continent. Pearl-ling vessels pass the spot almost daily, and certainly weekly, going to and fro in the narrow channel between Muiron Island and the Cape itself. The survivors, some seventeen men in all, actually lived six months on the coast, kindly treated and fed by the natives, but as unnoticed by the vessels of the pearling fleet as though they were dumped down in the middle of the continent. Amazing to relate, some of the pearlers—most of them Swan River men—passed all unknowingly within half a mile of where the castaways were yelling themselves hoarse in the effort to attract attention. Eventually only two or three of the men survived, the rest having been unable to eat the unaccustomed food.

There was a terrible scene when the supposed Government vessel turned back on her course and passed swiftly out of sight. The girls threw themselves face downwards on the beach, and wept wildly and hysterically in the very depths of despair. I can never hope to tell you what a bitter and agonizing experience it was the abrupt change from delirious excitement at seeing a ship steering right into our bay, to the despairing shock of beholding it turn away from us even quicker than it came. The weeks gradually grew into months, and still we were apparently no nearer civilization than ever.



THE GIRLS THREW THEMSELVES FACE DOWNWARDS ON THE BEACH.

Again and again we made expeditions to see whether it were possible for the girls to reach Port Darwin overland; but, unfortunately, I had painted for them in vivid colours the tortures of thirst which I underwent on my journey towards Cape York, and so they were always afraid to leave what was now their home and go forth unprovided into the unknown. Sometimes a fit of depression so acute would come over them, that they would shut themselves up in their room and not show themselves for a whole day. We had a very plentiful supply of food, but one thing the girls missed very much was milk, which, of course, was an unheard-of luxury in these regions. We had a fairly good substitute, however, in a certain creamy and bitter-tasting juice which we obtained from a palm-tree. This "milk," when we got used to it, we found excellent when used with the green corn. The corn-patch, by the way, was carefully fenced in from kangaroos and otherwise taken great care of; and I may here remark that I made forks and plates of wood for my fair companions, and also built them a proper elevated bed, with fragrant eucalyptus leaves and grass for bedding. For the cold nights there was a covering of skin rugs, with an overall quilt made out of the wild flax.

**The Girls
in Sun-
Bonnets.**

The girls made themselves sun-bonnets out of palm-leaves, whilst their most fashionable costume was of the skins of birds and marsupials, which Yamba cunningly stitched together. During the cold winter months of July and August we camped at a more sheltered spot, a little to the north, where there was a range of mountains, the principal peak of which was shaped like a sugar loaf.

I frequently accompanied the warriors on their fighting expeditions, but I never used my stilt, mainly because we never again met so powerful an enemy as we had battled with on that memorable occasion. My people were often victorious, but once or twice we got beaten by reason of the other side having drawn the first blood. My natives, however, took their reverses with a very good grace, and were never

very depressed or inclined to view me with less favour because of their want of success. We were always the best of friends, and I even ventured gradually to wean them from cannibalism.

I knew they ate human flesh, not from any love of it, but because they hoped to acquire the additional valour of the warrior they were eating. I therefore diplomatically pointed out to them that, in the first place, all kinds of dreadful diseases which the dead man might have had would certainly be communicated to them, and in this I was providentially borne out by a strange epidemic. The second consideration was that by making anklets, bracelets, and other ornaments of the dead braves' hair they

could acquire for themselves in a much more efficacious manner the valour and other estimable qualities of the departed warrior.

**I Advise
the Binoas.** Whilst I was on this subject I also advised

them strongly and impressively never wantonly to attack white men, but to make friendly advances towards them. I often wonder now whether explorers who follow in my track will notice the absence of cannibalism and the friendly overtures of the natives.

Two half-painful, half-merry years passed by. We had seen several ships passing out at sea,

and on more than one occasion Yamba and I, taught by previous lessons, had jumped into our canoe and pulled for many miles in the direction of the sail, leaving the girls watching us eagerly from the shore. But it was always useless, and we were compelled to return without having accomplished our purpose; we merely inflicted additional pain on ourselves.

I now come to what is possibly the most painful episode of my career, and one which I find it impossible to discuss without very real pain. Even at this distance of time I cannot recall that tragic day without bitter tears coming into my eyes, and being afflicted with a gnawing remorse which can never completely die in my heart. Do not, I beg of you, in considering my actions, ask me why I did not do this, or that, or the other. In terrible crises I believe we become almost mechanical, and are not



"THREE MOST FASHIONABLE COSTUME"

responsible for what we do. I have often thought that, apart from our own volition, each set of nerves and fibres in our being has a will of its own.

Well, one gloriously fine day we sighted a ship going very slowly across the gulf, several miles away. Would to God we had never seen her!

We were thrown, as usual, into a **Fatal Excitement.** perfect frenzy of wild excitement, and the girls dashed here and there like people possessed. Of course, I determined to intercept the vessel if possible, and the girls at once expressed their intention of coming with me. I attempted earnestly to dissuade them from this, but they wept pitifully and implored me to let them come. They were filled with an ungovernable longing to get away—the same longing, perhaps, that animates a caged bird who, although well fed and kindly treated, soars away without a moment's hesitation when an opportunity occurs. Quite against my better judgment, I let them come. Every second was precious and every argument futile. While Yamba was getting ready the canoe I rushed from one group of natives to the other, coaxing, promising, imploring. I pointed out to them that they could propel their catamarans faster than I could paddle, and I promised them that if I reached the ship I would send them presents from the white man's land of tomahawks and knives and gaily-coloured cloths and gorgeous imitation jewellery. But they were only too ready to help me without any of these inducements, and in an incredibly short time at least twenty catamarans, each containing one or two men, put off from the shore in my wake and made directly towards the ship, whilst I struck off at a tangent so as to head her off. I now see that without doubt we must have presented a very formidable appearance to the people on the ship as we paddled over the sunlit seas, racing one another, yelling, and gesticulating like madmen. Of course, the people on the ship quite naturally thought that they were being attacked by a savage flotilla. But in the excitement of the moment I never gave this a thought. Had I only left my faithful natives behind all might have been well. Yamba and I kept the canoe well ahead, and we reached the neighbourhood of the ship first.

As we approached, the excitement of **Last Moments.** the girls was painful to witness. They could scarcely contain themselves for joy, and as I forcibly prevented them from standing up in the frail canoe, they contented themselves with frantically waving their hands and screaming themselves hoarse.

As we approached the vessel I was surprised to see the topsail being hoisted, but, strange to

say, the crew kept well out of sight. This was easy to do, considering the spread of canvas. It was not a Malay vessel, being decidedly of European rig. She was only a small craft, of perhaps ten or fifteen tons, with one mast carrying a mainsail and staysail, in addition to the topsail that had been hoisted as we approached. To us, however, she was a "ship." We were now about 150yds. away, and I suddenly leapt to my feet and coo-eeed several times. Still no one showed himself, and not a soul was visible on board. My own joyful excitement speedily turned to heart-sickness, alarm, and even terror. By this time the flotilla of catamarans was close behind me, and just as I was about to take to my paddle again and advance still closer to the vessel, the loud report of a gun was heard, and then—well, what followed next is exceedingly difficult for me to describe accurately. Whether I was wounded by the shot, or whether the girls suddenly stood up, causing me to lose my balance and fall on the side of the canoe and cut my thigh, I do not know.

At any rate, I crashed heavily over-**The Catastrophe.** board in spite of Yamba's desperate attempt to save me. The next moment I had forgotten all about the ship, and was only conscious of Yamba swimming close by my side and occasionally gripping my long hair when she thought I was going under. We righted the canoe and climbed in as quickly as we could. I think I was dazed and incapable of any coherent thought. As I collapsed in the bottom of the canoe, I suddenly realized that Yamba and I were alone, and sitting up, I gasped, "The girls, the girls! Where are they? Oh, where are they? We must save them!"

Alas! they had sunk beneath the smiling waves, and they never rose again. True, they were expert swimmers, but I suppose the terrible excitement, followed by the sudden shock, was too much for them, and as they sank for the first time they probably clung to each other in the embrace of death. God knows best. Perhaps it was better that He should take my loved ones from me than that they should be dragged through the terrible years that followed.

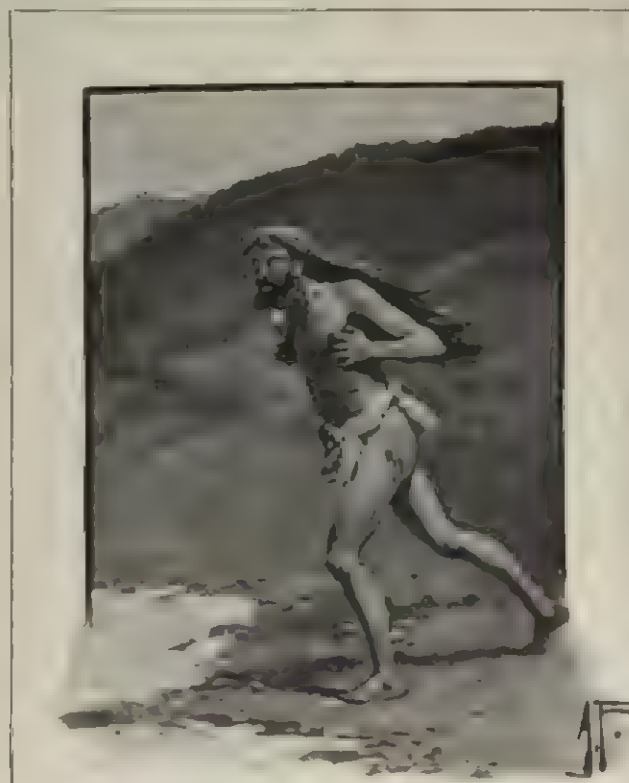
But for a long time I utterly refused to believe that my darlings were lost—they were truly as sisters to me; and Yamba and I and the natives dived time after time, searching the sea in every direction. But at length, seeing that I was exhausted, Yamba forcibly detained me, and told me that I myself would inevitably drown if I went into the water again. The wound in my thigh (I am uncertain to this day whether it was the result of the gun-shot or mere

collision with the rough prow of the canoe was bleeding freely, and as it was also pointed out to me that there was a very strong and swift current at this spot, I allowed myself to be taken away without any further opposition.

I could not realize my bereavement. It seemed too terrible and stunning that when God had provided me with these two charming companions, who were all in all to me every moment of my existence, as

my death, I feel sure I shall suffer agonies of grief and remorse (I blame myself for not having forbidden them to go in the canoe) for this terrible catastrophe.

After we returned to the land, I haunted the seashore for hours, hoping to see the bodies rise to the surface; but I watched in vain. When at length the full magnitude of the disaster dawned upon me, despair—the utter abandonment of despair—filled my soul for



"I HUNTED THE SEA SHORE FOR HOURS."

a consolation for the horrors I had gone through—it seemed impossible, I say, that they should be snatched from me just at the very moment when salvation seemed within our reach. Every detail of the incident passed before my mental vision, but I could not grasp it. I could not seem to think it real. I can never explain it. These poor girls were more to me than loving sisters. They turned the black night of my desolate existence into sunshine, and they were perpetually devising some little sweet surprise—some little thing which would please me and add additional brightness to our daily lives. This dreadful thing happened many years ago, but to this day, and to the day of

the first time. Never again would my sweet companions cheer my solitary moments. Never again would I see their loved forms, or hear their low, musical voices. Never again would we play together like children on the sand. Never again would we build aerial castles about the bright and happy future in store for us, looking back from the bourne of civilization on our fantastic adventures. Never again should we compare our lot with that of Robinson Crusoe or the Swiss Family Robinson.

My bright dream had passed away, and with a sudden revulsion of *A Fearful Contrast.*

I realized that the people I were repulsive cannibals of the

among whom I was apparently doomed to pass the remainder of my wretched days—a fate infinitely more terrible than that of joining my darlings beneath the restless waves, that beat for ever on that lonely shore. I was a long time before I could even bring myself to be thankful for Yamba's escape, which was no doubt dreadfully ungrateful of me. I can only ask your pity and sympathy in my terrible affliction. What made my sorrow and remorse the more poignant was the reflection that, if I had retained one atom of my self-possession, I would never have dreamed of approaching the little European vessel at the head of a whole flotilla of catamarans, filled with yelling and gesticulating savages. As to the people on board the vessel, I exonerated them then, and I exonerate them now, from all blame. Had you or I been on board, we should probably have done exactly the same thing under the circumstances.

Clearly the only reasonable plan of action was to have gone alone; but then, at critical times, even the wisest among us is apt to lose his head. God knows I paid dearly enough for my lack of judgment on this melancholy occasion.

My wound was not at all serious, and, thanks to Yamba's care, it very quickly healed, and I was able to get about once more.

But I ought to tell you that when we returned I could not bear to go into our hut, where every little bunch of withered flowers, every garment of skin, and every implement, proclaimed aloud the stunning loss I had sustained. No, I went back direct to the camp of the natives, and remained among them until the moment came for my departure. I think it was in the soft, still nights that I felt it most. I cried till I was as weak as a baby. Oh! the torments of remorse I endured, the fierce resentment against an all-wise Providence. "Alone! Alone! Alone!" I would shriek. "Gone! Gone! Gone! Oh, come back to me, come back to me, I cannot live here now."

And I soon realized that it was simply impossible for me to remain there any longer. There was much weeping and lamentation among the native women, but I guessed it was not so much on account of the poor young ladies themselves, as out of sympathy for the loss the great white chief had sustained. I think Yamba went among them and pointed out the magnitude of the disaster, otherwise they would have failed to grasp it. What

—an or two to them?

—tattle down

—with

wilderness and there hide my grief. In making an attempt to reach civilization, I thought this time of going due south, so that perhaps I might ultimately reach Sydney, or Melbourne, or Adelaide. I argued thus casually to myself, little dreaming of the vast distances—mountain ranges and waterless deserts—that separated me from these great cities. For all I knew, I might have come upon them in a few weeks. All that I was certain of was that they lay somewhere to the south. Time was no object to me, and I might as well be walking in the direction of civilization as remaining idle in my bay home, brooding over the disaster that had clouded my life and made it infinitely more intolerable than it was before the girls came.

Yamba instantly agreed to accompany me, and a few weeks after the loss of the girls we started out once more on our wanderings, accompanied by my ever-faithful dog.

Bruno also missed his young mistress. He would moan and cry pitifully, and run aimlessly up and down the beach looking out to sea. Ah! had I only taken Bruno on that fatal day, he would not have let my dear ones drown!

As I have said, I remained only a few weeks in my bay home, and then departed. The blacks, too, left the spot, for they never stay where the shadow of death lies, fearing the unpleasant attentions of the spirits of the deceased. The parting between me and my people was a most affecting one, the women fairly howling in lamentations, which could be heard for a great distance. They had shown such genuine sympathy with me in my misfortune that our friendship had very materially increased; but in spite of this good feeling, I knew I could never be happy among them again.

So we started off into the unknown, with no more provision or equipment than if we were going for a stroll of a mile or so. Yamba carried her yam-stick and basket, and I had my usual weapons—tomahawk and stiletto in my belt, and bow and arrows in my hand. I never dreamed when we started that to strike due south would take us into the unexplored heart of the continent. Day after day, however, we walked steadily on our course, steering in a very curious manner. We were guided by the ant-hills, which are always built facing the east, whilst the top inclines towards the north; and we knew that the scratches made on trees by the opossums were invariably on the north side.

We often steered by the habits of insects, wasps' nests, and other curious auguries, fixing our position

Steering
by Wasps'
Nests.

"Only a
Withered
Flower."



"WE WERE GUIDED BY THE ANTIHILLS."

at night by the stars and in the daytime by our own shadows. Yamba always went in front and I followed. The bush teemed with fruits and roots. After leaving our own camp in the Cambridge Gulf region we struck a fine elevated land, excellently well watered, and later on we followed the Victoria River in a southeasterly direction through part of the northern territory of South Australia. We at length struck a peculiar country covered with coarse grass 10ft. or 12ft. high, not unlike the sugarcane which I afterwards saw, but much more dense.

It was, of course, impossible for us to pursue our course due south, owing to the forests and ranges which we encountered; we had, as a matter of fact, to follow native and kangaroo tracks wherever they took us—east, west, and even north occasionally. The progress of the natives is simply from one water supply to another. As far as possible, however, we pursued our way south. You will therefore understand that this kind of travelling was very different from that which we experienced on the Victoria River—which, by the way, traversed a very fine country. As we ascended it we passed many

isolated hills of perhaps a few hundred feet, and nowhere did I see any scrub or spinifex.

After leaving the Victoria we came upon a more elevated plateau covered with rather fine but short grass; the trees were scarcer here, but finer and bigger. There was plenty of water in the native wells and in the hollows, although we frequently had to remove a few stones to get at it. There were plenty of kangaroos and emus about, as well as turkeys; these latter provided us with an unwanted dish, to say nothing of their delicious eggs.

Another reason for our going out of our course when we came to forests was because but little food was found in them. Kangaroos and other animals were seldom or never found there; they abounded usually in the more scrubby country. Again our progress was a very leisurely one, and, as we met tribe after tribe, we ingratulated ourselves with them and camped at their native wells. Occasionally we came upon curious rivers and lagoons that ran into the earth and disappeared in the most mysterious way, only to reappear some distance farther on. Of course, I may be mistaken in this, but such

I Avoid the Forests.

at any rate was my impression. One day as we were marching steadily along, Yamba startled me by calling out excitedly, "Up a tree, quick! up a tree!" and so saying she scampered up the nearest tree herself. Now, by this time I had become so accustomed to acting upon her



"YAMBA CALLED OUT, EXCITEDLY, 'UP A TREE, QUICK!'"

advice unquestioningly, that without waiting to hear any more I made a dash for the nearest likely tree and climbed into it as fast as I could. Ha! she called out to me, "Leap into the river," I should have done so without asking a question. When I was safely in the tree, however, I called out to her (her tree was only a few yards away), "What is the matter?" She did not reply, but pointed to a vast stretch of undulating country over which we had just come, and which was fairly well wooded. It lingers in my mind as a

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region in which one was able to see a fairly long way in every direction—a very unusual feature in the land of "Never Never!"

I looked, but at first could see nothing. Presently, however, it seemed to me that the whole country in the far distance was covered with a black mantle, which seemed to be made up of living creatures.

Steadily and rapidly this great mysterious wave swept along towards us, and seeing that I was both puzzled and alarmed, Yamba gave me to understand that *we should presently be surrounded by myriads of rats*, stretching away in every direction round our trees like a living sea. The phenomenon was evidently known to Yamba, and she went on to explain that these creatures were migrating from the lowlands to the mountains, knowing by instinct that the season of the great floods was at hand. That weird and extraordinary sight will live in my memory for ever. I question whether a spectacle so fantastic and awe-inspiring was ever dealt with, even in the pages of quasi-scientific fiction. It was impossible for me to observe in what order the rats were advancing, on account of the great stretch of country which they covered. Soon, however, their shrill squeals were

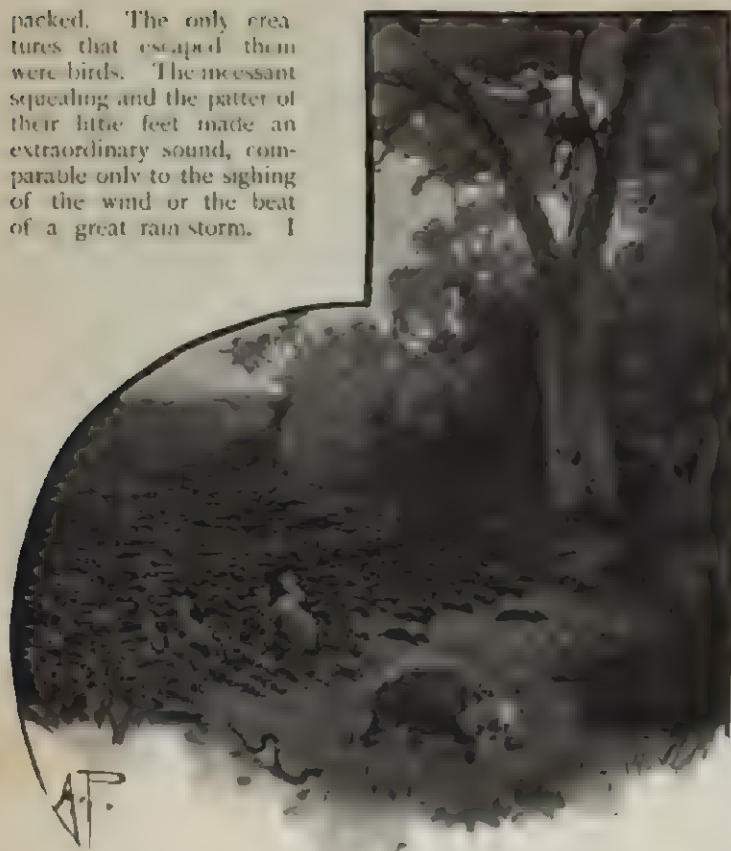
distinctly heard, and soon after the edge of that strange tide struck our tree and swept past us with a force impossible to realize. No living thing was spared. Snakes, lizards—aye, even the biggest kangaroos—succumbed after an ineffectual struggle. The rats actually ate those of their fellows who seemed to hesitate or stumble. The curious thing was that the great army never seemed to stand still. It appeared to me that each rat simply took a

bite at whatever prey came his way and then passed on.

I am unable to say how long the rats were in passing—it might have been an hour. Yamba told me that there would have been no help for us had we been overtaken whilst on foot by these migratory rodents. It is my opinion that no creature in Nature, from the elephant downwards, could have lived in that sea of rats. I could not see the ground between them, so closely were they

The Flowing
of the Tide.

packed. The only creatures that escaped them were birds. The incessant squealing and the patter of their little feet made an extraordinary sound, comparable only to the sighing of the wind or the beat of a great rain storm. I



"NO LIVING THING ESCAPED THEM."

ought to mention, though, that I was unable accurately to determine the sound made by the advancing rats owing to my partial deafness, which you will remember was caused by the great wave which dashed me on to the deck of the *Vieland*, just before landing on the sand-spit in the Sea of Timor. I often found this deafness a very serious drawback, especially when hunting. I was often at a loss to hear the "coo-ee" or call of my natives. Fortunate men! they did not even understand what deafness meant. Lunacy also was unknown among them. In all my wanderings I only met one idiot or demented person. He had been struck by a falling tree, and he was worshipped as a demigod!

When the rats had passed by, we watched them enter a large creek and swim across, after which they disappeared in the direction of some ranges which were not very far away. They never seemed to break their ranks; even when swimming, one beheld the same level brownish mass on the surface of the water. Yamba told me

that this migration of rats was not at all uncommon, but that the creatures rarely moved about in such vast armies as the one that had just passed.

Rats and
the Malay
Children.

I also learned that isolated parties of migrating rats were responsible for the horrible deaths of many native children, who had, perhaps, been left behind in the camp by their parents, who had gone in search of water.

Up to the present we had always found food plentiful. On our southward journey a particularly pleasant and convenient article of diet turned up (or fell down) in the form of the *maru*, as it is called, which collects on the leaves of trees during the night. Both in its appearance and manner of coming, this curious substance may be likened to the manna that fell in the wilderness for the benefit of the Israelites. This *maru* is a whitish substance, not unlike raw cotton. The natives make

bread of it; it is rather tasteless, but is very nutritious, and only obtained at certain times—for example, it never falls at the time of full moon, and is peculiar to certain districts.

During this great southward journey many strange things happened, and we saw a host of curious sights. I only wish I could trust my memory to place these in their proper chronological order.

We had several visitations of locusts, and on one occasion, some months after leaving home, they settled upon the country around us so thickly as actually to make a living bridge across a large creek. On several occasions I have had to dig through a living crust of these insects, six or eight inches thick, in order to reach water at a water-hole. These locusts are of a yellowish-brown colour (many are grey), and they range in length from two to four inches.

Clouds of
Locusts.

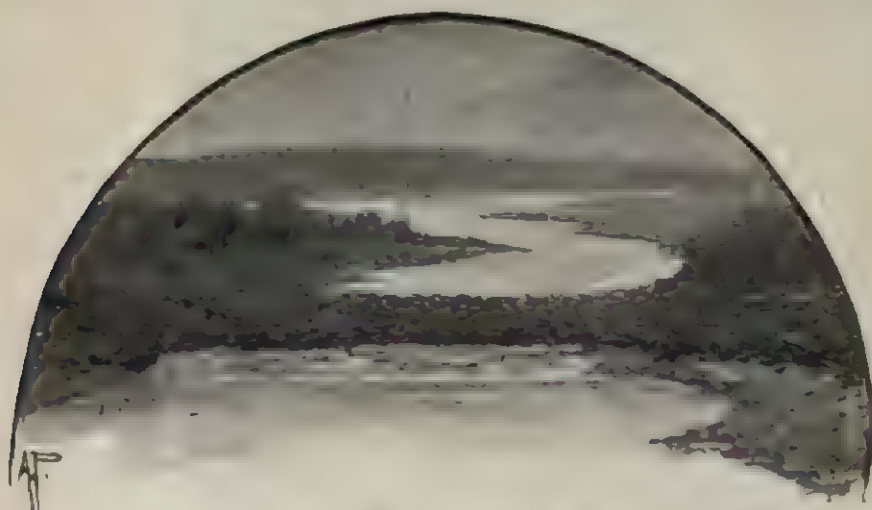
As they rise in the air they make a strange cracking, snapping sound, and they were often present in such myriads as actually to hide the face of the sun. These

locusts I found excellent eating when grilled on red-hot stones.

Yamba, of course, did all the cooking, making a fire with her ever-ready fire stick, which no native woman is ever without; and while she looked after the supply of roots and opossum meat, I generally provided the snakes, emus, and kangaroos. Our shelter at night consisted of a small *gunyah* made of boughs and we

Talking of storms, I have seen it stated that the Australian natives are in a state of high glee whenever they hear thunder. This is perfectly true, but I have never seen any explanation of this joy. Yet it is simple enough. The natives know that thunder presages rain, which is always a blessing of great price in that thirsty country.

I think this was the first time I had actually



"A LIVING DELUGE ACROSS A FLOOD-PLAIN."

left the fire burning in front of this when we turned in.

When we had been fully three months out, a very extraordinary thing happened, which to many people would be incredible were it not recognised as a well-known Australian phenomenon. We had reached a very dry and open grass country, where there was not a tree to be seen for miles and miles. Suddenly, as Yamba and I were squatting on the ground enjoying a meal, we saw a strange black cloud looming on the horizon, and we hailed its advent with the very greatest delight, inasmuch as it presaged the rain which is always so vitally important in the "Never Never." We waited in anticipation until the cloud was right over our heads. Then the deluge commenced, but to my unbounded amazement I found that with the rain *like fish as big as whitebait were falling from the clouds!* When this wonderful rain storm had passed, large pools of water were left on the surface of the ground, and most of these were fairly alive with fish. This surface water, however, evaporated in the course of a few days, and then, as the blazing sun beat down upon the fish-covered country, we found the region growing quite intolerable on account of the awful stench.

seen it rain fish. I had often been surprised, however, to find water-holes and even the pools in grassy plains literally alive with fish a few days after a storm. And they grew with astounding rapidity, providing the water did not evaporate. This was in the vicinity of my Cambridge Gulf home.

We remained in the neighbourhood for some time, living on a most welcome fish diet. Very frequently in our wanderings we were provided with another dainty in the shape of a worm, which, when broiled over charcoal, had the flavour of a walnut.

These worms we found in the grass trees, which grow to a height of 10ft. to 20ft., and have bare trunks surmounted by what looks at a distance like a big bunch of drooping bulrushes. The worms were of a whitish colour, and were always found in the interior of a well-matured or decaying stem, so that all we had to do was to push the tree over with our feet and help ourselves.

In the course of our wanderings we usually went from tribe to tribe, staying for a little time with some, and with others merely exchanging greetings. With some tribes we would perhaps

Fish from
the Clouds.

travel a little way south, and only part with them when they were about to strike northwards, and as their course was simply from water-hole to



"THE FISH WERE TALKING FROM THE CLOUDS."

water-hole, as I have told you, it was always pretty erratic.

Occasionally one of the tribes would display hostility towards us at first sight, but I generally managed to ingratiate myself into their good graces by the exercise of a little diplomacy—and acrobatics. Curiously enough, many of these tribes did not display much surprise at seeing a white man, apparently reserving all their amazement for Bruno's bark and the white man's wonderful performances.

**My Usual
Intro-
duction.**

I may here remark that, in the event of our coming across a hostile tribe who fought shy of my friendly advances, I would, without ceremony, introduce myself by dashing into their midst and turning a few somersaults or Catherine-wheels such as the London *gamins* display for the benefit of easily pleased excursionists. This queer entertainment usually created roars of laughter, and set everyone at his ease.

I remember once being surprised by the sudden appearance over the crest of a hillock of about twenty blacks, all well armed and presenting rather a formidable appearance. The moment they caught sight of Yamba and myself they halted, whereupon I advanced and called out to them that I was a friend, at the same time holding out my passport stick. The efficacy of this talisman varied according to the tribes. Yamba could make neither head nor tail of these people; they jabbered in a language quite unintelligible to either of us. I then reverted to the inevitable sign language, giving them to understand that I wished to sleep with them a night or two, but they still continued to brandish their spears ominously. Yamba at once whispered in my ear that we had better not trouble them any

further, as they were evidently inclined to be pugnacious. This was a very exceptional *rencontre*, because I usually induced the natives to sit down and parley with me, when I would produce my mysterious stick, and in the event of this proving of little account, both I and Bruno would without a moment's hesitation plunge into our performance. It always began with a few somersaults. Bruno needed no looking after. He knew his business, and went through his own repertoire with great energy and excitement. The accompanying barks were probably involuntary, but they were a great help in astonishing and impressing the natives.

**A Serious
Entertain-
ment.**

Even in this instance I was unwilling to retire defeated; so suddenly pulling out one of my little reed whistles capable of producing two notes, I commenced a violent jig to my own "music." The effect on the scowling and ferocious-looking blacks was quite magical. They immediately threw down

their spears and laughed uproariously at my vigorous antics. I danced till I was quite tired, but I managed to wind up the entertainment with a few somersaults, which impressed them vastly.

I had conquered. When I had finished they advanced and greeted me most heartily, and

ordinary stock of food. So completely had I won them over, that I actually hung up my bow and arrows along with their spears before retiring to rest. The expression "hung up" may seem curious, so I hasten to explain that the natives tied up their spears in bunches and placed them on the scrub bushes.



"I DANCED TILL I WAS QUITE TIRED."

from that moment we were friends. I had completely done away with their enmity by my simple efforts to amuse them. For the most part, this was my invariable experience. The natives were the easiest people in the world to interest and amuse, and when once I had succeeded in winning them in this way, they were our warmest friends. This band of warriors took us back to their camping ground, some miles away, and actually gave a great feast in my honour that evening, chanting the wonderful things they had seen until far into the night. The place where I met these blacks was a broken, stony, and hilly country, which, however, abounded in roots and snakes, especially snakes. My hosts had evidently had a recent battue, or fire hunt, for they had a most extra-

**The Power
of the
Bow.**

Next morning I brought down a few hawks on the wing with my bow and arrows, and then the amazement of the natives was quite comical to witness. Shooting arrows in a straight line astonished them somewhat, but the more bombastic among them would say, "Why, I can do that," and taking his woomerah he would hurl a spear a long distance. Not one of them, however, was able to *throw a spear upwards*, and then it was I who scored even over the most redoubtable chiefs. It may be well to explain, by the way, that birds are always to be found hovering about a native camp; they act as scavengers, and their presence in the sky is always an indication that an encampment is somewhere in the vicinity. These bird

especially on the spot when the blacks set fire to the bush and organize a big battue. At such times the rats and lizards rush out into the open, and then the hawks reap a fine harvest.

My natives, by the way, may be referred to as "blacks," or "black fellows," but they are not really black, their hue being rather a brown, ranging from a very dark brown, indeed, almost to the lightness of a Malay. I found the coast tribes lightest in hue, while the inland natives were very much darker. Here I may mention that after having been on my way south for some months, I began to notice a total difference between the natives I met and my own people in the Cambridge Gulf district. The tribes I was now encountering daily were inferior in physique, and had inferior war implements, and I do not remember that they had any shields.

The blacks I **Repulsive Blacks.** had whistled and jigged before were, perhaps, the ugliest of all the aborigines I had encountered, which was saying a very great deal. The men were very short, averaging little more than 5ft., with low foreheads and hideously repulsive features. I noticed, however, that the animals they had to eat seemed very much fatter than similar creatures farther north. One thing I was grateful to these people for was honey,

which I urgently required for medicinal purposes. They were very sorry when we left them, and a small band of warriors accompanied us on our first day's march. We were then handed on from tribe to tribe, smoke signals being sent up to inform the next "nation" that friendly strangers were coming.

Gradually I became uneasy. We were evidently getting into a country where the greatest of our wonders could not save us from the hostility of the natives. We presently encountered another tribe, who not only at first refused to accept our friendly overtures, but even threatened to attack us before I had time to consider another plan. I tried the effect of my whistle, but even this failed in its intent, and to my alarm, before I could give them an exhibition of my acrobatic powers they had hurled one or two war spears, which whizzed by unpleasantly close to my head. Without further ado, well knowing that vacillation meant death, I sent half a dozen arrows in succession amongst them, taking care, however, to aim very low, so as not unduly to injure my opponents.

The hostile blacks came to a sudden **Mysterious halt,** as they found the mysterious spears flying round them, and watching my opportunity, I dashed forward right among them, and turned over and over in a series of rapid and breathless somersaults.



"THE AMAZEMENT OF THE NATIVES."

(To be continued.)

The Miraculous Black Virgin of Roc-Amadour.

By B. WATERS.

A full description of a strikingly picturesque place of pilgrimage in South-West France, where the pilgrims ascend a great staircase on their knees. With a complete set of photographs.



AMONG the most ancient and remarkable of the holy places which still attract pilgrims in Republican France, the shrine and miraculous image of Our Lady on the romantic mountain of Roc-Amadour, in the Department of Lot, possesses, perhaps, the most striking ceremonies and romantic associations.

According to tradition, this place of pilgrimage was founded by Zacchaeus, the publican of the Gospels, who established himself there as a hermit in the first century, and was known to his neighbours as Roc-Amadour, which means the lover of the rock. He is said to have set out from Palestine in an open boat, taking with him the miraculous image which is still to be seen there, having been guided on his journey by the wind and waves. On his arrival the rock was infested by wild beasts, but in answer to his prayers they withdrew for ever from the district. During his life time Zacchaeus occupied a small natural cell in the rock, where he was buried in the year 70, and where his body was found in a state of perfect preservation over a thousand years later, in 1166. After this discovery so many miracles were performed by his remains, that all manner of pilgrims hastened thither from far and near. Among them was Henry II. of England, who made a vow that he would be reconciled with Becket if his pilgrimage brought him relief from an illness. He was at once cured, and Becket was restored to his See.

Roc-Amadour, inclosed among precipitous hills, is perched upon a cliff, to the side of which cling houses approached by a winding road. The pilgrimage church dates from the twelfth century, and consisted at one time of twelve sanctuaries grouped around a miraculous

chapel. Six now remain. The first of these is the Church of the Saviour, a vast basilica where pilgrims still assemble. Beneath this is the underground Church of Saint Amadour and four chapels. From the village to the sanctuaries runs a long, steep flight of 216 steps, which pilgrims are expected to ascend on their hands



From 21

ROC-AMADOUR. THE GATEWAY.

(Photo.

and knees, reciting on each step the "Hail, Mary," and the invocation, "Our Lady of Roc-Amadour, pray for us." The favourite times for pilgrimages are May, the month of Mary, and the octave of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, from the 8th to the 15th of



THE GREAT STAIRCASE.
— PILGRIMS ASCENDING
ON THEIR KNEES.

September. There is then a torchlight procession every evening, which goes far towards realizing our notions of fairy-land. All along the ramparts and battlements are endless rows of Chinese lanterns of all the most exquisite hues. The cross of Jerusalem, which stands out at the extremity, is a blaze of red, and the whole mountain seems

on fire to welcome the pilgrims. These, in enormous crowds, but always in perfect order, are crawling up the steep staircase, each with a lighted candle in his hand, and, viewed from a distance, they suggest a swarm of fireflies dancing in the breeze. As the pilgrims reach the summit they make their way into the immense natural hall, where a blaze of light almost blinds them after the soft glow of the candles and lanterns in the dusk without. Some have come to implore miraculous relief for their various needs; others have brought votive offerings in return for benefits received; others, again, are dedicating small children to the service of Our Lady of Roc-Amadour. She is the "Star of the Sea," the special patron of sailors, numbers of whom have journeyed hither from long distances to ask a blessing for the coming year. In this age of coldness and scepticism it is a revelation to the traveller to find so much enthusiasm and blind faith thus gathered together in the persons of these fervent pilgrims.

Let us now take a glance round and examine the various sights of the place. Part of the way up the rock is the palace of the Bishop of Cahors, where there is an extraordinary courtyard overhung by stupendous rocks and surrounded by the buildings of the sanctuary. We pass on into the miraculous Chapel of Our Lady, on the site of the original oratory of Zachaeus, which, having been destroyed by the fall of a rock, was replaced by the present chapel in 1479.



(From a)

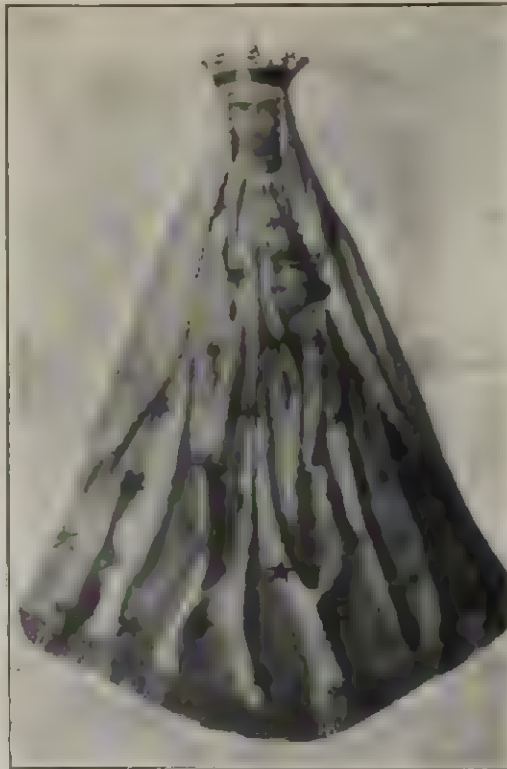
THE MIRACULOUS CHAPEL, WITH VOTIVE OFFERINGS.

(White)

On the wall of the chapel are the remains of a curious fresco, which some have taken to represent the Dance of Death, and others have interpreted as depicting the miraculous punishment meted out to defilers of tombs. The subject, as a matter of fact, is really the "Lay of the Three Quick and the Three Dead," in which the poet represented three careless young lords who are conversing as they ride about hunting, love, and pleasure, when they are suddenly met by three dead men, who stop them and compel them to listen to serious reflections upon the vanity of human affairs.

The chapel suffered great damage in the sixteenth century from the Huguenots, who burnt and ravaged almost everything they could lay hands upon, mutilating the images and making a bonfire of the relics. Traces of their vandalism are still conspicuous, though a great deal has been done in the way of restoration. Pious hands, however, contrived to save the Miraculous Black Image of the Blessed Virgin, also the miraculous bell and the altar consecrated by Saint Martial. The image was rudely hewn out of the trunk of a tree, and is about 29 in. in height. It represents the Virgin seated with the Child on her knee. He holds the Gospels in His hand, and each wears a crown upon the head. Formerly the whole image was covered with a thin layer of silver, but this has now been completely worn away except at the edges of the robe; and the lapse of ages in an atmosphere heavily charged with the smoke of tapers and incense has turned it completely black, for which reason

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From a [Photo.] THE MIRACULOUS BLACK VIRGIN.

it is known as the Miraculous Black Virgin.

The records of miracles performed by this image—or, if we prefer so to express it, of prayers which have been heard in its presence—are very numerous; and, even if we only look upon them as a form of faith-healing, it is impossible altogether to deny them. The altar, with all the votive offerings of those who have received benefits from the image, is alone a speaking testimony; and there is besides an immense array of crutches, flags, models of limbs, pictures, and other testimonies of gratitude and devotion. The more portable precious offerings were carried off by the Huguenots. The image, clad in a long, flowing robe, occupies

the principal position over the centre of the altar, and a stone is still shown which is said to be part of the original altar consecrated by Saint Martial when he was sent by Saint Peter to Gaul.

The miraculous bell, suspended in the dome, enjoys an almost equal celebrity. There is no chain or rope attached to it, for it is believed that it rings miraculously of itself whenever a miracle is being performed by the image either here or elsewhere. For instance, when a sailor, caught by a tempest, makes a despairing appeal to Our Lady of Roc Amadour, Star of the Sea, she rings her bell in the chapel as a token that the prayers have been heard, and an echo of its peal often seems to reach him, however far away he may be. Detailed records exist of such occurrences on the 10th of February, 1385; the 20th July, 1435; 5th May, 1454; and on eleven other occasions down to 23rd September, 1



THE MIRACULOUS BELL (SUSPENDED TO RING EVERY TIME A MIRACLE IS PERFORMED).

At present the castle serves as a dwelling-place for the priests attached to the service of the sanctuary. If for no other reason, it is worth climbing up to the summit in order to enjoy the magnificent panorama which stretches away over fantastic rocks, and the smiling valley of the Alzou, with its dark girdle of walnut trees.

One of the most interesting sights of the place is the Way of the Cross, the various stations of which are at once quaint and artistic. Adjoining the sixth station is a very remarkable Grotto of the Agony, where, beneath the rock which has been blackened by the lapse of centuries,

grotto the pilgrims reach a colossal cross, where their labours are terminated, and they pause to kneel and offer up fresh prayers and vows.

Nowadays there is no particular difficulty about making the pilgrimage to Roc Amadour. The railway takes you within two miles of it, and a service of still more prosaic omnibuses brings you to the foot of the hill. But in the Middle Ages its remoteness and the rugged nature of the neighbouring country led to its being selected as an objective in the highest degree praiseworthy for penitents to visit. Many people were even sent there as a political punishment. In his treaty of peace with the Flemish



FIG. 611

THE GROTTO OF THE AGONY.

[Photo.]

the Saviour is represented on his knees, receiving the cup from the hands of an angel, while the group of sleeping Apostles is stretched upon a heap of stones hard by. The fourteenth station is also located in a grotto, and represents with wonderful art the laying of Christ in His tomb. To understand real religious fervour, this station should be visited on the occasion of one of the great torchlight processions, when some three thousand pilgrims, each holding a lighted taper, throng the entrance to the grotto, and the roar of their hymns to Mary echoes far away among the hills. Finally, above this

in 1304, Philip le Bel reserved the right to punish two thousand of the most guilty persons of the town and territory of Bruges by sending them on a pilgrimage to Roc Amadour, and similar clauses were inserted in treaties in 1316 and 1326, so terribly difficult was it to reach this place. The roads in the neighbourhood were then so dangerous that numerous military posts were established along them for the protection of pilgrims, as well as inns for their entertainment, and watchfires at night time upon the adjoining hills, as is the case on the way to Mecca.

The Wine Festival of Vevey.

BY KATHLEEN SCHLESINGER.

A description of a rare and glowing Swiss pageant, which is supposed to be celebrated every fifty years. The principal phases are illustrated by a series of remarkable photographs by Charles Rebmann, Vevey.



HE quiet little town of Vevey, on the beautiful shores of Lake Lemman, was awakened from its calm rusticity at the beginning of August, 1889, to make ready for the festival of the wine-dressers, which is celebrated every fifty years in the Canton of Vaud, and as often besides as there are events of rare historical importance to be commemorated. The inhabitants of Vevey, whose memory still dwells fondly on the magnificent pageant and fêtes which gladdened their hearts and eyes in 1889, propose, for instance, to repeat the festival in 1903 in commemoration of the centenary of the independence of their canton. And that the Vaudois *can* arrange and organize a grand pageant will be pretty evident from the beautiful photographs which illustrate this article.

It was in the roomy arena of the market place of Vevey that the gorgeous festival of music, colour, and motion was during six successive days displayed before the wondering eyes of some 12,000 spectators who had assembled from near and far to witness this glorification of the rustic arts of agriculture, of labour, and of patriotism. This unique picture was set in an enchanting background of wooded hills and mountains, of the deep blue waters of Lake Lemman and of the still bluer Swiss sky, which had reserved for the great and festive occasion its choicest and sunniest smiles.

A good idea of the market-place in its festive dress and of the three triumphal arches will be gained from the various snap-shot photographs which serve to illustrate the article.

Those who could not obtain a seat in the stands or at one of the numerous windows overlooking the market-place had the consolation of witnessing the approach of the pageant as it defiled through the streets of the town.

At the appointed time, on August 5th, a military fanfare announced the approach of the pageant. Slowly the barriers of the great central arch were withdrawn, and the band of the Swiss Guards, in sixteenth century costume of red slashed with white, striped sleeves of red and white, and the white cross on the breast,

which is now recognised all the world over as a symbol of mercy and peace in the midst of war, marched through the gates to the inspiring strains of martial music.

They were commissioned to escort the Worshipful Guild of the Vine-dressers, who followed in a costume of green velvet and white of the period of Louis XV. At their side marched the Commandant of the Swiss Guards, with white plumed helmet and a coat of mail over his red and white uniform. The brave pikemen, descendants of those who opposed the arrogant encroachments of the Houses of Austria, Burgundy, and Savoy, brought up the rear.

Arrived in front of the platform, the 200 pikes, at a signal from the Commandant, struck the ground in salute; and while the Guild took up its position behind the white balustrade, 200 voices sang in chorus the "Hymne à la Patrie" so dear to every Swiss patriot. The silence with which the National Anthem was received was more eloquent than any outburst of applause.

Suddenly all eyes were turned towards the triumphal arches, which were simultaneously unbarred to admit symbolical pageants representing the three seasons which more especially influence the culture of the vine. The arch to the left of the photos. is inscribed with the name of Pales, the goddess of flocks and herds, who reigns over spring (the car of Pales is shown in photo. No. 1); the arch on the right bears the name of Ceres, goddess of harvest; while over the central arch appears, in letters of gold, "Ora et labora," the motto of the Worshipful Guild, surmounted by the temple of Bacchus, and a symbolic figure of Helvetia holding the escutcheon of the Canton of Vaud. This principal arch is sacred to the young god of wine, which forms the main industry of the country.

With a salute from those cannons so inseparably connected with every Swiss celebration, the Federal flag was hoisted, the bells of St. Martin's Church rang out a joyous peal, and the three brass bands of Pales, Ceres, and Bacchus



From a

NO. 1. THE GREAT CAR OF PALES, WITH THE THREE TRIUMPHAL ARCHES IN THE BACKGROUND.

[Photo.]

struck up a grand march. Three majestic figures—the great high-priests of the three youthful deities, in long, white robes and togas of blue, red, and green—advanced slowly through their respective arches followed by their triumphal cars and suite to the centre of the arena, where, after the enthusiasm of the audience at this grand scene had subsided, the three high-priests sang the “Invocation,” of which the massed chorus of 1,200 followers took up the refrain.

The prizes to the most successful vine-dressers, Messieurs J. Balmat and F. Pasche, were next awarded by the Guild, and the Abbot pronounced an impressive speech of which the key-note was the motto “Ora et labora.” Thus concluded the first part of the proceedings, an appeal to the best and highest thoughts and feelings of man: the *leading motive*, in fact, of the whole great symphony.

A movement in the maze of colour to the left, and the pageant of Pales unrolled before the eyes of the delighted spectators. After the high priest came the musicians, wearing short white tunics edged with blue, and the short cloak and hood which the Romans called *lucerna*. These heralded the youthful goddess, Pales, in her chariot drawn by two milk white bulls, crowned with flowers and blue ribbons. It

really did not seem possible that scenes so beautiful and poetic could be enacted in these prosaic days. Under a silken canopy garlanded with leaves and flowers sat Pales herself, with young Spring at her feet; his mission on this occasion was to keep up the sacred flame in the tripod on the front of the car. The children of Spring, in blue or white, and holding baskets of flowers, surrounded the car. Then came young men bearing aloft on their shoulders trophies of flowers, the attributes of the pastoral deity.

After this procession had defiled round the arena the children danced a dainty ballet, as shown in photograph No. 2, where the evolutions of the little dancers are seen to the best advantage.

They had been provided with long, gauzy scarves of blue and white, which, as they waved about in the maze of the dance, recalled the fleecy cloudlets of an April sky. The infinite grace of the little ones, as they wove their draperies into a diaphanous canopy, aroused the enthusiasm of the spectators, and made a *tout ensemble* of extraordinary beauty. The children were succeeded by shepherds and shepherdesses in rose-coloured garments (No. 3), who ran gaily along with their crooks, followed by bleating sheep and frisky white lambs, which stopped every now and then to gaze with wo-

at the unusual scene, and to cut queer, playful capers: while the faithful sheep dog looked with benevolent indulgence on little breaches of order and discipline which on ordinary occasions would have provoked a warning bark. The gardeners waving garlands and carrying watering-pots and other appropriate implements, and the haymakers with their rakes and scythes danced a characteristic step, representing with rhythmical, graceful action their ordinary occupations. This scene is given in the full-page illustration opposite.

Suddenly the Alphorn with its mysterious cadence carried us far away to where the eternal

much better it would be if the master and he could only change places. However, he made good use of his opportunity later, and jumped down with alacrity to hold the horse's head when the girl's father, bearing a bowl of cream, walked to the balustrade and presented it to the Abbot of the Guild. The latter drank it off amid the applause of the audience, who detected in the act a hidden compliment.

The cart stands to the right in the full-page photograph, and the donkey bearing the churn and milking stool, recognising some vague affinities with his own voice in the sound of the bassoon, has turned round to stare at the must



(Front)

NO. 4. THE FAIRY KING OF THE CHILDREN OF SPRING.

(Photo)

snows overawe the verdant hills and fertile valleys; the accompaniment of tinkling cow-bells completed the illusion, and the Alpine pageant plunged us into a refreshing atmosphere of pastoral simplicity.

The contemplative cows, with timid little calves pressing close to their sides, advanced slowly, encouraged when they stopped to take in the strange scene by the familiar voices of the herdsmen. After these walked the drovers, in queer top-hats. The chalet owner led his cart containing the necessary utensils for making butter and cheese, and his pretty, rosy-cheeked daughter walked by his side. She was apparently quite unconscious of the admiring glances of her stalwart young lover, who sat on the box-seat of the cart dangling his legs, and thinking how

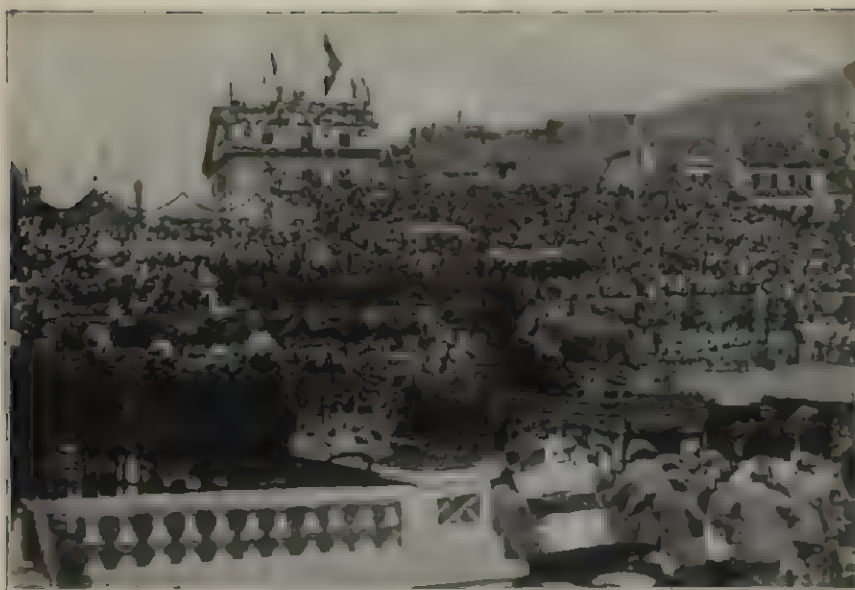
cian in the foreground, wondering whether the flat dish on the table between them holds anything good to eat. The haymakers are resting in the background, with their rakes and scythes arranged in two curious looking trophies.

Spring is now on the wane, and summer with its glowing hues, borrowed from the poppies and the corn, made its appearance in the person of Ceres, seated in a car drawn by two oxen (No. 4). Her white draperies, bordered with a Greek key-pattern in red, stood out pure and fresh against the gorgeous red silk canopy. Two little children, entrusted with the mission of keeping the sacred fire of the goddess burning, sat at her feet: and one of them, catching sight of her mother among the reapers behind the cart, could not resist the temptation to call out, under her



NO. 2.—THE ENTRY OF THE FREEMEN AND MILITARY.

1726.



From a]

NO. 4—THE EMBLEMATICAL CAR OF CERES.

[Photo

breath, "*Petite mère, qu'est beau!*" In the background stood a detachment of Swiss Guards close to the draped wall of the arena. The hay-

harvesters, reapers, and gleaners (No. 5): the girls in striped skirts of red and white, with black velvet bodices and loose white sleeves, and

cart had drawn up, and a man was putting the finishing touches to the load with his pitchfork. A good view is gained in the accompanying photograph of the members of the Guild inside the balustrade to the left.

The musicians of the band of Ceres now gathered to the centre, and played a lively dance tune. Immediately there stepped forth from the pageant a merry company of



From a]

NO. 5—THE BALLAD OF THE REAPERS.

[Photo

the lads in knee-breeches, gartered with ribbons. Together, then, they executed the sickle dance.

A wheel of gleaners, holding sheaves of corn, formed in the centre, while couples danced, in a large circle round them, a curious figure, in which the girls knelt to await their partners, who made a rush at them, with body bent forward and the sickle held high above the head, in quite a threatening manner. The shadows they cast were grotesque in the extreme—a monkey on a stick and several angular Dutch dolls having been recorded by the camera.

The scene was a charming one; but life is not all dance and song, and poetry was succeeded by the matter of fact realities of daily life in the shape of the miller's cart (No. 6), which woke

On the car itself was being enacted the romance of the "Miller and the Maid," a comedy in one act, taken from real life.

But even summer comes to an end, and autumn, with its gorgeous palette, has painted the woods and the flowers with gold and red. This is the season to which all look forward during the whole year. Children have their *Vendanges* holidays, to enable them to accept the invitation of some old servant, who has perhaps married a farmer in the vine-country, and who for a never-to-be forgotten week dispenses her hospitality and the delights of grape-picking and wine-making with open hands and heart. The little ones, provided with small wooden tubs or baskets, wander about all day



[From a]

NO. 6.—THE PAGEANT OF THE MILLER.

[Photo.

the thousands of spectators with a start out of the reverie of pleasant reminiscences into which the past scenes had plunged them. A young couple, for instance, viewing the scene from the pointed gable of a house to the left through rose coloured spectacles, took them off and fell to discussing ways and means, as the cart came into view with its grinding mill, sifters, and their concomitants. Embroidered sacks formed a suggestive decoration for the car, which bore on one side a prominent if eminently prosaic device put into doggerel rhyme by the village laureate:—

Voici le moulin sans souci,
Et nous vous offrons cent soussi
Vous devriez des gens aussi
Contents que ces meuniers-ci.

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long at their own sweet will among the lanes of the vineyard, plucking the bunches of luscious ripe fruit, either to pronounce on its flavour for themselves or to fill their baskets in a business-like way. All restrictions are removed, and there are no task-masters to keep them up to the mark. When their load becomes too heavy, the children wander to the end of the lane and empty their baskets into the strong, wooden *hotte*, which, when full, the men carry on their backs and discharge into the barrel drawn by a lazy pony, who feasts uninterrupted until the barrel is ready to be taken to the wine press.

All these objects can be seen in the preceding photograph, for the idea of the pageant is to reproduce all the familiar objects and phases of

local life and work. One of the greatest delights of the day is to watch the wine press at work—in some places years ago the men used to tread the grapes with their feet—and to see the muddy looking but sweet new wine trickling slowly into the tub, and to dip a little mug in to taste it.

When grapes begin to fall there are the walnuts to eat, with delicious new bread which seems to bring out their full flavour as nothing else can.

The efficiency and durability of walnut stain are also attested by these small fingers, whose owners revel in the experiment, and eagerly compete as to whose shall be blackest; it is all part of the fun, and the mothers know what to expect. But we must return to the arena. The high priest of Bacchus, with the sacred goat, marched forward with his musicians (No. 7), sing-

better of him, was supported on his ass by satyrs. The bearers of attributes took up their stand to the left, with their sweet burden of grapes at the side of the cooper's cart, on which a huge barrel was being constructed. In the background, vine-dressers and pickers and the children of Spring stood about in groups taking their ease.

Then the disciples of Bacchus came forward and performed a fantastic dance, in which the laughing Bacchantes darted in and out, pursued by unruly and vigorous fauns to the cry of "*Eureka!*" and the clash of cymbals and tambourines. On the right in photograph No. 8 is seen one of the Bacchantes on the point of being caught; she looked coyly over her shoulder at her pursuer, whose grasp she eluded, just as a triumphant smile broke out over his face, and the race began afresh.



From a]

NO. 7.—THE HIGH-PRIST OF BACCHUS.

[Photo.

ing an invocation and followed by fauns in tiger skins and Bacchantes in short red draperies. The Satyrs, with long beards and heavy clubs, preceded the splendid car on which the youthful Bacchus, crowned with vine leaves, sat astride a big barrel of wine. Swarthy Nubians led the four beautiful horses with red nodding plumes; while old Silenus, whose joviality had got the

The next Bacchanalian dance in which these untiring revellers indulged was even more striking than the first, although possibly less wild in character (No. 9). The Bacchantes, by no means subdued by the inevitable capture, danced in rapid steps on the outside of the circle, with hair and garments floating behind them in the breeze; while the fauns, with their wands or



thyrses, performed fantastic evolutions in the centre, wheeling round with the pine coned ends of the thyrses meeting high above their heads, or held horizontally, forming an arch under which the Bacchantes darted in and out, clashing their cymbals madly. The peaceful scene in

NO. 8.—FIRST BALLET OF GOLETS AND BACCHANTES.
From a Photo.

the background afforded a strong contrast, and the hay-cart proved a good point of vantage,



From a

NO. 9.—SECOND BALLET OR THYRSIS DANCE.

[Photo]

*From a*

NO. 10.—THE MIRACULOUS BUNCH OF GRATES.

Photo.*From a*

NO. 11.—BALLET OF THE SKATE-ICKERS.

Photo.

from which a little party under an umbrella looked on, chatted, or dozed to their hearts' content according to what was going on.

The energy of the dancers having at length abated, they retired into the background to rest, while the bearers of the miraculous bunch of grapes, which hung from a pole, resting on their shoulders, marched past, preceded by bearers of a miniature barrel and wine-press trophy borne by four vine dressers in green and white (No. 10). In the background marched the vine dressers themselves, the men with the *hotter* on their backs and the women with little tubs.

The most beautiful of all the cars was that of the grape-pickers, covered with a trellised vine forming a little arbour like those one sees in the gardens of all Swiss country inns, and in which the host invites you to eat your dinner of chicken, salad, and omelet.

The work of grape-picking formed the subject of the last ballet, and is shown in the accom-

panying picture (No. 11). Behind the wide crescent formed by the Autumn group rose the car of Bacchus in the centre. Farther back still stood the two hay-carts and the load of corn, as well as the cars of Ceres and Pales, now deserted by their respective deities, who, tired of the isolation of grandeur, stepped down from their pedestals and mingled with the common crowd. This dance, the most typical of all, was also the most admired, and thunders of applause echoed and re-echoed through the crowded market-place.

At last the dancers resumed their places in the ranks to form up for the grand final scene, which is so well shown in the photograph (No. 12), that our readers will without trouble recognise all the different groups they have learnt to know. But mere description cannot convey an adequate idea of the grace and *verve*, glow and beauty, that marked the gorgeous Wine Festival of Vevey.



FROM 11]

NO. 12 - THE GRAND FINALE

[Photo.

The Strange Story of John M. Smythe.

COMPILED BY JOHN G. ROWE, FROM THE NARRATIVE OF MR. JOHN SMYTHE BAXTER, GRANDSON OF THE HERO OF THE ADVENTURES HEREIN RECORDED.

The startling adventures of a Liverpool A.B., who deserted his vessel to go to the goldfields, made his fortune therein, and, in returning to England, was wrecked and cast away among savages. How he was ultimately rescued only to lose his reason at the sight of his native land; and the extraordinary coincidence which reunited him to his family.



His gold fever was attracting "all sorts and conditions of men" to the newly discovered fields of Victoria in the year 1851. Rich and poor alike of every nation, as the reader doubtless already knows, threw aside their ordinary occupations to flock to the then infant colony and start digging for the precious metal. To such an extent did immigrants pour into Victoria that the arrivals in Melbourne are said to have numbered over two thousand a week. The crews of all the ships in Melbourne Harbour at the time of the news of the first finds deserted to a man, and shipmasters and shipowners were at their wits' ends to know how to get men to work their vessels home again from Australia.

It was during the first excitement of the rush to the goldfields that the sailing vessel, *Chesapeake Bay*, arrived in Melbourne from Liverpool. Her crew were no better than those of the other ships in port, and among the first to desert and run away to the "diggings" was the hero of this authentic narrative, an able seaman, named John Merrydew Smythe. This man had at home in England a wife and daughter, the latter a child of seven at the time. Smythe, along with others, who, like himself, had high hopes of making their fortunes in a very short space of time at the mines, succeeded in making his way to Ballarat—the El Dorado of that period.

He did not stay long in the town itself, however, but started prospecting with, at first, very indifferent success. But after some months of dogged perseverance and semi-starvation he at length "struck it rich," as the saying goes. In less than another half-year he had got a tidy sum of money out of his claim, and was able to send £200 home to his wife. She started in business for herself in Liverpool as a broker, and prospered from the very commencement, so that she was soon in very comfortable circumstances. Her husband, however, instead of

returning home to England and enjoying the fruits of his labours, continued to work his claim until he had amassed quite a respectable fortune.

All was going well with him, when he suddenly took to drink and gambling. He sold his claim for £300, and from that day forth haunted the drinking saloons and gambling dens, which were as plentiful in Ballarat at that time as blackberries in autumn. The town was full of the scum and refuse of civilization—the sweepings of the earth;—attracted thither by

the universal greed for gold; and such places did a roaring trade, all day and all night as well. Smythe, fuddled with liquor, would stake handfuls of his hard-earned gold on the mere turning of a card. Yet, as his vile associates often swore, he had "the devil's own luck." He always won, somehow, and never returned home without being richer by scores of pounds. Undoubtedly, he would have frequently been robbed as he left the gambling saloon, scarcely able to walk through his deep potations, had he not had the staunchest and truest of chums in his partner steady-going, temperate Joe Mannon—who piloted him home safely every evening, and as regularly emptied his pockets of most of the money

and banked it for him.

After about two years of this wild, reckless life, Smythe saw the error of his ways, and, bidding good bye to Ballarat and its evil associations, he made arrangements with his bankers to forward his money to England. He then made his own way to Sydney (1854), intending to return home. To this end he booked a passage aboard the vessel *Western Star*, and sailed for England.

When only a few weeks out the ship encountered very heavy weather, and finally ran on a reef off the Falkland Isles. The captain and sixteen of his crew were drowned, but Smythe and three others—the carpenter, a seaman, and an apprentice lad, named James Roche



JOHN MERRYDEW SMYTHE, THE HERO OF THE ADVENTURE.
HE SAILED IN THE "CHESAPEAKE BAY."
From a Photo.

succeeded in battling their way through the surf and making the shore. Here they were met by savages, who, however, received them very kindly, and gave them food and drink.

They lived among these natives for no less than two years on the friendliest terms—that is to say, Smythe, the sailor, and the boy did; for the carpenter fell ill and died some months after their escape from the wreck. One day a barque put into the island for water, and when a boat came ashore, Smythe and his two white companions ran down to the water's edge and hailed its occupants. These latter, however, were seized with a panic at the sight of the three, whom they mistook for savages, as they wore no clothes (like the natives), and the boat's crew thought their frantic gestures and shouts were evidences of dangerous hostility. Scrambling pell-mell into the boat again, they were pushing off in a great hurry, when one of them perceived that the skins of the supposed savages were white. Still the sailors did not feel inclined to stop and parley, so they shoved off and rowed out a bit into the bay.

When they had put a small stretch of water between themselves and the shore, they lay on their oars and one of them commenced a palaver with the white savages, whose actions whilst the boat was being rowed away from them would certainly seem to have warranted the supposition that they were unfriendly—not to say frantic. But when Smythe hailed the boat's crew in English and explained how they had been cast away there, the sailors plucked up courage and rowed back. The three Crusoes were then taken into the boat and rowed out to the ship, whose captain at once promised to take them back to Sydney (1856). He was as good as his word, and Smythe and his companions in misfortune were landed in that port.

It was well for Smythe that he had taken the precaution of having his money sent to England by the bank officials, otherwise it is only right to believe he would have lost it with the sinking of the *Western Star*, and been thrown on his own resources for a bare living again. As it was, though, he still had his snug little fortune in the bank, and was able to draw upon it. He purchased a complete outfit, which he wanted very badly, for he had come away from among the savages without even a shirt to his back, and once more he booked his passage to

England, this time in the steamship *Great Britain*. She was bound for Liverpool—Smythe's native place—with a cargo, passengers, and specie. After a pleasant voyage of nearly two months she came in sight of Old England (1857), and now the most extraordinary misfortune of all befell our luckless hero.

Smythe's reason actually became unhinged at the sight of the shores of his native land, the thoughts of all he had gone through, and the bitter reflection that he had never once written to his wife since he sent her that £200 some years previously. The unfortunate man

went raving mad, and the captain of the *Great Britain* had to place him in confinement. On the ship's arrival in Liverpool he was handed over to the care of the police, who, after making futile inquiries for any of his relatives, eventually sent him to Rainhill Lunatic Asylum, outside Liverpool.

We will now, with the reader's permission, leave Smythe in the asylum, and go back to his wife. She had long since given up the broker's establishment and left the old locality, having removed to Aigburth. Here she made the acquaintance of Captain José Diaz, who was the master of the Spanish steamship *Puerto Rico*. In the full belief that her husband was dead,

Mrs. Smythe married Captain Diaz, and a child was born, a son, who was christened Charles. Meanwhile, Maggie Smythe, her daughter by her first husband, had grown to be a woman, and received several offers of marriage, which, however, she declined. In 1862, Mrs. Smythe's second husband, Diaz, lost his life by drowning in the Coburg Dock, and, curious to relate, it was in 1862 that the long lost husband and father, Smythe, was discharged, perfectly cured, from the asylum.

The unfortunate man paid an early visit to his bankers, and, having easily proved his identity, learned he was entitled to the very tidy fortune of £19,000. During the several years he had been immured in the asylum his original account had been steadily accumulating by means of compound interest. He now sought his wife and daughter, but could find no trace of them. The old home knew them no more, and no one in the neighbourhood could be expected to be cognizant of their whereabouts, seeing the long time that had elapsed since their residence there.



JOHN M. SMYTHE
From a Photo by G. Cranger, Jun.,
Liverpool

Smythe, however, spared neither efforts nor money to find his loved ones, but without success. He was at length obliged to abandon the quest, and settled down quietly into private life, taking a house, which, as it happened, was situated within less than half a mile from the door of those he never expected to see again on this side of the grave. But most strange and incomprehensible are the workings and ways of the Almighty. In such extraordinary coincidences, as the one we are now about to relate, we easily trace His guiding hand.

John Smythe, one Sunday morning in 1863, attended early Divine service at St. Nicholas' Church, and, among these several wedding parties present, he was particularly struck with the face of one of the brides. Somehow, he thought it strangely familiar, and this idea grew so strongly upon him, that he determined to wait and ascertain her name. Lingered until after the service, he was gratified by hearing the names of the respective parties called out by the officiating minister, and presently heard the names, Margaret Merrydew Smythe and John Baxter, pronounced. Simultaneously a wild cry rang through the church, and the fall of a heavy body was heard. The sudden revelation was too much for the poor old man, and he had fainted away.

He was carried into the vestry by those around him, and restored to consciousness, when he quickly made his identity known. His daughter's amazement and delight can be better imagined than described, we think, at this unlooked-for



MARGARET MERRYDEW SMYTHE (MRS. BAXTER)
—AT WEDDING, THE DRAMATIC MEETING,
HAPPENED.

From a Photo. by the Inner Photographic Co.,
Liverpool.

reunion with a father she had so long mourned as dead, and we venture to say that a more dramatic incident than their meeting would not be found in the pages of the most sensational romancist.

Maggie Smythe took back with her from her wedding not only a husband, but long lost father as well. We will pass over the meeting between that husband and wife, who had not looked upon one another's faces for so many years.

John Smythe and his helpmate, Hannah, both lived to a good old age, and their daughter, Mrs. Baxter, is a happy wife and mother in Liverpool at this moment—or, perhaps, I had better say she was, for it is some years since I first learned the story I have recorded above.

That her eldest son, however, John Smythe Baxter, is still living in Liverpool I know for a fact, and it is to him I am indebted for the loan of the photographs herewith reproduced. His grandfather, after whom he was named, and grandmother lie side by side in the Protestant portion of Anfield Cemetery, Liverpool.

Charles Diaz, the half Spanish step-son of the old sailor-Crusoe, is now an officer in the Mercantile Marine; and James Roche, the one-time apprentice of the *Western Star*, who spent two years with John Merrydew Smythe among the Falkland Islanders, was, the last time Mr. J. S. Baxter saw him, chief mate of the old packet ship, *Isaac Hebb*. He attended the funeral of his old shipmate, Smythe.



From a Photo. by J. S. SMYTHE BAXTER. (Photo.)

How a Girl Climbed Fujiyama.

By YET THEODORA OZAKI.

The interesting narrative of a young Japanese lady who, with a party of her countrywomen, succeeded in reaching the very summit of the far-famed sacred mountain of Japan.



It is only of late years that Fujiyama has been accessible to women travellers. Before the opening of Japan to Western influence, the presence of a woman was considered a desecration to the sacred mountain, and she was debarred from climbing it—although, in strange paradox, one of the pro-

be numbered with their Western sisters amongst the annual climbers of this world renowned mountain.

It was in the August of 1894 that I joined seven ladies in an expedition up Fujiyama. We were all spending the summer at Hakone, a lovely village situated in the heart of the Peninsula of Izu, between the Odawara and

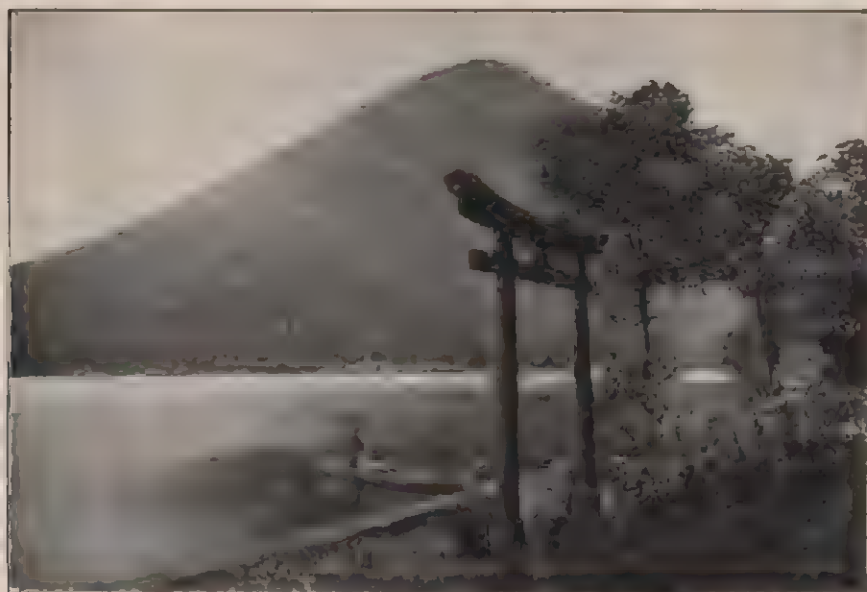


FIGURE 11

HAKONE LAKE, WHERE THE PARTY MET FOR THE ASCENT.

[1786]

tecting deities is a goddess! And woe unto any band of pilgrims who broke this law! They incurred the anger of the spirit of the mountain and would be overtaken by fearful storms. When, with the advent of foreigners, an English lady first made the attempt, the old man of the station where the party took refuge from the bad weather confronted them, and declared that unless she was sent back the storm would never cease. The rule thus broken is now no longer observed, and Japanese women, though few and far between, may now

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Suruga Bays. It is famous for its lake, set like a jewel in the green hills, and for the glorious views of Fuji which it affords. An Englishman, who had been up five or six times, volunteered to be our guide, and we all met on the shores of the lake at nine o'clock on Monday morning, August 27th.

Our plan was to walk to Gotemba the first day; to spend the night there; climb Fuji the second day, sleep on the sacred summit, and return on the third.

Two long Japanese boats awaited us, and

as we glided over the beautiful lake our boatmen swung to their oars, keeping time to the measure of the low, weird strains which they sang. An hour later we touched the opposite shore, and landed at Umijiri. From here our upward march began.

The morning was spent in crossing the valley which stretches between the lake and the O'Tome Toge, or Maiden Pass. After a steep pull, we gained the top of this pass, famed for one of the most perfect views of the peerless pyramid. To our disappointment, however, the bulk of the mountain was cradled in the clouds. But from the other side of the pass the landscape was clear, and we were able to look back upon the hills surrounding Hakone, and the crystal lake—all smiling and dimpling in the summer sun.

It was now midday, and so we stopped to picnic and fan ourselves in the cool breezes which blew across the pass. Then we started down the mountain in the direction of Gotemba. The path descended steeply into an undulating lowland, covered with grass and flowers, and then into a wooded country. Between the clumps of trees stretched rice and buckwheat crops, and over all the rich August sun poured down, giving to the verdant land the colour and aspect of serene prosperity.

Gotemba was reached between four and five in the afternoon, and we gave ourselves up to rest and hot baths in one of the tea-houses there. It proved to be a noisy and uncomfortable one, and finding sleep impossible, we called in one of the blind "Anima Sans," or shampooers, who were passing down the street whistling their strange minor note to give notice of their coming. Her skilful handling rubbed away much of the fatigue of our day's tramp, and soothed us into the borderland of sleep, if not into sleep itself.

Our guide had planned that we should leave Gotemba at four, but we did not get on our horses until five, just as the light of day was breaking over the hills.

The Japanese pack-saddle is a wooden frame piled with quilts so high that it is quite a climb before the would-be rider can reach the top. There are no stirrups and no reins, and when the novice, after many scrambles, is at last seated on the structure, she feels entirely at a loss how to stick on.

Finally all were mounted on the strange saddles and steeds, and the long procession of pack-horses was soon in full swing. Another lady and one or two gentlemen, friends of some of the party, picked us up here.

Leaving the streets of the town behind us, an open country stretched away for about ten or fifteen miles. Away and beyond the spread of

flower-covered plains, which we were now crossing, filling up the horizon in front of us and towering to the sky, rose the incomparable Fuji.

It had often been a pleasing fancy of mine to wonder if there were not less of earth than of heaven in the beautiful and distant cloud-wrapped mountain; but now all such illusions were swept away. Beyond all doubt, earth claimed it. From the plain at its feet, the form of Fuji rose in beautiful regularity with one grand sweep up to its cone-shaped peak. While we gazed wonderingly in silence at this beauty of outline before us, the rosy-fingered dawn arose and sped on her way over the horizon, touching the cold, grey mountain till it pulsated with the rosy hues of life. Then she passed onwards to the low-lying clouds which hung round Fuji like a fleecy scarf, and away to the farther hills, turning them to gold. It is impossible to convey an idea of the marvellous beauty of the picture to those who have not seen it. The lovely blush of morning gradually spread downwards from the brow of the mountain, till more than half its form was one deep glow of colour. Over the plain, the sun rose in dazzling gold to our left, and above and beyond the sky deepened to a rich azure. Too strongly impressed and spell-bound for words, we rode forward in hushed awe, while Nature unfolded this gorgeous dissolving view in our sight. We watched all the deep, rich colours of the early morning, fleeting as they were beautiful, fade to softer tints, and the mountain grow nearer and nearer as we approached it from the open ground. We did not recover speech until the small "chaya" which marks the boundary of the plain was reached.

Here we slid down from the high perches on our pack-horses. So stiff were our movements that they must have resembled those of an automaton. We were now anxious to catch sight of the coolies who were bringing up the rear with our breakfast, for as we had only had a cup of milk before leaving Gotemba, the long ride had made us hungry. The coolies were nowhere to be seen, however, and, too eager to wait long, we pushed on through a small wood. Here the soil became loose cinders and the incline grew more decided. The jerk of the horses as they ploughed their way upward was most fatiguing, and great was the relief of all the party when the first station was reached and we dismounted for breakfast.

This place is called Tarobo, and boasts the cleanest and largest "chaya" on the mountain, in the shape of a single room flanked by a narrow veranda, and a tiny kitchen. Not wishing to unlace our boots and straw sandals, we contented ourselves with breakfasting on the

veranda. When we had finished, our host brought out from a corner some wooden staves, always supplied to pilgrims. They were all preliminarily stamped with the name of Tarobo, our starting point, and were to receive the crowning seal of the priest who lives on the summit when that difficult point was reached. We all bought one at the small cost of six sen each, and looked forward eagerly to the time when the priest's stamp might be claimed—much as the conqueror of Mont Blanc claims his certificate from the guide *chef* at Chamonix.

We now rode on to the next station through another little wood, and emerging on a lava

sixth station open. This was because it was late in the season. Half-way between some of the stations little huts were open, and outside these we were often glad to sit down on the stones for a much needed breathing space.

Although the incline is not very great till the last 2,000ft., the soil is so loose and cindery that our progress was very slow, and our feet often slipped in the deep ashes. It was heavy work, and we were glad of our long sticks.

The clearness of the early morning was succeeded by a thick mist, in which we were closely wrapped, making any possibility of view quite hopeless. Only the naked stretch of



[from a]

FUJIYAMA, THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF JAPAN.

[Photo.]

tract, covered with thistles and small bush, we soon reached the end of the ride. Here the horses were sent back, and we rejoiced to be on our feet again.

Out from the hut came an old man with his little tray of doubtful-looking tea, trying in vain to persuade us to taste it.

Armed with our sticks, and no doubt feeling braver and more adventurous than we looked, or than the occasion called for, we began the climb. The Gotemba route which we were following is said to be divided into ten stations; but we found, after leaving Tarobo, only the

cinders forming the side of the volcano met our gaze, and as we got higher, step by step, the hump, Kofuji, gradually loomed through the mist. This excrescence mars the regularity of the left side of the mountain, and was thrown out during an eruption in the tenth century. We laboured perseveringly upwards, step by step, our feet slipping backwards in the cinders, and the mist soaking us to the skin. Now and then one of the party dealt out spirits of camphor on sugar as a restorative when any of us sank momentarily exhausted on some of the large stones along the path. At last we reached the

fifth rest house. It was closed, but we were all so tired that we determined to sit down on the boulders outside and open the provision basket.

Upwards from here till the next station the character of the soil altered, and our path led over a rock, which, though steep and slippery, was a pleasant change after the unstable ashes. The sixth station *was* open—a mere hut, jutting out from the side of the mountain. Some of us doubled up and entered. In a dark corner we saw the indistinct figure of an old man crouching over a fire made in a hole in the floor. We greeted him gladly, and asked for a kettle of hot water, with which we made some beef-tea for the whole party.

With the exception of the conductor, we were all more or less worn out; indeed, two of the party were unable to proceed, and we had to leave them to spend the night at this place.

In the midst of these arrangements a call from those outside made us all rush to the door. The mist was clearing away, and above the coursing of the clouds the summit of Fuji rose clear and bright in the sunset lights. Our flagging courage was stimulated into prompt action by the sublime sight. We seized our staves and once more set forward.

Beneath us rolled oceans of cloud, but the peak of Fuji above was our only world. Hitherto, although we were fully sensible of the difference of temperature at this high altitude, our task had been comparatively easy, fortunate as we had been in encountering no storms such as often impede the traveller's progress up Fuji. We were also lucky in being sheltered by the mist from the fierce heat of the August sun; but from the sixth station the ascent became decidedly difficult. Our guide was getting anxious, for it was now four in the afternoon, and he could obtain no reliable information as to the state of the stations beyond the sixth. No one knew whether they were open or not, and should we find those on the summit closed, it would mean a return in the dark to the hut we were just leaving. So with strenuous efforts we pushed on. How delusively near the summit had seemed when we had gazed at it from the sixth station just bursting from the clouds! And as we struggled upwards over the loose boulders the intervening distance seemed visibly to lengthen.

Then it was that the patience and perseverance of our kind guide were taxed to the utmost. He would often overtake a worn-out girl sitting hopelessly on one of the stones, declaring she could go no farther, and must be left behind. A few encouraging words, and a still more encouraging arm, were productive of another

effort, however, and the weary feet, blistered with ashes against which nothing was proof, would once more plod and drag upward with new hope of gaining the summit.

Before reaching the eighth station our toil was rewarded by a spectacle which is classed among the phenomena of mountain scenery, and one which was alike entrancing to all beholders.

Looking back, we saw the shadow of the peak cast in visionary charm, and with a rainbow nimbus, by the light of the western sun, upon the rolling, shoreless sea of clouds. It was some gain to have our thoughts diverted from the exhaustion which was fast overcoming us. Panting, struggling, stopping to gain breath, slipping down, readjusting the ever-loosening straw sandals, slow but sure headway was painfully made.

By this time one or two girls were being carried on the backs of coolies, while others were being pushed from behind or pulled forward with ropes. Sunset had faded into twilight; twilight was deepening into gloom, and now the mist was creeping down upon us. Worse than all, an icy wind ever and anon broke over the top, and sweeping over us cut away our last remains of breath. We had now broken up into twos and threes. Some pushed on in advance, others were straggling behind, too worn out to be hurried by any spirit of emulation.

Far above the world, the silence and desolation were painful in their intensity. Stretches of burnt-out cinders, above and below, to the right and to the left, extended as far as we could see. It seemed impossible that this wild nakedness of ash upon which the gloom of night was now settling could be the beautiful Fuji we had so often seen invested in all the glories of sunshine and cloud—the consummating feature of loveliness in sea and landscape. The aphorism, "Distance lends enchantment to the view," was never more graphically illustrated.

As we neared the eighth station patches of snow lay in the clefts of the mountain side, which delighted the coolies, who ran to get handfuls of it to eat. This station was closed, and we were only allowed to lean against its walls for a few minutes. We were then hurried on by the guide, who warned us that we needed to save all time possible in case of having to make the descent that same night.

Each step seemed as if it must be the last one, yet still the sharp and jagged rocks of the peak towered above us. This part of the journey was a silent stage, for breath was too scarce to be wasted in words. Once in a while we stopped to ask the questions, "When shall we reach the top?" "How

much farther is it?" and our guides pointed to a deep gap between two points of the peak as our terminus. The boulders increased in size, the incline grew greater, and at last those great spear-points of rock stood sheer over us. We had climbed 12,365 ft., and found ourselves at the foot of the tenth station. Steep wooden ladders led up to the door of the cave, but it was fast shut, and with a feeling of calm despair we turned to see what our friend would say. There was the possibility that we might find the hut at the top of the Subashiri Pass open, round the other side of the crater, if we pushed on. If it were also closed, we should be obliged to come all the way back to the sixth station that night. We all decided to chance it rather than turn back at this point, for we wished to carry out at any cost our intention of sleeping on the summit, and of watching the sun rise from the highest altitude in Japan.

So, in the teeth of an icy wind and in the darkness of night, we struggled almost hopelessly round the crater. Only the force of necessity kept some of us in mechanical motion, and I often felt myself tottering. The road was rough and uneven, and as it wound now round the crater or sloped to the precipitous side of the volcano, the coolies ran from side to side lending a hand here and there to prevent us from slipping, and ejaculating from time to time, "Abunai," "Abunai" (dangerous, dangerous), a cry which did not encourage us.

On the crater side, a low rough wall had been raised from the stones which lay scattered in great profusion, and this wall outlined intermittently the dangerous bits of the pass.

Four of the party had gone on in advance with some of the Japanese guides, and they had agreed to send them back to call us if the Subashiri Station were open. How we listened for that call. At last it hailed us, and we knew that immediate shelter was found for the night. We staggered rather than walked into the low-roofed hovel.

By the light of a rushlight at one end, and the lurid gleams of the fire near the door, we saw the rest of our party—the pioneers—through the smoke, which wandered round the shed before reaching the door. Window there was

none. We soon joined our friends, who crouched round a small table preparing supper. Others undid the rugs, while some of the women threw themselves down and paid to Fuji the tribute thought to be due only to Neptune. In other words, *they were sea sick!*

The discomforts of those hours spent on the top of Fuji I recall with something of the horror of a nightmare. It was bitterly cold, and the keeper of the station could only supply us with a few thin quilts. The floor was as adamant to our bruised and aching limbs. The eight lady travellers were packed across one side of the tiny room so tightly, that turning over was almost an impossibility. I remember trying to do so once, and could hardly get back to my place.

But as "weariness is the best pillow" so it was our only one, and we managed to rest till four in the morning. Then we all got up—slowly, stiffly, and painfully—and went out to wait for one of the grandest sights in the world. The crescent moon and morning star were still reigning in the heavens, and their beams scintillated with great brilliancy in that clear atmosphere. The temperature was at 38 deg. The sun rose like a ball of fire over a panorama of mountains, plains, lakes, and rivers, mingling with the clouds far beneath us.

The most energetic of the party went off to the highest peak of the crater, Kengamine, to get the best view of the magnificent sunrise. When the morning is clear, the view from the top of Fuji is seemingly illimitable. Away stretched the Gulf of Suruga on the south, the Fujikawa, and all the great mountains of Koshu and Shinshu; the smoking volcano Asamayama, and the beloved mountains of Nikko. From the east side, Tokio may be descried; and then the Cape and Gulf Sagami; till at length the eye loses itself, bewildered by the stupendous prospect.

The magnitude of the scenery and the intensity of the isolation and silence impressed one with a great sense of awe. What feeble and insignificant pignies we felt as we retraced in daylight our steps round the crater and looked down into its huge cup, 700 ft. deep! At one point we met a small band of pil-



THE ALIENESS, MISS AKI THE JOURNAL OF THE
From a Photo by Taketayashi, Tokio.

ringing their bells, clapping their hands, and rubbing their heads. Sitting with their faces to the crater, they were chanting their greetings to the sunrise, like wildfowl on a rock awaiting the dawn of day. Near them was a spot entirely covered with little rough stone lanterns - "toro" - of all sizes. They were the touching and picturesque records of the answered prayers of many a devout pilgrim, who had stopped in a spirit of thankfulness to raise them out of the rude lumps of lava as he went on his way rejoicing over answered prayers and favours bestowed.

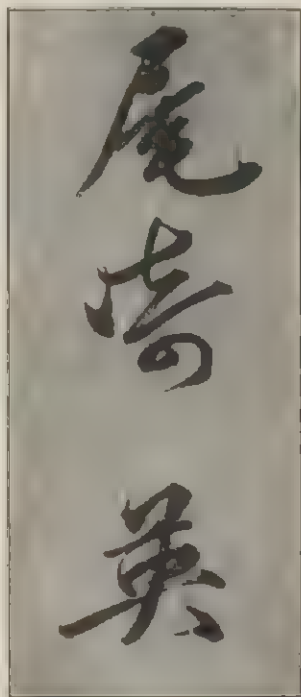
As far as the sixth station the downward route is the same as the upward, but from this point travellers scorn the easier path and follow the road straight down the mountain. This takes one through lava and sand so loose that one sinks deep into it at every step, and the only effort required to carry one down rapidly is that of lifting one's feet sufficiently high and fast. Away we all flew with the aid of our sticks, raising clouds of black dust, till the impetus gained caused many of us to measure our length in the black sand. After such involuntary acts of humiliation we arose very much blackened, to the amusement of all.

This swinging, jumping run became very irksome before the level was reached; and many would have been glad to go at a slower pace, but were literally unable to do so. We began the descent about six

that morning, and Tarobo was reached about ten, where a halt was called for breakfast.

Basha, or country wagonettes, awaited us at the last station, and Gotemba was reached about one. We hoped to find pack-horses for the whole party at the next village but one, Fuku-hara, but only a few were obtainable, and these were allotted to those who could walk no farther. The rest trudged on, resigned to the inevitable, which was to traverse, footsore and hungry (for the provisions had given out), the many miles of rough mountain roads which lay between us and Hakone. Our mounted companions went on ahead, and we lost all trace of them, only meeting them again on the pass above the lake, and as evening darkened over us we missed the right road across the hills.

Fortunately, at this stage of our wanderings we met a peasant, who undertook to guide us to the lake, but when he led us through a mile of jungle we gave ourselves up for lost. We forced our way, however, and at length emerged on the open hillside with hands and clothes torn, and faces scratched by the brambles and thorns. The lake was soon reached now, and the gleams of friendly lanterns told us that many friends had come to help us down the steep pass. A huge camp fire was crackling on the beach, and the boiling kettle and laid-out tea were a welcome sight to those who had only eaten a pear during their long day's tramp.



THE SIGNATURE OF THE AUTHOR
IN JAPANESE CHARACTERS.
From a Photo.

Short Stories.

I.—*Lost in the Snow.*

By W. E. CONDON.

A Nova Scotian Pioneer relates the experience of a fearful night.



FEW winters ago, while sojourning at a village in the eastern part of Nova Scotia, I was one day induced to accompany my friend, Jack Kendrick, who was one of the owners in a large lumbering business, to the camp of the lumbermen, some miles back in the forest; and a memorable episode of my life that journey proved to be.

In the cold grey of a winter morning we crossed the frozen surface of a large river, or rather bay, it being really an inlet of the Atlantic—frozen across the land-locked portion, but with open water beyond—and after driving several miles through an unbroken forest, we reached the camp shortly before noon. The mode of living, the methods of work among the lumbermen, and the solitude and intense stillness of winter in the forest were all new to me, and with keen enjoyment I viewed the surroundings in and about the camp. Some time was spent pleasantly among the "choppers," watching the giants of the forest falling, and the short winter day was waning when we began our preparations for the return drive.

I noticed as we drove off that Kendrick cast many an anxious glance upward at the lowering sky, which presented that peculiar grey aspect, unbroken by a cloud of lighter hue, that usually precedes a snow-storm of unusual severity; and, sure enough, a few feathery

flakes were already falling. Our horses were a large and powerful pair of animals, accustomed to hard driving, and we had counted on reaching the village before the night was far advanced.

"I don't quite like the appearance of that sky," muttered Kendrick, as we went spinning along, the jingling of our sleigh bells sounding merrily in the frosty air. "I am sorry we delayed so long at the camp. I don't like crossing that wide bay after dark, and in such a storm as I fear is coming."

"Is there any danger of our driving off the edge of the ice into open water?" I asked, anxiously.

"It is not that I fear," replied my companion, "though it might happen. The chief danger lies in our losing the track when on the ice. You can well understand that in a dense snow-storm the beaten track soon becomes filled up and is then impossible to follow, so that we might wander about for hours on the ice and freeze to death at last in the drifts. It will soon be coming down thick and fast now; however, it will not be dark for some time yet, though you can see by that crimson glow that the sun is about setting. And we are getting over the ground at a rattling pace."

On and on we went through the dark Canadian forest. Now our way led over a level plain or barren, where the snow lay thick on the ground untrodden by the foot of man. The



W. E. CONDON.

From a Photo. by W. Neuman, Halifax, N.S.



From a

JACK KENDRICK.

[Photo.

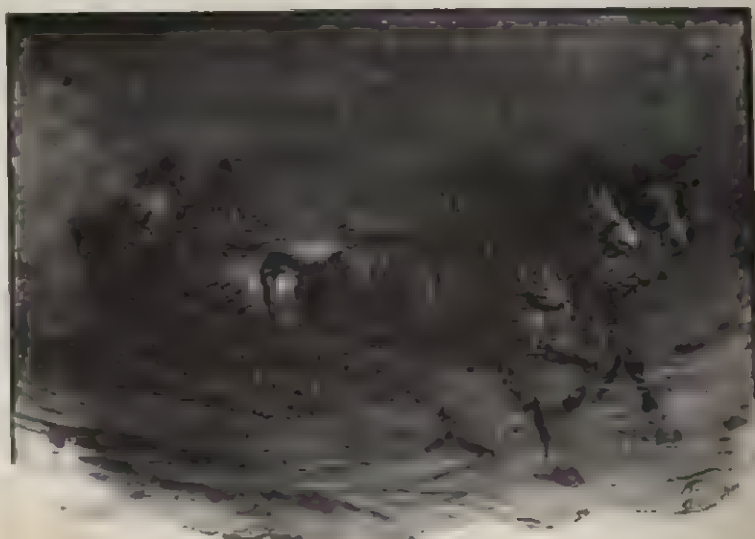
were travelling was the only beaten track, and no sound broke the silence but the jingling of our own sleigh bells; next came a dense grove of pine and fir trees, on the branches of which the snow sparkled like myriads of diamonds in the mystic lights and shadows. On! On! good horses; we are racing with the storm.

Suddenly we emerged from the level plateau on which we had been travelling, and found ourselves on the brow of a hill which sloped to the river's bank. I shall never forget the scene that lay before us. The sun was just setting, and tinged the whole sky with a weird crimson glow. Far, far below, and with the deep and frozen river between us, lay the little village, our desired haven. Snow lay over land and water, the intense whiteness broken only by the ever-green trees. We seemed to be in a great white world, that was for the moment overspread by a roseate glow, which faded even as we looked, and the shadows began to darken. Already we could see the lights twinkling in the distant windows, but the setting of the sun seemed to be the signal for the storm to descend, and the fast-falling snow soon hid all things from our view.

We were now descending the declivity that led gradually to the river's bank, and down which our horses dashed with a speed born of their impatience for home and their comfortable stable. Darkness, however, had quite settled down before we reached the river, where Jack carefully guided "Dick and Jerry" among the ridges and "claspers" that intervened between the bank and the frozen surface of the river. Our trail of the morning was still visible by the light of our carriage lanterns, as it was well beaten, having been used by the villagers when crossing from the other side for the purpose of obtaining firewood. How gladly we would have welcomed the companionship of some of those teams now; but the sturdy woodmen knew too well the perils of being belated on the ice on such a night, and long since they were safely across.

Thicker and faster the snow came down; wilder and louder came the wind in fitful gusts, roaring about us. For some time all went well, then the plunging of our horses betrayed that something

was wrong, and the awful fact suddenly dawned upon us that we had lost the track, and were driving at random over the ice, the snow and intense darkness rendering it impossible for our eyes to pierce many feet away. We would willingly have returned to the shore we had left, but that was now impossible. We could not tell the exact location of any point, and to turn in another direction was to increase the risk of driving over the edge of the ice to a watery grave. Time that seemed to us hours passed, and with scarcely a word exchanged we struggled bravely on through the snow, keeping the heads of our horses turned as far as we could judge in the direction of the opposite shore though we knew not for a certainty which was north or south, so bewildered had we become. Huge drifts were piling up about us, and it was with difficulty that our tired horses struggled through them. The temperature had fallen in an extraordinary way, and the cold was keen and biting. Even if we did not run into danger through getting too near the open water, there was the risk of being frozen to death if we were compelled to spend the night on the ice. Minutes dragged out their weary length into what seemed hours to us; and now a feeling of drowsiness was gradually creeping over me. All the sensations of falling into a deep sleep seemed to take possession of my being. Then, as in a dream, I saw many events of my life passing before me. But a rough shake from my companion roused me from my dangerous lethargy. "Wake up, man," he exclaimed. "Don't you know that you are getting benumbed by the cold, and to fall asleep means death?"



"WAKE UP, MAN," HE EXCLAIMED.

Rouse yourself. We have come to a full stop here, and may as well let the horses take breath. We will get out of the sleigh and exercise a little."

By a great effort I threw off the numbing sensation that was creeping over me, and, thoroughly frightened, I left the sleigh and tried to restore some vitality to my chilled frame. The snow was not descending quite so thickly now, but the wind whirled it about and in our faces, so that it was almost impossible to see three feet away. A tremendous snowdrift blocked our way. So deep was it that our horses had not attempted to struggle through, but, exhausted and panting, were at a standstill. Here and there about us lay patches of the ice almost bare of snow, so violent was the force of the wind, and to such an extent was the snow whirled about. On one of those clear spaces we spent some minutes exercising ourselves, warming our half-frozen bodies in this way, and then we re-entered the sleigh. "Now," said Jack, cheerily, "I am going to turn off to the right, and drive along parallel with this drift. We may reach some land."

Acting on this impulse he turned the heads of our horses off at a right angle to the direction in which we had been driving, and we proceeded slowly. Not many yards were traversed,

arm, "listen now, and tell me if you hear anything."

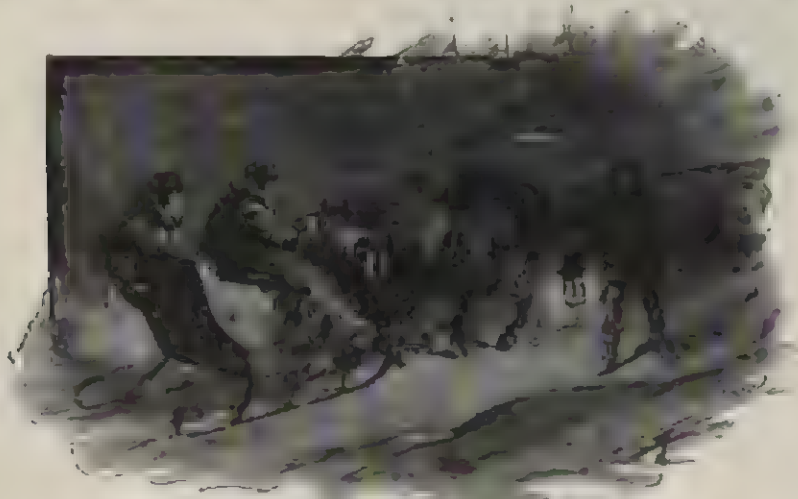
In the temporary lull of the wind that followed, I did listen. Never was mortal ear so strained to catch a sound above the thunder of the storm. I was rewarded by hearing a strange sound, "Click, clack, click, clack," several times repeated, and then a pause. "Click, clack," again, and in wonder I turned to my companion.

"We will move on in the direction of that sound," he exclaimed, joyfully. "Come on, Dick and Jerry. You may yet find a stable for the remainder of the night, old fellows."

With hearts beating with renewed hope, we urged our tired horses forward once more. The sounds became more and more audible. Once more we heard that mysterious "Click, clack," and soon dimly through the darkness we caught the glimmer of a light.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jack. "I think we are off the shore of Eagle Island, near the head of the bay. Old Davy shall give us shelter for the night."

Again we shouted lustily, and soon an answering cry came through the storm. A light appeared to be carried about from place to place; the cry was repeated, and again we answered. The light was now advancing towards us, and in a very few minutes the tall



THE FIGURE OF A MAN CAME OUT OF THE DARKNESS AND STOOD BESIDE US.

however, before another drift rose before us like a wall, and almost in despair we again halted and sat for a few moments in silence, save for the roaring of the wind. Suddenly I noticed my companion start and bend forward as if in the attitude of listening.

"Harry!" he exclaimed, as he caught my

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form of a man came out of the darkness and stood beside us; and "Old Davy" it really proved to be. Eagle Island was the summer home of a gentleman from the neighbouring city, and in winter the place was cared for by Davy Blake and his son.

Explanations were quickly made, and under

the guidance of the old man we lost no time in leading our horses round to the landing-place, and up on *terra firma* once more. We were soon seated before a great wood fire that crackled and roared up the wide chimney of Davy's apartments, when we discovered that what had seemed almost an eternity to us on the ice was in reality only between four and five hours, it being now but ten o'clock. Our tired horses were comfortably housed and fed, and while partaking of a much-needed supper, quickly prepared by our rough but kindly hosts, we inquired what the noise had been that proved our salvation. They informed us that they had been away for the day, and returning long after dark, they found they had not enough logs for the fire, so Davy junior wended his way to the woodshed to chop some wood by the light of his lantern, and the sound of his axe it

was that fell so gratefully on our ears. Under Providence, we owed our escape from a terrible death to Davy's desire for a good fire that stormy winter night.

The following morning dawned bright and clear, but snow, snow, lay everywhere deep on the ground. After a substantial breakfast, and liberally rewarding our kindly hosts, we set out for home. Once more on the surface of the river our way was difficult of progress through the unbroken snow, but on reaching the mainland we soon fell into the high road, and as rapidly as possible relieved the anxiety of our friends by our appearance at the village.

Many years have passed since then, but my memory often travels backward to that wild night on the ice, and our merciful deliverance from death.

II.—The *Linguin*.

By LIEUT.-COL. ANDREW HAGGARD, D.S.O.

This distinguished officer tells all about an exciting hunt after an extraordinary monster.

It may probably interest some readers who have never yet heard of the brute, to learn that there is still existing in the Island of Java an animal—or, rather, a reptile—which seems to be the missing link between the ichthyosaurs of prehistoric days and the well-known saurians of present times. This animal is, it appears, known to the natives by the name of "*linguin*"; and at the suggestion of my friend, Baron Alfons Pereira, Consul-General of Austria-Hungary in Tunis, I propose to narrate how he was some years ago fortunate enough to shoot one of these strange monsters.

The Baron is particularly anxious that I should put the circumstances on record, as he has always found when he has recounted the existence of and destruction by him of one of the brutes, that it has been treated as a mere traveller's tale. Moreover, during the years

which have elapsed since he shot the *linguin*, Baron Pereira has never seen any picture or account of the huge reptile in any Natural History book, except a representation of an ichthyosaurus; nor has he seen anything approach-

ing it in appearance in any zoological collection that he has ever visited. Fortunately, however, the Baron has recently received in a letter, written to Count Malath, one of his friends who made inquiries on the subject in Java, a direct confirmation of his own experiences, and there can therefore be no doubt of the existence of this strange beast in the island.

I shall now try to give the Baron's experiences in his own words, but before doing so must remark that he has painted for me an excellent picture of the *linguin* being attacked by the Javanese native, after he had himself wounded it with his rifle.

But now to the story.



LIEUT.-COL. ANDREW HAGGARD.
From a Photo by John Hasecke, Plymouth.

"I was," says Baron Pereira, "one morning in February, 1869, travelling in a large Javanese canoe with the Assistant-Resident Metman, himself a well-known sportsman. Dawn had only just broken when we found ourselves close to the mouth of the Batavia River. At this point the water was salt, and there was a considerable swell caused by the waves of the sea running up against the tide. As we advanced the rowers had considerable difficulty in making headway against the morning breeze. Suddenly there was enormous excitement among the crew of Malays who manned the boat. 'Linguin! Linguin!' I heard repeated on all sides. 'Linguin! Linguin!' repeated the steersman sitting next to me, seizing me by the arm as he shouted, and pointing excitedly towards the muddy shore, along which we were coasting at a distance of about 150 metres.

"It was, as I have said, barely light, and all that I could make out was the long and dark form of some large creature lying on the mud. I seized my rifle, not knowing in the least what a linguin might be, but at first imagining it to be merely a crocodile. But even with my rifle in hand I hesitated to shoot, for the movement of the boat, which was rolling, made any attempt at a steady aim impossible. However, the natives with me grew impatient.

" 'Linguin!' they cried again 'Shoot! shoot!'

"Standing up, I took a hasty aim and fired. Instantly there was a most tremendous commotion in the mud. I saw a huge creature whirling round and round in the liquid ooze, first on its head and then on its tail—much like the firework called a Catherine wheel—while liquid mud was being scattered about in all directions. A shout of triumph rose from my crew, and the steersman, seizing a murderous-looking Malay semitar, instantly plunged overboard to wage mortal combat with the disabled monster. He swam to shore, and boldly entering the mud, which was more than up to his knees, attacked the enormous brute.

"As we advanced quite close to the mud, I was now able to see that the animal appeared to be half crocodile and half snake. It had the body of the former and the neck and head

of the latter. Upon the approach of the Malay, it ceased its wheel-like whirlings round and round on its tail, and repeatedly struck out at its new enemy with its head, trying to seize him with its fangs. But every time the linguin darted forward its powerful head and neck, the native struck out with his sword, each time inflicting a wound and saving himself from injury. At length a final blow struck the furious snake-crocodile fairly on the neck, and it fell dead. With great difficulty the



"STANDING UP, I TOOK A HASTY AIM."

grave fellow towed it by the tail through the mud into the water and brought it out to the canoe, when, with a good deal of trouble, we got it aboard. It was so heavy that it nearly bore down under water the gunwale of the boat on the side where we placed it.

"Its length was between 9ft. and 10ft. This I know from the fact that the body alone rested on at least two thwarts of the boat. The long, flexible neck and head fell upon the bottom of the craft. They were much cut about from the blows of the sword; but a peculiarity that I noticed was that, although where cut in deep gashes the flesh exposed was all white, like the flesh of a fish, there was no blood flowing from any of the wounds. In addition to the cuts upon the neck, the Malay had also nearly



"THE NATIVE STRUCK IT WITH HIS SPOON."

severed one of the fore-paws of the weird creature. It was in consequence almost too much destroyed for preservation.

"However, I insisted upon the men's carrying the carcass along with us until mid-day, after we had disembarked: but at length, chiefly owing

to the numerous cuts upon it, it became so decomposed and offensive that we had to leave it behind. Mr. Metman promised me that I should see plenty more: but, alas! never in all the time that I was in Java did I see another linggan."

III.—*Shot Through the Head with a Ramrod.*

By ALFRED CRYSTREE AND SAMUEL JEPSON.

The remarkable story of a Lincolnshire boy who was shot through the head with an iron ramrod, and still lives to tell the tale.

SHOT through the head with a ramrod, and still alive! Surely such a thing is beyond the bounds of possibility, and belongs more to the region of fiction than of fact. The circumstance, however, has happened, and within as recent a time as the summer of 1898, and no farther distance than a hundred miles from the office of THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE. When the bare announcement was made that such an occurrence had happened, it was received by the public with incredulity, and by the medical world—despite its many great

achievements—with scepticism. But the following story, which has been authenticated in every detail—and the central figure of which lives in good health and strength—shows that mortal man may receive even a rod of iron through his head and still survive.

The time was the approach of harvest, and the place within a couple of miles of the "ancient and Dutch-like town of Spalding," known locally as the "Metropolis of the Fens," owing to its being situated in the heart of the Fen country. With the ripening of the corn,

the farmers were alert as to the ravages of the sparrow and other birds, and boys were being employed equipped with clappers and firearms of ancient type to frighten or scare away—as they put it in the Fens—the winged intruders.

On Wednesday, July 20th, Arthur Doades, a robust country lad of fifteen years, was thus engaged. He was working on a farm at Spalding Marsh, occupied by Mr. Henry Matthews Proctor, of Wykeham, Spalding, a gentleman

remarkable accident—and one of the most extraordinary on record—took place.

With the butt end of the weapon on the ground, he was ramming down a charge of powder, using for the purpose a long iron ramrod; he bent his head over the muzzle, and was vigorously ramming down the charge. With each effort of his right hand, his head was brought into close proximity with the mouth of the gun. Suddenly a loud explosion took place, which echoed round



From a

THE BOY ARTHUR DOADES.

Photo

(Showing the place on his forehead where the shot entered, and the spot in his skull where it passed out. In his hand he holds the identical ramrod and cap precisely as these were locked up.)

who has prominently figured in public life in the district, and who is the Lincolnshire agent of one of the judges of the High Court. The boy had been provided by his master with an old muzzle-loading gun—a photograph of which identical weapon has been specially taken for this article—and a supply of powder and caps, but no other ammunition. Contented with his task, and after merrily blazing away at the birds which were after his master's peas, the boy was again proceeding to reload the gun, when a

the fields, and startled the labourers quietly at work on the farm, and also disconcerted the birds in no small measure. The ramrod, which immediately before had been grasped in the boy's hand, shot out of the mouth of the gun like a rocket, struck Doades just above the left eye, passed clean through his forehead, and out at the top of his head, carrying away the lad's cap, and then continuing its flight over the field of peas for some distance.

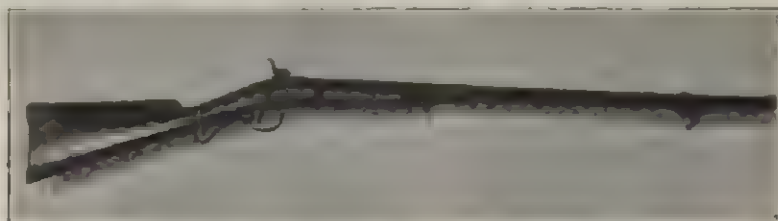
The iron rod which thus made a passage

right through the boy's head was no less than 2½ ft. in length. It caused a wound of a frightful character, the butt end increasing the terrible nature of the injury inflicted. The youth was hurled to the ground, but, strange to say, despite the injury to the brain caused by the passage of the ramrod, he did not immediately become unconscious. With assistance, which promptly arrived, he was even able to walk a distance of a hundred yards to the farm premises—another all but incredible feature of this altogether remarkable case! At the farm a conveyance was speedily secured, and young Doades was driven with all speed to the Johnson Hospital at Spalding, an institution founded by former benevolent inhabitants.

No one imagined that, with such terrible injuries, the boy could have survived for many minutes. The medical examination conducted at the hospital showed a hole in the forehead, extending to the top of the skull and going through a portion of the brain, the ramrod in its passage also having removed a considerable

remarkable which she had ever known, the lad's escape from death being described as little short of a miracle. The wound had caused great interference with the brain—part, in fact, being carried away. At the hospital, Doades not only recovered, *but grew fat*. When he entered he weighed 8st. 9½ lb.; when convalescent, he turned the scale at 11st. 6½ lb. not an insignificant weight for a lad of fifteen.

Doades himself remembers more of his remarkable experience than one would expect. Interviewed at the hospital, in the early days of November, shortly before his discharge, he seemed happy and cheerful, and was quite ready to give an account—so far as he recollected—of what took place on the eventful day in July when he made his extraordinary acquaintance with the gun and the ramrod. His memory seemed quite clear as to what transpired up to the actual explosion, and he had a faint recollection of immediately subsequent events. He told how he was at the farm scaring birds with his "old muzzle loader," how he was ramming



From a. THE IDENTICAL GUN CALLED BY WHICH THE RAMROD WAS SHOT. (Photo.)

quantity of brain matter. The hospital authorities, including the whole of the medical staff, regarded the case as hopeless. The story told by the matron of that institution was that the boy was unconscious when admitted, that for over a week he rambled in his speech, and was not himself, but at the end of that time he gradually improved, till hopes were entertained that, despite his terrible experience, a partial recovery might yet be possible, although it would be apparently the only instance on record of a bar of iron being driven through the head and the victim living to tell the tale.

These hopes were more than realized. Under the care and skilful treatment of Dr. Gilbert Lacy Barritt and the hospital staff, the boy—to the astonishment of everyone—got better. In the early part of November he was quite convalescent, and, after a stay at the hospital for fifteen weeks as a free patient, he was in a condition to be discharged as cured. The matron, seen at the hospital during the boy's convalescence, described his mind as being perfectly natural. She regarded the case as the most

down the charge of powder—he asserted there was nothing more using considerable force. Suiting the action to the word, Doades explained the manner in which this was being done, and the position he had assumed. With the gun in his left hand, and the barrel pointing towards his forehead, he was pounding away with the ramrod, which he held in his right hand, and with this operation in full swing, off went the gun. He distinctly remembered the explosion, and then, strange to relate, despite the terrible shock and injury to the brain, he had a hazy recollection of what transpired but a few minutes later. He even recalled how that he heard voices of men approaching (his brother and a companion came to the spot), and he could repeat a slight portion of the conversation which then ensued. He related how he was helped up from the sitting posture in which he was found, and how, with his rescuers on either side, he walked a distance of a hundred yards to the farm premises, which he had but a short time before quitted strong both in mind and body.

Such was the boy's statement, and, when surprise was expressed that he should remember so much under such unusual circumstances, he went on to say that his next recollection was a faint one of the outside of the hospital, of "the old brown mare" which he knew so well, and which had brought him from the farm, and, finally, of his being carried up a flight of steps into the hospital ward. All this, too, after the fearful injuries received.

Before the boy left the hospital, the portrait which accompanies this narrative was taken by Mr. W. A. Southwell, of Spalding, a well known local amateur photographer. The photograph clearly shows the remarkable character of the accident. The wound on the forehead, where the ramrod entered, although then healed, appears quite perceptible; and in order to show the hole in the skull, where the rod came out, a portion of the top of the head had been shaved round the spot. The cap and ramrod, which are also clearly shown in the photograph, are in the relative positions in which they were found after the accident, lying in the field of peas.

But, it will be asked, why did the gun go off? An answer which has been given although other explanations may suggest themselves—is that the youthful bird scarer had, unfortunately, before ramming down his charge of powder, first placed the cap on the nipple, with the

result that the vibration of the ramming process caused the hammer to fall and the gun to explode. Some colour is given to this opinion by the fact that it has been ascertained that some of the lad's companions had foolishly recommended him to adopt this course.

The medical world were at first by no means inclined to believe the reports circulated of the remarkable accident—and still more remarkable recovery. The hospital authorities and those conversant with the circumstances were quite satisfied, after the fullest investigation, that the facts were as stated. Many inquiries from persons of standing in the medical profession were received at the hospital, and surgeons of the highest reputation have been down personally to ascertain the facts of the case, and after being brought face to face with the boy himself, have gone away fully convinced.

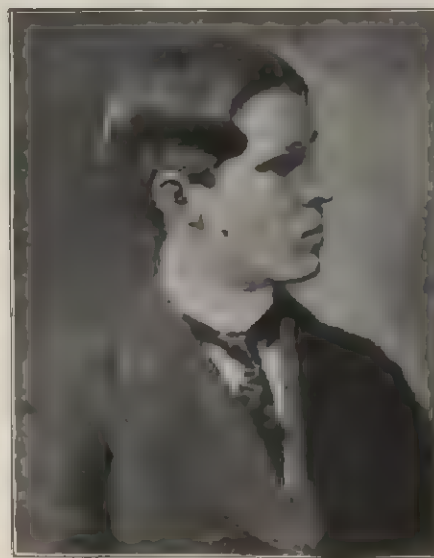
The boy Doades, who reached his sixteenth birthday on the 13th of January, 1899, has since he was eight years old been accustomed to work in the fields. He is the son of Samuel Doades, a respectable working man, who lives on the Holbeach Road, at Spalding, and who, for over a quarter of a century, has been in the service of Mr. H. M. Proctor, of Wykeham. The boy has an exceptionally robust constitution, and it is to this fact that his remarkable recovery is in great part attributed.

IV.—Through Twenty Miles of Maelstrom.

By WILLIAM JAMESON REID.

How a Canadian explorer was chased by Indians and effected his escape in a fearful and unlooked-for manner.

IN the summer of 1896 I was engaged in thoroughly exploring the north-eastern corner of British Columbia, in an effort to gain some ethnological facts concerning the strange and aboriginal Indian races said to inhabit this practically unknown region. I had left Fort St. John on the Peace River early in April, and by the 1st of July had passed over the country to the east of the Rocky Mountains, and had reached the head waters of the Stachine River, which stream I had determined on following south-west to the Pacific Ocean. Notwithstanding the reports that had been received of the ungovern-



MR. WILLIAM JAMESON REID.
From a Photo by Hardy, Boston, Mass.

able hostility of the Indians in this country, I had as yet escaped this menace by avoiding all save the smaller villages and settlements, where the sight of my weapons and the strength of my force created a sufficiently wholesome impression to ward off these undesirable concomitants of travel.

It was not until I had reached the country among the head-waters of the Stachine that my troubles began in earnest. My native guides and escort had deserted me one by one until at last I only had two men with me—an Indian and a half breed. The Indian was a splendid

canoe-man and voyageur, but it did not take long to confirm my first suspicions that the half-breed was a most arrant knave and coward, much worse than useless, inasmuch as it was not possible in spite of his many delinquencies to turn him adrift in a wild and strange country. With these two companions I plunged recklessly onward, hoping against fate that we should be able to reach Fort Marinton before our weakness should be known and we should be called upon to give battle to fierce and vindictive enemies, who would have had little or no compunction in attacking and murdering us for no greater reason than the possession of our belongings. At the end of another week seemingly the hardest part of the journey had been gone over, and we had safely reached the north fork of the Stachine.

We had encamped, as was our usual custom, as the sun went down, in the lee of a small cliff that jutted over the right bank of the river. During the last two days we had not seen any signs of human habitation in the country, and, convinced that there was nothing to fear from hostile attack, we had lighted a fire preparatory to cooking our evening meal, when our felicity was rudely interrupted by several wild calls from a neighbouring hill, repeated in rapid succession. Instantly the fire was put out, and, listening with strained ears, similar wild shouts could be heard coming from neighbouring heights, doubtless answers to the first challenge. A minute more, and above our heads whistled the purring "ping" of a bullet, and then a clinking thud and a shrill whistle as it harmlessly glanced from the rock above our position. I looked at my companions. Denazee, my Indian guide, was crouched stealthily on the ground, with rifle in hand, and every muscle in his body a quiver as he listened with an almost tigerish gleam in his eyes for some further signal of the approach of our hidden foes. The half-breed, on the other hand, was literally frightened out of his wits, and stood trembling and quaking with fear and mumbling prayers under his breath, convinced that his last hour had surely come, until I awakened him from his stupor by placing a gun in his hands and ordering him to guard a narrow opening on the right of the cliff, which commanded the open expanse around for a considerable distance.

Clambering up the steep face of rock, I was able to see dimly moving forms on the edge of the dark line of forest, while ever and anon a bullet whistled harmlessly over our heads. Several hours passed in this manner, when we rightly concluded that our enemies did not wish to venture an attack in the darkness, fearing that a number at least must be killed or wounded in

the assault before our position could be taken, but were waiting for day to break, when they might pick us off with ease from the high hills on the other side of the stream, where we were soon apprised another large body had gathered, by their constant challenges from one side to the other.

It was no time for hesitation. If we remained in our present exposed position we must inevitably be shot down like rats in a trap, without being able to make resistance. It was futile to think of escaping by land, while our single canoe, from its long journey overland, leaked at every pore; yet it was only by following the river that we could hope to escape. Leaving the Indian to guard against a change in the plans of our assailants and a sudden attack, I called the shivering half-breed from his lonely vigil to assist me in repairing, as best we could, the cracks in our frail craft. Rubbing it thoroughly all over with what oil was left, I took all the gum and balsam in the packs, and with it placed the bacon, some fifteen pounds at least, and half-a-dozen candles into the pot. The whole mixture was then ready, and the fire was once more lighted. Our enemies, who for some time past had been comparatively silent, seeing that we were concerned in some preparation, again turned their guns in the direction of the fire, while we discreetly retired to a more sheltered position. From our position we could hear the slugs as they whistled uncomfortably by and struck with a metallic ring against the iron pot or knocked showers of sparks from the fire.

Taking advantage of a lull in their firing, we seized the pot from off the fire, and while the mixture was still boiling hot, daubed the outside of the boat with it from stem to stern, which, while it did not completely caulk the cracks, at least gave evidence that it might hold until we had been able to distance our enemies. By the time these preparations had been completed the east began to take on a rosy tinge, veiling the surrounding landscape with an uncertain light, while a raw, penetrating vapour hung over the river completely obscuring our surroundings. There could be no mistaking this fortunate dispensation of Providence; so, quietly pushing the canoe from the bank, the load was adjusted, and quietly we took our positions, Denazee in the bow as steersman, and recognising the absolute terror of the half-breed, I seized the stern paddle myself.

We had not been a moment too soon, for we had scarcely reached a point in mid-stream when through a lifting of the fog we could see our savage foes clambering down the face of the rocks towards our night's encampment. All was

silent for a minute, when a series of prolonged warning signals burst on the air, to be answered from the opposite shore; and then, crouching low in the canoe, we were treated to the unwelcome sensation of murderous slugs flying over our heads. A sudden ejaculation from the Indian caused me to look in his direction; and there, silent and motionless as a carved statue,

apart, through which the seething waters tumbled and boiled as in a mill-race. Like an arrow our little boat shot through the gloomy portals, frowning on either hand, darting this way and that, dipping and dancing about like a cork, and doing exactly what the current willed. At the very first swirl, I made a discovery that gave me an additional shiver. The canoe, rudely



WE SAILED ON, NOT FROM OUR FEAR.

he knelt in the bow, swinging his long-bladed paddle in heavy sweeps, while a thin stream of blood trickled slowly from his shoulder. He had been struck by one of the flying missiles, but it was now no time for parley, as with long, deep strokes we pushed the canoe through the swiftly rushing current.

Turning for a moment to catch a glimpse of our late assailants, of whom by this time I had calculated we had seen the last, my blood nearly froze in my veins with terror, when I saw that they had likewise launched a canoe, manned by four stalwart paddlers, and were striving to overtake us; while a dusky savage in the bow had been placed so as to try and pick us off. I spoke to Denazee, and for one brief moment he turned his head, gave vent to a guttural grunt of surprise, and then renewed his paddling with redoubled vigour, until we were shooting over the surface of the rushing current with the speed of a well-aimed projectile.

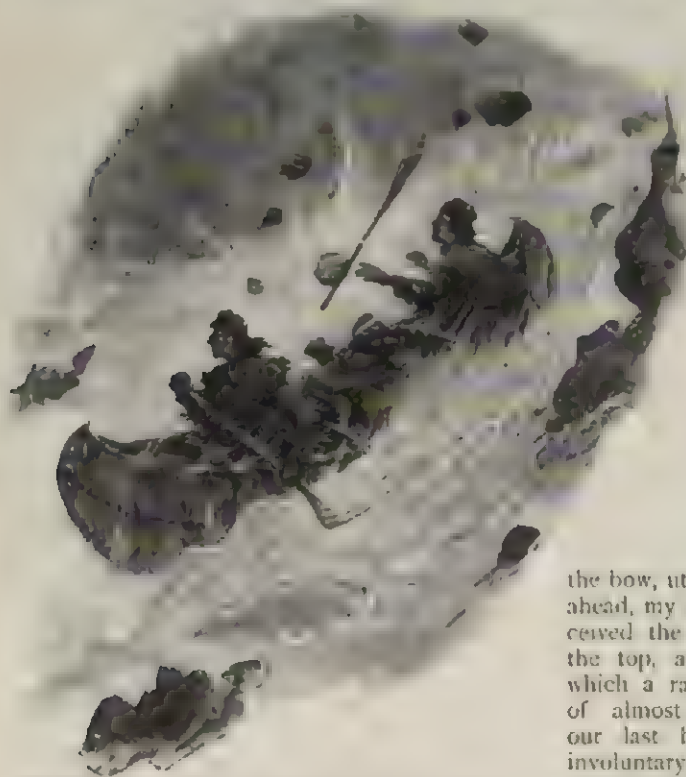
So intent had we been on the danger from our pursuers that we had not taken notice of a new and more menacing danger ahead. For fully two miles we had been dashing along at frightful speed, accelerated by the swiftness of the current, which flowed in a markedly perceptible grade, when the banks on either side seemed suddenly to converge into huge cliffs not more than 40ft.

caulked, was beginning to show signs of distress, and tiny streams of water were pouring through the partly re-opened cracks. Neither would it bear much longer, so it seemed, the pressure from the paddles, which were now used merely to guide our course from being wrecked on the numberless jagged reefs and boulders projecting above the seething waters. If the water pulled one way and the paddles another the frail thing squirmed and twisted like a snake instead of obeying the steersman, so that it was quite impossible to make her respond readily or effect a sharp turn. No doubt Denazee discovered this as soon as I did, but he gave no hint of it, as, with intent face and skilful arm, he did his part of the work to perfection. The half-breed, meanwhile, lay sobbing and moaning in the bottom of the boat, until I aroused him to action by sundry kicks, and impressed on his sadly befuddled and dazed brain the necessity of unceasing baling to keep us from foundering. It was somewhat of a relief to find that even with his hesitating efforts the water did not gain on us.

What satisfaction might have been gained from this welcome fact was dissipated by a new and more portentous danger. From the slimy cliffs rising sheer and smooth two hundred feet into the air came the menacing peal of angry shouts, and almost immediately we were running

the gauntlet of a shower of huge boulders from new assailants who had gathered on the top of the cliffs. We did not dare to turn round to see if those in the pursuing canoe were following, but from the fact that for several minutes we had heard nothing from their direction we concluded that they had not dared to enter the cañon; nevertheless, we felt that our doom was sealed by the force which they had planted on top of the cliffs. The narrow gorge contracted still more, and we had now come to a spot where whirlpool followed whirlpool in fearfully quick succession, and we no sooner caught our breath after escaping one than we were struggling wildly with another. Our frail craft appeared to undulate over the frothing waves rather than to cut through them, and it seemed as if every movement of the water might be felt through her thin skin.

Suddenly my paddle was wrenched from my



"ACCIDENT: MY PADDLE WAS WRENCHED FROM MY HANDS."

hands as a huge boulder, which had been thrown from above, struck it but a few inches from my hand. We gave ourselves up for lost, and the moanings of the half breed were pitiful to hear. He had been struck with several jagged stones, and his arms and shoulder were bathed in blood.

But yet an all-seeing Providence watched over us, and somehow we struggled on. In the very thick of danger I could not help admiring the wonderful skill of the Indian. The whole course of the boat now depended upon his strong arm, and again and again, as with bated breath we waited the end, he saved us from dashing against a rock, or whirling round broadside to the current. Extreme as was our peril, it had a wonderful thrill and excitement about it; our speed was something terrific, enabling us to catch merely a glimpse of dark, gloomy walls shooting by in a faint shadow.

For mile after mile we were tumbled about, and tossed from wave to wave, over whirlpool, rock, and rapid like a chip of bark. At times a huge wave, curling and hissing, would lift us clean out of the water and hurl us through the air for several feet. To make matters worse, the

seams, from these severe buffetings, opened wider and wider every moment; and although both the half-breed and myself crouched low in the canoe and baled with that desperation born of love of life, we did it so clumsily in our haste that time and time again we seemed on the point of upsetting her. We had, at least, one consolation. The ceasing of attack from the cliffs showed that we had left behind the last of our human enemies; but they were hardly less formidable than the hungry jaws surging up to seize us on every side.

In this manner, one hair-breadth escape following another, we rushed on with the speed of an express train; when, for the first time, the Indian, who was crouching in

the bow, uttered a warning shout, and, glancing ahead, my heart failed me altogether, as I perceived the immense cliffs closing together at the top, and forming a long tunnel, through which a rapid rushed downward, at an angle of almost thirty degrees. Convinced that our last hour had come, I breathed an involuntary prayer. There was a sullen roar as of the distant booming of guns or roaring of thunder, and intense darkness, to be almost instantly succeeded by light, and we had safely emerged into an open space once more. Our position, however, was but little improved, for with a sudden dive that made my heart stand still, we again plunged into a seething cauldron of water, where whirlpool succeeded whirlpool.

One moment it seemed as if our cockleshell was drawn irresistibly downward by some giant hand ; in another moment we would be blinded with spray as we soared bodily through the air. Suddenly we struck in the centre, and, in spite of Denazee's most desperate efforts, the maelstrom got its grip upon us, and round and round we madly whirled until we were almost blinded with dizziness. Each moment seemed

back as if angry and disappointed at their discomfiture ; and we had entered a comparatively smooth, open expanse of water. With tortured minds and bodies we drew the canoe up on the bank, and worn out with fatigue slept on the hard shale beach without a murmur, until the dawn of another day broke. Then hastily sitting up, I found the Indian with the canoe launched preparatory to the continuing of the journey.



ROUND AND ROUND WE MADLY WHIRLED.

as if it would be the last. Our flimsy craft wriggled and squirmed like a living thing, and at every turn of the awful circle which yawned to engulf us, it seemed as if no effort could prevent our being drawn under.

I had given up all hope, when a sudden rush of back-water dashed through the tunnel, levelled over the whirlpool for one brief minute, but enough to save us, and again we were rushing madly on. We looked into each other's faces. Could it be that we had entered some awful space of another world ; would this terrible strain *never* come to an end ? Such questions, and many more, flashed through our minds.

Suddenly the Indian gave a whoop of delight, a thing so unusual, that I involuntarily looked up from my crouching position. Thank God, it was over ! The chills once more had retired to a distance, the leaping, hungry waters held

Two days later we had safely arrived at Fort Marmiton, where, having related our adventures, we were at first received with incredulity, and then with that prodigality extended to men who have risen from their graves. From the commandant of the post we learned that this cañon, appropriately named by the natives "The Devil's Valley," was over twenty miles in length, and that but once before in all the native history had it been passed in safety, when a daring canoeeman, who had been taunted with his inability to perform the feat, had gone from one end to another in much less than half an hour. To us it seemed as if it was years that we were thus constantly battling with death ; but there can be little doubt that we passed through with as great rapidity as the native. Almost a mile a minute in a canoe—a record which I believe has never been equalled, it is hardly necessary to say, never surpassed.

A Cossacks' Climbing Race.

By ROBERT L. JEFFERSON, F.R.G.S.

An account of a novel mid-winter contest in Eastern Russia. How the Cossacks gallop wildly to the foot of the great snow-mounds, then hurl themselves to the ground and begin the frantic ascent. With a complete set of snap-shot photographs.



HE Cossacks of Eastern Russia are the proudest and most independent of all the subjects of the Czar. They are proud because they have never been serfs; they are independent because they are the principal breeders of horses for the Russian Empire. They are a truculent, warlike, but hospitable people, who serve the Great White Czar faithfully, are profoundly religious according to the orthodox Greek faith, and are reckoned to be the finest horsemen in a country where nearly everybody possesses a horse and can ride to perfection.

In the district of Orenburg the Cossacks considerably outnumber the Muscovite people proper, and the City of Orenburg itself is governed in accordance with Cossack laws. These interesting people have their own special festivals, to which sightseers flock from various parts of the Empire, and not the least interesting of these festivals is the semi-religious, semi-military function which takes place in mid-winter, and which some call the "Battle of the Snow Mountain." We are able in this little article to give reproductions of a remarkable set of snap shot photographs, which represent the various phases of this curious festival.

The preparations for the novel race and mimic battle we are about to describe extend over a long period. The military Cossacks are drafted into Orenburg from surrounding districts, and on the day appointed the city is quite *en fête*. Business is altogether suspended, troika sledges are requisitioned on all hands, the whole populace, in fact, gives itself over to a great holiday, and is resolved to be amused.

For many days previous to the race busy workmen have been erecting on a huge plain adjacent to the city two and sometimes three enormous snow-mounds, like those seen in the photographs that illustrate our article. Snow is plentiful in mid-winter, but many tons

of it are necessary to build these huge mounds, which are close upon 50 ft. in height. The erection of these hills is superintended by the local military officials, who are the promoters and supporters of the festival, so that the whole affair may be said to be under official supervision.

A flag is planted firmly on the top of each snow mound, as may be seen in the photo. on this page; and on the night previous to the contest, now to be described, the structures are personally inspected by the Cossack officers in order to see that everything is as it should be.

The day opens with a big religious ceremony at the various churches in the city, which ceremony is attended not only by the irregular soldiers themselves, but also by the agricultural Cossack population for miles around. The atmosphere is generally of an Arctic character, and it is a sight to see the thousands of devout worshippers standing, bareheaded, in that biting cold before the edifice of their faith.

On the great plain the soldiers, who are to compete for the prizes offered for those who succeed in mounting the snow-hill are assembled, and they are presently inspected officially and paraded, after which they canter in a somewhat solemn manner through the town towards the starting-point. Arrived there, they are drawn up in two big divisions and preparations made for the start of a race which



[1909] THE ENORMOUS SNOW-MOUNDS, ERECTED AT THE FOOT OF THE SNOW MOUNTAIN. [1909].

has no parallel, probably, in the world. Girths are tightened, bits adjusted, and two long lines of horsemen spread themselves over the snow-clad plain, each man burning to be off. Hark! a gun is fired, and instantly the two long lines leap into life; there is a scattering of snow from horses' hoofs, and it rises in a great white cloud, almost obliterating the riders. There is a fierce howling and bellowing and cracking of whips, as, like a torrent, the mass of excited horsemen surge towards the snowy goal.

The pace is terrific. The horses converge into a wedge shaped mass; every man is struggling to get through; the Cossack riders, wild-eyed and frantic, spare neither whip nor abjuration on their steeds. Men are unseated and trampled beneath scurrying hoofs.

No one cares. Angry Cossacks will sometimes lash each other with their heavy thongs. It is a mad scramble from start to finish—a frantic, flying uproar, on the principle of "the devil take the hindmost."

So equal in calibre are horses and riders that it is some time before the mass breaks up. Gradually, however, a little knot of strong-winded men disconnect themselves from the main body, and these, consisting probably of a dozen or more of the crack riders, race onwards like the wind.

The goal is now in sight, and is surrounded by thousands of spectators, who, on the approach of the riders, scatter in all directions.

The foremost Cossacks dash blindly at the mound and leap or fall from their horses, as shown in our first photograph. There is no quarter; it is every man for himself, and, therefore, some hard knocks are exchanged as the dismounted men commence to climb the almost perpendicular face of the big snow-hill. It is a mad, despairing task, affording boundless mirth to the spectators, who are hardly less excited than the competitors themselves.

For over thirty feet the mound rises vertically, and the snow is frozen hard on the surface, but is soft within. Crevices in the snow form slight hand and foot holds, but it frequently happens that, after laboriously climbing half-way up, some excited Cossack will hang on to a treacherous

bit, which gives way, and down he goes like a miniature avalanche, carrying with him half-a-dozen or more of those who have been toiling in his wake. Dreadful fights ensue. It is bad enough to have the misfortune to slip down one's self, but to be toiling upward laboriously and successfully, and then to be swept down by someone else——!

The scramble for the top is as amusing as it is exciting. Our second photo. shows the arrival of two Cossacks at the flag-staff almost simultaneously; the figure on the left hand being that of the one who actually grasped the staff first. The figure on the right is that of the man who came up from the other side and nearly succeeded in winning, as the actual



FIGURE 4. THE RACE NEARLY FINISHING. SIMULTANEOUS ARRIVALS AT THE FLAG-STAFF. (Photo.)

winner almost forgot to grasp the pole in the excitement of watching a fellow-competitor, who had raced with him neck and neck, and inch by inch, and who is falling head over heels on the top of a dozen or more new arrivals. The falling man will be observed on the left hand, not very far from the top of the mound.

The third photo. shows another catastrophe, or rather two. The two bottom figures on the extreme left-hand side are coming down with a terrific rush, after having almost reached the summit. In falling they narrowly missed the man who was two thirds of the way up on their right, and nearly carried away the earnest competitor on their left, who has got the stock of his whip firmly embedded in the snow, and whose dogged perseverance in the face of all drawbacks would surely render him eligible for



A CATASTROPHE—THE TWO CONTESTERS ON THE LEFT OF THE MOUND HAVE SLIPPED DOWN.
From a Photo.

membership at the Alpine Club. On the left the two inside men have slipped simultaneously, and those below are getting out of their way as best they can.

In the next photo is depicted the near arrival of the third man. In the preceding illustration he was shown on the extreme right hand, but by crawling in a serpentine fashion he has managed to escape disaster, and now success looks pretty certain. The man on the right-hand side has not made much headway, and has been hotly pursued by three others, one of whom, however, cannot be seen, since he has slipped hopelessly, leaving but a cloud of snow to mark his inglorious descent. The race is no longer fast, and frantic, and furious, this stage forming a strange and striking contrast to the whirlwind gallop on horseback. The Cossack on the left hand side has not made much progress, probably relying on the slow but sure method, and to this end he is working his way up by means of jabbing his whipstock into the snow. The mound so far is comparatively clear, in spite of the

numbers who have attempted to scale it, but there are more to come, and if the patience of the excitable Cossacks only holds out the mound will eventually be swarming, unless, as is frequently the case, the whole affair collapses under the great weight and brings the contest to a startling and dramatic conclusion.

Our next photograph shows the contest at mound No. 2, which is reserved for the Cossacks of the second division. The ascent of this mound is comparatively easy, as it will be observed that the

slope is not so precipitous as in the first one. Still, there is the same excitement, and, if anything, the fun is faster and more furious, since the men of the second division are raw novices at the game.

Considering the importance with which the Cossack himself invests this remarkable and exciting race the prizes seem to us, at least, rather insignificant. They consist of small—very small—sums of money contributed by the functionaries of the town and the military officers. The actual winner, however, is a hero in a very large circle—a kind of Queen's



From a] A THIRD COMPETITOR ALMOST GAINS THE SUMMIT.

Photo

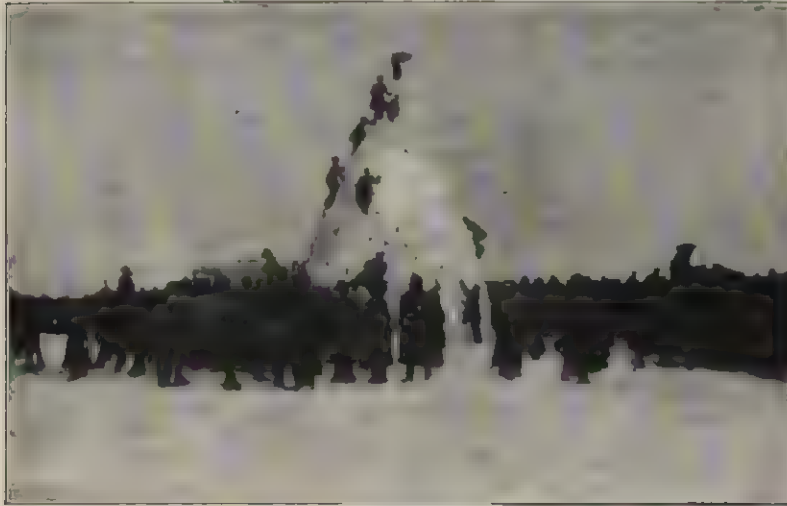
Prize winner—and he is fêted and made much of. The contest itself is followed by revelries, in which liberal supplies of *vodki* and much dancing *à la Russe* form the principal items.

The annual festival of the Ural Cossacks is not without romance. The Cossacks them-

discussing a subject of even more vital interest to them than the Battle of Snow Hill, and that was their joint lady-love. As both stood in exactly the same relation to her they agreed to settle the matter of priority of claim on the result of the race up the snow mound. The one

who was first to grasp the flag-staff would be allowed a clear field for his affections, and this compact was duly ratified.

Spurred on not only by the excitement of the contest itself, but also by the far more important side issue, the two rivals were the first to reach the snow "mountain" and to commence the climb. They arrived at the summit shoulder to shoulder, and another step would bring them within reach of the staff. Each paused for a moment to gain breath for the final effort.



Front 6.]

MOUND NO. 2. A CUMULATIVELY EASY ASCENT.

[Photo.

selves look forward to it with great eagerness, and though by no means a speculative race, are prone to make bets which they have no earthly chance of meeting. A gentleman of Orenburg told me the following story, which he vouches for as being perfectly true:—

Two Cossacks of equal rank loved the same Cossack maiden. As in their rank, so also were they similar in modesty; and wild, courageous horsemen though they were, yet, in the presence of the loved one, they were the most abject of creatures. As for the maiden, after the manner of Russian girls generally, she knew little or nothing about the passion which consumed these rough Cossacks of the Ural. The two men, however, regarded each other with jealousy of the most pronounced character.

It was mid-winter, and the annual Cossack festival approached. It happened that the two rivals met and discussed their chances of success in the race. They were both splendid horsemen, and had long and assiduously practised the art of snow climbing. They were almost of the same physique, and their chances of victory seemed pretty equal. Presently they fell to

"We seem to be equal, Ivan Ivanovitch," said one. "Who will win?"

"If you are as earnest as I am, Michael Nicolaevitch," replied the other, "you will try. Here goes!"

He made an effort, but the other held him back.

"Is it for the prize, or for *her*?"

"Both. But why do you hold me the others are coming?"

"Then I would kick them down. Just one brief moment and listen to what I have to say. I would hate to see you defeated if I thought it would cause you sorrow."

"I would give everything I possess to win. Let me go!"

"I am nearer, and have a surer foothold, but I am your friend. If I let you win, Ivan Ivanovitch, will you give me your horse?"

"I will: let me go!"

And Michael Nicolaevitch let go, and somehow missed his footing, rolling to the bottom of the mound, where he lay stunned, while Ivan Ivanovitch bent forward and grasped the flag-staff.

A Martyr to Science.

BY I. H. EISENMANN, OF VIENNA.

The attention of the public is specially drawn to this touching story, which will be found an extraordinary instance of heroic devotion to science. With a complete set of portraits.



FOUR years ago, when the plague was raging so dreadfully in India, the Vienna Academy of Sciences resolved to send to Bombay an expedition of Austrian doctors to study the frightful disease. As leader of the expedition they chose Dr. Franz Hermann Mueller, Lecturer in the Vienna University, and Physician at the General Hospital, who, though only thirty years of age, had already obtained a name as a clinical instructor. His lectures on internal medicine were very well attended, while English and American students showed a great preference for the special courses he held in the clinics of the hospital. As a doctor, he was a very pattern of conscientiousness and faithfulness to duty, and at the same time he showed extreme kindness to his poor patients, which made them love and revere him.

When Dr. Mueller received the flattering invitation to assume the lead of the plague expedition, he did not for a moment hesitate in his decision, but at once, with the greatest enthusiasm, accepted the dangerous mission.

The expedition stayed in Bombay for three months, doing brilliant work. But it was the leader who distinguished himself above all the others. Regardless of the danger to his own health, Dr. Mueller sought out the sick in the worst plague-baunted dens whenever opportunity offered, all the time knowing neither rest nor recreation. Thus it came about that during those short three months he observed more than a thousand cases of plague by the bedside, and wrote down a detailed account of the course

of many of those cases. In conjunction with his colleagues he dissected dozens of bodies of people who had died of the plague, trying to obtain from death the secret of the woful scourge.

On their return from Bombay, the doctors of the expedition drew up an elaborate report of their work and presented it to the Vienna Academy of Sciences, which then further commissioned them to experiment on animals with

the plague bacilli which they had brought with them from India, in order to ascertain in what way the germs of the plague enter the organism, and whether, and if so in what way, immunity from the pest could be obtained. For their experiments and researches they were given a room in the Pathological Institute of the General Hospital, the so-called plague room, which was provided with all the sanitary and prophylactic arrangements which are necessary in such a case. As attendant in that room was appointed a man named Barisch, whose duty it was to feed the animals being used in the experiments, to clean the room, the cages, and instruments, and to dis-

infect them, as well as to burn the carcasses of the animals. He was fully instructed as to the danger of his office, and earnestly strove to carry out his instructions most exactly. For over a year all went well. Dangerous experiments were carried out without the occurrence of the slightest accident, so excellent were the precautions taken. But in this case once more familiarity with danger led to negligence. Barisch became careless in his work. Repeatedly



DR. FRANZ HERMANN MUELLER. "OUR MARTYR TO SCIENCE."
From a Photo.



PLAGUE WARD OF THE FRANZ JOSEF HOSPITAL, VIENNA.

he omitted precautionary measures which were absolutely indispensable in so dangerous a calling. One day he was taken ill, and the first symptoms seemed to indicate inflammation of the lungs. Accordingly he was admitted to Professor Nothnagel's clinic in the General Hospital, in which Dr. Mueller was first assistant. On examining the man the last named at once suspected what the real nature of the illness was, and he ordered Barisch to be removed to a separate room, where he most carefully watched him. Becoming more and more convinced that it was a case of plague, Dr. Mueller had a bacteriological examination of the patient's blood made, and the result confirmed his worst suspicions. In the blood were found bacilli, so clearly plague bacilli as to exclude all further doubt. Before that Dr. Mueller had been untiring in his attendance on the sick man, but after the final examination he scarcely left his bedside. He stopped his lectures; got his colleagues to visit his private patients, and scarcely allowed himself time to take his food, remaining in the sick room till midnight, and doing for the poor fellow all he could; although, as he afterwards stated, from the moment when

it was proved to be the plague he had not the slightest hope that Barisch would recover. "The plague," said the doctor to a colleague, afterwards, "never lets go of anybody it has once seized. In India I saw hundreds of cases like Barisch's; I knew he was lost. To a certain degree it is possible to ward off infection by means of the extremest cleanliness; but once it has been caught there is no recovery—it is all up."

After an illness of four days Barisch died. In order that other persons might not come in contact with the corpse, Dr. Mueller took upon himself the sad duty of placing it in the coffin. He began by wrapping the body in sheets saturated with subimate, and then he lifted it from the bed into the coffin, the joints of which he sealed up with pitch; next he screwed it down and removed it from the room. That done, he most thoroughly disinfected the room by burning all that was combustible, tear-



HOSPITAL ATTENDANT BARISCH, THE FIRST PLAGUE VICTIM.

ing up the floor boards and putting them in the fire. The indefatigable man even scraped the walls and ceiling with glass, finally flooding with disinfectants all that would not burn.

Besides Dr. Mueller, the only persons who had come in contact with the deceased after his seizure were two sick nurses, who were on duty alternately. Of course they were immediately isolated, and placed under medical observation. The second day after Barisch's death a considerable rise in temperature was observed in the case of one of them, Albine Pecha, a girl of twenty-two. Although no marked symptom of serious illness was observed in either of them, the medical authorities deemed it prudent to send both of them to the epidemic hospital outside Vienna, for the sake of complete isolation, in case they should fall ill. Doctor Mueller was chosen to accompany them there in an ambulance waggon and to take charge of and, if need be, treat them.

The two girls took up their abode in a detached ward of the infectious hospital intended for very serious cases, as did likewise Dr. Mueller, besides two sisters of mercy as nurses. They were there cut off from all direct communication with the outer world. This ward is a rectangular building situated in the large hospital garden, and it consists of four rooms, each for one person, and having each its own bath-room and disinfecting-room; besides which, there is a room for the nurse. The rooms are all separated from each other, and each has a separate entrance. No intercourse between the patients, or between them and the hospital staff, was permitted. Round the building a rope was stretched to mark the limits that neither the hospital doctors nor anyone else might pass. The very strictest precautions were observed in providing those in the isolated ward with food. A sister of mercy went and knocked at the window, and then retired. Thereupon one of the sisters of mercy inside opened the window, put some dishes on the outer sill and again shut the window, whereupon the first sister returned and emptied the food she had brought into the waiting dishes, going away again before they were taken in.

Similar precautions were observed when other things, medicine and the like, were to be taken into the building. When Dr. Mueller desired to report to the hospital director on the condition of the isolated persons, and when he had a communication to make to the outer world, a somewhat complicated process was gone through. He took a sheet of paper, and in large letters wrote what he had to say. Then he rang for a hospital attendant, and held the paper up to the window till the person outside had, standing at some distance, made a copy of what was

written, which then was given to the person it was intended for. Dr. Mueller's prescriptions were dealt with in the same way, except that it was a hospital doctor who copied them.

Dr. Mueller, who, with the two nurses, had reached the new abode at noon, visited both of them repeatedly in the course of the afternoon. The one remained perfectly well, but the other, Albine Pecha, showed signs of fever, and, on repeated examination, he was greatly concerned to find her temperature constantly rising. Towards evening her condition had already become so bad that she was compelled to take to her bed. Very soon it became clear to the doctor that the poor girl, but a



NURSE ALBINE PECHA, WHO ALSO TOOK THE
PLAGUE AND DIED LATER ON.
From a Photo.

few hours before the very piteous of health, had contracted the dreaded plague.

Although himself quite worn out and urgently feeling the need of rest, he remained with her till far into the night. Despite the fact that he was fully convinced that all medical skill was here in vain, and that the unfortunate girl's case was absolutely hopeless, he felt it his duty to do for her all he possibly could. He seated himself on the edge of her bed, and in heartfelt words tried to comfort her, as she bewailed her fate and wept most bitterly.

Indeed, she did need consolation, for her fate was really tragic. In a few days she was to have resigned her post as nurse in the General Hospital at Vienna, in order to go to Ireland as companion and nurse to a rich invalid landlord on terms which she considered brilliant. Last the dream of her life was to be realized last it seemed as though sunny days awaited her, who had been brought up in the g

poverty : but the plague had destined it otherwise, and when performing her last Samaritan office in Vienna she contracted the germ of that malignant disease which knows no mercy, and from which there is no escape.

Not till the small hours of the morning did the faithful physician leave his patient. On getting into the open air on his way to his own room he began to shiver all over, and his teeth chattered. "It is nothing but the cold October night," said he to himself. But he was as dreadfully tired as if he had been walking all day. "Naturally, I am tired : the last few nights I have slept so little, and by day have had so much excitement and trouble," thought he to himself. When he put his foot on the steps leading to his own room he was ready to sink. "It's strange," murmured he, "I never am troubled with giddiness. Am I, too, going to be ill?" He went in, and was about to undress when it occurred to him that he ought to write a line to allay his parents' anxiety. So he sat down and soon had finished a note. "It would be cowardice," wrote he, "if in such an important moment a physician should draw back from the performance of the duties of his profession." He felt quite well, he added, and hoped soon to see his parents.

On rising from his seat, he once more reeled. Then going up to the looking-glass hanging on the wall, he observed how pale he was, and how bad he looked generally. "Your son really does not seem to be so perfectly well, dear father and mother," he gently murmured. Then he took his clinical thermometer and tested his temperature. It was 37.5deg. C. "Not even a bit of fever," said he to himself, "and I imagined I had the plague." So then he went to bed.

Awaking from a restless sleep when it was already day, he felt still weaker than he had the night before. A most frightful headache now troubled him, and on getting out of bed he staggered like a drunken man. His pulse had become more rapid, while his temperature had risen to 38.1deg. Calmly and as deliberately as had he been examining some lifeless object under the microscope he investigated his own case, coming to the conclusion that probably he really had the plague, although some symptoms were not yet present, and that their absence would make it premature to assume for certain that it was that awful doom. Having thus finished his diagnosis for the present, he dressed, although barely able to stand, and by a great effort of will he succeeded in reaching Pecha's room. A plague-stricken man treating a plague-stricken woman! He prescribed for her some medicine to increase the action of the heart. For almost

an hour he remained with her without, for a single instant, considering his own condition. And then doctor and patient parted, for even Dr. Mueller's self-sacrificing zeal no longer enabled him to continue the duty he had so cheerfully undertaken.

On once more reaching his room his first care was to report to the hospital director on the sick girl's condition. Next, he again examined himself, and then came that terrible moment when he observed those infallible signs which proved to him, as a physician and scientist, that he really had the plague and that death was at hand. With stoical composure he accepted the truth, although so perfectly aware that he was lost.

Having finished this dreadful diagnosis, he took a sheet of paper and, in a firm hand, wrote the following words : -

I am suffering from plague pneumonia. Please not to send a doctor to me, for in any case my end will come in four or five days.

That sheet he stuck to the window-pane. It may be imagined what was the consternation of the hospital physician on suddenly reading the sentence of death that Dr. Mueller had passed on himself.

From the moment when he had thus made his diagnosis, Dr. Mueller considered himself solely as a subject for study. With the greatest scientific exactitude he observed his own case. With the utmost imperturbability he set to work to study the disease - its inception, nature, progress, and course - turning to account the experience he had gained at Bombay. Up to the very last all his thoughts were devoted to the task of advancing the interests of science. Every quarter of an hour he analyzed his condition and wrote down the observations he had made on his own body. He stated exactly where he had felt the first pain ; as long as he could he took his temperature, counted his respirations and his pulse beats, drew the fever curves, and indeed pregnantly and briefly put down all those of his observations that he deemed important for the knowledge of the disease. In between he recorded the history of Barsch's fatal illness from its beginning to the very end.

As long as he retained sufficient strength he wrote, and then stuck to the window, slips of paper on which were written the results of his scientific observations made on himself. Was there ever such a weird situation even in the annals of fiction?

But even when increasing weakness compelled him to go to bed, and when the fever was already very violent, he did not desist from putting down his observations. When that was no longer possible for him, he begged the sister

of mercy who had come to nurse him to write for him, and with stuttering tongue this extraordinary scientist dictated to her remarks of purely scientific interest made on his own body, in order that, as he himself said, they might be useful to other doctors in studying the disease. His unflagging zeal never rested while conscious, but repeatedly, on again coming to himself, he resumed his observations, which finally ceased only when the agony of death itself set in fearlessly and bravely he awaited the end; not for an instant did he show any dread of death.

His care for others was infinitely touching. It went so far that he did not wish Dr. Pösch, a young physician who also had been a member of the Austrian plague expedition that visited Bombay, and who now had undertaken to treat the isolated persons, to enter his room. "There is no object in it," said he to him. "There is no cure, and I do not wish you to expose yourself to danger on my account."

When he wanted to cough he would turn to the wall away from the sister of mercy who was nursing him, make use of a piece of cotton wool saturated with carbol, and then wrap that in a dry piece before handing it her to be burnt.

Another proof of his unremitting care for the welfare of others is given by a remark he made to Dr. Pösch—viz., that to avoid the possibility of spreading the terrible disease, he thought it would be best for them to cremate his body, as only fire destroys the plague germs. He expressed this also as a wish in his farewell letter to his parents. No longer able to write himself he dictated it to his nurse, who then through the closed window read it to another sister of mercy who was standing outside.

This last letter of the doctor's shows how clear was his mind, how thoroughly he was prepared for his end, with what heroic courage he faced death. This touching epistle runs as follows:—

Vienna,

October 21st, 1898.

DEAR PARENTS,—It is no longer open to doubt that I am suffering from the plague, and I know that death will

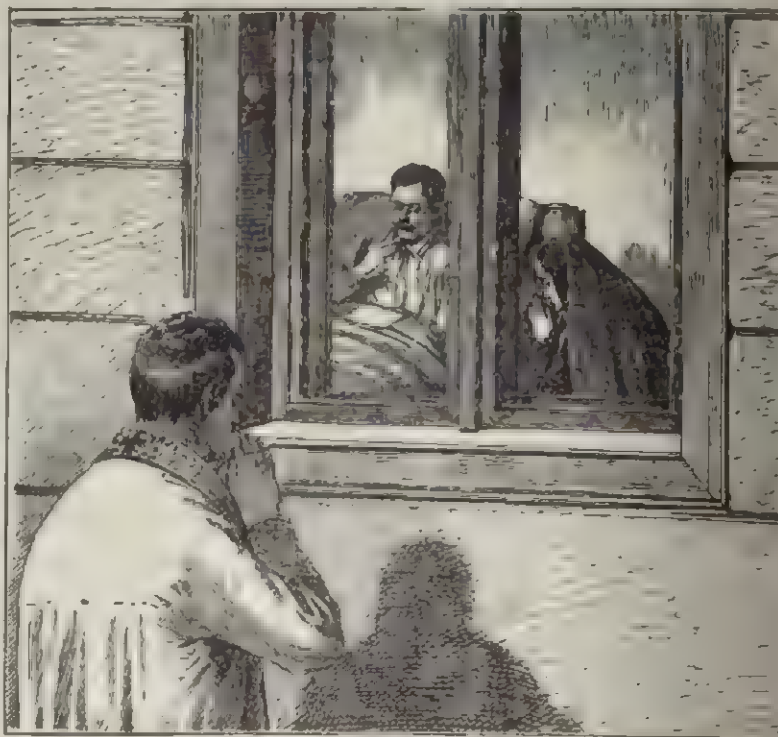
take place in a few hours. And so I should like to bid you good bye, dear parents, as I shall not see you any more on earth. Forgive me all the sorrow I have caused you. Farewell, and be convinced that I shall die quietly, free from pain. My will, which I wrote before starting for Bombay, still holds good. I have no pain now, and hope to die painlessly.

In order not to endanger anyone, I should like to be burnt on a funeral pyre. My ashes should be collected, again disinfected, and buried by the side of my grateful mother's grave. I kiss your hands.—Your ever-loving son,
HERMANN.

In a postscript to this letter he disposed of certain articles of his, and told his parents whereabouts in his desk they would find this and that.

After finishing the dictation he gave the sister of mercy the very strictest injunctions on no account whatever to let the letter leave the ward, adding that he would rather give up sending his farewell words to his parents than that the paper should infect anybody. "I could not die in peace," he said, "if I thought that anyone had caught this dreadful disease through me." He minutely instructed her as to how she was to proceed in order to send forth his dying message, and thanked her touchingly when she promised to follow all his directions.

Whenever Dr. Pösch visited him he asked if the pest had claimed new victims in Vienna, and heartily rejoiced on hearing it had



ADMINISTERING THE LAST SACRAMENTS TO DR. PÖSCH (THE PRIEST IS OUTSIDE THE WINDOW).

not. Also, again and again, he inquired after Albine Pechá. He spoke with Dr. Pösch about his own symptoms and feelings as calmly as were they two doctors discussing the "interesting case" of some third person. No complaint ever once passed his lips.

His condition rapidly grew worse: the fever increased, and in a short time his case was worse than Nurse Pechá's. Only a few hours after he took to his bed the thermometer already registered 40·6deg. C., and when he coughed he brought up much blood.

Then Dr. Mueller desired to receive the last sacraments. It was a peculiarly solemn scene when the hospital chaplain appeared before the closed window of the ward, and from there administered the sacraments to the dying man. The priest was not allowed to go in, because, had he done so, he would have had to be isolated for a considerable time. The sick man raised himself in bed, prayed, and then exclaimed so loudly as to be heard outside: "I repent of all my sins." By his bedside knelt the sister of mercy that was on duty, praying fervently for him who was doomed to die. The priest then gave Dr. Mueller absolution, and, wrapping the Host in the napkin covering the cup, he laid it on the outer window sill, whence it was fetched by the sister of mercy and



DR. FRIEDRICH PÖSCH, WHO ATTENDED (AND BURED) DR. MUELLER.

From a Photo. by Charles Seitz, Vienna.

handed to her patient, who then put it into his mouth with all devotion. After only a two days' illness Dr. Mueller died.

After Dr. Pösch had ascertained that his heroic friend and comrade really was dead, there devolved upon him the same sad and dangerous duty that Dr. Mueller had performed for Bansch, and which, in all probability, was the cause of Mueller's catching the malignant malady—namely, putting the body into the coffin. This Dr. Pösch did, with the help of the two sisters of mercy, observing every possible precaution.

Before sunrise the next morning, a plain hearse left the Franz Josef Hospital, carrying Dr. Mueller's mortal remains to the large Vienna burying-ground, the Central Cemetery, where, in a remote corner, they were laid to their last rest.



DR. PÖSCH AND THE TWO SISTERS OF MERCY COVERING DR. MUELLER (THEY HAVE IMPREGNATED CLOTHS OVER THEIR MOUTHS AND NOSES)



THE INEFFECTUARY BURIAL OF DR. MUELLER IN THE GENERAL CEMETERY, VIENNA.

His brothers, and just the very few friends who had been informed of the hour of the funeral—in all, hardly a dozen intimates—were already there to pay the last honours to the deceased. When the hearse reached the open grave the coffin was soon lowered into it. None of the mourners were allowed to go to the grave-side, and even the priest who blessed the body had to keep at a distance of some twenty paces. Under the unusual circumstances, the burial service assumed even more than its wonted solemnity. Repeatedly its mournful words were drowned by the sobs of the relatives and friends. At the last, Professor Dr. Ritter von Frankl pronounced a most touching funeral oration, which closed with the words: "Short was thy career, but thy life was a full one, for it was a hymn of praise to the two high powers: Faithfulness to Duty and Moral

Courage! Not in vain didst thou live. Thy name is inscribed with the names of the great company of Martyrs for Science."

All Vienna joined in the mourning for the heroic young doctor, and when it was suggested that a monument to him should be added to those of the great men of the Vienna School of Medicine already erected in the Arcade Court of the University, subscriptions immediately began to flow in from all sides.

In conclusion, I may state that Nurse Pecha died a week after Dr. Mueller, but, fortunately, the disease did not spread farther. Dr. Poech and the sisters of mercy, who all did their duty in the plague-ward with such admirable devotion, have remained perfectly well, and the Emperor Francis Joseph has recognised their merits by conferring Orders on them.

Round the World on Wheels.

BY FREDERICK W. EMMETT.

A record of how an American and his bride spent three and a half years in wheeling round the world, and after thrilling experiences and hairbreadth escapes, have recently arrived home to tell the tale. Illustrated with photographs taken by themselves.



On the 10th of April, 1895, amid the plaudits of crowds of friends and well-wishers, Doctor Darwin McIlwraith and his young bride mounted their wheels in Madison Street, Chicago, and turned their faces to the West with the intention of wheeling round the world, mainly on behalf of the well-known "Inter Ocean" of Chicago. Even in these days of pioneer clubs and manly women, it is

For the details of this journey, and for the excellent collection of photographs which illustrate this article, I am indebted to Dr. and Mrs. McIlwraith, who, during their brief stay in England, courteously afforded me every facility for being able to record what is certainly the most marvellous cycle ride ever known.

In the first photograph we see these intrepid travellers and their bicycles. The doctor is a



From a.

DR. DARWIN MCILWRAITH AND HIS YOUNG BRIDE.

(J'Note.

little less than marvellous that a young and pretty American girl, whose previous knowledge of the world was probably confined to the limits of her own State, should volunteer to embark on an undertaking so stupendous, involving so many possible perils and so many certain hardships. And yet, after an absence of nearly three and a half years, this same little woman and her husband were seen in Oxford Street on an October evening, both in perfect health, and astride the same machines on which they had left the Windy City, and which had carried them over 28,000 miles.

burly Southerner, over 6ft. in height, and well able to take care of himself. His medical knowledge—he is an M.D., and gave up a good practice in order to travel—stood him in good stead among the natives in various parts of the world, especially among the Chinese. Mrs. McIlwraith, whom her husband always refers to as the "little woman," is scarcely more than 5ft. in height, and at the commencement of the tour was by no means robust. It was, in fact, partly owing to the fact that the Chicago winters were too severe for her that the doctor suggested a trip round the world.

Accordingly, all arrangements were made.

maps consulted, and routes drawn up; but *Mrs. McLwraith couldn't ride, never having been on a bicycle in her life!* But, as she laughingly explained to me, she did not mean to let a mere detail like that interfere with her plans. The same pluck and determination which characterized her during the long three and a half years of her wanderings, and which enabled her to put to flight a mob of howling Chinamen pouring imprecations on the heads of the "foreign devils," to uncomplainingly suffer while her husband amputated her toes as a result of the hardships she had endured in Persia, and which led her to use her camera when both she and her husband believed their last hour was come—these same qualities were called into requisition on this occasion. She first mounted a bicycle some three weeks before she started on her journey; and to show that she had only just learned to balance the machine, it is only necessary to say that during the first day's run she fell off no fewer than a dozen times.

A word as to the bicycles on which Dr. and Mrs. McLwraith circled the globe. Although sadly battered and chipped they were, the doctor told me, in almost as good running condition as at the start. A front fork on Mrs. McLwraith's machine was broken by rough handling, and replaced in Persia by a solid iron substitute, but that was all. On arriving in England they were using their third set of tyres—of the single tube variety. Their first set only gave out in China, after having run over 15,000 miles, and that over Chinese roads. While awaiting the arrival of new tyres from America the doctor had to resort to curious methods. On one occasion the tyres were only kept together by binding them over and over with tapes cut from Mrs. McLwraith's clothes,

and in India the travellers were reduced to taking tar from the sleepers on the railway beds in order to render the india-rubber air-tight. A glance at the picture will show that the machines, both of which weighed 26lb and carried 54lb. of luggage, are the ordinary type of American wheel, and that Mrs. McLwraith, who throughout her journey wore "rationals," rode a diamond frame machine like her husband.

In undertaking this journey the doctor's object was to follow up and complete the work of the American cyclist Lentz, who was murdered near Mount Ararat under very mysterious cir-



THE PLACE NEAR MOUNT ARARAT WHERE THE AMERICAN CYCLIST, LENTZ, WAS MURDERED.
From a Photo.

cumstances. The murder gave rise to a number of international questions between the American, Turkish, and Russian Governments. The unfortunate traveller's body was never discovered, but Dr. McLwraith told me that when among the Kurds he heard that a quantity of the murdered man's clothes and other belongings, including his camera and portions of his wheel, had been found.

The large number of enthusiastic cyclists who on that bright April morning in '95 wheeled alongside the McLwraiths to bid them "God speed" soon began to dwindle; the shouts of "God bless you, Mac," got by degrees fewer and fewer, and soon husband and wife found themselves alone with the unknown before them. From Chicago they steadily pedalled westward

until the ascent of the Rockies began, and for over a thousand miles the cyclists had to wheel over a track of railway sleepers. Then commenced the great American desert, with its arid wastes and the accompanying tortures of hunger, thirst, and sand-storm. Although the crossing of this desert by cycle had been attempted over and over again, the McIlwraiths were the first who had ever succeeded in crossing it.

Eight weeks after the start from Chicago the travellers pedalled into San Francisco, having covered a distance of 3,000 miles, and here they remained some time to refit. Originally, the McIlwraiths resolved to take with them only what they could cram into the leather valises

After a much-needed rest the McIlwraiths embarked on board one of the fine Pacific mail steamers, and in due course arrived in Yokohama. They were charmed with the beautiful scenery of Japan and its interesting people, and during their four months' stay in the land of the chrysanthemum, the two Americans did some useful exploration in the Kofu district in the north-west part of the islands. Then, returning to Yokohama, they once more took ship for Hong Kong, from which point they intended to go up the West River. Owing, however, to the massacres of missionaries and others, and the general unrest and prevalent anti-foreign sentiment, both the British and American officials absolutely refused to allow them to go into the



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CYCLISTS ON THE YANG-TSE. A TYPICAL CHINESE INN PATRONIZED BY THE CYCLISTS ON THE YANG-TSE.

attached to their machines, but by the time they had arrived on the Pacific coast, they wisely came to the conclusion that they would have sufficient unpreventable hardships to endure, and therefore it was not advisable to deprive themselves of any comforts they could conveniently obtain. Before starting they had given away all their clothing, retaining only the suits they wore. At Frisco, therefore, they were obliged to get a fresh supply of clothes and a few other necessities, which, during their tour, were sent forward by any available means of transport.

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interior by way of the West River, and they had perforce to proceed to Shanghai, where, after infinite trouble, they succeeded in obtaining passports, and in inducing their Minister at Peking to give permission for them to cross the Celestial Empire.

On March 18th, 1896, the doctor and his wife left Shanghai to ride along the banks of the mighty Yang-tse. The above photograph is a view of a typical Chinese inn, on the Yang-tse, at which the travellers endeavoured, in spite of the embarrassing curiosity of the Chinese, and the

disgust and discomfort occasioned by the presence of nameless vermin, to pass the night and to snatch a few hours of rest.

Here it may be said that during almost the whole of their progress through China to the frontier of Burma they were subjected not only to the greatest discomforts, but were on many occasions in danger of being murdered by the seething crowds of infuriated Chinamen, who did their best to stone the foreign devils to death. Except in Yunnan, they were continually followed by hordes of hostile Chinamen. The next picture is a snap-shot of Mrs. McIlwraith trundling the two machines under the walls of the ancient city of Hankow. The absence of

twenty-four hours. Not only was the province intensely anti-foreign, but the whole country, as well as the adjoining province of Hupeh, was filled with disbanding braves, who had returned to their homes after the Japanese war. These worthies had not received their pay from the Government, and were, therefore, more out of hand than usual. Foreigners were regarded as their particular and lawful prey, and although the officials did their best to prevent the molestation of foreigners, the McIlwraiths had to be continually on the move. Until they reached Ichang they were never safe, and night after night they had to sleep in the open fields with no covering but a small blanket. Mobs armed with knives and spears followed them continually. When the travellers found they had got into this hotbed they held a hurried consultation. They were on the horns of a dilemma and at their wits' end to know what best to do. Not knowing their exact locality, their embarrassment was materially increased.

During this trying time Mrs. McIlwraith displayed as much pluck and indifference to danger as her husband, and on many occasions the extraordinary sight was witnessed of this dauntless little American, armed only with a whip, driving before her an infuriated mob of so-called "braves." Seeing that they had got into this inhospitable province, and realizing that they were between the devil and the deep sea, Dr. McIlwraith decided to submit his future action to the arbitrament of fate. The Chinese

dollar which he tossed in order to settle the question decided that they should boldly go into the lion's den, and without further ado they steered straight for the city of Yoh Chau, the nearest head-quarters of the officials of the forbidden province. It was late at night when they reached the gates, and were challenged by a soldier on guard. With their faces hidden by their helmets and enveloped in their blankets, the two Americans presented a strange and sorry spectacle.

The soldier admitted them to the town and sent them under escort to the Yamen, the chief official. Before they had time to what was happening, the word had go-



MRS. MCILWRAITH TRUNDLING THE MACHINES UNDER THE WALLS OF HANKOW.
From a Photo.

Dr. McIlwraith from this picture and from the previous view of the Chinese inn is, of course, due to the fact that the sun pictures were taken by him.

A deviation from the bank of the Yangtse nearly cost the McIlwraiths their lives. By some mistake they got away from the river banks and followed the shores of Lake Tung Ting, finding to their horror and amazement, when it was too late, that they had unwittingly crossed into Hunan, a province forbidden to foreigners. For four days they were lost, and their anxiety was increased by the knowledge that the last two foreigners who had got into that province had been cruelly murdered within

that two foreign devils were in the city, and in a few minutes the streets leading to the Yamen were filled with hundreds of Chinamen, who pelted their unbidden guests with stones and other missiles that were within reach. Long before they had reached the doors of the Yamen the McIlwraiths thought their last hour had come. At times the narrow streets were absolutely blocked with Celestials shouting, "Tza, tza" (kill, kill), and they only reached the mandarin's residence in the very nick of time. As it was, the infuriated mob rushed into the Yamen itself, and the official had actually to clear them out of his private room; and even when the intruders had been forcibly ejected, the walls of the official residence were continuously bombarded with showers of stones.

To the surprise of the wanderers, the officials were kind and considerate, and, although warning them of the risks they ran, decided to keep the strangers that night in the Yamen. The McIlwraiths were then shown to a sleeping-place, but, wearied as they were, they could not close their eyes owing to the uproar in the streets. The mob, never supposing that the mandarins would shelter the foreigners, waited outside, raising their hideous cries of "Tza," and were rendered more desperate than before by the unexpected interference with their evil plans. Early the next morning the McIlwraiths were aroused. An escort of a hundred men provided by the kindly governor was in waiting, and once more the Americans found themselves in the streets. But excitement was at fever heat, and there was nothing for it but for them and the *whole of their escort* to run for their lives to the nearest point on the river, where the McIlwraiths were put on a crazy Chinese vessel called by courtesy a gunboat.

They were then practically safe, and three days later they again got to the Yang-tse after an experience which Mrs. McIlwraith declares she will remember to her dying day. While they were in this province the McIlwraiths saw the largest hayfield they had ever come across, it being so vast that it took them a whole day to cross it. On rejoining the Yang-tse the cyclists pedalled to Ichang, the point where the rapids commence, and during their progress up the river they signalled to every passing vessel by waving small American flags which they carried on bamboos. Between Hankow and Ichang they slept for eighteen nights in the open, protected from the drenching rains by only

At Ichang Dr. McIlwraith found that papers had arrived from Peking appointing him an official of a Chinese literary order. Awaiting him also were his official robes and decorations. Between Ichang and Chung-king (which is about 1,500 miles up the Yang-tse from Shanghai) cycling was an impossibility, and on this section the McIlwraiths, who were now accompanied by Chinese officials, and put up only at the Yamens, were comparatively free from annoyance.

After remaining some time at the city of Chung-king enjoying the hospitality of the European and American residents—missionaries and merchants—Dr. and Mrs. McIlwraith again set out on their journey in order to reach the frontier of Burma. Continuing their course up the Yang-tse they reached Suifu, where Mrs. McIlwraith was taken ill with cholera. The alternations of heat and cold, combined with the physical hardships and the mental agony she had undergone, had rendered her an easy prey to the disease, and it took all the doctor's medical skill to pull her round.

Between Chung king and Wanchen the McIlwraiths had a very narrow escape. For two days they were surrounded and had to barricade themselves in a back room of the inn in which they were staying. This outbreak was brought about by the hostility of a newly-appointed Chinese official, who purposely refrained from giving any instructions to the coolies who were escorting the Americans. The escort, it seems, expected to be paid for their services in copper "cash," which it was obvious the cyclists could not carry about with them. They become very insolent and menacing, refused to do any further work, and resolved to murder their master and mistress. Dr. McIlwraith got wind of the movement, and at once dispatched a Chinese servant to a village some considerable distance off to exchange silver for copper in order to pay the coolies.

The latter, however, became furious, and Dr. McIlwraith saw that his safest course was to make a kind of fortress of his room in the hotel. Accordingly he had it barricaded; he and his wife took possession, and laying their revolvers and other arms on a bench ready for emergencies, resolved that if they had to die they would do so fighting. After two days of much mental strain, during which neither the doctor nor his wife were able to get any sleep, the servant returned with the copper coins, the coolies were paid, and all danger was past.

At Suifu the travellers left the Yang-tse, and following the course of the Hen, a tributary of Yang-tse, arrived at Chantung. From that

they were able to cycle to Tung Chuen
From Yunnan to Tali, a distance

of 1,600 miles, the doctor walked, while Mrs. McIlwraith rode a pony, the coolies carrying the bicycles on bamboos. The journey from Yunnan occupied fifty six days. On Christmas Eve, 1896, the travellers crossed the Chinese frontier at Bhamo into Burma, their journey across China having taken nearly ten months.

After crossing the frontier the McIlwraiths were both taken seriously ill, owing to the sudden change of climate. On the Chinese side of the frontier they had been travelling at an altitude of nearly 11,000ft. In a period of five days they suddenly dropped from that height to 200ft. above sea level.

Passing through Yunnan, the doctor told me that the streets and fields were as crowded with China men as were those of Hupeh, but while in the latter case the mob came out against the strangers with knives and sticks, in Yunnan they were all filled with surprise and good humour. The Celestials were uncomfortably inquisitive with regard to the bicycles, and a favourite trick was to unscrew the valves and shout "Tung shin!" as the hiss of the escaping air sent the whole crowd falling over one another in the road.

After the dangers and excitement of Chinese travel, the McIlwraiths found the 530 miles across Burma from the Chinese frontier down to Mandalay and Rangoon somewhat tame and uninteresting.

The next four photographs are reproductions of a remarkable ceremony which the McIlwraiths witnessed at Mandalay. Each of them represents various stages of a funeral ceremony—in this case, the obsequies of the last Archbishop of Mandalay. Dr. McIlwraith described the function as being one of the most bizarre—and unsavoury—that he had ever seen. The extra-

ordinary figures in the first of this series of photographs represent angels (or the Burman idea of those Celestial beings). A glance at the comparative height of these monsters, and of the men and women standing around, will prepare the reader for the statement that one is no less than 50ft. in height.

They are temporary structures composed of bamboo and paper, with movable wings and arms—a fact which accounts for one of the



GEORGE BURMAN "ANGELS," BEARING BETWEEN THEM THE CASKET CONTAINING THE BODY OF A DEAD BURMESE PRIEST. [From a] [Photo.]

wings being blurred in the picture. Attached to the arms of these figures are long ropes, or wires, supporting the casket, in which repose the remains of the deceased prelate. By the means of cords, these angels are made to swing the corpse every twenty four hours. The next photograph shows the gigantic structure, also composed of light wood and paper, in which the final cremation takes place, the body being burnt in the canopy at the summit after having



HUGE WOOD AND LATER PAGODA IN WHICH THE BODY IS BURNED. (NOTICE THE STAIRCASE ON THE LEFT.)

From a Photo.

been solemnly conveyed up the staircase (shown on the left in the photo.) leading from the base.

The two other pictures represent intermediate stages of the funeral. In the first of these the coffin will be seen under the small umbrella, which itself is covered by a huge canopy. This function created the greatest excitement in Mandalay, and officials from all parts of Burma thronged into the city to witness it. Ouk Moun, Archbishop of Mandalay, had been long dead when these last rites took place, and preparations

on an extensive scale had been made for his funeral. For several days before the event the people assembled in crowds and engaged in merry making, dancing, and sports. In addition to the structures shown in the photographs other canopies and towers were erected, in which side shows and other forms of entertainment were held, the proceedings being witnessed by the head priests from a separate booth.

In his diary Dr. McIlwraith thus describes the final scene. The car containing the casket was slowly pulled up the incline (shown in the second picture), and on reaching the stone altar on the summit was seized by half a dozen Burmians, who, with keen knives and chisels, split open the lid, revealing a second coffin of tin. This, curiously enough,



THE COFFIN UNDER THE GREAT CANOPY.

From a Photo.



[From n.]

THE CAR CONTAINING THE CASKET.

[Photo.]

was made of old American petroleum tins, still bearing various shipping and trade marks. Next, the attendants proceeded to open the tin coffin with their sharp daws, as if they had been negotiating a tin of sardines, a terrible stench being emitted, and what looked like a mass of charcoal displayed to view.

After a vigorous shaking the coffin was overturned, and the remains of the deceased priest tipped out upon the altar. From this point I cannot do better than quote Dr. Mellwraith's own words: "When the contents of the tin case fell out on the wood pile I had expected either a mummy or a most revolting sight. I saw both. The shrunken and bony limbs of the octogenarian Bishop were perfectly preserved, and glittered with pure gold with which the body had been covered to the depth of perhaps an eighth of an inch. The upper part

of the body had not, however, been well preserved, so perhaps the less said about it the better. I felt grateful when the Burman attendants poured the contents of a dozen large bottles of scent over it. This having been accomplished, the body was folded up and surrounded by wood. Evidently by reason of some special embalming process, the bones had been rendered so pliable that they were easily bent in any direction. It was but the work of a few seconds to ignite the fuel, and soon the remains were hissing and spitting in the flames. Then I turned my attention to the scene below, where, amid profound silence, a perfect sea of human beings were bowed in prayer, as their Bishop's soul was being purified by fire. Soon the scene changed, and as priests and people alike began despoiling the temporary pagodas, we mounted our bicycles and rode off from what was one of the most impressive spectacles I had ever witnessed."

From Rangoon the Mellwraiths proceeded across the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta, whence they pedalled right across India to Lahore—a distance of 1,000 miles, as the crow flies—the road being, according to the doctor, the finest cycling track in the world. Continuing their journey along the north-west frontier of India, they intended to cross the boundary into Baluchistan, but this the Political Officer refused to allow them to do in consequence of the Afridi War. Accordingly, they proceeded to Karachi, where they took steamer to Bushire, on the Persian Gulf.

About this time the doctor was seized with a severe attack of heat apoplexy, from the effects of which, for about a week, he practically lost his reason. As soon as he sufficiently recovered to be able to travel, he and his devoted wife once more mounted their machines



MRS. MCILWRAITH CONTEMPLATING THE TOMB OF CYRUS, KING OF PERSIA.
From a Photo.

started off to cross Persia to Teheran 500 miles in a direct line. The next photograph is one of unique interest. It represents the tomb of Cyrus, King of Persia, with the travellers' American bicycles resting against its walls—a truly remarkable combination of the ancient and the modern, the East and the West.

Our next picture is one of peculiar and pathetic interest. It is a view of the husband and wife as they left the village of Soh on December 22nd, 1897, to cross the wild Khurud Pass on their way to Teheran. For over thirty-six hours snow had been silently falling, and every thing was covered with a pall of white. Before the evening of that day the plucky Americans were lost amid snow-clad peaks 8,000ft. high, and but for the timely arrival of a

rescue party would have left their bones in those frozen solitudes.

The awful night on the Khurud the travellers declared to be the worst experience of their journey, and so it proved. Although they escaped with their lives, Mrs. McIlwraith was only snatched from death by the removal of some of her frozen joints. Even with death staring them in the face the McIlwraiths were so extraordinarily keen that in turn they took their cameras and portrayed the scene which at that time they thought was the last they would behold.

Before the McIlwraiths started on this eventful part of their journey they had been told that the Khurud Pass was one of the most dangerous in Persia. Heedless of these warnings the pair started from the snow-covered village, and for sixteen miles ploughed their way through the deep snow of the pathless mountains. For the first few hours the snow was soft, and their feet and gaiters were soaked. As the day advanced the temperature fell, and

the wet garments became transformed into lumps of ice. Hitherto the McIlwraiths had



MR. AND MRS. MCILWRAITH AS THEY LEFT THE VILLAGE OF SOH TO CROSS THE KHURUD PASS.
From a Photo.



LOST IN THE KHURD PASS. (MRS. MCILWRAITH HERE GOT
FEARFULLY FROST-BITTEN.) [Photo]

been able to follow the telegraph lines, but in course of time when, almost ready to give up in despair from pain and fatigue, they reached the summit of the pass, they realized to their horror that they could no longer follow the telegraph, as from this point it struck straight from that giddy height to a similar mountain peak, and was lost to view in the gathering gloom.

Now, indeed, their hearts were filled with blank despair, and it was decided to abandon the bicycles and push on in the hope that, unencumbered by their machines, they might drag themselves to the next village. Then the doctor, remembering that at a given moment in the evening the telegraph lines were tested, resolved as a last extremity to climb the post and cut the cable, trusting to luck that a telegraph party in locating the break would find them ere it was too late.

Just as he was about to carry out this idea, and after four hours of darkness, shout: were

heard in the valley below, and the travellers realized to their infinite joy that they were saved by a party which, under the direction of their interpreter, who had preceded them, had come to their rescue.

On reaching the village of Khurud the doctor soon saw that his wife was in a serious condition. She felt no pain, but her lower limbs were completely frozen, and it was not until she had been rubbed with snow for three hours, and her feet had been lanced to make the blood flow, that her husband was able to turn his attention to his own requirements. As neither medicine nor instruments were available he decided at once to push on to Teheran, and to see what could be done to alleviate the sufferings of his wife.



From a

[Photo]



From a Photo.

HOW MRS. MCILWRAITH JOURNEYED FROM TEHERAN
AFTER HER TOES BECAME FROST-BITTEN.

THE DOCTOR ABOUT TO CUT THE
TELEGRAPH WIRE IN ORDER TO
BRING ASSISTANCE.

At Teheran the physicians declared that Mrs. McIlwraith would either lose her feet or become web-footed, so Dr. McIlwraith, who held other views, decided to operate himself, and amputated two of his wife's toes. The travellers remained in Teheran for two months after this operation, and then resumed their journey with unabated energy. It was time, however, before



From a] THE CYCLISTS RESTING OUTSIDE THE SHAH'S SUMMER PALACE AT TEHERAN. [Photo.

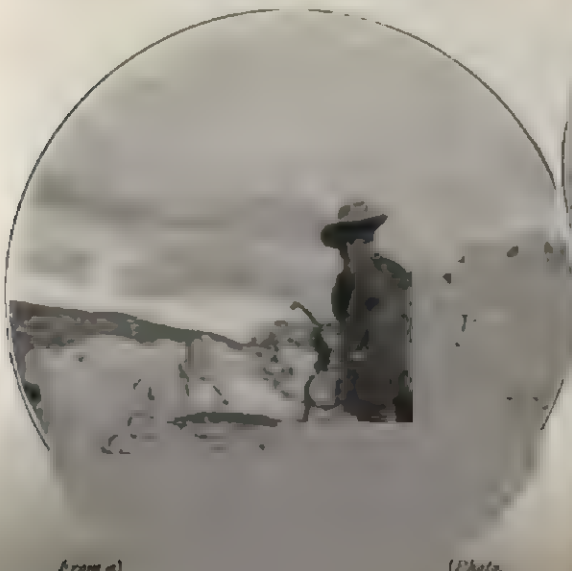
Mellwraith was able to ride, and the next photo. shows how she was carried from Teheran on a specially constructed litter, while her husband rode or walked alongside.

During their stay in Teheran a snap-shot was taken of the Mellwraiths and the few other cyclists who resided in the Persian capital. The building outside which they are assembled is the Shah's Summer Palace. The two succeed-

ing photographs show what is by courtesy called a "road" in Persia, and a meeting between Dr. Mellwraith and the only cyclist he met on the road in that country. The gentleman in question, it will be seen, is riding a cushion-tired machine.

On March 8th of this year the intrepid explorers left Teheran and proceeded to Resht, on the shores of the Caspian, eleven days' journey from the capital. While proceeding through the Kasvin Pass the travellers witnessed some blood-curdling scenes. At intervals

along the eighteen miles of snow covered road were the frozen carcasses of animals, with their attendant number of carrion crows. At the summit of Mount Karazan the Mellwraiths came upon a Mussulman graveyard, which was



From a]

[Photo.



From a]

[Photo.

DR. MELLWRAITH GREETING THE ONLY CYCLIST HE MET IN PERSIA.

filled with the remains of those who had perished in the pass. Over a hundred lives are lost annually in this district. In a gap by the roadside they saw what at first looked like an equestrian statue. To their horror this



[From A]

THE DOCTOR AND HIS WIFE AMONG THE KURDS OF ARMENIA.

[Photo.]

proved to be the remains of a horse and his rider frozen solid. Under the snow in this pass Dr. Mellwrath was informed were buried the remains of over one hundred animals and thirty men.

Crossing from Persia into Russia the Mellwraths travelled from Baku on the Caspian across to Batoum on the Black Sea. Thence they proceeded into Armenia, and the next picture shows them among the Kurds. Being refused permission to travel in that country, the cyclists returned to Batoum and crossed the Black Sea to Constantinople. Thence they pedalled through Roumania, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Germany, and France, to Dieppe, at which place we see them in our last photo. waiting outside the Hotel du Cygne before taking the Channel steamer to Newhaven.

The total cost of this remarkable journey amounted to £6,000. The chief currency difficulty was in China, where, as has already been pointed out, the Mellwraths narrowly escaped being murdered simply because they had not the copper "cash" to pay their coolies. At Shanghai they got enough money to last them to

Hankow, and at the last-named city they cashed further letters of credit. But in each case money meant lumps of silver shaped like the shoes of Chinese women. Once out of China, however, the travellers were able to discard the use of this somewhat inconvenient form of currency, and got their money in the form of rupees.

Although the Mellwraths have successfully performed the longest and most notable cycle tour ever

made, they have no sympathy for the genus scorchers. Never, even when winds were favourable and surfaces good, did they seek to emulate the performances of those cyclists whose delight it is to rush through the country with staring eyes and bent back. Their longest day's run was in America, where their cyclometers registered 132 miles, and their best time was also made on the early stage of their journey between Chicago and Denver, when they completed fifteen miles in fifty-four minutes. Previous to this tour, Dr. Mellwrath had never made a "century" run in his life.



[From A]

WAITING FOR THE CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMER AT DIEPPE.

[Photo.]

A Norwegian "Klapp - Jagt."

BY CAPTAIN GERARD FERRAND.

The thrilling narrative of an eye-witness of one of these extraordinary hunts. The race for life from the bears as viewed through a glass. With portraits and other illustrations prepared under the author's own supervision.



CAPTAIN GERARD FERRAND.
From a Photo. by W. Salmon & Co., Reading.

noise as possible is made by shouting and clapping of hands in order to drive the animals forward. Being myself a solitary hunter I seldom, during a long residence in the Scandinavian forests, took part in these functions, preferring still hunting in the silence and gloom of the forest, with only my trusty bear-hound and one experienced follower for company, to a horde of men with rifles and a yelping pack of unruly cattle dogs. But the affair I took part in, and which I am now about to describe, afforded me a considerable amount of entertainment and excitement. It took place in a wild forest district in northern Norway, where I had for some time been bear and elk hunting, and it happened in this way.

One frosty Sunday morning, at the end of October, a young peasant-farmer called at my shanty before sunrise with the information that the four bears I had been unsuccessfully hunting for some days had been "ringed" by a neighbour, and that a party of men collected from the scattered population of the



HIS mode of hunting is often practised in Norway for killing bears, and at times very exciting incidents take place. It consists in posting a certain number of sportsmen 150yds. to 200yds. apart at various spots where the driven animals are thought likely to pass, whilst another set of hunters, accompanied by a scratch pack of cattle dogs, go with the beaters on the chance of getting a shot and preventing the game from slipping through the line. On these occasions as much



"A YOUNG PEASANT-FARMER CALLED AT THE SHANTY."

district intended hunting for them. Would I join them? I readily assented, and arrived at the meet with my own follower about 9.30. I found some twenty men assembled, with a scratch pack of curs and cattle dogs, about a dozen in all. After a short consultation, half

down the rocky ledge to join him, as I felt sure he would soon have his hands full, should he be so foolhardy as to risk a shot at any of the approaching bears with his antiquated, single-barrelled muzzle-loader. But as it is not considered the right thing to leave your post on



"THE MEET."

the men were sent to beat a thickly wooded and lofty hill, that lay on the opposite side of a frozen lake, as it was there the bears had taken up their winter quarters. The remainder posted themselves between the lake and the wooded hill. My man and I ascended a steep rocky ledge some height above the surrounding forest, and here we posted ourselves. There was a considerable depth of snow in the woods, and as it was freezing hard, standing still in one place was not exactly a pleasurable occupation. Many a time I regretted not having accompanied the beaters up the hill.

After waiting some time, the distant barking of dogs was borne to our ears on the wintry breeze, followed by several rifle shots, mingled with the unmistakable growling and "huffing" of bears. Suddenly we saw the brutes come tearing down, smashing through the dead branches of the fallen trees that obstructed their path, and scattering snow and branches in every direction. At last they reached more open ground, and then the four dark objects burst into nearer view, seemingly heading for a man posted on a bog some 350 yds. away below us. My first impulse was to make a hurried dash

such occasions, I concluded to sit tight in my cool and airy situation, calmly watching the approach of the menagerie through my field-glasses. The huge creatures followed each other in single file, a big bear leading the van, two smaller ones following behind, whilst a large, dark-skinned animal brought up the rear. I turned my glasses upon the distant figure, who, in all his pitiful loneliness, was crouching beside a snow-covered tree stump, and eagerly scrutinized his actions; all the time being possessed with an intense longing to be in his place with my double-barrelled express, ready to make a holocaust of those four bears.

As I closely observed him, he seemed to hesitate, glancing quickly this way and that, and apparently undecided how to act in the coming emergency. Then he suddenly rose, threw his heavy old shooting iron on to the snow, having previously cast a rapid glance over his shoulder, and with far quicker strides than I should have given him credit for, he made a frantic dash for the nearest tree—a dead old, gaunt-looking pine, which stood some distance off. The dogs pressed hard on the hindmost bear, snapping viciously at his flanks,

but soon retiring, and taking good care never to venture ahead. Presently the leader of the procession (which we concluded was the mother of the smaller ones) caught sight of that panic-stricken bear-hunter, speeding on his mad career over the snow covered swamp. She instinctively grasped the peculiarities of the situation, for, pricking up her ears and tossing her head from side to side, she at once gave chase, evidently in some way connecting the flying figure before her with the party who had fired the shots on the hill-top. She rapidly increased her pace, grunting forth in harsh, spasmodic growls that savage sounding "huff, huff," which is so trying to the nerves of the amateur bear hunter. The race of bear *versus* man now became intensely interesting from a sporting point of view, and I soon realized that I was destined to become an unwilling and inactive spectator of the fast-approaching and possibly tragic fate of the solitary figure bounding away below me.

Now, consider the startling features of the surroundings with all their grim possibilities. There, below me, some hundred feet or so, and between 300yds. and 400yds. off, appeared the figure of a tall, lanky man shambling frantically along through solid stodgy snow, nine or ten inches in depth, at the rate of, say, eight miles an hour. Behind him, certainly not more than 90yds. off, likewise pounding through the snow and gradually decreasing the distance, was a ferocious she bear, which had been hustled from her lair, then shot at and possibly wounded, and therefore a very dangerous adversary to fool around with. To the rear followed the younger ones, and beyond them the biggest bear, probably an old male, from his superior size. Man, bears, and dogs were spread out in line, as it were, forming part of the landscape.

There was absolutely nothing for me to do but await developments, as it was physically impossible to clamber down the break-neck place on the ledge where I had posted myself and reach the scene of the impending tragedy in time to be of any service to the hunted man. Another thing, there was a winding elk-path below me on the side of the ledge which I thought it highly probable, should the man effect his escape, all the bears would make for in order to ascend, and pass away to the forest beyond, thus giving me a chance of some good shots. These thoughts, which take so long to explain, flashed like lightning through my mind as, with glasses in hand, I eagerly took in the various incidents of the drama rapidly unfolding

sky, and which we concluded the hunted man was making for, appeared as far off as ever from him. The travelling of both hunter and hunted seemed extraordinarily slow, in consequence of the great depth and consistency of the snow. It was ten to one on the bear at this time. My companion, with eager gestures, frantically urged me to fire both barrels and frighten off the bear; but, prompted by uncontrollable curiosity to see what would happen, as well as by a peculiar feeling which held possession of me at the time, and also partly by a desire not to "spoil the sport" while it lasted, I replied, "No, certainly not"; for, I must say, at the moment I hardly considered the man was in any actual danger of his life. And, besides, I was naturally speculating on the chance of all four bears taking it into their heads to climb the ledge by the aforesaid elk-path, and passing close to us, which would, of course, have been a grand piece of luck for me. There did not appear to be anyone near the fleeing man on the swamp, and no one but my companion and I seemed to be aware of the exciting chase taking place below us. The next man was posted at some distance off, and I presumed he was standing among the thick timber somewhere far below.

During the short time the chase lasted I kept my glasses glued to my eyes, being quite fascinated at watching the race for the tree, and possibly for dear life. I could see and take in every detail. The maddened rush of the brute in pursuit, the loud crunching of the icy crust on the surface, the floundering of the man in the snow, now slipping nearly down, now recovering himself; the snapping and snarling of the dogs at the rear, the hoarse "huffing" of the bear; the quick, agonized glances behind him of the pursued man; his loud and continuous gasps for breath as he hurried along, hatless, and all arms and legs, over the heavy, snow-covered landscape.

"Lord, how he springs!" observed Raffael, my follower, as he closely watched the fugitive. "But I am sorely afraid the bear will win the race and give him a clawing before he can climb up that tree."

We became more and more interested and excited, for it seemed as if the man were now really running for his life, with only a dead tree to save him from the clutches of a ferocious bear. He was now only about ten yards or so from his goal, the bear getting perceptibly nearer and nearer. At this juncture both my companion and I shouted loudly and yelled at the top of our voices, but the bear heeded us not. I knew it was utterly useless shooting at a running bear at that distance, and besides, I



"SHE WAS CLOSE UPON HIM."

was well aware that there were other men posted somewhere in the line of fire, though I could not see them; so I dared not risk a shot with such a weapon as a lung distance express. It began to strike me very forcibly, therefore, that in a few short moments the hunted man would be within a measurable distance of hurrying on his own funeral. So with all the desire to help him, but none of the power, I had no other resource but to watch for the *dénouement*.

Suddenly there came a puff of smoke from the thick belt of timber to the right of the fleeing man, followed by a loud report, which aroused all the echoes of the forest, and reverberated far and wide. Still the bear swerved not an inch from her course, strange to say, and it seemed as if she had fully made up her mind to claw the man. In one moment more she was close upon him, the tree being still two or three yards away. The

odds were now a hundred to one on the bear; when all of a sudden, as the incident was described to me afterwards, "a smashing blow, as if from the stem of a falling pine tree, hissed through the frosty air and descended upon the man's right shoulder, the ground at the same time appearing to rise up and smite him in the face." To us, as we intently regarded him, he appeared to take a forced "header," driven by the bear's right paw straight into the snowy surface,

where he burrowed still farther with his head and arms, as the ferocious brute, with extended jaws and savage, rasping growls, came rushing upon him.

At this supreme moment, when the bear was just about to make cold meat of her victim, and when I feared all must soon be over, another report rang out from amongst the trees below, accompanied by the loud shouting of



"HE APPEARED TO TAKE A FORCED HEADER INTO THE SNOW."

men and the frenzied groans of the wounded bear. The man was saved! It was one of those near things one often reads about, but seldom sees. The animal for a few moments rolled madly about, after which she sprang on to her hind legs, waving her forearms about in an aimless manner and prancing wildly around, then actually fell over the prostrate form of the man in the snow, snapping her jaws and fiercely biting at the wound in her own side. I feared she would have seized the man by the head, but luckily he lay down in the snow, and kept as still as a mouse. In a few seconds more other shots rang out from under the trees, and three men appeared with Remington breech-loaders, and soon ended the struggle for life, effectually putting a stop to any more man-hunting on the part of that she-bear.

As we had all along concluded, the bear did turn out to be a female, and was a large, formidable-looking animal, some fourteen or fifteen years old, I should say. The shots and cries of

the frozen lake. The ice on this lake had no snow upon it, and was clear as crystal, and slippery as only new ice can be. The whole pack of dogs followed at a respectful distance, and it was a rare sight to see them gradually encroaching and snapping at the big bear's flanks, and the bear, in frenzies of rage, rushing back at them to chase them away. The dogs would then swiftly turn round and flee, tumbling over one another in their eagerness to escape the claws of the bear, slipping and sprawling madly about over that glistening surface of ice, and awakening all the echoes of the forest with their yelps and howls. The bears, both large and small, also slipped and sprawled about in the most ludicrous manner when they turned to chase the dogs, as even they could not keep their footing on the hard-frozen, glassy surface; but they never appeared to get near enough to claw any of the dogs.

This entertainment continued until they had all crossed the lake, and I laughed until the



"SLIPPING AND SPRAWLING MADLY ABOUT OVER THE GISTENING SURFACE."

the men had the effect of turning the rest of the menagerie back in my direction, followed by all the dogs, which had never ceased baying at the heels of the other bears. I rushed down the side of the ridge as quickly as I was able, hoping to meet some of the procession coming alone.

Heath, but they broke
" turned
rds

tears came into my eyes as I watched them out of sight with my glasses, for it was a show to be long remembered. Some of the men who had breech-loaders fired many long shots, expending a lot of ammunition on the retreating bears, and the bullets whistled and ricocheted over and along the icy surface of the lake, striking the trees on the other side, without, however, hitting or doing any material damage.

to the bears. I never got even a long shot at one of them, as by the time I had reached the level of the lake they were much too far off to shoot at with any chance of success.

At the conclusion of this queer incident I sauntered up to the unfortunate man and had a short conversation with him, his comrades having by this time helped him up and set him on his legs again. After partaking with evident relish of a stiff dram of Scotch whisky which I offered him from my flask, I asked him why he had cut and run so quickly instead of waiting and fighting it out with the bears. His reply was that he was not certain that his old muzzle-loader would shoot correctly, even if it went off at all, as

it had played him several nasty tricks on previous occasions. Besides, he was not anxious to meet four bears at one time. No! he had not been hunted by a bear before, and he would take very good care that he never found himself in such a situation again. Once

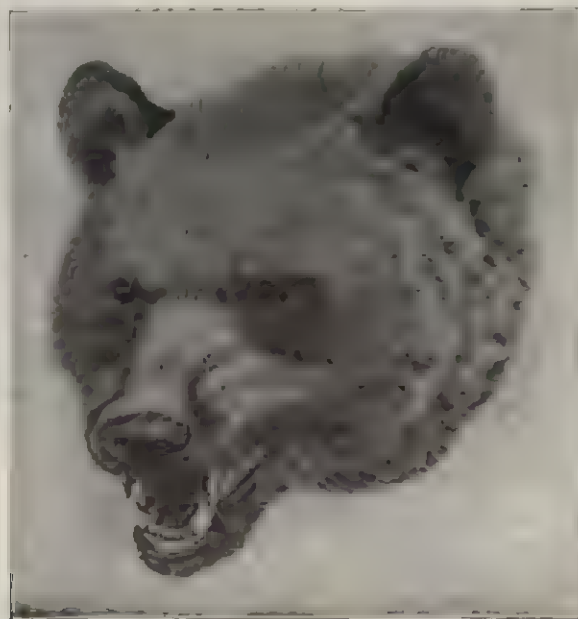
was quite enough; in fact, it was once too often. His ambition as a sportsman was very modest. It was to kill a bear single handed, and he was in hopes that one of the four—a small one for preference—would have passed his way, and thus have given him a good chance of attaining his desire. That was his sole reason for joining in the hunt.

Though badly bruised on the nape of the neck and on his right shoulder, he had no bones broken, and beyond a severe shock, the result of the knock-down blow the old bear had dealt him, he was not much the worse physically for his unpleasant experience. His thick woollen clothes were ripped clean open from the shoulder downwards by the sharp

claws of the enraged beast, and to this day I cannot imagine how he escaped with his life. The affair, however, taught him one lesson, and that was never to take part in another Sabbath-day's Klapp-Jagt without a good breech-loading rifle.



JEM MATTIESEN, THE MAN WHOM THE BEAR
HUNTED.
From a Photo.



HEAD OF THE BEAR WHICH CHASED JEM MATTIESEN

A Breton Wedding.

BY EMMA PUGH.

A complete description of all the queer and quaint ceremonies, illustrated by a remarkably successful series of snap-shot photographs by M. Charles Geniaux, 9, Rue Cochardière, Rennes, France.



WEDDING always creates a certain amount of commotion and pleasurable excitement in the family of the bride for weeks before the happy event, and many are the quaint customs in various lands connected with this the most important time in a woman's life. Within a stone's throw of England, figuratively speaking, is Brittany, a country which has ever clung tenaciously to its old customs and observances, and has absolutely refused to march with the times, or to abandon any of its cherished traditions.

The Breton is the most superstitious of mortals; he lives in a world of spirits, saints, fairies, sprites, and demons. No familiar object in his simple home; no bird, beast, or flower of the field, no stream or fountain, but has its legend or superstition, repeated during the long winter evenings round the blazing fire. Every unforeseen event is an omen. It is considered unlucky to be married in May or August; and as to the days of the week, there are so many objections to them in different parts of Brittany, that it seems hard to find a lucky day for a wedding. So one might reasonably expect the marriage customs in such a land to be curious. We will therefore eagerly accept an invitation to witness a Breton wedding, and squatting on our wishing carpet, with our feet well tucked under, we soon find ourselves in an ideal spot, peaceful and far removed from the hum and din of a great city.

A homestead surrounded by meadows and babbling brooks, and with a walled garden in the rear, stands at the foot of the hill, which shelters it from the north wind. The meadows are divided by miniature valleys — (who could call such

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ideal spots ditches?) — covered, according to the caprice of the season, with changing carpets of the sweet blue violet, the yellow primrose, the grey-blue hyacinth, and the pink dog-rose, all of which scent the air and charm the eye.

On this lovely June morning all was activity in this human hive. Doors and windows stood hospitably open. Many of the neighbours had come to assist in the great preparations for the wedding feast on the morrow, to which two or three hundred guests, according to custom, had been personally bidden by the betrothed couple a week before. In some parts of Brittany the girl, accompanied by her godmother, and the man by his godfather, go their separate ways carrying invitations by word of mouth. In the meadow nearest the homestead three women were busy unpacking a cart load of pewter plates lent by the friends for the feast. The first woman extricated them from the straw, the second dipped them into a tub of water, and a third rubbed and polished them till they shone like silver.

But what a hammering! We looked up and saw several stalwart young Bretons in shirt-sleeves fixing long, roughly-made ladders lengthways on the grass. Shouldering a heavy wooden mallet, one of them whirled it round his head and brought it down with tremendous force on a wooden stave, driving it home at one blow, to make a support for the extended ladder.

In a short time a long, low, ladder-fence extended the whole length of the wall, under the shade of the orchard trees; but still they brought more ladders, and a second fence was soon erected facing the first, and leaving a space of about two yards down the middle. These ladders formed the seats for the wedding



From a

PREPARING THE SEATS THE DAY BEFORE.

[Photo.

guests. Hard and uncomfortable they looked to us, and we shuddered at the idea of sitting on such a barbarous makeshift for two or three hours at the feast next day.

Lads then appeared balancing long, slender planks on their shoulders; these were laid on the grass down the centre of the ladder-alley. No, they were not meant to keep the women's feet from the damp grass: no one would dream of such a luxury here. The planks placed on the grass between the ladders were to form the table for the wedding feast. "What! that narrow deal board?" you may say. Yes, and it does not require much laying up, either. Yards and yards of snow-white damask will *not* be brought out to cover it. The boards are simply scrubbed clean: that is enough.

In another part of the meadow, under the trees, the butcher was at work with his long knife and chopper preparing and cutting up the meat at an impromptu table, composed of planks, resting on trunks of trees. Later on, a rustic Leonidas of eleven was left at this post of honour to repel by his single arm the attacks of myriads of winged enemies, slaughtering them or scaring them away with his broad-brimmed hat, which

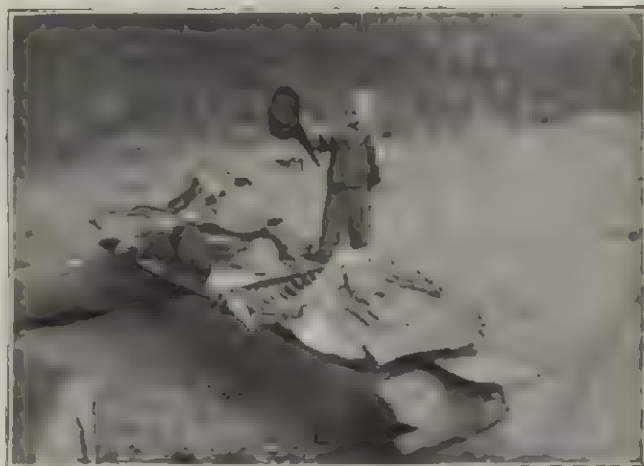
he wielded with all the deftness and importance of a practised swordsman. Thanks to his exertions, the supply of meat for the next day did not run short. But it was a great temptation for the flies. By the stream, three or four women were engaged preparing the vegetables: peeling tub after tub full of potatoes, carrots, turnips, and cabbages. It was not hard for us to guess the occupation of the weeping damsel: hers was the tearful task of peeling the odoriferous and tasty onion.

Inside the house, everything was spick and span; but there was no sign of wedding trousseau or presents exhibited to admiring eyes. The large oaken chest in which the young girl kept the piles of sheets, and the good, strong linen made from flax spun during the long, merry winter evenings, had been taken days ago,

with her spinning wheel and other goods and chattels, to her future home. As the bed was duly placed on the cart with one of its feet pointing to its destination, fate was appeased, and many household jars were thereby averted. In spite of this good omen, however, the bride's face looked serious and sad, for she began to realize that the happy days of courtship—generally long drawn out in Brittany—were at an end, and the hard, uncertain life of toil, with its load of care which ages the Breton matron so quickly, was about to begin.

Towards evening, the work being finished, supper was served, and the day ended with a dance in front of the cottage, on the beaten clay threshing-floor. The dance was the famous *ronde*, or round dance, and as there was no *sonneur* or musician present, the men whistled the dance tune, to which all

kept perfect time. The future bride stood to the left as the camera recorded the picture, in a large white cap with flapping wings; she was merry enough just then, exchanging jokes with the best man. Over against the house was the large round copper stew pan, in which the wedding dinner was afterwards cooked; and the last rays of the setting sun made



[From a]

PRESERVING THE MEAT FROM THE FLIES.

[Photo.]

it flash and shine like dull red gold. The dance did not last very long, for all were tired with the day's work, and wished to reserve their strength for the next day. The sunset was brilliant red, a good sign which promised a fine day for the morrow. A wet wedding day, although exceedingly inconvenient when so many guests have to be accommodated, is yet looked upon with equanimity by the bride, for it signifies that all her tears are now being shed, and that her married life will be a happy one in consequence.

Early the next morning, when the bridesmaid wanted to dress the bride, she was nowhere to be found, and the guests who arrived early sought for her everywhere. She was discovered at last in the cellar mending a pair of socks; for it is not considered becoming to appear too anxious to be married. The bride pretend



FIGURE 1. DANCING AFTER THE PREPARATIONS ARE FINISHED. [From a Photo.]

she did not know what they all wanted, and she innocently offered them tankards of cider from the barrel at her side.

This gave an opportunity for one of those long, flowery speeches so characteristic of the Breton. Then, being at last convinced by this flow of eloquence, the bride allowed herself to be led away to be dressed. At the last minute no shoes could be found; her parents had hidden them, to signify their unwillingness to part with their child. Again a search was instituted, and the shoes were found at last in the most unlikely place imaginable—up on one of the rafters in a bread-basket, surrounded by garlands of sausages, hams, sides of bacon, and strings of onions.

In the meanwhile the bridegroom and his friends, with the best man and the poet or bard chosen for the occasion at their head, might have been seen racing along to fetch the bride, the streamers of their curious hats floating away in the breeze. The one woman of the party, like Lot's wife, could not resist the temptation to turn round to gaze at the camera as she was being hurried along, consequently her feminine curiosity—or was it vanity?—has thus been handed down to posterity by the relentless, recording snapshot camera. Very different the bride's house looked when this merry party reached it. Every door and window was closely shut, and the place looked for all the world like the abode of the seven sleepers.

The best man and the poet

thundered at the door—but there was no answering stir within. Again they knocked, and at last the old grandfather opened the little wicket and asked what they wanted. In poetical prose, the bard lavished compliments on the whole household, and invoked Heaven's choicest, rosiest blessings on all and everybody concerned.

The old man replied in similar style, and added that, unfortunately, the angel he was seeking was not there. She had made up her mind to a life of celibacy. The bard replied by a clever simile, comparing the bridegroom to a hound who has caught a scent, and who never abandons the hunt until he has tracked and caught his quarry.

This provoked a flowery eulogy of the bride and a regretful invitation to seek what he wanted elsewhere. But the bard was not to be thus put off, and he only pressed his suit the harder. The old man closed the wicket, and re-appeared presently with Grannie, offering her as a substitute. A ridiculous business, but transacted with real solemnity and seriousness.

Now the skill and tact of the bard were put to the test in refusing the proffered old lady gracefully. A widow and a child of eight were next brought to the wicket in turn, only to be declined with a polite but firm persistence which, at last, won the day, and the door was unbarred.

The boisterous party then rushed in, and a fresh game of hide-and-seek began; the bridegroom's perseverance being at last rewarded by his finding the hidden bride. With the musicians



FIGURE 2. THE BRIDEGROOM AND HIS FRIENDS GOING TO FETCH THE BRIDE. [From a Photo.]

in front, the procession re-formed and started for the church, but on the way there was a sudden outcry:—

"The bride has escaped!" As she was intrusted to the care of the best man, he had to run after her, and after an exciting chase, he brought her back, amid the applause and laughter of the party, the bride assuming a crestfallen appearance. This capture is called a *happerie*, and occurred two or three times before the church was safely reached. Truly, a Breton wedding yields plenty of sport!

While the young couple knelt at the altar, the guests eagerly watched the two candles burning on the high altar. Should they burn slowly and with apparent reluctance, and then flicker and splutter, it would be a bad omen. In the particular case we are considering, however, it was noticed that both candles burned brightly,

were numbers of flat cakes. Each guest took one of these, and gave in exchange a little coin for the poor.

A discharge of musketry and shouts of joy announced the return of the bridal procession from church. First came the *sonneurs*, with the two ancient instruments, relics of past centuries: the *biniau*, a sort of bagpipe (seen to the left in the photo.), and the *bombard*, a sort of short oboe, or shawm, seen on the right. Behind the *sonneurs* walked the bride and bridegroom, the mother, and the best man. The bride, a rosy-checked, healthy girl, with brown hair and blue eyes, looked charming in her simple violet woollen dress, her scarlet bodice, and shot silk apron, with two large pockets. A long sash of blue silk, embroidered with gold thread, on which were sewn at intervals bunches of orange blossom, hung at



From a

COMING HOME FROM THE CHURCH.

[Photo.

and as the bride's candle flared up higher than the bridegroom's—at least, so the best man affirmed—it was assumed that she would be master in the household. This, however, is a most unusual occurrence in Brittany, and it gave rise to countless jokes at the bridegroom's expense.

As if that were not proof enough, the ring when put on the bride's finger did not slip right down, but remained near the knuckle joint, showing clearly that her will was to be law thereafter. So the flame of the candle evidently knew what it was about when it jumped up so high.

After the ceremony, the wedding party adjourned to some tables just outside the church porch, where, on white damask cloths,

her side. There was no possibility of escape for the bride this time, for her arms were securely passed through those of her bridegroom and best man. She was a prisoner for life.

On arriving at the house, the young couple stood in the orchard under the shade of the blossoming trees and received the congratulations of all the guests. Bread and meat, and the flat cakes called *galettes*, were then brought to them as an omen of prosperity, and the bride broke off a piece of one of the latter and gave some to her husband, eating the rest herself. The remainder of the cakes she distributed to young people who crowded eagerly round to eat a piece of the bride's cake, or a pin from her head-dress at night.



From d. OFFERING THE BREAD AND MEAT TO THE BRIDAL PAIR. [Photo.]

undressed, is a sure means of bringing about your own wedding within a year.

There they stood, the bride and bridegroom being on the right; she is looking up shyly from under her coif, whilst he is whittling a little stick. The bridegroom's tanned and weather-beaten face under the quaint, broad-brimmed hat was typical of the Breton peasant—impenetrable, unemotional, and rugged; but a wealth of feeling and affection hidden deep down in his honest heart.

He wore a bunch of blossom in his button-hole, and a long white scarf hanging from it. One of the friends handed a loaf, another a bowl of meat, while a man behind carried two more loaves in his apron. In Brittany the feast often takes place at the new home. The bridegroom's mother awaits the return of the couple from church at the door. Then taking her daughter-in-law by the hand and embracing her, she leads her first of all to the hearth, where she invests her with the rights of the mistress, by putting into her hand the long-handled spoon for stirring and ladling out the *bouillie*, a sort of coarse porridge made with flour, water, salt, and butter. Next, the bride is led to her cup-

board or chest, and a spindle and broom are successively handed to her, to show her that she is expected to be industrious.

Formerly, it used to be the pretty and charming custom in most parts of Brittany for the bride to go round after dinner to all the guests with a large purse or a plate, into which each dropped a wedding offering in return for a kiss. At the wedding under consideration, however, the presents consisted of household utensils, and were presented after the offering of bread and cakes we have already mentioned. Elsewhere, the bridegroom does not sit down to table, but is one of the servers, the best man taking his place at

the side of the bride, and making much of her.

A glance at the next snapshot will show that this was not how things were done at our Breton wedding, for we at once spy the bride and bridegroom seated farthest on the ladder to the left. The bride is smiling and happy, and has laid her hand confidently on the bridegroom's shoulder. At her side is the privileged best man. The old woman and the lad who are going to their places are walking without much ado on the *table*. Now, no uninitiated being, accidentally passing by, would imagine these people were sitting down to a wedding feast, with a bare board for a table.



From a. THE GUESTS TAKING THEIR PLACES FOR THE FEAST. [Photo.]



From a] THE GUESTS BRINGING THEIR PLATES TO BE SERVED. [Photo

Yet Nature had supplied the decorations, and flowers bloomed everywhere—in the meadows, the hedges, and the ditches, and the pink and white blossoms in the trees overhead against the blue vault of heaven made of the place a perfect fairy bower, an idyllic setting for an idyllic picture.

Next was revealed the most characteristic feature of Breton family life, and we had a glimpse of woman's true position in the community. All the women rose at a given signal, and each taking up a pewter plate, went to the improvised kitchen in the meadow, where the monster stew-pans resting on tripods over a fire gave out such an appetizing smell. Each



From a] GRACE AFTER MEAT. [Photo.



From a] A VIEW OF THE TABLE AND THE GUESTS. [Photo

demure looking woman with her bright-hued shawl crossed over her breast, and her shot silk or damask apron with housewifely pockets, handed her plate in turn to the server, who filled it with the huge wooden spoon from the pan. She then carried the steaming stew to her husband, father, or brother, and returned to fetch her own. In the meantime glasses and jugs of cider and wine had been placed on the "table." In the photograph we get an idea of the extent of this curious table and of the numbers of the guests, for they reach as far as we can see along the wall.

This snapshot shows us part of the table before all are seated or served; on it stand the wine and bread. In other parts of Brittany great trenches are dug two yards apart, and just deep enough for a man's feet to touch the ground when he is seated on the edge. The "highlands" between the trenches form the tables on which the feast is served.

After the feast at our wedding, the old grandfather rose and, reverently removing his hat, returned thanks to the whole assembly. Under the influence of the wine he was left in the :
gl



From a) THE BEGGARS WAITING FOR THEIR SHARE OF THE FEAST. [Photo.]

groom and the ever-faithful best man. Women are coming to collect the remains of the feast in their big baskets for the beggars, who are never forgotten in Brittany, where they are accepted as an institution — it is the will of God that they should be so — and the brotherhood of mendicants flourishes exceedingly, because people dare not refuse to give alms to them when they beg, for fear of the evil eye.

In the snap-shot here taken of the beggars as they sat waiting for their share of the feast, they look harmless enough, trying to amuse the little ones, who are getting hungry, and are clamouring for the food which the bride afterwards carried to them with her own hands.

Next, the servers had their dinner, standing round the trestle table of the out-door kitchen



From a) THE SERVERS AT THE FEAST.

and eating soup out of bowls with wooden spoons. Large stone jars of cider and wine stood at hand to quench their thirst. The servers were not *servants*, but members of the family, or friends who good-naturedly volunteered to undertake the task. They dispatched their own meal quickly, so as to join the merry party all the sooner, and they were among the lustiest and merriest of the dancers.

A grand ball concluded the festivities, and the party did not break up till midnight. The guests to the number of over one hundred first joined hands,

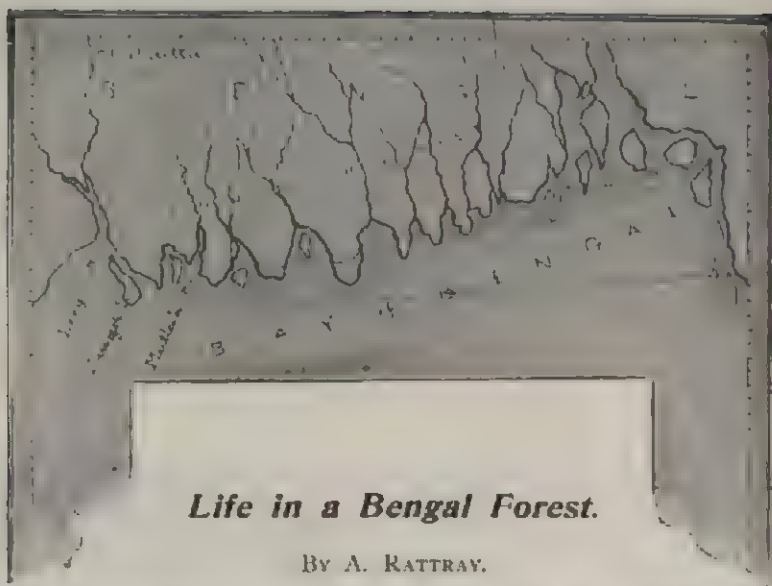
forming a large circle, and then they swung their arms violently up and down and in and



From a) THE ROUND DANCE, WHICH LASTED TILL MIDNIGHT. [Photo.]

out, as they sidled in a sort of hop-skip-and-a-jump step, singing in a monotonous voice an accompaniment to the tune played by the minstrels (seated on chairs in the centre) on their *binou* and *bombard*, whose harsh, penetrating tones render them peculiarly suitable for such open air functions.

Well pleased with our novel experience, but tired with our two days in the open air, and with the monotonous music and the never-ceasing "round," we took leave of the joyful scene without awaiting the final ceremonies, and then, sitting on our magic carpet once more, we wished ourselves back again in dear, noisy, busy London.



Life in a Bengal Forest.

By A. RATTRAY.

A fascinating budget of gossip and anecdote, thrilling narrative, and amusing adventure related by an Indian Civil servant, with drawings from his own sketches. This paper illustrates, in a remarkable way, the adventurous lives led by British officials in distant lands.

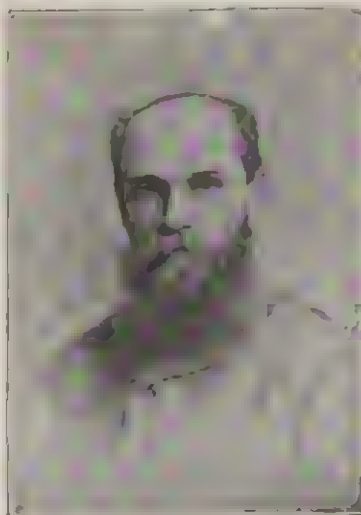


It would be difficult to conceive anything more depressing than a first view of that tract of country in Southern Bengal forming the delta of the Ganges which is, surely, misnamed Soonderbun, or "The Beautiful Forest." Great must have been the feeling of despondency of many a young officer of the old East India Company who, sailing up the River Hooghly after a five months' voyage round the Cape, beheld, for the first time, the land of his temporary adoption—often, alas! of his life-long exile. Covered with a dense vegetation of stunted trees and matted undergrowth, springing from a soil which is the outcome of a perpetual struggle with the surrounding water for the formation of dry land, and intersected with innumerable rivers, it is, *par excellence*, the home of the tiger and buffalo, the alligator and python, besides smaller animal life which swarms on land and water.

Few sights impress a new arrival in a tropical country

more forcibly than the weird forms and strange colourings of its vegetation. Imagine a tract of country, nearly as large as most of the southern counties of England put together, covered with a gloomy primeval forest, lying so low that along its sea-face and for miles inland, at high tide, there is the extraordinary spectacle

presented of a forest rising apparently out of the sea. Penetrate any of its numerous creeks, and you behold tall grasses and distorted trees, dripping with a slimy moisture, and looking as though they were in the grip of writhing serpents, owing to the gigantic creepers which entwine them. A solitary, immovable heron, the embodiment of patience, or a brilliant, restless king fisher, gives the only semblance of life to a scene which would tax the pencil of a Doré. Strange subdued sounds, far in the depths of the forest, now and again fall on the ear and give rise to vague surmises not unmingled with superstitious fear. At rare intervals the measured dip of



THE AUTHOR, MR. A. RATTRAY.
From a Photo. by W. & H. Fry, Brighton.

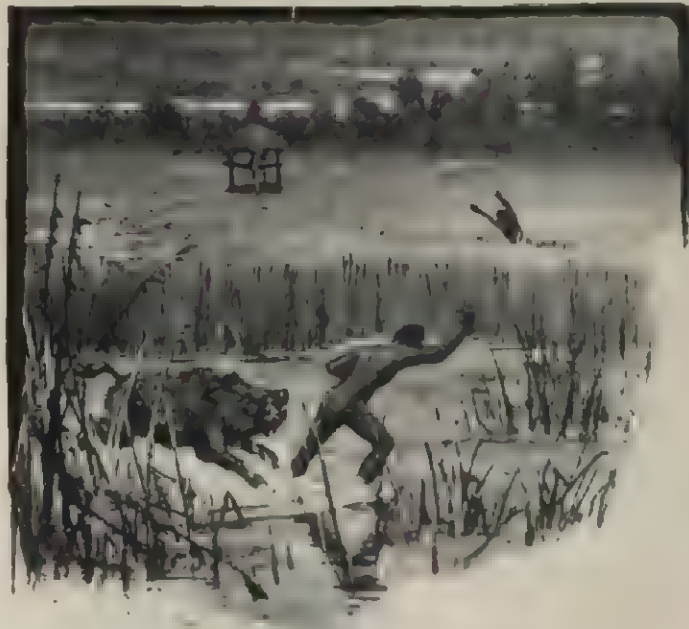
distant oars breaks the silence; or, during the hot months, when the higher inland rivers are almost dry, a lordly river steamer passes by with her consorts, a couple of ungainly flats, lashed one on either side, her paddles beating the water with a noise resounding in many a distant echo as she stems the powerful current, forcing her way through the mangrove and tall grass skirting the narrow channel. Occasionally a tiger may be seen swimming across a stream in search of new hunting grounds, or you catch sight of a sounder of hogs, headed by a gaunt boar, crossing a creek with frantic efforts to gain the opposite bank—not, however, without some of their number falling a prey to the silent but deadly crocodile.

Many an unrecorded tragedy has been enacted in these forests. It may be that a gang of wood cutters are engaged felling timber on the banks of some lonely stream. Suddenly there is a crash through the underwood, and as the men make for their boats they catch sight of one of their companions in the jaws of a tiger.

The depredations caused by wild animals on land are to some extent equalled by the loss of life by storm and tide on the many rivers which thread the forest like a network. The length of the delta forming the north face of the Bay of Bengal extends to about two hundred miles, and the difference in the physical features of this tract is somewhat extraordinary. The western portion, known as the Soonderbun, is clothed in luxuriant vegetation, while the east coast is a bare, muddy expanse, where the ebb retires twenty miles from high-water mark, though the rise and fall do not exceed twelve feet! Along the Soonderbun face the low banks are almost perpendicular. The tides at certain seasons run with incredible swiftness, giving rise to a series of tremendous waves that cover low islands many hundred acres in extent, and roll for two or three miles over the mainland; and, where the river channels are broad and open, the height and force of these waves, known as the "bore," roll the largest coasting craft over and often swamp them completely.

Under the present policy of the Government large tracts of forest are reserved for the supply of timber, but every inducement is held out to

would be settlers to bring the land under cultivation in those parts unreserved. A large tract has in consequence been denuded of forest and cultivated. Occasionally the cultivator is wounded or killed by an infuriated boar, or carried off by a tiger. He is, besides, always more or less debilitated with fever, for the



"AN INFLAMED BOAR."

country is the very home of miasma. The above picture may seem overdrawn, but the following incident is by no means uncommon. Having occasion to visit a forest clearing, the writer was shown the body of a cultivator mauled out of all recognition by a tiger which had carried off his companion into the adjoining forest. The two men whilst watching their crops at night had been suddenly attacked, with the result mentioned.

On the occasion referred to above, an instance of missionary zeal well deserving of record came to the notice of the writer. A couple of Belgian Fathers, with naked feet and in tattered garments, their refined features emaciated with fever, were ploughing the land with the rude wooden plough of the country, to which were yoked a couple of miserable-looking oxen. "Get you no gold nor silver, nor brass in your purses; no wallet for your journey, neither two coats, nor shoes, nor staff." Literally had these two men followed out this mandate. A few words will give their history. Educated in one of the first colleges in Brussels, they entered the Church and

eventually went out as missionaries to India, choosing as the field of their labours the dreary country here described. Surely they will reap their reward!

Many years ago the writer, with a couple of companions engaged on some engineering work, happened to be stationed not far from the banks of the Mutlah River, in the heart of the forest. Our quarters consisted of a thatched hut with walls of matting standing in the centre of a clearing. Looking through the chinks on a moonlight night, it was not unusual to see a tiger prowling about the clearing. The coolies, or labourers, employed on the works periodically dispersed on one or more of their number being carried off by a tiger. Either the writer or one of his companions was usually down with fever, in spite of a case of port wine received every month as a preventive of malaria. Our servants, when not ill, were almost useless through fear, and only remained because of the great difficulty of getting away. In after years, when reading "Martin Chuzzlewit," the description of Eden in some respects painfully recalled to mind our surroundings, and Mark Tapley became a living personage in the remembrance of our struggles to keep cheerful under our daily trials.

Late one afternoon some villagers brought word that a couple of their cows had been killed overnight by a tiger, which had been their terror for some time, and they begged of us to rid them of their enemy. The writer immediately started alone for the village. But here a slight digression is necessary for a few remarks in regard to the gun owned by the writer at the time. There is a town in Bengal, Mongyr by name, famous in days past for its cutlery, and where, also, good imitations of English firearms used to be turned out, proof mark and all. My

gun, then, from Mongyr, was a double-barrelled smooth bore. One of its peculiarities—the liability of both hammers to fall simultaneously—somewhat curtailed its usefulness as a double-barrelled gun, but any suspicion with regard to the quality of the weapon was disarmed by the name, that of a famous English maker, engraved upon it. Thus armed, the writer duly arrived at the scene of the tiger's depredations, where a crowd was assembled, amongst which naked, pot-bellied children predominated. All were gesticulating like monkeys and all speaking together.

The writer has a strong suspicion that his youthful appearance belied his claim to be considered qualified for the work in hand, for beyond pointing to a distant patch of jungle, as the place where the tiger was last seen, a request for beaters was met with absolute refusal. Youth is proverbially thoughtless and foolhardy. Finding persuasion, expressed perhaps not in the choicest language, useless, the writer loaded both barrels of his gun with somewhat more than the usual charge and walked off alone, whilst the villagers took up a position on an embankment, where they seated themselves in a row like baboons to watch the further development of affairs.

The patch of jungle in which the tiger was said to lie had a thorny undergrowth, to enter which it was necessary to drag oneself along at full length. It did not come upon the writer suddenly, for everything was in gloom; but gradually, as the eye got accustomed to the subdued light, he began to realize that there was something before him—not six paces off, difficult to define. Then all of a sudden, with a quickening throb of the heart and shortened breath, he became conscious of the fact that he was facing a tiger, alongside which lay the half-consumed carcass of a cow. The



HE TOOK DELIBERATE AIM AND PULLED THE TRIGGER.

reader will, no doubt, remember what has been said about the gun and its vagaries; well, with a strong effort, and having brought his nerves under some control, the writer, rising to his knees, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. With a deafening noise both barrels went off, and next moment the writer was hurled on his back with a violent shock the rest is a blank.

"TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS THE DISTRICT MAGISTRATE Incarnation of Justice. Last night Gopal Das, head man of Peahly village, accompanied by Ishwer Chunder, village watchman of the same place, arrived at the police-station and lodged the following information. They stated that Rantly Sahib, employed on the engineering works on the Mitalah River, came to their village to shoot a tiger, and that though they had tried to prevent it, the sahib went after the tiger into the jungle and was killed. Your slave, immediately on receipt of this information, started for the scene of occurrence to make the necessary investigation on the spot. The persons named below have been examined, and their depositions are attached, from which it will be seen that there can be no doubt that the sahib has been killed. How far the villagers are to blame is still under inquiry. Your slave, with the assistance of his police man and the villagers, has made every search in the jungle, but has failed to find any trace of the body. Having left Zuberdusth Khan, policeman, to make further search, your slave returned to the police-station at noon, and now submits this report to your honour."

There was an unusual still in Peahly village next morning. The village dogs, lean and mangy, were barking in a fitful, melancholy way. Frightened women, with half-concealed faces, and naked children clinging to them, were standing about talking in subdued voices. A couple of village watchmen, carrying a forced contribution of milk, vegetables, and such

luxuries as were to be had, were on their way to the house of the mundul, or head man of the village, where the daroga, or head of the local rural police, had taken up his temporary quarters. The fact was, the police, more dreaded than any tiger, had arrived, and were engaged inquiring into the circumstances connected with the reported death of the sahib—myself. We will now proceed to the house of the head man. The daroga, his numshi, or clerk, near him, and several policemen behind, was seated cross-legged on a piece of carpet in the veranda. There had evidently been an angry altercation between the daroga and the head man, Gopal Das, for the latter, striking his forehead from time to time on the edge of the carpet, kept protesting vehemently his inability to pay more. A group of frightened villagers collected in the courtyard, with furtive glances, silently watched the proceedings, and showed unmistakably that they were present under compulsion. The numshi was giving the last finishing touches to the report (*vide translation above*), when, to the indescribable astonishment of all, the writer walked in, bleeding

from a cut in the forehead, which was swollen to the size of a dumpling, and his clothes torn and smeared with blood and patches of mud.

To the villagers the writer's advent was sincerely welcome, not from any feeling of joy at what appeared to them his miraculous return to life, but in the knowledge that it would at once put a stop to further extortion on the part of the police—extortion which was being committed under threat of reporting the disappearance of the writer as due to foul play on their part. The first symptoms of surprise on the part of the daroga and his myr-



ZUBERDUSTH KHAN, THE POLICEMAN WHO SEARCHED FOR THE WRITER'S BODY.

midons soon gave way to ill-disguised feelings of disgust, and they speedily disappeared from the scene. Needless to say that, through fear and apathy, neither they nor the villagers had made any search for the writer, holding that his absence justified their belief in

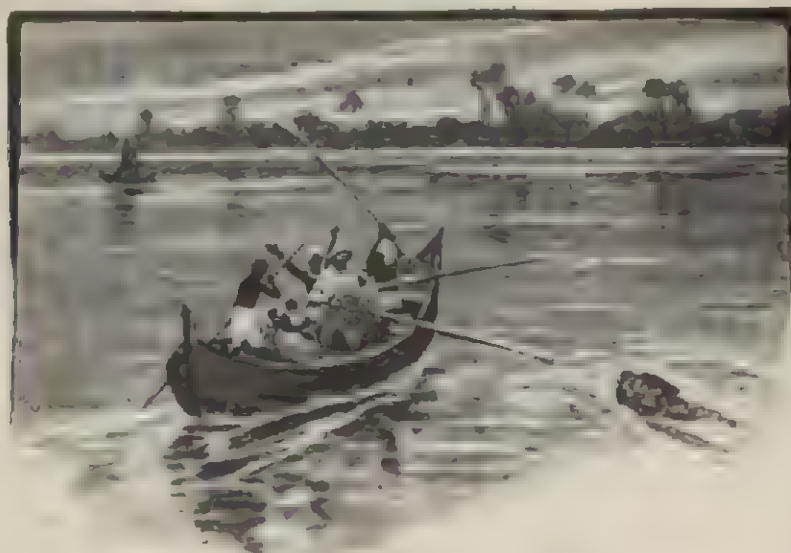
his death. The rest is soon told. The extra charge of powder and the discharge of both barrels together resulted in the stock snapping in two. The gun, fortunately, did not burst, but the barrels, flying back with the recoil, struck the writer on the forehead, knocking him over senseless. After what appeared hours of unconsciousness he was able to crawl out of the jungle and found shelter for the night in an empty boat not far from the spot, and the following morning walked back to the village. The tiger was found with the greater part of his head blown off. There is no doubt the brute had gorged himself, and when come upon was half awake and half asleep, to which fact the writer attributes his providential escape.

On one occasion, whilst travelling, we found some difficulty in getting across one of the rivers, as the clumsy ferry boat was crowded with women and children on their way to market. The tide was running out with considerable force in the teeth of a strong wind, and the river was dangerously rough. When more than half way across, a tiger was noticed a short distance from us swimming in the direction we were going. He was evidently much exhausted, as now and again a wave broke over him, out of which he emerged breathing with

of the boat and nearly swamped her. Our only hope of safety lay in keeping the tiger's paws off the gunwale. Seizing one of the oars, an example followed by two of the crew, the writer, with their assistance, managed repeatedly to get the animal's head under water. The rage of the brute was magnificent, as in his dying struggles he got one of the oars between his teeth. Soon, however, with smothered roars, as the waves broke over him, he disappeared under the water, and we saw no more of him.

But the object of the journey was connected with an inquiry into a case of robbery and murder in a distant village. On arrival the tent was pitched, and being tired the writer retired to bed early, his orderly taking up his quarters under the fly of the tent. The writer must have been asleep some time when someone rushed into the tent, tumbling over him in the dark. In a moment bed, mosquito curtain, chairs, table, etc., were hopelessly mixed up. Whilst trying to extricate himself, a voice, nearly inarticulate from fear, which was recognised as that of the orderly, was heard calling out, "Bagh, sahib! Bagh!" (A tiger, sir! a tiger!)

With some difficulty a light was procured, and the writer followed the orderly outside. The night was magnificent in the glory of a



"THE EXHAUSTED TIGER MADE FOR THE BOAT."

painful violence. Before long we found ourselves drifting with the force of the tide broadside on to the brute, who, with the instinct of self-preservation, turned and made for the boat. Regardless of consequences, the panic-stricken women and children rushed to the opposite side

full moon, such as is seen only in the tropics. The orderly then gave the following account of his adventures. Whilst seated under the fly of the tent, drowsily droning a monotonous ditty, as natives will do for hours together he was startled into wakefulness by s

him a few paces off. Dumb and paralyzed through fear, he watched the brute as he stood lashing his tail and showing his teeth with an angry purr.

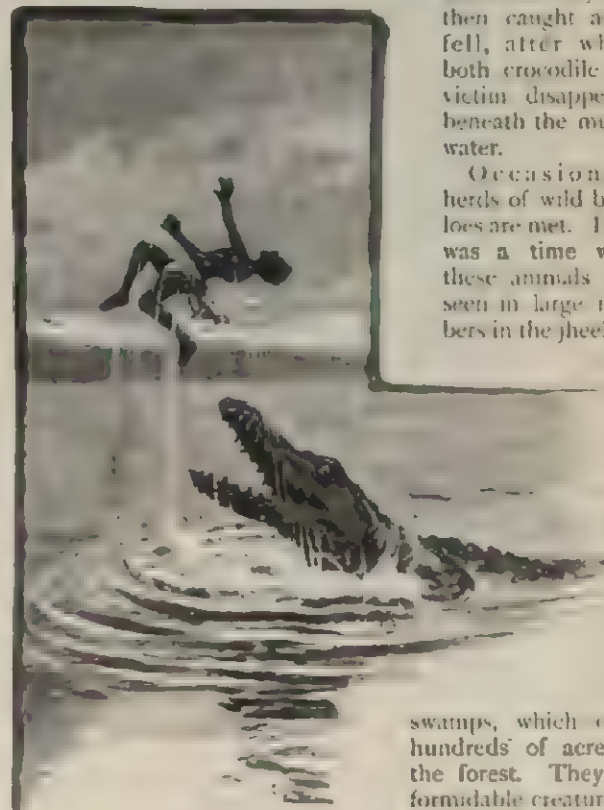
After a time the tiger walked off, but not without stopping more than once as if uncertain of his intentions. The sandy soil distinctly showed the marks of the tiger's paws—evidently those of a very large animal—and their position confirmed the orderly's story of the tiger having stood and faced him. We followed up the foot-marks that night to a considerable distance, when they were lost in a jungle skirting a creek. With regard to the robbery, the inquiry was a failure, owing to the diabolical plan which those concerned in it had adopted to escape detection. The house of a petty landed proprietor had been entered during the night through a hole made in the mud wall of one of the rooms, just large enough to allow of squeezing one's self through. The fall of some metal cooking utensils which the thieves were passing through the hole awoke the inmates. On the alarm being given, all but one of the gang inside the room succeeded in escaping through the hole. He, however, was caught by the legs with his body half through. Then commenced an extraordinary struggle between those of the house, who held the thief by his legs inside, and the companions of the latter, who had hold of him by his arms outside. It was the old game of tug-of-war, but surely never before played in such grim earnestness. Suddenly those inside fell back, retaining in their hold a headless corpse! Finding that they were not able to pull their companion through, those outside struck off his head, which they carried away to prevent his identity leading to the capture of the whole gang.

The extent to which the rivers and creeks abound with alligators and crocodiles is scarcely credible. In some of the streams they may be seen in rows along the slimy banks, from the baby of 3ft. to the monster of 16ft.; whilst others, basking in the hot sun, are extended at full length, head downwards, with jaws wide open, showing a disgusting red throat and formidable teeth, ready at the least alarm to slip into the water. The havoc caused by croco-

diles, especially amongst cattle, is considerable. They travel long distances from the river bank during the night in search of prey. A swing of their powerful tail will knock a cow off her legs, breaking them in the act, and then the reptiles drag the animal into the water to be eaten at leisure. On one occasion the writer witnessed the following painful occurrence. A fisher-boy, fishing on the banks of a creek, was suddenly seized by a crocodile. An alarm was immediately given, but regardless of sticks and stones the monster stuck to his prey, leisurely keeping to the surface; when, apparently with the object of obtaining a more convenient hold, the lad was

deliberately tossed into the air, and then caught as he fell, after which both crocodile and victim disappeared beneath the muddy water.

Occasionally herds of wild buffaloes are met. There was a time when these animals were seen in large numbers in the wheels, or



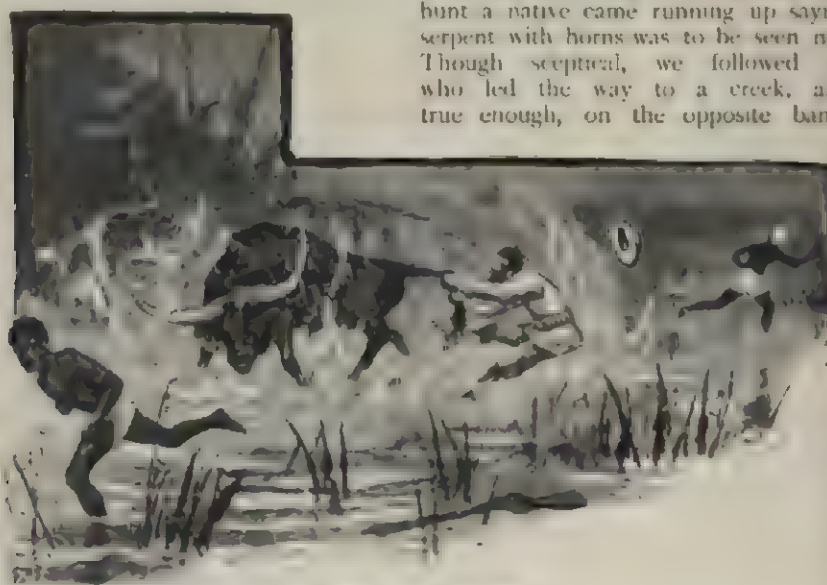
"THE LAD WAS DELIBERATELY TOSSED INTO THE AIR."

swamps, which cover hundreds of acres in the forest. They are formidable creatures of great size, with gigantic horns, which slope backwards to such a degree that when

charging the head almost touches the ground to allow the horns to point forwards. It is the buffalo alone the tiger dreads; and this circumstance is taken advantage of in a curious manner by the herdsmen in charge of the so-called tame buffaloes, which are owned in large numbers by the richer class of

cultivators. These animals are to be seen grazing on the skirts of the forest in charge of a boy, who usually seats himself on the back of one of the herd. In this position he will watch with perfect indifference a tiger prowling about in the hope of carrying off a calf or one of the sickly members of the herd.

On one occasion a party of us came across a herd of wild buffaloes grazing on the edge of a



"I WAS SPUN ROUND AND ROUND."

swamp, and being anxious to procure a pair of horns, we approached them in dugouts, or canoes, made of the trunk of a palm scooped out. The canoes with difficulty held two each, and being round bottomed and barely eighteen inches across, they require considerable practice in the sitter to prevent his craft capsizing. At any rate, landing on the edge of the swamp we waded through deep slush, and under shelter of the tall grass approached close enough to the herd for several shots. One of their number fell, on which the whole herd charged, compelling us to run for safety to the canoes. In the scramble every canoe capsized, and we barely succeeded in paddling into deep water, holding on to the capsized canoes, when the herd was upon us. We had the satisfaction of seeing the infuriated animals brought up by the deep water, when they retired, tossing their heads in impotent rage. Our sport, however, all but ended fatally for the writer. Wishing to secure the horns of the animal which had been seen to fall, we came upon the brute by a wide détour, and to all appearance he was quite

dead. Seizing the tail, the writer pulled and shouted in great glee. Suddenly, to his unspeakable amazement and consternation, the huge beast started to his feet. Fortunately retaining his hold, the writer was spun round and round as the animal tried in vain to get at him. After a few turns, as the writer was beginning to get exhausted, the buffalo dropped down dead.

On our way back to camp from the buffalo hunt a native came running up saying that a serpent with horns was to be seen not far off. Though sceptical, we followed the man, who led the way to a creek, and there, true enough, on the opposite bank, was a

boa of great size, showing a couple of horns, each about three feet long. One horn was visible on each side of the head, which was facing us, resting on the sloping bank, the tail of the great reptile being coiled round the trunk of a tree. It was only when it began to glide off that the mystery was solved. The boa had swallowed a barking deer seized, no doubt, whilst drinking at the creek—and the horns were those of its victim, which, being too large to be swallowed with the rest of the body, were sticking out in the extraordinary manner seen. These serpents, which are sometimes 30 ft. in length, have extraordinary powers of deglutition, arising from the fact that the jaw-bones, in the act of swallowing a large animal, become dislocated, subsequently resuming their original position by means of elastic connecting muscles, whilst the skull bones, at the same time, separate centrally.

The circumstances of the following story occurred in a tract of country far to the west of the Soonderbun Forest, where, it may be

observed, bears do not exist: Certain agrarian disturbances requiring the presence of the writer, a journey had to be made over a stretch of country almost uninhabited, and covered with patches of open forest much frequented by bears. The first part of the journey had to be made in a palanquin, an

Towards morning the palanquin-bearers reappeared, and explained that a bear had suddenly run across under the palanquin, which they dropped in their fright and ran away, the palanquin falling on the back of the bear. Some sympathy on this occasion is surely due to Bruin, who must have had a terrible fright. The latter



"BRUIN MUST HAVE HAD A TERRIBLE FRIGHT."

instrument of torture consisting of a long box with sliding doors, and a projecting pole at each end which rests on the shoulders of four men, two to each pole. There is no well for the feet, and the height of the box permits only of a sitting or reclining posture. A relief of four men and a torch bearer, for night travelling, accompany the party.

We were in the thick of a forest, the night looked blacker by contrast with the flaring torch, and the writer had fallen into a merciful sleep, when locomotion was brought to a sudden standstill by the palanquin coming down with a terrific crash. A tremendous roar followed, and the palanquin was violently thrown on its side. Dead silence ensued. On my attempting to get out I found the sliding doors stuck fast, so a panel had to be kicked out, and dragging myself through the opening I found I was alone. Righting the palanquin, I made myself as comfortable as circumstances would permit for the night.

part of the journey had to be undertaken on an elephant, and as the country was in a disturbed state, the writer had an escort of a couple of policemen armed with muskets. There being no howdah - a box with seats - we had to make the best of a pad - a seat like a mattress, secured to the back of the elephant.

We had not been long on our way when a very large bear made a vicious charge from out of a clump of brushwood. The elephant, not being trained for sport, immediately turned tail and showed a strong inclination to run away. With one hand holding a gun, the writer found it as much as he could do to keep his seat, owing to the violent movements of the terrified elephant. To add to the awkwardness of our position, the two policemen valiantly fixed their bayonets with almost a certainty of being impaled in case of a fall. After several attempts the writer got a shot, but at the moment of firing the elephant gave a sudden turn and the unfortunate man on or rider, who guides the

animal, seated astride on his neck, fell off, shot through the shoulder. The elephant then bolted, followed by the bear. First one, then the other, policeman fell off, but the bear, ignoring them, stuck at the heels of the elephant. Parting with his gun, the writer clung to the pad with difficulty, and as the elephant passed under some trees he managed successfully to embrace a projecting branch, on which, a good deal shaken, he secured a seat.

There is not much inducement to linger over this tale of woe. The elephant was subsequently secured, showing marks of very rough treatment about his hind legs, and the mahout quite recovered, though it was first anticipated that his arm would have to be amputated.

The following experience with a man-eating tiger will perhaps be considered of sufficient interest to justify its narration here. Late one night the writer was reading, with the doors and windows of his room wide open, owing to the great heat, when suddenly some unusual noise or movement on the part of his orderly in the adjoining veranda drew his attention to the man, who to his surprise appeared to be playing a game of hide-and-seek with someone behind one of the pillars supporting the veranda roof.

Quietly stepping out into the veranda, the writer was confronted by a tiger, which was pacing up and down amongst the shrubbery bordering the carriage-drive, on to which the veranda opened. The writer's sudden appearance distracted the attention of the animal for a moment from the orderly, but it almost immediately resumed its walk in front of the pillar behind which the man stood, more dead than alive, through fear.

Fascinated and spellbound, the writer also stood for some seconds watching the animal crouching to the ground, and noiselessly pacing up and down in the shadow of the bushes.

Suddenly, however, it walked off, and was not seen again. The brilliant light by which the writer was reading, and which threw its rays across the veranda and on to the drive, was no doubt looked upon by the tiger with suspicion, and had, in all probability, kept the animal from springing upon the orderly.

The following night some friends from a neighbouring indigo factory were dining with the writer, who drove back again with them after dinner. The factory stood about two miles from the writer's house, and the road, or, rather, track, to it skirted a forest situated on slightly rising ground. More than half the distance had been traversed when the horse began to get restless. Almost immediately, and without the least warning, there was a startling roar, and a tiger sprang off the high bank just clear of the horse's head, as the animal suddenly fell back on its haunches. It was indeed a close shave. Then with a bound, and frantic with



"A TIGER SPRANG OFF THE HIGH BANK."

fear, the horse bolted, never stopping till the factory was reached.

From first to last the whole affair had been so sudden that not a word had passed between us, but as we pulled up at the house we all broke into a simultaneous fit of laughter, in momentary forgetfulness of our recent escape. Before us stood our host, the planter, a somewhat eccentric old bachelor, short of temper,

and clad only in his pyjamas. He held a stick in his hand, and was running round and round the house in hot pursuit of his punkah coolie, who had evidently been more than usually sleepy that sultry night.

As a rule, a tiger will sneak away if he fails in his first attempt to bring down his prey, and it was no doubt owing to this that the animal we encountered on the road did not follow up his attack. However, within a week the same animal killed and carried off in broad daylight a cowherd who was tending his cattle near the writer's house.

It is not generally known that deaths amongst human beings in India attributable to the bite of poisonous snakes number several thousands yearly, and there are few Europeans there who cannot recall some un-

pleasant incident in connection with these justly dreaded creatures.

On one occasion the writer was reading at a table at night, and whilst so occupied unconsciously kept moving his slippers about with his feet, as some people are in the habit of doing. Having occasion to leave the room presently, the writer stood up in his stocking feet, and drawing the chair to one side, stooped down to look for his slippers. What he found there gave him a fearful shock. Under the table was a cobra coiled up, whilst the slippers lay to one side of the chair. The writer had indeed been stroking the deadly reptile under the impression that he had been idly toying with his slippers.

So providential an escape may be accounted for by the fact that, in the cold weather, snakes are more or less torpid, and the occurrence took place one very cold night in January. As a matter of fact, it was not till the cobra was routed out with a stick that it attempted to move. All the same, what might have been the writer's fate on this occasion was vividly brought before him in the following incident, which took place a few days afterwards.



"THE COURSELY DEAN SAYING OF THE COBRA CHARMER."

A native brought a cobra for the usual Government reward, and foolishly began playing with the dreadful creature in the manner of snake-

charmers, by holding up a ghurrah, or earthenware water jar, and presenting the round bottom to the snake, which, when irritated in this way, raised itself to an erect position, expanded its hood, and struck the jar with great violence, only to find itself foiled and hurt. In this case the man had had no experience in such dangerous sport, and the cobra suddenly got under his guard and bit him in the wrist. Within an hour the unfortunate man was in the agonies of a fearful death.

Within an hour the unfortunate man was in the agonies of a fearful death.

Vol. II.—67.

The Boomerang and its Flights.

By JOHN JENNINGS AND NORMAN H. HARDY.

A very original little article on an interesting subject. A champion thrower depicted from life, and a series of flights actually witnessed by the authors.

EVERYBODY has heard of the boomerang—that interesting missile peculiar to the Australian aboriginal and wondered at the magical powers it is generally credited with, but so very few people in England have ever seen the implement actually thrown, that a great many exaggerated notions prevail as to what its actual possibilities are. It is our intention, therefore, in this article, to discuss these possibilities, and as the observations of both the artist and myself are the outcome of an extended acquaintance with some expert native boomerang throwers in Australia, we hope to be able to give strictly accurate, though none the less startling, facts respecting this strange weapon.

Of all the missiles used by primitive man the "come-back" boomerang, as it is very correctly termed, is, perhaps, the most interesting, and that for a variety of reasons. First there is the wonderful skill exhibited in its invention and construction; secondly, the origin of its shape and diversity of distribution; thirdly, its remarkable power of returning to the thrower when it has achieved its course after performing extraordinary evolutions; and, lastly, its ultimate perfection by the aborigines in Australia and its survival to the present day. Of course many theories have been advanced

to account for its origin, one of the most interesting being that it was suggested by the peculiar shape and flight of the white gum leaf as it falls to the ground.

It may not be generally known that the "come-back" boomerang differs essentially from the ordinary weapon used for fighting or killing a quarry, in being a toy. It is a man's toy in reality, however, although not infrequently used for bringing down birds on the wing, and sometimes in skirmishes among the natives. This boomerang is seldom ornamented, nor is it

used as an article of trade among the blacks. In form it varies from a right angle to a crescent, the under surface being flattened and the upper moderately convex, having a slight twist from the centre to both ends in opposite directions. The woods in general use for boomerang making are iron bark, she oak, and sycamore.

Both Mr. Hardy and myself have had ample evidence that the path of the boomerang can be varied by the will of the thrower, and furthermore that the sweep of no two boomerangs exactly agrees. Undoubtedly, the most expert thrower Mr. Hardy ever saw was a native

of the Clarence River, near Grafton—a capital and life-like portrait of whom, sketched from life in a characteristic attitude by him, accompanies this article, and is here reproduced.



A NATIVE OF THE CLARENCE RIVER, AUSTRALIA.
sketched from life by Mr. Norman Hardy, and accompanied by a
series of flights actually witnessed by the authors.

On the first occasion when Mr. Hardy saw him give a display of his dexterity he was standing in an open space. He first of all selected his best boomerang, and then gracefully described a sweeping circle in the sand with the weapon held at arm's length. This done, the man hurled the weapon away from him. Leaving his hand, it flew to a considerable height for about thirty yards away from the thrower, then partially returned, as shown in the first diagram by the direction of the arrows, then continuing again in a larger circle at a greater elevation for a distance of over a hundred yards, and finally coming back again and falling within the circle previously marked by the wonderful man who threw it.

He had previously ascertained carefully that the strength of the wind was not too great, and

then swept upwards and sailed back to the thrower, whom it coiled around before finally falling obediently at his feet. We strongly urge our readers to study each diagram, which conveys a far better idea of the extraordinary nature of the boomerang and

its flight than a page of mere description would do. And always remember these are not fancy flights, but flights actually witnessed by ourselves.

The boomerangs are manufactured from green-wood cut to the desired shape and angle. The points are hardened by drying in hot sand or

ashes, after which the weapon is bent to the required twist whilst held firmly on the ground by the ball of the foot and wrenched with the hand. But even after this treatment the boomerang is not finished until repeated trials of its flight have been made, and it is chipped, scraped, and twisted until its working qualities are considered perfect. The weight of a good "come-back" boomerang varies from 4oz. to 10½oz., according to the district in which it is made.

But let us now consider a third experiment in the flight of a boomerang, which resulted in the weapon following the elongated course depicted in diagram No. 3. This time, after leaving the hand of the thrower, it mapped out a straight line for itself for some distance, gradually drooping until the ground was lightly touched, when it shot up into the air at an angle and

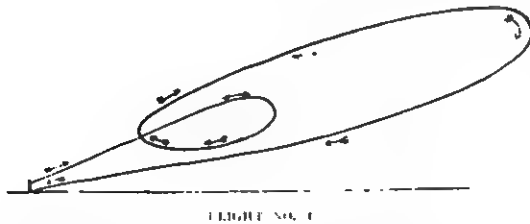


FIGURE NO. 1

that he was in a fairly flat space. When about to throw, he grasped the boomerang firmly in his right hand, holding it by its extremity, which, as is the case with every come-back boomerang, was slightly roughened to afford a firm grip, with the flattened surface towards the palm.

Wonderful as was the direction taken by this boomerang, the next throw was attended with



FIGURE NO. 2

equally surprising results, as will be seen from diagram No. 2. Here we see that the weapon took a slight downward movement at first,



A CLARENCE RIVER BOOMERANG.
(It performed the three extraordinary flights shown on this page.)

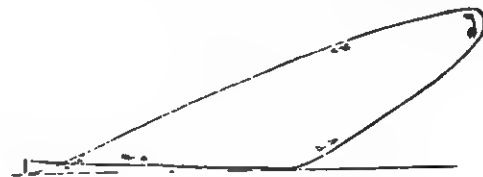


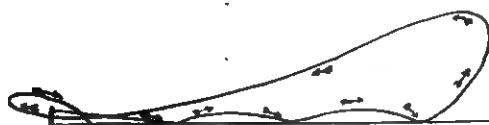
FIGURE NO. 3

curved back to its starting-point. Is it not wonderful? And is it surprising that amazed spectators should have hinted at "internal mechanism" in the body of the boomerang, and refused to credit the fact that the thrower "told the weapon what to do," so to speak, by the motion imparted to it before it left his hand?

With a good thrower the boomerang always returns: it is not a mere matter of chance, and great proficiency is not universal with every

member of a tribe. Physical strength is not required so much as dexterity and judgment, for while some of the natives excel as right-handed throwers, there are others who can accomplish the same remarkable results as left-handed throwers. Many attempts have been made by white settlers in various parts of the colony to become good boomerang throwers, and though some of them have acquired very considerable proficiency, their efforts were never at any time to be compared with those of an expert native. The boomerang in its flight resembles the sound of a pigeon on the wing; and no matter how extensive a series of gyrations it may make, it almost always retains sufficient momentum at the finish to bury itself deeply in soft earth or sand.

On a subsequent occasion Mr. Hardy saw a Queensland native throw a boomerang over the course shown in diagram No. 4. In this



FLIGHT NO. 4.

instance, after travelling in a downward direction for perhaps a score of yards, it touched the ground and bounded into the air, again curving until the ground was touched a second time. Once more it rose and curved, and a third time it touched the ground; but on rising again it curved off at a totally different angle, and sailed majestically back to the thrower, but not to fall at his feet immediately. It circled almost round him, and eventually fell a yard or two in front of him.

Boomerangs for fighting are much larger and heavier in their construction than the toy "come-backs," besides having a greater convexity on their upper sides, whilst it sometimes happens that both sides are convex. They are also straighter in their make, and have no perceptible twist, their mission being to inflict injury and death, and not to return to the thrower. It was long a fond delusion that the native Australian could cause his boomerang to crack a man's skull and then return to his

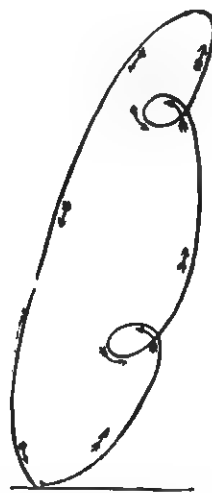
hand—the hand of the thrower, that is. This, of course, is a fallacy.

There is absolutely no accounting for the extraordinary evolutions these strange missiles perform, more or less at the will of the throwers.

In diagram No. 5 we have a view of the perpendicular flight of a boomerang which was thrown by the Queensland native before referred to. The weapon began to curve outwards the moment it left the hand of the thrower, then suddenly looped and, continuing its

peculiar course, looped a second time, and eventually made a huge sweep round to its starting-point.

Apart from exhibitions of skill in throwing, there are games in which the blacks use the "come-back" boomerang; and I cannot do better than quote the admirable authority of Mr. W. E. Roth: "In the Boulia District, five, six, or perhaps more men will stand in Indian file, each individual, with raised arms, resting his hands on the shoulders of the one in front. Another of the playmates, standing by himself at some distance ahead, and facing the foremost of the file, throws the boomerang over their heads, and as it circles round they all follow it in its gyration, the game being for any one of



FLIGHT NO. 5.

them to escape being hit, each taking it in turn to throw the missile. Among the Taroinga tribe on the Upper Georgina, they often try

and arrange to make up two sides, the object being for a member of one team to hit an individual of the opposite group. In the Cloncurry district, the Mitakoodi fix a peg into the ground, and the one who can strike or come nearest to it with the boomerang when it falls to the ground is declared the best man."

Amongst the many instances of boomerang-throwing by native experts which I myself have witnessed, one of the most wonderful, as exhibited by a native of the Richmond River, N.S.W., is that shown in diagram No. 6. In this case the weapon kept a perfectly circular course in front of the thrower, and then wheeling round behind him completed another circle; when it eventually fell, a yard or so away from the native, it had completed a figure 8.

Thrown again it travelled, as shown in the seventh diagram, half its outward flight of a hundred yards parallel with, and about two feet above, the ground. Rising abruptly it returned

The method of the "horned" boomerang's use was unknown until recently; it appears to have been thrown in the ordinary way, and used for killing birds in flocks. We were informed by an old resident in Carpentaria that the native, conceal-

ing himself in the reeds, threw the boomerang high in the air over his head and it returned, falling behind him at a considerable distance among a flock of wild duck, killing great numbers, the horn evidently playing no small part in their destruction. Another use to which this peculiar weapon is

put in fighting is to strike on the shield and, sliding along its outer edge, catch against the hook, swing round, and deliver a blow on the head of the enemy with its other end. Thus, when the "horned" boomerang is thrown skilfully, a shield is no protection against it, as it curves behind and delivers a murderous blow. The largest boomerang in Australia comes from the neighbourhood of Lake Eyre, and is called by the natives



RICHMOND RIVER BOOMERANG.
(See Flights 6 and 7.)



FLIGHT NO. 6.



FLIGHT NO. 7.

to the thrower, who, extraordinary to narrate, was dexterous enough to catch it before it reached the ground. A similar exhibition to this was witnessed in Victoria by the Rev. J. G. Wood.

A very interesting type of weapon, common around the Gulf of Carpentaria, is known as the "horned" boomerang on account of its peculiar horn or hook projecting backward from the distal end, the whole being cut from one piece of wood. An exceptional variety is figured, but was probably only used for ceremonial purposes.

"Maréwurra." This weapon often reaches the length of 6ft., and is believed to be used in *corroborees*. The specimen in the Sydney Museum is highly ornamented.

In ancient times, a weapon not unlike the Australian boomerang was used in Egypt and India, but of these comparatively little is known.

Coming nearer home, in Scandinavian mythology, Thor's hammer possessed the quality of returning to its owner when thrown, the principle of the "come-back" being not exactly novel.



HORNED BOOMERANG FROM THE GULF OF CARPENTARIA.

Twenty-Eight Days Without Food.

By ROBERT RADCLIFFE.

An awful story of the sea, well known locally, and now given in Captain Casey's own words. The narrative well illustrates how much a human being can endure without losing either his reason or his life.

IF there be one day out of three hundred and sixty-five when an Englishman calculates to enjoy his dinner more than on another, that day is the 25th of December. Then, reader, try to analyze what your feelings would be were you placed in the position of the hero of this story. What braver sailors, what men of more endurance and indomitable pluck has England ever been proud of, than those of the West Country?

Captain Casey was a Padstow man and master of a Padstow ship named the *Jane Louden*. She was a barque of 581 tons, and was engaged in the timber trade between England and Quebec. Her crew were mostly men of Padstow, and many of their relatives, including Captain Casey's, reside there to-day, and will read afresh this story which they have so often told to others. The crew consisted of seventeen all told.

OFFICERS: John Casey, Captain; Edwin Mabley, mate; James Bird, second mate; James Bates, carpenter; John Avery, cook and steward.

MID-SEAMEN: J. Martin, F. Dixon, W. Mearns, J. Page, W. Thomas, H. Rice, J. Connelly, T. Bowen.

BOYS: Henry Paps, James Gurney, Thomas Cook, and Alfred Bolton.

Now for the captain's story—given in his own words:—

"We left Quebec on the 28th November, 1865, bound for Falmouth. We had a fair westerly wind down the St. Lawrence, and our passage down river was only relieved by one incident. One of my men, Thomas Bowen, had been left behind by accident, and as we were passing down the river he came alongside in the police boat. At the same time a lad named Alfred came on board and hid himself away—a circumstance which I did not discover till we got to sea. I do not know his real name, but his story was that his parents were weavers at Bolton, and on this account I always called

him Alfred Bolton. He had run away, he said, in one of the Cunard boats to Quebec, and there went up country and stayed with a farmer at 10s. a week. The farmer, however, most cruelly beat him, and he at length ran away, and managed to get on board my ship as I have described.

"The same westerly wind favoured us from November 29th until December 4th, when we discharged the pilot at Bic Island. The next day the wind changed to the eastward, and blew hard, accompanied by a heavy fall of snow. At this time the ship was under easy sail, and

every precaution was taken to guard against the dangers that usually attend navigation in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On the 6th the weather moderated slightly, and with a favourable wind we were enabled to proceed on our voyage. On the 7th, 8th, and 9th—those threatening days which I now recall to mind as full of warnings of the difficulties that afterwards beset us, but which I could then neither foresee nor apprehend—on those days the wind increased to a continuous gale from the N.W., with heavy snow. The ship, in consequence, now became heavily encumbered both in rigging and hull. We had not yet cleared the Gulf, and the dead weight upon her was so excessive

that she became quite unmanageable. We succeeded, however, in heaving to under the close-reefed main topsail. During this period my mate, Edwin Mabley, rendered me great service by his steady attention to duty and the active fulfilment of my orders.

"Fortunately we cleared the coast of Newfoundland on the 10th December, and I must observe that, while the *Jane Louden* was clearing that iron-bound and inhospitable shore, one deviation from duty on the part of myself or crew would inevitably have consigned us to instant destruction upon the flinty rocks.



FIGURE CAPTAIN JOHN CASEY

"The morning of the 16th dawned upon us with a considerable amount of snow and frost. The snow, falling upon the crew on duty and freezing upon their clothing, seemed to exercise a somewhat lethargic influence upon their senses, although they all worked, apparently, steadily and according to orders.

"The banks of Newfoundland, which we passed on the 11th of December, showed us a continuance of bad weather. The ship was much strained by the violence of the storm, and the men were obliged to be kept at the pumps night and day, as we discovered she had sprung a small leak, and it was necessary to keep her well clear of water. This state of things continued until the 20th, the wind blowing from the N.E. and the ship making but little way. About noon on the 20th the wind suddenly shifted to the S.W., and commenced blowing harder than ever, with the barometer falling very fast. However, it was a fair wind, and getting her before it, we hoveled off at some nine knots an hour, under close-reefed topsails and foresail. The gale increased until the following day, when it blew a perfect hurricane, the barometer falling to 28deg. 40mm.

"The wind then veered round again to the N.N.W., and obliged us to take in the main topsail and run before it. At this time, so desperate was the situation, that the whole of the crew were lashed to the pumps, and we had 5ft. of water in the hold, from the sea constantly breaking over us. Also, the leak was increasing. At 4 p.m. we tried to take in the fore topsail, which blew to ribbons, and whilst the men were still aloft endeavouring to save the wreck of the sail, the ship suddenly broached to, and a heavy sea washed away our three boats and all our fresh water, which was stowed on deck in casks. I immediately ordered the men to cut away the foresail, and haul out the foot of the main topsail to keep her to the wind, as, despite all our exertions, we could not again get her before it.

"At 6 p.m. she was completely filled with water. I ordered all hands away from the pumps, and they came to me to ask what they were to do. I told them to collect all the provisions they could get into the maintop. This they did, and at 8 p.m. we all incubated there after lashing the helm. Then followed an

awful night. The ship lay over with her yards-arms in the water, the sea making clean breaches over her, and we expecting every moment she would go to pieces. We were at this time seventeen in number, and so we completely filled the maintop, but there was one great benefit in this—that we assisted to keep one another warm. Fortunately, we had all wrapped ourselves up warmly, each with one or two suits of clothes on. We had, however, no spirits in the ship. It was some days before that we had donned this extra clothing, when the bad weather commenced, otherwise we should have perished almost immediately of cold.

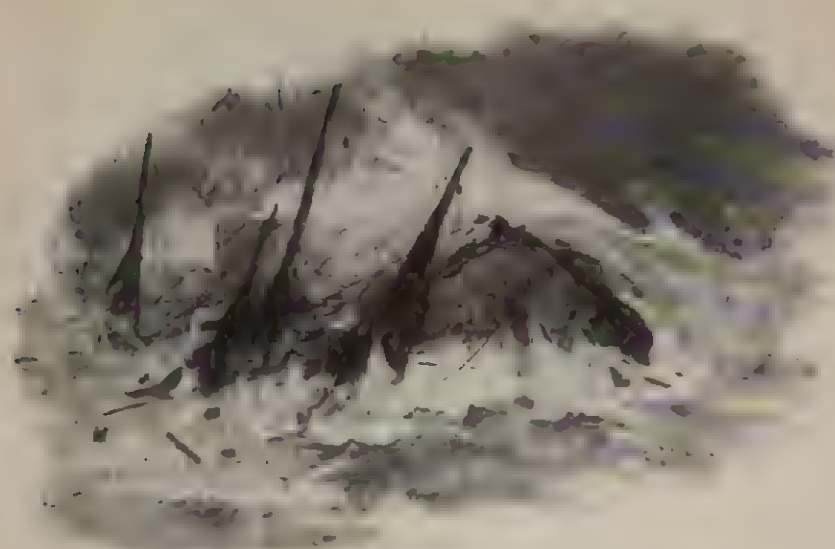
"We had plenty of food, but no one thought of tasting it. We were too anxious and wretched then to be hungry, and we huddled together in silence until daybreak. At 10 a.m. the gale moderated, and we were able to descend and secure some more provisions; but at 4 p.m. it again increased and drove us aloft. At six o'clock, during a terrific squall, the ship was thrown on her beam ends, with the masts actually flat in the water. All hands were immediately washed out of the top, and nine of them at



THE SHIP'S MAST.

once met with a watery grave—Edwin Mahley, James Bird, John Avery, John Pugh, John Conolly, Thomas Cook, James Crofton, Evan Davis, and Henry Pope. The remainder, after a hard struggle, succeeded in getting on to the broadside of the ship.

"The horrors of this dreadful moment can hardly be imagined, say less, the crew were



THE SEA WAS FEROUS IN HER CLAMOR.

fearful screams of our drowning companions, the melancholy groanings of those who were saved, the creaking and crashing of the ship, and the angry roar of the waves, all combined, together with the pitchy darkness of the sky, to render our position awful in the extreme.

"We remained with difficulty in this position by lashing ourselves to the main chains, whilst the sea washed away the foremast, fore-cabin, and all deck fixtures. Suddenly, without any previous warning she righted herself, and we climbed into the top. Scarcely were we there, however, when we commenced searching for our provisions, but alas! almost every vestige was gone, and, with the exception of eight biscuits saturated with salt water, we were

without food of any description. We were now almost in despair, for death in another and even more horrible form stared us in the face.

"The next day, December 22nd, the whole of the stern of the ship came out in one piece, and the cargo commenced floating out of the hold. We shared one biscuit day by day until the 25th (Christmas Day), when the last morsels were dis-

tributed. This day a sail was discovered standing towards us about three miles distant, and we immediately commenced making signals of distress. We had saved the ship's ensign, and hoisting this reversed, we hoped to attract their attention, and, in fact, so far



THE LAST MORSELS WERE SHARED ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

were we convinced of our being seen, that we were actually speculating on the chance of dinner 'and some Christmas pudding, too,' as someone jocularly observed; when, to our despair and dismay, the vessel passed on without observing us. From that period until the 4th of January, 1866, we hardly ever moved or spoke. Our days were passed in praying for night, and our nights in wishing for day.

"On this day (January 4th), Alfred Bolton, the boy before mentioned, became delirious from cold, exposure, hunger, and the effects of drinking salt water; and at length he became so violent that we had to strap him down, to prevent him from injuring himself and others. Two hours later, however, he became so weak that I ordered him to be cast loose, when he suddenly threw himself across my feet and died—this was the tenth day without food. Next day we committed the poor boy's body to the deep.

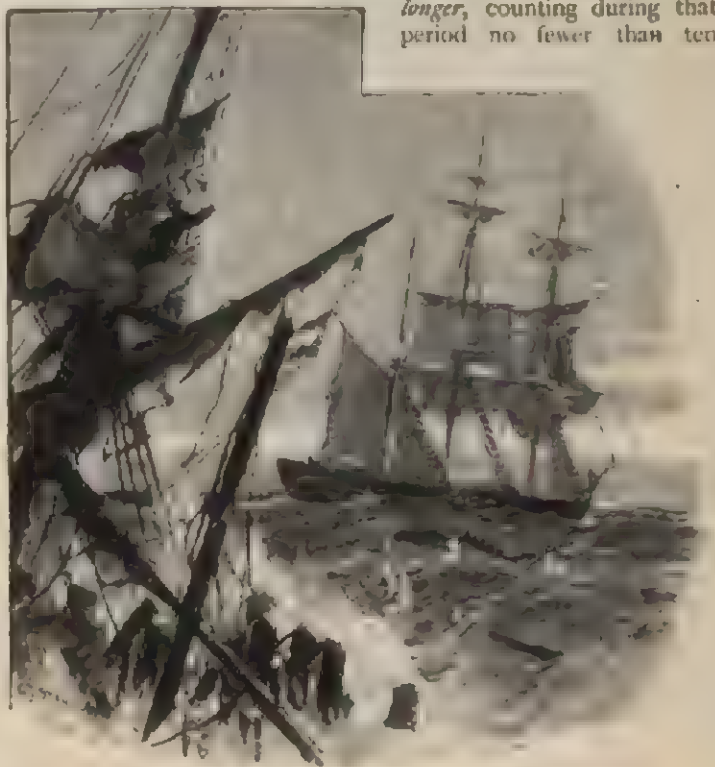
"One day later (January 6th) William Thomas became delirious, and commenced reciting hymns and calling on his mother for water, also to shut the door to keep the cold out. He sank rapidly, and died the same evening, his last word being 'Mother.' On the 7th inst. Thomas Bowen sank and died, and on the following day Francis Martin, William Maitland, and Hugh Rice followed him into merciful oblivion. The two former begged to be allowed to eat *part of the lad's body*, but this I strictly forbade. There were now remaining only the carpenter and myself, and on the following morning (9th) we lowered the bodies on to the deck.

"The deck, however, had by this time been forced up by the water, and the bodies becoming jammed by the washing of the waves, they got frightfully mutilated. This fearful sight, from which we had no escape, added to the horror and misery of our position, was almost sufficient to drive us to madness. On the 13th inst., about noon, the carpenter said, 'How much longer do you think it possible we can live; this is the eighteenth day without food?' I asked him if he felt strong. He said he would feel better if he

had a drink of water. We obtained a small portion of lead off the mainmast head, and chewed it to moisten our mouths. We then began to talk, and he asked me to make him a promise that if I survived him and was saved I would acquaint his wife and family of his end as gently as might be. This I readily agreed to, and I made him promise to do the same for me, if I perished and he survived. We were then much exhausted by our conversation, and he turned round to sleep. I tried to rouse him up, but in vain, and then I realized to my unspeakable horror that he had passed quietly away (Jan. 14). I knew then that my own hour was close at hand and could not be long delayed. I had seen them all go, and now I was alone—quite alone. And under such ghastly circumstances!

"I kept the body of the carpenter by me until the following evening, in the hope that the gruesome thing would break the force of the wind. I had then been sixty hours without water, and the temptation to open a vein and drink the blood became very strong within me.

"When I found this horrible temptation growing upon me, I lowered the body out of the way, where I could not reach it. I remained in this position for *nine days longer*, counting during that period no fewer than ten



A BOAT WAS LOWERED AND CAME DOWN. WORKMAN'S

vessels, all of which passed me without taking the least notice, and one vessel in particular—a brig—passed so near that I actually could see the people on deck. I am sure I need not ask in vain for the sympathy of those who read this humble story. I had placed myself on my back in such a position that my mouth caught some few drops of rain from the rigging as it dripped, and I think this alone kept me alive. The agony I suffered in my hands and feet is indescribable, and at times my brain

fellows who manned her. I made signs for them to come near the bow, fearing lest the water might suck them into the open stern of the ship, and as soon as I saw them near me I made a tremendous effort, and, seizing the rigging between my arms, succeeded in slipping down to the deck from my perilous position. A man, whom I afterwards found to be the boatswain, jumped on board, and lowered me into the boat. They then pulled back to their ship, and hoisted me up in the boat, after having been



"THE CAPTAIN LIVED IN CHARGE & WAS LOWERED ME INTO THE BOAT."

seemed wandering, and I seemed to hear strange voices around me at night. Still, a strange sort of confidence seemed to possess me that I should be saved, and should live to tell my tale. On the 23rd of January, at 8 a.m., I found, to my intense joy and delight, that a large vessel was close by me, and had hove to. This proved to be the Dutch barque *Ida Elizabeth*, of Rotterdam, from Batavia, and I found she had been lying by all night, and had heard my calls for help, for it had been my practice to shout with all the power I could muster every few hours in the hope of some vessel passing close by and hearing me.

"As soon as I saw them I made another effort to shout, and at length had the ineffable gratification of seeing them hoist the Dutch ensign and wave to me. A few moments later a boat was lowered, and came bounding towards me at the peril of the lives of the five brave

twenty-eight days without tasting food of any description. Providentially there was on board an eminent physician of the name of Schröder, who immediately took me in charge, and it is mainly to his care and attention that I am indebted for my life.

"The vessel then made all sail, and we arrived at Nieu Diep on the 31st January. The following day I was admitted to the hospital at the Helder, where I remained until the 11th of June, suffering amputation of five toes and six fingers. I experienced the utmost kindness from everyone. I left the Helder (a cripple, but thankful to Heaven for my life) on the 11th of June, and embarking at Rotterdam on board the Hamburg steamer, I arrived in London the following day."

The captain lived for some years after this, but was never again fit for the sea. The reason his ship did not sink was that she was laden with timber.

Odds and Ends.

We desire to draw special attention to the photographs reproduced in this section. They are selected from among thousands sent in to our offices from practically every nation on earth, civilized and uncivilized, and they afford vivid glimpses of life in many lands.

IT is our rule never to publish anything in this section except actual photos, believing that these lend greater actuality to the strange and remarkable things depicted. But the accompanying sketch is so extremely curious that for once we have made an exception in order to reproduce it. It represents the only horse in Eagle City, in the great North-West of Canada



THE ONLY HORSE IN EAGLE CITY.

He cost his owner £100 to get him there, but once there, his earnings soon covered the original outlay. The owner built a non-descript conveyance, consisting of a log on four small wheels dignified by the name of a "waggon" and then let out the concern at £1 per hour, with such success that at the time our sketch was made the noble animal was "booked" for two months in advance, the lucky proprietor having merely to sit on the fence and watch the money coming in—a highly desirable occupation. Against the high fees, however, must be set the cost of the horse's maintenance—hay at £100 a ton, and oats at 1s. 3d. a lb. Surely there is an opening for a livery stable on the golden Yukon!

Now we turn for a moment to China. There is no housekeeper in large Chinese homes to give the orders and do the buying. These functions are all vested in the cook. He makes his daily journey to the streets and different markets to purchase supplies for the table. With a basket made of the inevitable "bamboo," split and woven like wicker, he sallies forth seeking cabbages, bean curd, bamboo sprouts, and other green stuff, as well as

poultry, meat, etc. In the photo, he is apparently bargaining for eggs.

At the present rate of exchange the 1,000 Chinese "cash" is equivalent to half a crown in English money. Very weighty and bulky it is, strung on strings of 1,000, twisted like a string of sausages into hundreds. There are large and small cash, and the above is the value of good quality cash with no tiny ones strung in between, an art in which cash vendors and exchangers are adept. In some parts of the interior of China the cash used are so small that they can only be called holes with a small piece of brass round them; these run as low as 6d per 1,000, or are exchanged at the rate of 6,000 to the Chinese ounce of silver. A string of 1,000 good cash should weigh about eight English pounds. Weight is a great factor in native



A CHINESE COOK, TANG-KING, FOR EGGS. (OUTER THE STREETS OF "CAMP.")
From a Photo

commerce. The shrewd man of business knows the weight of most things, from a thousand cash to a piece of Manchester calico.

The present cash currency of Western China possesses the remarkable feature of being worth *as metal* double its standard value *as money*. Were the Government to coin any more it would cost them (labour included) about three cash to produce one. It is a severely-punished offence to melt the cash down, but where the so-called police are easily bribed the swindler finds it an easier job to "uncoin" the cash and sell it as metal than the counterfeit coiner does to "coin" it in these realms. But it was ever thus in Topsy Turvy Land.

To carry the equivalent of a sovereign down the street in Chinese cash is not a light job,

and Ends" a photo. of a weird piece of ordnance, used at the Siege of Rustenberg, in the Transvaal War. It was made of tyre iron and mounted on the fore-carriage of an ox-waggon. We have now pleasure in presenting to our readers a photo. of Herman Raas, the designer of these queer guns. We see him standing, with pardonable pride, beside his wonderful creations. The gentleman who sends us this photo. an officer who went through the war, and who was actually under the fire of these weapons - sends us the following particulars about them. "As I was one of the besieged," he writes, "I can give you some account of the effect of these guns. The Boers made fair practice at ranges varying from 1,400yds. to 400yds., knocking our sand bags about, but



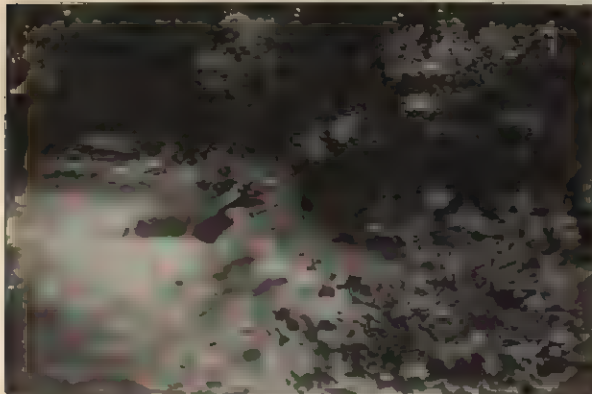
[From a] HERMAN RAAS, THE BOER, AND HIS TYRE-IRON AND WAGON WHEEL FIELD GUN. [Photo.]

and a risky one too at times. It means a dead weight of some 62lb. on the shoulder. The risk is from the "snipper of two hundreds." These men are of the light-fingered persuasion, and when a person heavily weighted with cash passes them they snip the end knot at the back, slip off the last two hundreds into their long sleeves, and disappear; a moment or two later the remaining hundreds scatter in the street, the twist of string between having kept them for the moment. When all is gathered up again the bearer finds himself 200 or more short, and he knows then that the "snipper" has brought him down. If any money could ever be called "filthy lucre" with truthfulness, it is surely Chinese cash.

Some time ago we published in the "Odds

not hitting any men. They, however, had three or four gunners killed, and the gun-carriage shattered when they opened fire from a blacksmith's shop about 400yds. from the fort. They loaded the gun behind the shop and then ran it out to fire, the gunners being completely exposed during the operation of laying the weapon. I well remember the incident you mention of the gun rearing up and falling over. It was rather curious, considering what excellent rifle shots the Boers were in those days, that Raas should have been so ignorant of the science of gunnery as to persist in using conical shot in his smooth bore gun. These shot *wobbled*, and were easily seen by us in their erratic flight. They never, of course, hit any of the men, and seldom even hit the fort."

Now it is a well known fact that a hunted stag promptly takes to water, wherever such is available, as the best means of throwing his relentless pursuers off the track. Our next



A HUNTED STAG, SWIMMING AT A FIVE.
From a Photo by H. M. Lemar, Minchhead.

photo. shows one of these graceful creatures in the act of making his way up stream in the hope of putting the hounds off the scent. That he is meeting with considerable resistance from the rushing waters is evident from the foam that stretches away in his wake; but he is making a gallant struggle for life, and one can hardly help expressing the hope that he succeeded in getting away. This truly remarkable snapshot was taken last September twelvemonth, on the occasion of a meet of the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds.

Once again we fly off into the wilds. In newly-formed mining-camps law and order have to be maintained by rough-and-ready means, while

times unnecessarily harsh, have a substantial substratum of justice not infrequently tinged with humour. Here we see how they dispense justice on the road to the Klondike. The man labelled "Thief, pass him along," was caught in the very act of stealing while on the march. The sentence of the improvised court was that he should carry each day two packs besides his own, the owners of the packs to walk behind him, and at the first manifestation of resistance to shoot him dead. Summary justice, with a vengeance! At the end of each day he was turned over to another couple of miners, and so on to the end of the journey. Probably, long before the end of the terrible march was reached, this poor thief had seen the error of his ways, and firmly resolved to reform once for all—he survived. It is photographs like these that give us such a vivid glimpse of rough pioneer life in remote lands.

One of the most remarkable places in the great Dominion of Canada is shown in the photo. at the top of the next page. Kettle Point is situated on the southern shore of Lake Huron, about twelve miles north of the town of Forest. The beach here is composed of a



THE PENALTY OF THEFT IN THE KLONDIKE.
From a Photo by Edwards Bros., Vancouver, B.C.



From a Photo. (1)

KETTLE POINT, KETCHIKAN, ALASKA.

J. C. Smith.

black, bituminous shale, level and smooth, and divided into sections by cleavage, like blocks of ice sawn for storage. This shale is highly combustible, and when broken up into fragments and set on fire may be kept burning for months. In places, indeed, it has been on fire for years, serving as an extraordinary natural beacon light to sailors far out on the lake. The great objects of interest at Kettle Point, however, are the enormous "kettles," like immense cannon balls, some of which are 5 ft. across. These calcareous concretions—several of which are to be seen scattered about—are embedded in the strata, which they push aside as they increase in size. They radiate from a centre, and were doubtless formed by particles attached to a nucleus by magnetic force. The kettles, too, will burn like soft coal, and many of them have been removed to ornament the lawns of colleges and private houses.

If the gentleman seen in our next illustration is a fair specimen of his class, Alaskan medicine men are not likely to become popular in European sick rooms. Here we have a member of the profession wearing his "death mask"—enough of itself to kill any ordinary patient—and in the act of discovering what evil spirit is in possession of the sufferer. In his hand is a "death rattle," carved all over with grotesque and hideous symbols, while his garments are covered with bells, rattles, and fish bladders filled with pebbles, which make a noisy jingle as he dances round the fire, to the accompaniment of fearful yells. His furs and skins bristle with porcupine quills, and

his bare legs are painted in black and scarlet stripes. If horrible shrieks and an appalling appearance fail to frighten off the devils in possession of the patient, the doctor's next step is to find the witch responsible for the illness, and, by the torture and burning of the unfortunate individual whom he suspects (and who is usually

perfectly innocent), to banish for ever the demons supposed to be in residence in the interior of the invalid.

Anything bizarre or extraordinary in Nature is promptly assigned by common consent all over the world to the agency of his Satanic Majesty,



ALASKAN MEDICINE MAN.



THE DEVIL'S TRUMPET, NEAR LAKE TAPO, NEW ZEALAND.
From a Photo.

who, if popular tradition is to be believed, wanders around creating fearful and wonderful freaks just for his own amusement. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the awful hole seen in our next reproduction is known to the Maoris as Karapiti, which in plain English stands for "the Devil's Trumpet." This phenomenon is to be found about a mile from Lake Taupo, in the centre of the volcanic North Island of New Zealand. It is located at the bottom of an extinct crater, far from human habitation, and a

weirder spot it would be difficult to imagine. The hole is about 4 ft. in diameter, and every now and then it puts out a jet of steam, the estimated pressure of which is something like 500 lb. to the square inch. The accompanying roar is simply appalling. Anything thrown into the pit is promptly hurled with the force of a cannon ball some 60 ft. into the air. The keeper of the "accommodation house," or inn, at Taupo says that as soon as the trumpet stops blowing he intends to pack up and clear out of the country as fast as he possibly can, for in his opinion the hole is the safety valve of New Zealand. To all appearance, however, the awful pit is now as lively as ever it was.

A natural open-air hot bath is a great desideratum, and it seems rather a pity that so excellent and convenient an institution should be situated in the Antipodes. The accompanying illustration shows some women and a little boy bathing in a pool of natural hot water near Lake Taupo, King's County, New Zealand. The water is actually quite hot, and the whole country round about is more or less volcanic. The odd part about these natural hot water pools is that occasionally some slight eruption comes and causes them to disappear altogether, but this is compensated for by the appearance of other and quite different geysers. The temperature of the water varies in different places from luke-warmness to a heat so great that one could



NATURAL HOT WATER POOL, NEAR LAKE TAPO, NEW ZEALAND.
From a Photo. Courtesy of the New Zealand Government.



THE ALPINE GRAVESTONE, THE DECEASED SEEING HIM FALL
IN THE ALPS. (175) 61

and people do — cook their dinner in it in a very few minutes.

Rightly enough, the Burial Boards of this country exercise a rigid censorship over the designs and epitaphs in their cemeteries. Otherwise we should perhaps be having our feelings scared by some such grief compelling monument as the one seen in our next reproduction. This is to be found in the cemetery of St. Gall. A young fellow named Karl Paganini, aged eighteen, lost his life on the Sentis Mountain.

His parents thereupon sent for a large block of stone from the mountain, and this served as a gravestone. An exact model of the deceased youth, in the very act of falling, was then chiselled by a sculptor, and this was placed on the rock. The figure carries an alpenstock and other appurtenances of the mountaineer, and on the upturned face there is depicted a look of utter agony. To complete the illusion tiny Alpine flowers, fetched from the scene of the fatality — are planted around the grave, and altogether this is probably the most pathetic, original, and artistic tombstone in existence.

Our last photo. gives a very good idea of the ingenious fishtraps in use among the natives of the South Sea Islands. These fishtraps are of various designs and sizes, but are all on the same principle, containing an inclosed passage for the entrance of the fish, gradually narrowing towards the centre of the trap, and terminating in a number of loose strands of the vine from which the apparatus is constructed, so that once having entered the trap, the fish are unable to discover any means of exit. The sea frontage of a South Sea Island village is usually apportioned out in allotments among the natives, each man being expected to keep his fish trap within the space allotted to him. It is sometimes very dangerous work visiting these traps; sudden squalls arise, and the hapless fisher, on his little catamaran, is blown out to sea and never more heard of.



A FISHTRAP IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

(176) 61



"ONE AFTER ANOTHER THEY CAME AT ME."

(SEE PAGE 644.)

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

MARCH, 1899.

No. 12.

*The Adventures of Louis De Rougemont.**

AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

VIII.

THE WIDE WORLD is a Magazine started with the avowed intention of publishing true stories of actual experiences and avoiding fiction. "The Adventures of Louis De Rougemont" were commenced under the belief that they were the true account of the life of the author. It now turns out that it is not possible for him to have been thirty years among the savages, as stated. His story was told in these offices over a period of several months, during which time he never contradicted himself once. But, after what has transpired, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not publish it as a true narrative, but only as it is given to us by the author, leaving it to the members of the public to believe as much or as little as they please. It is admitted that portions of the story are founded on his experiences. In any case, the story is so crowded with vivid, graphic, and consistent details, that it marks its author, if not a speaker of the truth, at least as a master of fiction who has had no equal in our language since Defoe; so that, even if the story is an invention, it is one which cannot fail to excite the deepest interest, and we are sure that our readers would be keenly disappointed if they were not allowed the opportunity of hearing the extraordinary developments and termination of the narrative. We may conclude, in the witty lines of the *World*

"Truth is stranger than Fiction,
But De Rougemont is stranger than both."



HAD conquered again. Do not blame the natives, for with them every stranger is an enemy until he has proved himself a friend.

Hence it is that when white men suddenly appear among these natives they run imminent risk of being promptly speared, unless they can make it quite clear that no harm is intended.

Month after month we continued our progress in a southerly direction, although, as I have said before, we often turned north-east and even due west, following the valleys when we were stopped by the ranges where, by the way, we usually found turkeys in great numbers. We had water-bags made out of the intestines of kangaroos, and we would camp wherever possible close to a native well, and where we knew food was to be found in plenty.

At this period I noticed that the more easterly I went the more ranges I encountered, whilst the somewhat dreary and mostly waterless

the west. We would sometimes fail to obtain water for a couple of days, but this remark does not apply to the mountainous regions. Often the wells were quite dry and food painfully scarce; this would be in a region of sand and spinifex.

When I beheld an oasis of palms and tea trees I would make for it, knowing that if no water existed there, it could easily be got by digging. The physical conditions of the country would change suddenly, and my indefatigable wife was frequently at fault in her root-hunting expeditions. Fortunately, animal life was very seldom scarce. On the whole, we were extremely fortunate in the matter of water, although the natives often told me that the low wastes of sand and spinifex were frequently so dry, that it was



THE LINE OF DEMARCATION BETWEEN DESERT AND CIVILIZATION.
The United States, by Louis de Rougemont.

impossible even for them to cross. What astonished me greatly was that the line of demarcation between an utter desert and, say, a fine forest was almost as sharply marked as if it had been drawn with a rule.

A stretch of delightfully wooded country would follow the dreary wastes, and this in turn would give place to fairly high mountain ranges.

Once, during a temporary stay among one of the tribes, the chief showed me some very interesting caves among the low limestone ranges that were close by. It was altogether a very rugged country. Always on the look out for something to interest and amuse me, and always filled with a strange, vague feeling that something *might* turn up unexpectedly which would enable me to return to civilization, I at once determined to explore these caves; and here I had a very strange and thrilling adventure.

Whilst I was roaming among the caves I came across a pit measuring perhaps 20ft. in diameter and 8ft. or 9ft. in depth. It had a sandy bottom, and as I saw a curious-looking depression in one corner, I jumped down, leaving Bruno barking at the edge of the pit, because I knew I should have some trouble in hoisting him up again if I allowed him to accompany me. I carried a long stick, much longer than a waddy; perhaps it was a yam stick, I cannot remember. At any rate, just as I was about to probe a mysterious-looking hole, I beheld with alarm and amazement the ugly head of a large black snake suddenly thrust out at me from a dark mass, which I presently found was the decayed stump of a tree. I fell back as far as possible, and then saw that the reptile had quite uncoiled itself from the stem, and was coming straight at me. I promptly dealt it a violent blow, not on the head, but on the tail, which I knew would render it powerless.

No sooner had I done this than another dark and hissing head came charging in my direction. Again I struck at the reptile's tail and overpowered it. Next came a third, and a fourth, and

fifth, and then I realized that the whole of the dead stump was one living mass of coiled snakes, which were probably hibernating. One after another they came at me, and, of course, had they all come at once no power on earth could have saved me. I wondered how long this weird contest would be kept up, and again and again between the attacks I tried to escape, but had scarcely taken an upward step when another huge reptile was upon me.

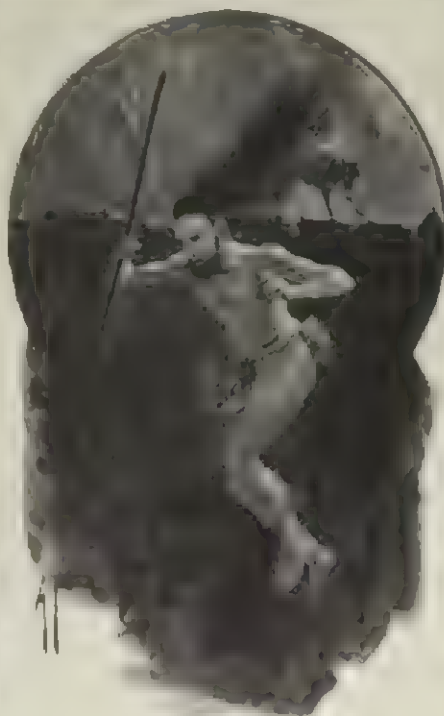
I was aware that Bruno was running backwards and forwards at the edge of the pit barking frantically in a most excited state. He knew perfectly well what snakes were, having frequently been bitten. I owe my life on this occasion solely to the fact that the snakes were

in a torpid state, and came at me one at a time instead of all together. It was the cold season, about the month of June or July. It is impossible at such moments to take any account of time, so I can not say how long the battle lasted. At length, however, I was able to count the slain. I did this partly out of curiosity and partly because I wanted to impress the natives' boast, if you like. Modesty, where modesty is unknown, would have been absurd if not fatal to my prestige. In all there were *sixty-eight black snakes, averaging about 4ft. 6in. in length.*

I do not remember that I was fatigued; I think my excitement was too great for any such feeling to make itself felt. When at length I was able to get away, I and Bruno rushed off to the native camp a few miles away, and brought back the blacks to see what I had done. The spectacle threw them into a state of great amazement, and from that time I was looked upon with the greatest admiration.

The story of how I had killed the snakes soon spread abroad among the various tribes for miles round, and was chanted by many tribes, the means of communication being the inevitable smoke-signals. One important consequence of this adventure was that I was everywhere received with the very greatest respect.

It may be mentioned here that no man



THE BATTLE WITH THE SNAKES.

A Battle
with
Snakes.

More
Prestige.

how unfriendly tribes may be, they always exchange news by means of smoke-signals. I may also say that at *corroborees* and such-like festivities a vast amount of poetic boasting and exaggeration is indulged in, each "hero" being required to give practical demonstrations of the things he has seen, the doughty deeds he has done, etc. He goes through the subject of his chant *de novo*, warming up as he goes along, and magnifying its importance in a ridiculous way. It amuses me to this day to recall my own preposterous songs about how I killed the two whales *with my stiletto*, and other droll pretensions. But, ah! I was serious enough then!

Many parts of the extensive country I traversed on my southward journey, after the death of the girls, were exceedingly rich in minerals, and particularly in gold, both alluvial and in quartz. As I was making my way one day through a granite country along the banks of a creek, I beheld some reddish stones, which I at once pounced upon and found to be beautiful rubies.

Rubies
Thrown
Away.

Having no means of carrying them, however, and as they were of no value whatever to me, I simply threw them away again, and now merely record the fact. I also came across large quantities of alluvial tin, but this, again, was not of the slightest use to me, any more than it was when I found it in very large quantities in the King Leopold Ranges. The test I applied to see whether it was really tin was to scratch it with my knife. Even when large quantities of native gold lay at my feet, I hardly stopped to pick it up, save as a matter of curiosity. Why should I? What use was it to me? As I have stated over and over again in public, I would have given all the gold for a few ounces of salt, which I needed so sorely. Afterwards, however, I made use of the precious metal in a very practical manner, but of this more hereafter. At one place, probably near the Warburton Ranges in Western Australia, I picked up an immense piece of quartz, which was so rich that it appeared to be one mass of virgin gold; and when on showing it to Yamba I told her that in my country men were prepared to go to any part of the world, and undergo many terrible hardships to obtain it, she thought at first I was joking, and the information amused her ever after, as indeed it did the rest of my people. I might also mention that up in the then little known Kimberley district many of the natives weighted their spears with pure gold. I only found the n

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near the creeks
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look-out for the tell-tale specks and gleams. In some of the ranges, too, I found the opal in large and small quantities, but I soon discovered that the material was too light and brittle for spear-heads, to which curious use I essayed to put this beautiful stone. Talking about spear-heads, there was a quarry of that kind of stone which was used for the making of war implements and others. It was very much worked, and as you may suppose was a valuable possession to the tribe in whose territory it was situated. The stone was a kind of flint, extremely hard and capable of being made very sharp and retaining its edge. Natives from far and near came to barter for the stone with shells and ornaments which these inland tribes did not possess.

Quarrying
Extra-
ordinary.

The method of getting out the stone was by building fires over it, and then when it had become red-hot throwing large and small quantities of water upon it in an amazingly dexterous way. The stone would immediately be split and riven exactly in the manner required. A great deal of information of this kind will be found in the Anthropological and Geographical papers which I read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at their Bristol Congress, 1898, and which will be published as a separate appendix of my book.

My very first discovery of gold was made in some crevices near a big creek, which had cut its way through deep layers of conglomerate hundreds of feet thick. This country was an elevated plateau, intersected by deeply cut creeks, which had left the various strata quite bare, with curious concave recesses in which the natives took shelter during the wet season. One of the nuggets I picked up in the creek I have just mentioned weighed several pounds, and was three or four inches long, and rather more than an inch in thickness. This nugget I placed on a block of wood and beat it out with a stone, until I could twist it easily with my fingers, when I fashioned it into a fillet as an ornament for Yamba's hair. This she continued to wear for many years afterwards, but the rude golden bracelets and anklets I also made for her she gave away to the first children we met. Do not be surprised. All the gold I found in that terrible country I could not exchange for a single ounce of salt, for which I had a constant and often painful craving.

In many of the rocky districts the reefs were evidently extremely rich, but I must confess I rarely troubled to explore them. In other regions the gold-bearing quartz was actually a curse, our path being covered with sharp pebbles of quartz and slate, which made every

step forward a positive agony. Wild ranges adjoined that conglomerate country, which, as you have probably gathered, is extremely difficult to traverse. Certainly it would be impossible for camels.

When we had been on the march southwards about nine months there came one of the most important incidents in my life, and one which completely changed my plans. One day we came across a party of about eight natives—all young fellows—who were on a punitive expedition; and as they were going in our direction (they overtook us going south) we walked along with them for the sake of their company. The country through which we were passing at that time is a dreary, undulating expanse of spinifex desert, with a few scattered and weird looking palms, a little scrub, and scarcely any signs of animal life. The farther east we went, by the way, the better grew the country; but on the other hand, when we went westward we got farther and farther into the dreary wastes. At the spot I have in my mind ranges loomed to the south—a sight which cheered me considerably, for somehow I thought I should soon strike civilization.

Had not the blacks we were with taken us to some wells we would have fared very badly indeed in this region, as no water could be found except by sinking. I noticed that the blacks looked for a hollow depression marked by a certain kind of palm, and then they dug a hole in the gravel and sandy soil with their hands and yam-sticks. They usually came upon water a few feet down, but the distance often varied very considerably.

We were crossing the summit of a little hill, where we had rested for a breathing space, when, without the least warning, I suddenly beheld, a few hundred yards away, in the valley beneath, *four white men on horseback!* I think they had a few spare horses with them, but, of course, all that I saw were the four white men. I afterwards learned that, according to our respective routes, we would have crossed their track, but they would not have crossed ours. They were going west. They wore the regulation dress of the Australian broad sombrero hats, flannel shirts, and rather dirty

white trousers, with long riding boots. I remember they were moving along at a wretched pace, which showed that their horses were nearly spent.

Once again, notwithstanding all previous bitter lessons, my uncontrollable excitement was my undoing. "Civilization at last!" I screamed to myself, and then, throwing discretion to the winds, I gave the war whoop of the blacks and rushed madly forward, yelling myself hoarse, and supremely oblivious of the fantastic and savage appearance I must have presented with my long hair flowing wildly out behind, and my skin practically indistinguishable from that of an ordinary black fellow. My companions, I afterwards discovered, swept after me as in a furious charge, *for they thought I wanted to annihilate the white men at sight.* Naturally, the spectacle unnerved the white men, and they proceeded to repel the supposed attack by firing a volley into the midst of us. Their horses were terrified, and they reared and plunged

in a dangerous manner, thereby greatly adding to the excitement of that terrible moment. The roar of the volley and the whizz of the shots brought me to my senses, however, and although I was not hit, I promptly dropped to the ground amidst the long grass, as also did Yamba and the other blacks. Like a flash my idiotic blunder came home to me, and then I was ready to dash out again alone to explain, but Yamba forcibly prevented me from exposing myself to what she considered certain death.

The moment the horsemen saw us all disappear in the long grass, they wheeled round, changing their course a little more to the south they had been going west, so far as I can remember—and their caravan crawled off in a manner that suggested that the horses were pretty well done for. On our part, we at once made for the ranges that lay a little to the south. Here we parted with our friends the blacks, and they made off in an east-south-easterly direction.

The dominant feeling within me as I saw the white men ride off was one of uncontrollable rage and mad

I was apparently a pariah, with the every white man—when I met one—
"Well," I thought, "if civilizati-



A. GILLES (P. 507). YAMBA'S HAIR.

Civilization
at Last.

Rage and
Despair.



"THEY RIDE A SILENT AND THE MOUNTAINS."

pared to receive me, I will wait until it is." Disappointment after disappointment, coupled with the incessant persuasions of Yamba and my people generally, were gradually reconciling me to savage life altogether, and slowly but relentlessly the thought crept into my mind that *I was doomed never to reach civilization again*, and so perhaps it would be better for me to resign myself to the inevitable and stay where I was. I would turn back, I thought, with intense bitterness and heart-break, and make a home amongst the tribes in the hills where we would be safe from the white man and his murderous weapons. And I actually did turn back, accompanied, of course, by Yamba. We did not strike due north again, as it was our intention to find a permanent home somewhere among the ranges, at any rate for the ensuing winter. It was out of the question to camp where we were, because it was much too cold; and besides Yamba had much difficulty in finding roots.

Several days later, as we were plodding steadily along, away from the ranges that I have spoken of as lying to the south, Yamba, whose eyes were usually everywhere, suddenly stood still, pointing to some unmistakable footprints in the snow. He confidently assured me

were those of a white man who had lost his reason, and was wandering aimlessly about that fearful country.

It was, of course, easy for her to know the white man's tracks when she saw them, but I was curious how she could be certain that the white man had lost his reason. She pointed out to me in the first place that the tracks had been made by someone wearing boots, and that as the footprints straggled about in a most erratic manner it was

A White Man's Tracks.

clearly evident that the wearer could not be sane. Even at this time, be it remembered, I was burning with rage against the whites, and so I decided to follow the tracks and find the individual who was responsible for them. But do not be under any misapprehension. My intentions were not philanthropic, but revengeful. I had become a black fellow myself now, and was consumed with a black fellow's murderous passion. At one time I thought I would follow the whole party and kill them in the darkness with my stiletto when opportunity offered.

The new tracks we had now come upon told me plainly that the party had separated, and were therefore now in my power. I say these things because I do not want anyone to suppose that I followed up these tracks of the lost man with the intention of rendering him any assistance.

For nearly two days Yamba and I followed the tracks, which went in curious circles always tending to the left. At length we began to come upon various articles that had apparently been thrown away by the straggler. First of all we found part of a letter that was addressed to someone, I think, in Adelaide, but of this I would not be absolutely certain. What I do remember was that the envelope bore the postmark of Tea Tree Gully, S.A.

The writer of that letter was evidently a woman, who, so far as I can remember, wrote congratulating her correspondent upon the fact that he was joining an expedition which was about to traverse the continent. I fancy I remember she said she was glad of this for his own sake, for it would no doubt mean much to him. She wished him all kinds of glory and prosperity, and wound up by assuring him that no one would be better pleased on his return than she.

The country through which these tracks led us was for the most part nothing but a dry, sandy waste, covered with the formidable spinifex or porcupine grass. Yamba walked in front peering at the tracks.

Presently she gave a little cry, and when she turned to me I saw that she had in her hand the sombrero hat of an

Australian pioneer. A little farther on we found a shirt, and then a pair of trousers, after which we came upon a belt and a pair of dilapidated boots.

At length on reaching the crest of sandy hillock we suddenly beheld the form of a naked white man lying face downwards in the sand. As you may suppose, we simply swooped down upon him, but on reaching him my first impression was that *he was dead*. His face was slightly turned to the right, his arms outstretched, and his fingers dug convulsively in the sand. I am amused now when I remember how great was our emotion on approaching this unfortunate. My first thought in turning the man over on to his back, and ascertaining that at least he breathed, was one of great joy and thankfulness.

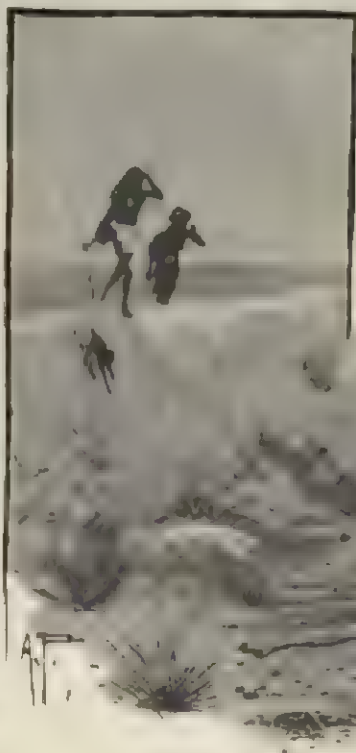
"I thank God," I said to myself, "I have at last found a white companion who will put me in touch once more with the great world outside." The burning rage that consumed me—you know my object in following the tracks—died away in pity as I thought of the terrible privations and sufferings this poor fellow must have undergone before being reduced to this state. My desire for revenge was

forgotten, and my only thought now was to nurse back to health the unconscious man.

First of all I moistened his mouth with the water which Yamba always carried with her in a skin bag, and then I rubbed him vigorously, hoping to restore animation. I soon exhausted the contents of the bag, however, and immediately Yamba volunteered to go off and replenish it. She was absent an hour or more, I think, during which time I persisted in my massage treatment—although so far I saw no signs of returning consciousness on the part of my patient.

When Yamba returned with the water, ^{Good Samaritans.} I tried to make the prostrate man swallow some of it, and I even smeared him with the blood of an opossum which my thoughtful helpmeet had brought back with her. But for a long time all my efforts were in vain, and then, dragging him to the foot of a grass tree, I propped him up slightly against it, wetted his shirt with water and wound it round his throat, whilst Yamba threw water on him and rubbed him vigorously.

At last he uttered a sound—half groan, half sigh (it thrilled me through and through), and I noticed then that he was able to swallow a few drops of water. The gloom of night was now descending on that strange wilderness of sand and spinifex, so we prepared to stay there



"WE BEHELD A WHITE MAN LYING FACE DOWNWARDS ON THE SAND."

with our helpless charge until morning. Yamba and I took it in turns to watch over him and keep his mouth moistened. By morning he had so far revived that he opened his eyes and looked at me. How eagerly had I anticipated that look, and how bitter was my disappointment when I found that it was a mere vacant glare

in which was no kind of recognition. Ever hopeful, however, I attributed the vacant look to the terrible nature of his experiences. I was burning to ply him with all manner of questions as to who he was, where he had come from, and what news he had of the outside world, but I restrained myself by a great effort, and merely persevered in my endeavours to restore him to complete animation. When the morning was pretty well advanced the man was able to sit up, and in the course of a few days he was even able to accompany us to a water-hole, where we encamped and stayed until he had practically recovered, or, at any rate, was able to get about.

But, you may be asking, all this time, did the man say nothing? Indeed, he said much, and I hung upon every syllable that fell from his lips, but, to my indescribable chagrin, it was a mere voluble jargon of statements, which simply baffled and puzzled me and caused me much pain. The man would stare at me stolidly, and then

Bitter
Disappoint-
ment.



HE WOULD STARE STOLIDLY AT ME.

remark, in a vulgar Cockney voice, that he was quite *sure* we were going the wrong way. By this time, I should mention, we had re-clothed him in his trousers and shirt, for he had obviously suffered terribly from the burning sun.

Many days passed away before I would admit to myself that this unhappy creature was a hope-

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less imbecile. I was never absent from his side day or night, hoping and waiting for the first sane remark. Soon, however, the bitter truth was borne in upon me, and it dawned on Yamba and myself that, instead of having found salvation and comfort in the society of this man, we were merely saddled with a ghastly encumbrance, and were far worse off than before.

We now set off in the direction of our old tracks, but were not able to travel very fast on account of the still feeble condition of the white stranger. Poor creature! I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. It seemed so terrible for a man to lapse into a state of imbecility after having survived the obviously dreadful hardships and adventures that had befallen him. I tried over and over again to elicit sensible replies to my questions as to where he came from, but he simply gibbered and babbled like a baby. I coaxed, I threatened, I persuaded; but it was all in vain. I soon found he was a regular millstone round my neck, particularly when we were on a "walk-about." He would suddenly

take it into his head to sit down for hours at a stretch, and nothing would induce him to move until he did so of his own accord.

Curiously enough, Bruno became very greatly attached to him, and was his constant companion. Of this I was extremely glad, because it relieved me of much anxiety. You will understand what I mean when I tell you that in spite of all our endeavours our mysterious companion would go off by himself away from our track, and were it not for Bruno—whom he would follow anywhere—we would often have had much trouble in bringing him back again. Or he might have been speared before a strange tribe could have discovered his "sacred" (idiotic) condition.

At length we reached a large lagoon, on the shores of which we stayed for about two years. The question may be asked, why did I settle down here? The answer is, that our white companion had become simply an intolerable burden. He was—let me say it as delicately as possible—very uncleanly in his habits, and suffered

from the most exhausting attacks of dysentery. It was, of course, my intention to have continued my march northward to my old home in the Cambridge Gulf district, because by this time I had quite made up my mind that, by living there quietly, I stood a better chance of escape to civilization by means of some vessel than I did by attempting to traverse the entire continent. Besides, this latter idea was now rendered impossible, on account of the poor, helpless creature I had with me. Indeed, so great an anxiety was he to me and Yamba that we decided we could go nowhere, either north or south, until he had become more robust in health. I never in trusted him with a weapon, by the way. I had found a sheath-knife belonging to him, but I afterwards gave it away to a friendly chief, who was immensely proud of it.

In making for the shores of the big lagoon we had to traverse some extremely difficult country. In the first place, we encountered a series of very broken ridges, which in parts proved so hard to travel over that I almost gave up in despair. At times there was nothing for it but to carry on my back the poor, feeble creature who, I felt, was now intrusted to my charge. I remember that frequently native chiefs suggested that I should leave him, but I never listened to this advice for a moment. Perhaps I was not altogether disinterested, because already my demented companion was looked upon as a kind of minor deity by the natives. I may here remark that I only knew two idiots during the whole of my sojourn. One of these had fallen from a tree through a branch breaking, and he was actually maintained at the expense of the tribe and was revered by all.

But the journey I was just describing was a

fearful trial. Sometimes we had to traverse a wilderness of rocks which stood straight up and projected at sharp angles, presenting at a distance the appearance of a series of stony terraces which were all but impassable. For a long time our charge wore both shirt and trousers, but eventually we had to discard the latter—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the garment was literally torn to shreds by the spinifex. At one time I had it in my mind to make him go naked like myself, but on consideration I thought it advisable to allow him to retain his shirt, at any rate for a time, as his skin was not so inured to the burning sun as my own.

We had to provide him with food, which he accepted, of course, without gratitude. Then Yamba had always to build him a shelter wherever we camped, so that far from being an invaluable assistance and a companion he was a burden, so great that in moments of depression I bitterly regretted not having left him to die. Indeed, he would often have gone to his death in the great deserts were it not for the ever-vigilant Bruno. Still, I always thought that some day I would be able to take the man back to civilization, and there find out who he was and whence he had come. And I hoped that people

would think I had been kind to him. At first I thought the unfortunate man was merely suffering from sunstroke, and that in course of time he would regain his reason. I knew I could do very little towards his recovery except by feeding him well. Fortunately the natives never called upon him to demonstrate before them the extraordinary powers which I attributed to him. Indeed, his strange gestures and antics and babblings were sufficient in themselves to convince the blacks that he was a creature to be revered. The remarkable thing about him



"I CARRIED ON MY BACK THE POOR, FEEBLE CREATURE."

was that he never seemed to take notice of any one, whether it were myself, Yamba, or a native chief. As a rule, his glance would "go past me," so to speak, and he was for ever wandering aimlessly about, chattering and gesticulating.

We placed no restrictions upon him, however, and supplied all his wants, giving him Bruno as a guide and protector. I must say that Yamba did not like the stranger, but for my sake she was wonderfully patient with him.

It was whilst living on the shores of this lagoon that I received a very extraordinary commission from a neighbouring tribe. Not long after my arrival I heard a curious legend to the effect that away on the other side of the lagoon there was an evil spirit infesting the waters which terrified the women when they went down to fill their skins. Well, naturally enough, the fame of the white man and his doings soon got abroad in that country, and I was invited by the tribe in question to go and rid them of the evil spirit. Accordingly, accompanied by Yamba, and leaving Bruno to look after our helpless companion, we set off in response to the invitation, and in a few days reached the camp of the blacks who had sent for me. The lagoon was here surrounded by a finely-wooded country, slightly mountainous. Perhaps I ought to have stated that I had already gleaned from the mail-men, or runners, who had been sent with the message, that the waters of the lagoon in the vicinity of the camp had long been disturbed by some huge fish or monster, whose vagaries were a constant source of terror. The dreaded creature would come quite close in-shore, and then endeavour to "spear" the women with what was described as a long weapon carried in its mouth. This, then, was the evil spirit of the lagoon, and I confess it puzzled me much. I thought it probable that it was merely a large fish which had descended in a rain-cloud among countless millions of others of smaller species. I looked upon the commission, however, as a good opportunity of displaying my powers and impressing the natives in that country—for I always had the utmost confidence in myself. Before setting out I had spent some little time in completing my preparations for the capture of the strange monster.

**The
Mysterious
Monster.**

The very afternoon I arrived I went down to the shores of the lagoon with all the natives, and had not long to wait before I beheld what was apparently a huge fish careering wildly and erratically hither and thither in the water. On seeing it the natives appeared tremendously excited, and I and yelled, hoping thereby

My first

move was in the nature of an experiment, merely with the object of getting a better view of the monster. I endeavoured to angle for it with a hook made out of a large piece of sharpened bone. I then produced large nets made out of strips of green hide and stringy bark rope. Placing these on the shore of the lagoon, I directed Yamba to build a little bark canoe just big enough to hold her and myself.

At length we embarked and paddled out a few hundred yards, when we threw the net overboard. It had previously been weighted, and now floated so that it promptly expanded to its utmost capacity. No sooner had we done this than the invisible monster charged down upon us, making a tremendous commotion in the water. Neither Yamba nor I waited for the coming impact, but threw ourselves overboard just as the creature's white saw-like weapon showed itself close to the surface only a few yards away. We heard a crash, and then, looking backward as we swam, we saw that the long snout of the fish had actually pierced both sides of the canoe, whilst its body was evidently entangled in the meshes of the net. So desperate had been the charge that our little craft was now actually a serious encumbrance to the monster. The huge fish struggled madly to free itself, leaping almost clear of the water and lashing the placid lagoon into a perfect maelstrom.

**Struggles
of the
Monster.**

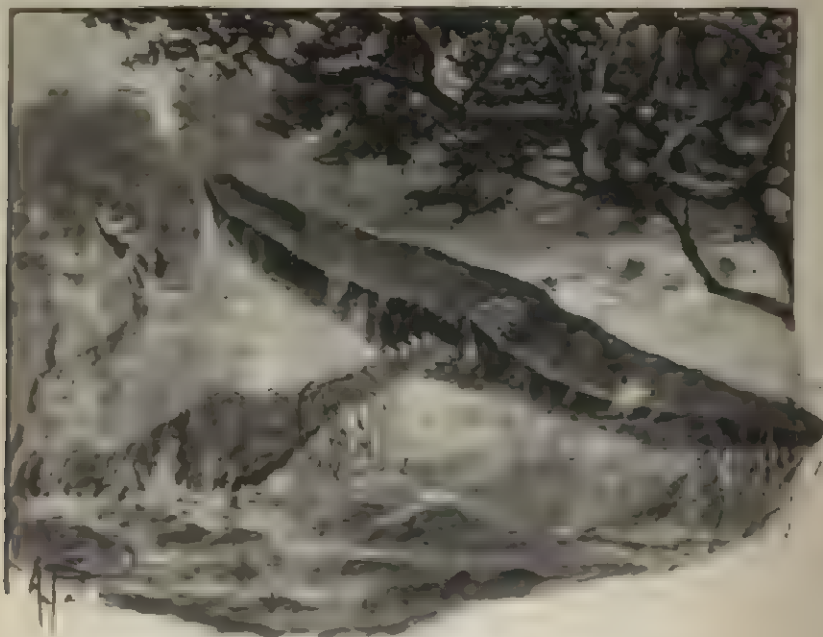
Several times the canoe was lifted high out of the water, and then the fish would try to drag it underneath, but was prevented by its great buoyancy. In the meantime, Yamba and I swam safely ashore, and we watched the struggles of the "evil spirit" from the shore, among a crowd of frantic natives.

We waited until the efforts of the fish grew feebler, and then we put off in another bark canoe (the celerity with which Yamba made one was something amazing), and I easily dispatched the now weakened creature with my tomahawk. I might here mention that this was actually the first time that these inland savages had seen a canoe or boat of any description, so that naturally the two I launched occasioned endless amazement.

Afterwards, by the way, I tried to describe to them what the sea was like, but had to give it up, because it only confused them, and was quite beyond their comprehension. When we dragged the monster ashore, with its elongated snout still embedded in the little canoe, I saw at a glance that the long-dreaded evil spirit of the lagoon was a huge saw-fish, fully 14ft. long, its formidable saw alone measuring nearly 5ft. This interesting weapon I claimed as a

tragedy, and when I got back to where Bruno and his human charge were, I exhibited it to *crowds* of listening blacks who had long heard of the evil spirit. The great fish skull was cooked and eaten at one of the biggest *feasts* I had ever seen. The blacks had no

curious characters were faintly discernible on some of the stones, but were not distinct enough to be legible. On one, however, I distinctly traced the initials "I. L.," which had witnessed the ravages of time because the stone containing them was in a protected place.



THE CAIRN OF THE HALF-CASTE GIRL

theory of their own as to how it got into the lagoon, and the only supposition I can offer is that it must have been brought thither when very small and young by a rain cloud.

So delighted were the blacks at the service I had done them, that they paid me the greatest compliment in their power by offering me a chieftainship, and inviting me to stay with them for ever. I refused the flattering offer, however, as I was quite bent on getting back to Cambridge Gulf.

On returning to my friends on the other side of the lagoon I learnt for the first time that there was a half-caste girl living among them, and subsequent inquiries went to prove that her father was a white man who had penetrated into these regions and lived for some little time at least among the blacks, much as I myself was doing. My interest in the matter was first of all roused by the accidental discovery of a cairn gift, or bit, high, made of loose flat stones. My experience was such by this time that I saw at a glance that this cairn was not the work of a native. Drawings and figures, and a variety of

Naturally the existence of this cairn set me inquiring among the older natives as to whether they ever remembered seeing a white man before, and then I learned that perhaps twenty years previously a man like myself *had* made his appearance in those regions, and had died a few months afterwards, before the wife who, according to custom, was allotted to him gave birth to the half-caste baby girl, who was now a woman before me. They never knew the white stranger's name nor where he came from. The girl, by the way, was by no means good looking, and her skin was decidedly more black than white; I could tell by her hand, however, that she was a half-caste.

On the strength of our supposed affinity, she was offered to me as a wife, and I accepted her, more as a help for Yamba than anything else; she was called Iniga. Yamba, by the way, was anxious that I should possess at least half-a-dozen wives, partly because this circumstance would be more in keeping with my rank. I did not fall in with the idea. I had

I Discover a
Half-Caste
Girl.

"Come and
Be Our
Chief."

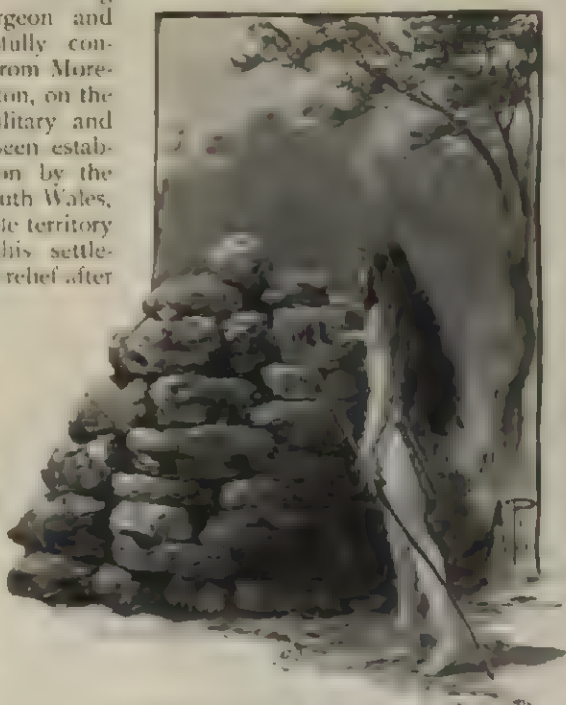
enough to do already to maintain my authority among the tribe at large, and did not care to have to rule in addition half-a-dozen women in my own establishment. This tribe always lingers in my memory, on account of the half caste girl, whom I now believe to have been the daughter of Ludwig Leichhardt, the lost Australian explorer. Mr. Giles says: "Ludwig Leichhardt was a surgeon and botanist, who successfully conducted an expedition from Moreton Bay to Port Essington, on the northern coast. A military and penal settlement had been established at Port Essington by the Government of New South Wales, to which colony the whole territory then belonged. At this settlement — the only point of relief after **eighteen months'** travel — Leichhardt and his exhausted party arrived.

"Of Leichhardt's sad fate in the interior of Australia no certain tidings have ever been heard. I, who have wandered into and returned alive from the curious regions he attempted and died to explore, have unfortunately never come across a single record or any remains or traces of the party."

Leichhardt started on his last sad venture with a party of eight, including one or two native black boys. They had with them about twenty head of bullocks broken in to carry pack loads. "My first and second expeditions," says Giles, "were conducted entirely with horses, but in all subsequent journeys I was accompanied by camels." His object, like that of Leichhardt, was to force his way across the thousand miles of country that lay untrodden and unknown between the Australian telegraph line and the settlements upon the Swan River. And Giles remarks that the exploration of 1,000 miles in Australia is equal to at least 10,000 miles on any other part of the earth's surface, always excepting the Poles.

I continued residing on the shores of the lagoon in the hope that my patient would eventually recover, when I proposed continuing my stay he was still quite unable to do so, although he was for

ever mentioning the names of persons and places unknown to me, and he constantly spoke about some exploring party. He never asked me questions, nor did he get into serious trouble with the natives, being privileged. He never developed any dangerous vices, but was simply childlike and imbecile.



¹ I DISCOVER A CROWN OF THORN THAT STINGS.

Gradually I had noticed that, instead of becoming stronger, he was fading away. He was constantly troubled with a most distressing complaint, and in addition to this he would be seized with fits of depression, when he would remain in his hut for days at a time without venturing out. I always knew what was the matter with him when he was not to be seen. Sometimes I would go in to see him and try and cheer him up, but usually it was a hopeless effort on my part. But I was not fond of visiting him *chez lui*. His dwelling place — well, the least said about it the better.

Of course he had a wife given him, who acted as a nurse, and this young person seemed to consider him quite an ordinary specimen of the white man. Indeed, she was vastly flattered, rather than otherwise, by the attentions lavished upon her husband by her people. One reason for this treatment was that she was considered a privileged person to be related in any way to one whom the natives regard as almost a demigod. She looked after him too, and kept his hut as clean as possible. One morning something happened. The girl came running for me to go to her hut, and there lay the mysterious stranger apparently stretched out for dead. I soon realized that he was in a fit of some kind.

I now approach the momentous time when this unfortunate man recovered his senses. When he regained consciousness after the fit Yamba and I were with him, and so was his wife. I had not seen him for some days, and was much shocked at the change that had taken

place. He was ghastly pale and very much emaciated. I knew that death was at hand.

Just as he regained consciousness—I can see the picture now: yes, we were all around his fragrant couch of eucalyptus leaves waiting for him to open his eyes—he gazed at me in a way that thrilled me strangely, and *I knew I was looking at a sane white man.* His first questions were "Where am I? Who are you?" Bager and trembling I knelt down beside him and told him the long and strange story of how I had found him, and how he had now been living with me nearly two years. I pointed



FIGURE 1. I KNELT DOWN BESIDE HIM.

out to him our faithful Bruno, who had often taken him for long walks and brought him back safely, and who had so frequently driven away from him deadly snakes and warned him when it was time to turn back. I told him he was in the centre of Australia, and then I told in brief my own extraordinary story. I sent Yamba to our shelter for the letter I had found in his tracks, and I read it aloud to him. He never told me who the writer of it was. He listened to all that I had to tell him with an expression of amazement, which soon gave place to one of weariness—the weariness of utter weakness. He asked me to carry him outside into the sun, and I did so, afterwards squatting down beside him and opening up another conversation. He then told me his name was Gibson, and that he had been a member of the Giles Expedition of 1874.

From that moment I never left him night or day. He told me much about that expedition which I can never reveal, for I do not know whether he was lying or raving. He seemed to know full well that he was dying, and the thought seemed to please him rather than otherwise. He appeared to me to be too tired, too weary to live—that was the predominant symptom.

I introduced Yamba to him, and we did everything we possibly could to cheer him, but he gradually sank lower and lower. I would say, "Cheer up, Gibson. Why, when you are able to walk we will make tracks straightway for civilization. I am sure you know the way, for now you are as right as I am." But nothing interested the dying man. Shortly before the end his eyes assumed a strained look, and I could see he was rapidly going. The thought of his approaching end was to me a relief; it would be untrue if I were to say otherwise. For weeks past I had seen that the man could not live, and considering that every day brought its battle for life, you will readily understand that this poor, helpless creature was a terrible burden for me. He had such a tender skin that at all times I was obliged to keep him clothed. For some little time his old shirt and trousers did duty, but at length I was compelled to make him a suit of skins. Of course, we had no soap with which to wash his garments, but we used to clean

them after a fashion by dumping them down into a kind of greasy mud and then tramping on them, afterwards rinsing them out in water. Moreover, his feet were so tender that I always had to keep him shod with skin sandals. His death-bed was a dramatic scene, especially under the circumstances. Poor Gibson! To think that he should have escaped death after those fearful waterless days and nights in the desert, to live for two years with a white man and then die of a wasting and distressing disease!

He spent the whole day in the open air, for he was very much better when in the sun; and at night I carried him back into his hut, and laid him in the hammock which I had long ago slung for him. Yamba knew he was dying even before I did, but she could do nothing.

We tried the effect of the curious herb "pitchori," but it did not revive him.

Vain Efforts.

"Pitchori," by the way, is a kind of leaf which the natives chew in moments of depression, and which has an exhilarating effect upon them.

On the last day I once more made up a bed of eucalyptus leaves and rugs on the floor of Gibson's hut. Surrounding him at the last were his wife—a very good and faithful girl—Yamba, myself, and Bruno—who, by the way, knew full well that his friend was dying. He kept hcking poor Gibson's hand and chest, and then finding no response he would nestle up close to him for half an hour at a time. Then the affectionate creature would retire outside and set up a series of low, melancholy howls, only to run in again with hope renewed.

Poor Gibson! The women folk were particularly attached to him because he never went out with the men, or with me, on my various excursions, but remained behind in their charge. Sometimes, however, he would follow at our

me. And so Gibson did not, as I at one time feared would be the case, pass away into the Great Beyond carrying with him the secret of his identity. Looking at him as he lay back among the eucalyptus leaves, pale and emaciated, I knew the end was now very near.

I knelt beside him holding his hand, and at length, with a great effort, he turned towards me and said, feebly,

"Can you hear anything?" I listened intently, and at last was compelled to reply that I did not. "Well," he said, "I hear someone talking. I think the voices of my friends are calling me." I fancied that the poor fellow was wandering in his mind again, but still his eyes did not seem to have that vacant gaze I had previously noticed in them. He was looking steadily at me, and he seemed to divine my thoughts, for he smiled sadly and said, "No, I know what I am saying. I can hear them singing, and they are calling me away. They have come for me at last!"



THE END OF THE ADVENTURE.

heels as faithfully and instinctively as Bruno himself. For the past two years Bruno and Gibson had been inseparable, sleeping together at night, and never parting for a moment the whole day long. Indeed, I am sure Bruno became more attached to Gibson than he was to

His thin face brightened up with a slow, sad smile, which soon faded away, and then, giving my hand a slight pressure, he whispered almost in my ear, as I bent over him, "Good bye, comrade, I'm off. You will come too, some day." And so Gibson passed peacefully away.

(To be continued.)

The Oyster Parks of Arcachon

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

A day with the red-breeched fish-wives of Arcachon, and a glimpse of the most remunerative kind of "farming" in the world.



From a distance a view of the oyster parks at Arcachon, where the women crouch in the ebb. (Vivian)

AN oyster is by no means the degraded, undeveloped creature that many imagine it to be. Though it possesses neither head nor feet, it has a mouth and even a tongue, a set of nerves, and complete breathing and digestive systems. Its method of propagation is also exceedingly ingenious. It does not need to be married or given in marriage, but presents the world, or rather the sea, with millions of young fry every year unaided. One result of this is that the breed cannot be altered or improved by artificial means. The only possible development is by diet and natural surroundings. The only attempts at classification have depended upon differences of shape, but they have not been very successful owing to the perplexing infinity of differences in all oysters, even in the same beds. A cultivator at Arcachon told me that it would be far easier to know oysters apart than a shepherd finds it to tell his sheep.

The oyster breeds from the beginning of May to the end of August, and it is, therefore, no fiction that she must only be eaten when there is an "r" in the month. Unlike most of the inhabitants of the sea, she cherishes her young until they have acquired a considerable degree of development. When they are about a month

old, they leave their home in the parent shell and wander off to set up on their own account. They start out provided with a projecting limb, which serves them not only as a paddle, but as eye, ear, and nose all in one. It is one of the most fascinating diversions imaginable to watch through a microscope a drop of water containing thousands of these little beings, who rush about at a great pace, without ever coming into collision with one another. When at last they have settled upon their quarters for the rest of their lives, they shed their limb and proceed to develop the various organs which they will need during their sedentary existence. Their growth is then very rapid, and by the time they reach the age of three years they are generally quite fit for the table.

When left to themselves, they naturally do not attain to the perfection and multitude obtainable by scientific culture. Parasites bore holes in their shells and stab them to death, while crabs, starfish, dogfish, and innumerable other greedy creatures lie in wait to devour them. An old oyster, dragged up out of the sea, is prodigious in size, but scarcely more appetizing than leather; and even young three-year-olds depend very much on their diet for their succulence. The ancient Romans

had a plan for fattening oysters, but it seems to have been quite elementary, and they had no notion of preparing the green oysters, which are now considered the greatest dainty of all. These, and indeed perfect oysters on anything like a large scale, are only to be obtained by patience and method. The preparation of the famous Marennes or green oysters depends chiefly on the selection of a bed covered with a thin layer of green sea-weed. In ordinary oyster-beds the sea is freely admitted, but here only at new moon and full moon, and then only to a limited extent. The process of colouring takes about a month, or less in stormy

keepers, who are here to maintain unceasing vigilance against the depredations of possible poachers, both human and marine. They are all expert oyster growers, and occupy themselves as much with the cultivation as with the protection of the beds. So we will row straight up to one of their arks and beg initiation into the mysteries of the craft. This is a part of the country where the old traditions of French politeness have lingered longest, and we may rely upon a friendly welcome. Oyster-culture, the keeper tells us, is now very like ordinary agriculture, except that it is far more profitable. Indeed, from the statistics he furnishes, the



L'ÉCLAIR

OYSTER BEDS, THE GAS CHIMNEY, AND THE BAY.

L'ÉCLAIR

weather. There is a fanciful legend that the green is due to a solution of copper derived from the wrecks of the Atlantic, but this is all nonsense. Indeed, the neighbourhood of copper is excessively dangerous, and oysters which have taken up their home on the hulls of copper-clad ships are very poisonous.

Let us now proceed to inspect the great headquarters of the oyster world at Arcachon, which supply all the best markets of the world. It may be called the French Bournemouth, with its array of pretty villas, nestling among the pine trees and sandy dunes beside a smiling lagoon. Dotted about upon the water are some hundred little wooden house-boats, evidently modelled upon Noah's Ark. They are the dwellings of the watchmen, or

only wonder is that, in these days of depression, everyone does not turn oyster-grower. All that you need is a strip of beach and a small, efficient staff of labourers, and the returns cannot fail to be quick and prodigious. Remembering that each mother-oyster has a family of over a million every year, the possible multiplication is nothing less than staggering. Of course, there are good and bad years, and accidents may happen even in the best regulated oyster-beds, but the statistics of Arcachon are sufficiently encouraging. In 1860 the exports amounted to 19 million oysters at £1,120; in 1880 they had risen to 195 millions at £192,000; and in 1894 to nearly 412 millions. It is calculated that to prepare a bed in an unfavourable locality

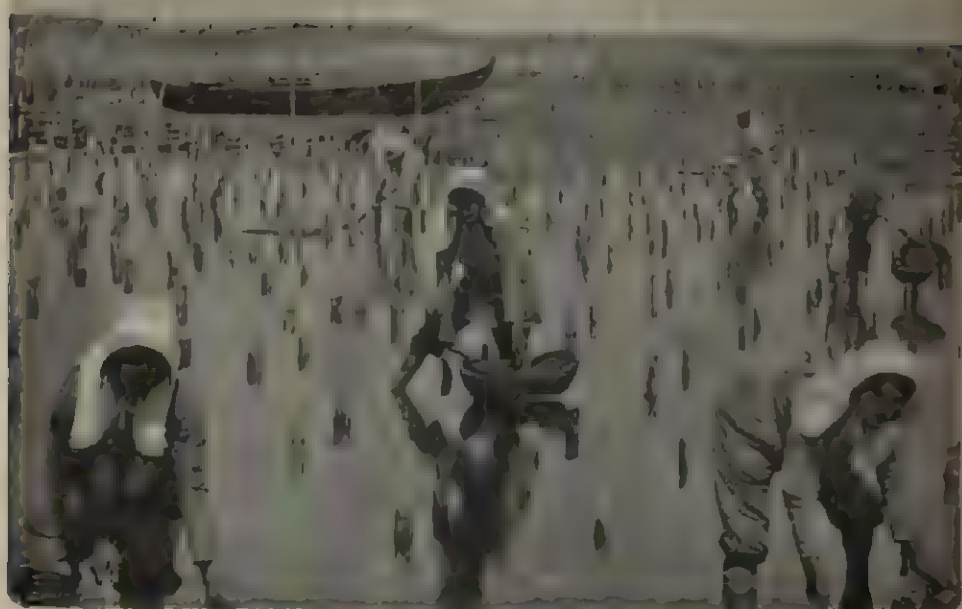


FIG. 41

THE OYSTER BEDS, PORTLAND, NEW HAMPSHIRE

17 Years

and stock it with half a million mother oysters requires a capital of £1,200, the return on which at the end of three years will be 5 million oysters ready for sale at £8,000, which should satisfy even the most greedy speculator.

It is now low tide, and we may watch all the men, women, and children at work. We shall be most struck by the costume of the fish wives, who make up the greater number of the labourers. As skirts would seriously impede their operations, they have adopted a very advanced form of "rational" dress, and disport themselves, not only among the oyster beds, but at all times, even when they stroll about the town, in short knickerbockers of the brightest scarlet, which glisten from afar in the sunshine. They are by no means destitute of coquetry, these ladies, and they affect very becoming white sun-bonnets or large straw wide-awakes. They generally bare the lower part of their legs when they go into the water, but the men prefer thick waterproof leggings. Some of the women, however, imitate this masculine fashion also and don heavy top-boots, which go to complete one of the most extraordinary forms of female costume which may be seen anywhere. In the case of the younger women the result is piquant and by no means unpleasing, but some of the older ones strike you as most formidable viragoes.

The keeper draws our attention to the agricultural appearance of the scene. From a dis-

tance the groups might be mistaken for gleaners in a harvest field. Oysters, like corn, are sowed, and pruned, and reaped; and, on closer acquaintance, we find the bottom of the water all parcelled out into squares and provided with footpaths, just like an allotment field. And, as on land, success depends on a knowledge of the soil. Some portions of the sea-bottom are better suited to certain purposes than others. Here we find an inclosure which looks as though it were used as storing place for ordinary roofing tiles. A red-breeched damsel obligingly fishes up a tile for our inspection, and we notice that it is thickly studded with little round, greyish marks resembling a growth of lichen. These are, each of them, baby oysters. In the natural condition an immense proportion of them would have settled themselves upon unsuitable soil and soon come to an untimely end. Finding, however, an array of tiles obligingly spread out for their reception, they hastened to establish themselves there and thrive exceedingly. You are told that they will not come readily to a tile unless it is covered with perfectly clean, bright cement, which sounds very dainty and fastidious on their part, but as a matter of fact the cement is really put there for quite another purpose. When they are eight or ten months old, they have to be scraped off, and this would be far more difficult if they were attached directly to the tiles. After the process of weaning, so to speak, they are



[Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page]

out in a bed of their own, where they remain for over two years, until they are fit for the market. Old oyster-shells are often used instead of tiles, and prove excellent collectors.

The process of oyster growing sounds delightfully simple, but it is one that requires an infinity of small attentions. The red legged women are seen for ever wading about and plying their toylike rakes, or skimming over the soft mud in their racket-shaped foot-gear, known as *falms* or skates, but really constructed on the principle of the Scandinavian snow shoe. The oysters seem to need as careful watching as if they were likely to wander off and be lost. Moreover, it is necessary to be always on the alert against raids by their natural enemies. The dogfish is an especially hardened offender, and regular patrols have to be erected all round the beds to keep him out. One of these, photographed by moonlight, makes a weirdly fantastic picture.

The hardest work has to be done between September and July. Every spare moment must be devoted to weeding, not to hoeing, for the analogy of agriculture is not itself all through dig and transfer of soil.

and providing sea water for certain beds at low tide. Then there is the process of fattening, especially necessary for the mother oysters when the months resume their "r's." And those oysters which do not seem to be thriving where they are must be transferred to pastures new. Skill is also necessary in deciding which oysters are ready for the table, as many of them take a fancy to grow up much more slowly than others.

The idea of systematic cultivation is comparatively new. It came to a Frenchman named Costa in the year 1857, when the natural oyster beds of the coast had begun to run out after years of reckless depredations on the part of the fisher-folk. He was ridiculed at first when he asserted that the sea was as capable of cultivation as the land, but he contrived to gain the ear of the authorities, and soon transformed the oyster trade of the whole world. If only someone would devise a plan for conveying oysters alive over long distances, the work would be complete, and we might almost hope to share the choice privilege of Arcachon, where excellent oysters are to be purchased for *tenpence a hundred!* Until then, however, we must be content to pay our 3s. a dozen, and rejoice that this exquisite dainty remains obtainable at any price.



Linn. & Schreb. in M. J. Hoffmann's



NO. 1. THE SCENIC VIEW, GREAT FALL, ENGLISH LAKE AND
View of English Lake, Great Falls, English Lake, New York

Rock Climbing in Great Britain.

By GEORGE AND ASHLEY P. ABRAHAM.

Two well-known climbers (who are also expert and artistic photographers) give us the benefit of their own personal experiences, and illustrate their remarks with a set of beautiful and impressive photographs.



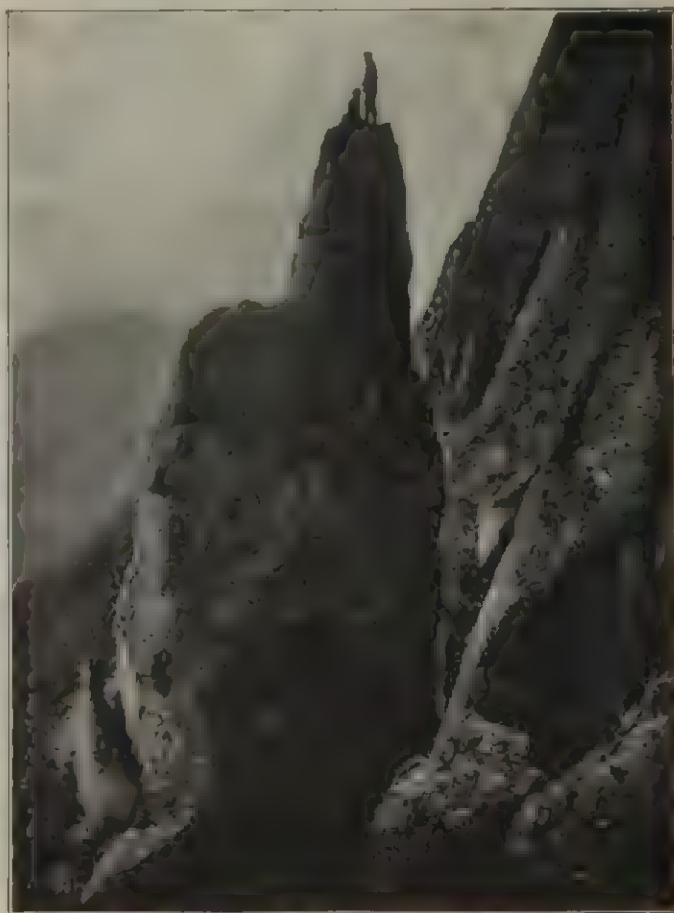
N this article we wish first of all to deal with the English Lakeland. A well-known mountaineer has said that "Alpine climbers of the highest rank are born, not made." Be that as it may, our British mountains have helped to make some of the very finest climbers of the day, and the present popularity of our own hills augurs well for the mountaineering skill of the future. Of course we have no glacier practice in Great Britain, and the snow and ice work is hardly first-class; still, the rock climbing, though on a small scale, is as good probably as may be had anywhere.

To the rock climbers who, for various reasons, cannot reach the great "European playground" of Switzerland, the massive buttresses of Cumberland and Wales and the shattered ridges and pinnacles of Skye will serve to satisfy them as well as convince them that the home land is worth supporting, and has many substantial advantages from the climber's point of view.

In the English Lakeland, and principally that part of it which embraces the south western portion of Cumberland, every possible and well nigh impossible route has been fully explored and worked out by some of the most expert cragsmen. The result of this is a very high standard of difficulty, as well as varied choice of routes, suitable alike to the novice or the expert. The various districts have their own particular climbing centres; and Wastdale Inn, for the Cumberland Hills, occupies a unique position at the head of the Wastdale Valley, with a magnificent array of rock peaks within easy distance.

Looking north-east from the old Wastdale Inn, with its pleasant associations of Christopher North, De Quincey, and other early lovers of the mountains, there are fine views of the Great Gable,

probably the best "all round" mountain in the Lake district. The Napes, on the south west face of this mountain, can also be well seen from here; and the subjects of our first six illustrations are situated amongst these crags. The walk from Wastdale to the foot of the Napes takes from one to two hours, according to the various little failings of the different members of the party; and, after toiling up long grass slopes varied with loose stones and scree where one takes two steps up and seems to come three down, the subject of our first illustration is passed on our left hand.



THE GREAT GABLE, FROM THE NAPPES.
From a Photo by Messrs. Abraham & Co., Keswick.



NO. 1. A CHRISTMAS ASPECT OF THE SALES VALLEY, GREAT GABLE.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Atkinson & Co., Glasgow.

Although we are really *en route* for the Needle, some may like to stop and have a look at this curiously shaped rock—the "Sphinx," shown in the frontispiece to this article. The rock is comparatively small; indeed, a member of the Alpine Club tells us sarcastically that it is rather bad to find if the grass is at all long! Still, some very fair climbers have experienced difficulty in surmounting the "Sphinx." Continuing at the foot of the crags at about the same level as the "Sphinx," we round a great buttress of rock and have an excellent view of the subject of our search, "The Napes Needle," seen in photograph No. 2.

The third illustration was taken from here on Christmas Day, 1896, and the details of this most interesting rock are well seen from this side. The most obvious and best way to climb it is up the crack so plainly seen running up the centre of the rock. The lower part is easy, but when



THE NAPES NEEDLE, CO. DUBLIN.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Vershaffel & Co.,
London.



THE SPHINX, CO. DUBLIN.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Vershaffel & Co.,
London.

the point where the second climber is standing is reached, the hand and foot holds seem to vanish, and one has to fix his left knee well into the crack and work upward, supported principally by friction.

About 10 ft. above the crack we climb on to the "shoulder" seen in the second photograph, without much difficulty, and then around the corner where the fourth figure in that illustration is seen sitting. At this place there is plenty of room for three or four climbers to wait whilst the leader negotiates the upper part.

The second photograph reproduced gives a good idea of this "shoulder" and the last very difficult part on to the top, which



FIG. 3. KERN KNOTT'S CRACK, GREAT GABLE.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Bonham & Co., Newcastle.

demands considerable skill and ability to balance. There is a narrow ledge about as high as one's chest, and the old problem of climbing on to a very narrow mantelshelf gives perhaps the best idea of the difficulty. The lower figure in the illustration shows how this part is commenced.

In the next photograph reproduced (No. 4) we have a good idea of the great overhanging boulder forming the summit of the Needle, and, though from here it looks so dangerously insecure, we are told by geologists that it has been so for many hundreds of years, so that its descent at any fixed date need not be feared. Commencing from where the Needle joins the main mass of the mountain, there is a very interesting climb leading directly to the summit of Great Gable by way of what is called Napes Ridge. The figures in this illustration (No. 5) show the route usually followed, and the steep slab which the bottom climber is just commencing is probably the most difficult part of the whole ascent.

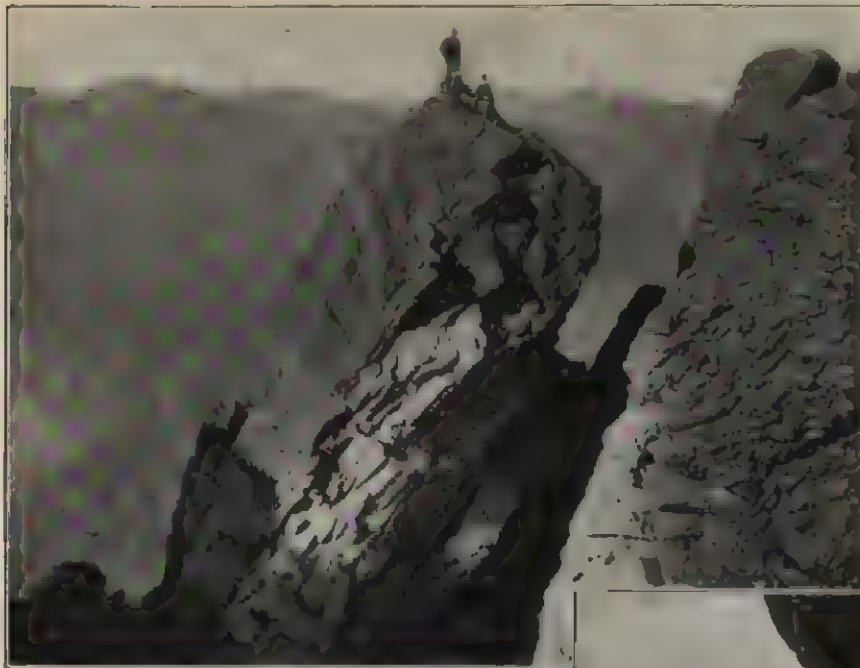
But undoubtedly the *passé* *ascension* on Great Gable is the Kern Knott's Crack (seen in the accompanying photograph No. 6) which has been recommended by Mr. Owen Glynn Jones, who quite recently made the first ascent, as excellent practice for the far famed Grépon Crack in the Alps. The lowest entrance to the crack is not very satisfactory, on account of the looseness of the rocks, but scrambling round the corner to the right the route lies up the almost vertical rock until the crack is reached just below the conspicuous recess seen in the illustration, which is just large enough to accommodate two men. The climb directly above the recess to where the lower figure is situated is perhaps as difficult as anything yet climbed in Cumberland. Having got the second man firmly placed, the leader proceeds to wriggle straight up the crack with his back against the left wall. After a severe struggle he can use the second man's shoulder for a foot-hold, and so just reach a small stone wedged in the crack.

Now, this is the crucial test, there being practically no foot-hold on the rocks and no hand-hold but the little wedged stone. The question is, Will it hold one's weight till a corner directly above can be reached? At any rate,

one hopes so, and swings boldly out on it, and then, with a steady hoist on the arms, a firm hold is gained and a sensational struggle ensues, until the crack widens sufficiently to accommodate the body of the climber. The upper part of the crack is much easier, as one can keep right inside it till the top is reached.

But perhaps, for continuously difficult climbing, the crags of Scafell are unsurpassed in England. The Scafell Pinnacle (No. 7) occupies the central position of honour near the summit of these crags, and the rock scenery in its vicinity is of the most striking character. On the left of the illustration the crags fall sheer into Deep Ghyll, that magnificent rock couloir which seems to cleave in twain the "mighty face of Scafell," whilst on the other side Steep Ghyll, with its dangerous slabs and chimneys, demands climber's most respectful attention, as with utmost skill.

There are two principal routes



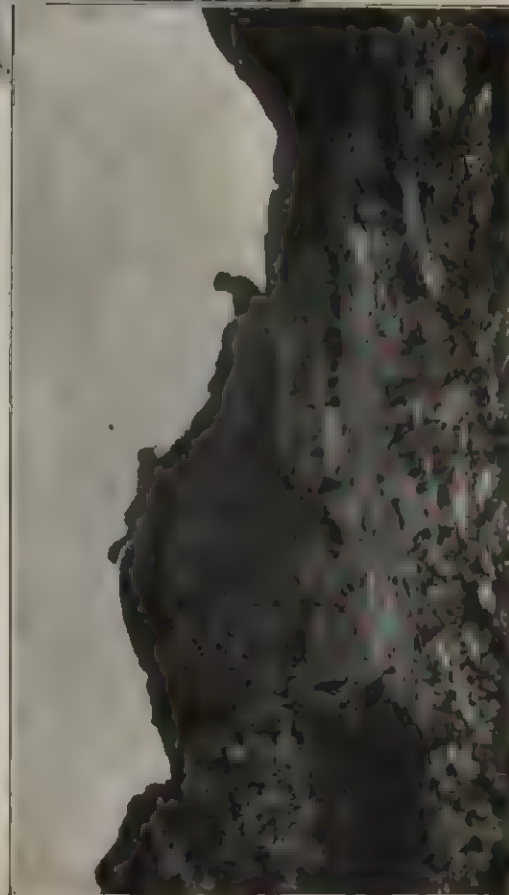
NO. 7.—THE SCAFFELL PINNACLE.

From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham & Co., Newcastle.

ful pinnacle: one, the easy way up, lies round the corner of the "Gap" seen on the right of the photograph (No. 7), whilst the more difficult *arête* climb leads up the outside edge of the rock on the left, and commences about 500ft. below. Despite various insinuations to the contrary, mountaineers are not altogether beyond the "finer feelings," for even the Cumberland crags abound in Scriptural names. In the photo. of Scafell Pinnacle, "Pisgah" is the name borne by the rock seen on the right, whilst "Jordan Gap" is below, and the two climbers are enjoying the sunshine afforded by the "Promised Land." On the other side of the valley in a northerly direction lies the Pillar Mountain, with its far-famed Pillar Rock (No. 8), which was long considered inaccessible. However, the only side of the "rock" which retained its reputation for inaccessibility until quite recently was the long side facing north, and illustration No. 8 shows the *mauvais pas* of this route. Many climbers were successful in gaining the base of the "Nose," but it was not until 1891 that the entire obstacle was first overcome.

A strong party of Alpine men, led by one who knew more about this side of the Pillar Rock than anyone else, conceived the happy idea of lowering a man over the unclimbable precipice into what is called Savage Gully. From here a *détour* was made, and by the aid

of a series of grass ledges the top of the Nose was reached from the other side, and—as is seen in the illustration—a rope was lowered and the other climbers reached the top by its assistance. Above this point the climb to the "summit" is much easier, but some care is needed both in language and action in case the leading members of the party



NO. 8.—THE NOSE, PILLAR MOUNTAIN, CUMBRIA.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham & Co., Newcastle.

should test the soundness of their lower friends' skulls and tempers by upsetting the loose stones which abound on the way up.

The ridge of the Pillar Mountain is soon reached from the rock, and a glorious panorama of hoary-headed mountains hurled together in wild confusion is spread before the conquering climbers, and offering almost endless opportunities for practising every phase of the cragsman's art. But perchance the evening shadows are chasing the daylight higher up the lonely mountain valleys, and the red sunset glow on distant sea and lake and the filmy evening mist gathering on Mickle-dore make even Scafell's grim crags "a sight to delight in"; and the whole sublime spectacle is one that well repays the climber for all his arduous and dangerous toil. This is the invariable conclusion that the cragsman comes to as he wends his way back to Wasdale, and soon finds himself back again in comparative civilization.

We next have to consider North Wales as a field for the intrepid rock climber. The high fells of North Wales, with Snowdon, the queen of British mountains, as their centre, are becoming worthy rivals of the more northerly mountains, which lie farther away from the great centres of population. Although the climbing in this district is, probably, not quite so advanced in difficulty as amongst the Cumberland rocks, anyone who, during the season, has dodged the almost continuous rattle of ginger-bread bottles down the magnificent northern precipice of Snowdon—not to mention the chance of a wandering locomotive from the mountain railway—will agree that there are several unique and dangerous points about Welsh climbing. The classical old inn near the top of Llanberis Pass, with the almost unpronounceable name, is known to climbers

as P. Y. G. (Penygwydd), and this, as a centre, is unequalled for either the Iryan district or the 'Horse shoe of Snowdon.

Perhaps the finest rock climbs in all Wales are found on Lhwedd, the stupendous eastern buttress of Snowdon, which, in grandeur of rock scenery, almost excels its much desecrated but shapely neighbour. The main precipice of

Lhwedd faces almost due north, and the details of the various rhinds are well seen from the ordinary track up Snowdon by way of Llanberis Pass. There are three couloirs of forbidding aspect, but varying difficulty, and our next illustration shows one of the difficulties in the central gully, which is perhaps the most popular climb here. The entire height of this climb is about 800ft., and at one part the couloir is left, and a traverse made out on to the right-hand buttress (No. 9); and from the spot where the figures are seen in the view the climb becomes both difficult and sensational, until some grass ledges are reached, about 150ft. higher. Looking from the summit of this climb across the valley, with the rippling waters of Llyn Llydaw 1,000ft. below, we see in the distance the ridge of Crib-goch.

Our next photograph (No. 10) shows the

prominent outlying pinnacle on that ridge, which is known as the "Crazy Pinnacle," and certainly, from some points of view, it assumes some most fantastic shapes. The climb up the outside arete from Cwm Glas is of great interest, and no inconsiderable difficulty; the short route from where the pinnacle joins the ridge on the right might well be called the easy way up.

Supposing we have descended from Crib-goch to the Old Inn on Llanberis, after partaking of the famous "P. Y. G. pudding" with satisfaction, and enjoying a pleasant evening with some of the kindred spirits who visit



THE CLIMB UP THE CENTRAL GULLY OF LHWEDD (SNOWDON), NORTH WALES.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Aldrich & Co., Newcastle.



NO. 10.—THE CRAZY PINNACLE, CRUG GOR.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham & Co., Newport.

Penygwryd, we can spend a glorious day amongst the wild recesses of Y-Tryfan.

The eastern side of this mountain offers best sport to the cragsman, and the accompanying illustration (No. 11) shows the kind of pinnacles which abound all along the main ridges, and which, if climbed direct, will satisfy the most ardent expert in rock-work. There are numerous other climbs round P. Y. G., and on a wet day there are famous rocks within 200yds. of the inn where the enthusiast can scramble and scratch until his tattered garments and hands remind him of the claims of respectability.

For these climbers who love to explore comparatively new ground, the crags of Cader Idris, near Dolgelly, will offer grand opportunities. Here are gullies and arêtes galore, many of them yet unclimbed; and the combination of rock and lake scenery

especially above Llyn-y-Cae is really magnificent. On the side of Cader Idris, facing Dolgelly, the Cyfrwy Arêtes rise from near the margin of Llyn-y-Gader, their broken ridges and detached pinnacles suggesting innumerable opportunities of ascent.

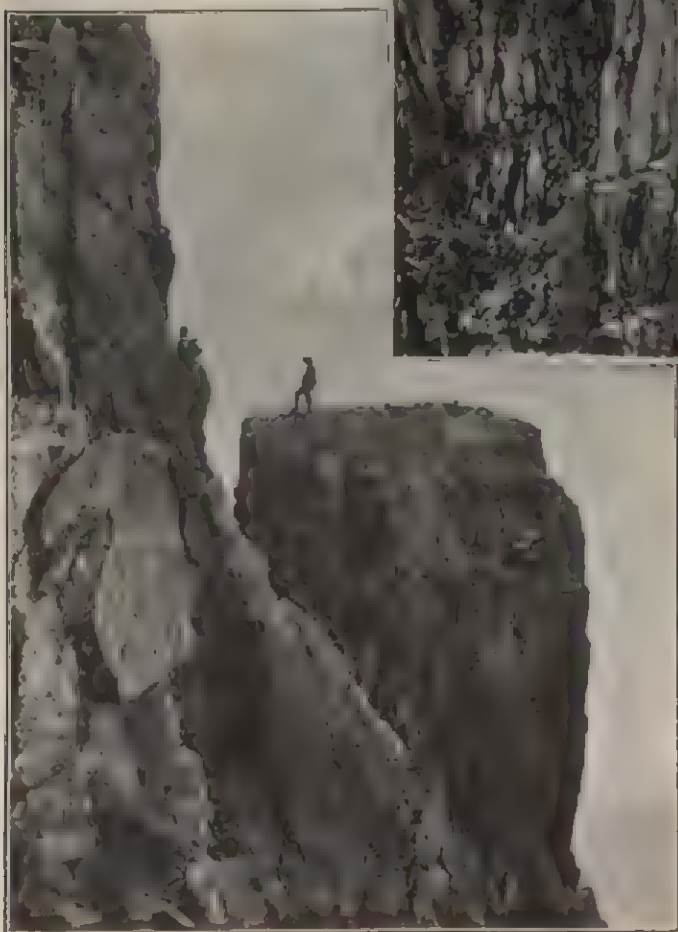
The most interesting part of the principal Cyfrwy Arête is where a great rock buttress (called "The Table") stands out from the ridge and forms a fine piece of crag-work. The next photograph we reproduce shows "The Table" in profile (No. 12), and the sensational climb from the notch behind it straight up the arête to where the leading climber is seen is a particularly enjoyable piece of climbing, where the arms do most of the work: the rock is



NO. 11.—PINNACLE IN NEW ARÉT, NEW ARÉT, NEW ARÉT.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham & Co., Newport.

steep, but the holds are excellent.

The same part of the climb taken from "The Table" is depicted in the illustration we have next to consider (No. 13). The upper figure has passed the difficult part, and is in a good position to assist his companions with the rope. Above the top of the illustration the climb continues for about 200ft., and at one place, where a little chimney blocks the way, considerable care is necessary. There are many more climbs on and around Cader Idris where most climbers will enjoy the grandeur and beauty of the scenery and experience something of the great and lasting charms of mountaineering.



NO. 12. CRYWY ARTH, SHOWING THE CLIMB.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham & Co. Swansea.



NO. 13. CRYWY ARTH, FROM
"THE TABLE."
From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham & Co.
Swansea.

"Yes, I must admit that, within my experience, the rocks climbed in Cumberland and Westmorland surpass any others in difficulty; but, for real mountaineering combined with good rock climbing, the Coolin Hills, in the Isle of Skye, stand pre-eminent in the British Islands."

Such were the words of an eminent member of the Alpine Club to us one morning at the little inn at Wastdale. The speaker was a man who has made many "first ascents" in Cumberland, and has also done much to make the Coolins known. His climber and the publications of the Scottish Mountaineering Club created an intense longing for a



NO. 14.—CLIMBING IN SKYE. "THE GENDARME," WESTERN RIDGE,
SGURR-NAN-GILLEAN.

From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham & Co., Newcastle.

closer acquaintance with those "jagged ridges," with the result that, along with two other enthusiasts, we found ourselves set down at the little inn at Sligichan, in Skye, at 3 a.m. one misty morning in May. Awakening at about 6 a.m. from slumbers troubled with dreams of wonderful, impossible rock peaks, we jumped out of bed and hastened to the window expecting to get our first view of the Coolins, but to our disappointment we found that the "Island of Mist" was maintaining its reputation, for the whole surroundings were enveloped in a dense, white fog. However, we called the others and, after a hurried breakfast, set out for Sgurr nan Gillean, 3,167 ft. high, shapeiest of all the Coolins. It was our intention to climb straight up the "Pinnacle Ridge" (a huge rib of rock split up into pinnacles) and then descend by the "Gully" into Blasteir Corrie, and so on in the evening.

Now, it is a very easy thing to sit over a nice warm breakfast and decide what has to be done, but by the time we had been tramping over the heather for about two miles in what our hostess told us was the right direction, we began to talk of trying something less ambitious — the result of being partially out of training owing to three days' travelling. However, just when we were discussing these things the mist suddenly broke in front of us, revealing our peak in all its glory. No longer was there any talk of curtailing our day's work. New life seemed to be put into us, and with wild hurrahs we hurried over the remaining heather and struck the rocks just as the last remnant of mist was dispersed by the sun and a gentle breeze.

There is no need to dwell on the incidents of that fine rock scramble over the pinnacles; suffice it to say that our first acquaintance with the rocks of Skye was a very happy one, and that we reached the summit of Sgurr nan Gillean well pleased with the climb, with ourselves, and more especially with the view, which, looking southward, disclosed the entire ridge of the Coolins, with its shattered edges, bare slabs, and gaunt black precipices, backed in the far distance by the sea and light vapours which hung over it.

The contrast between the shifting, filmy sea mists and the still black mountains was simply wonderful; and it was with a feeling of deep regret that we left such a scene. But the Western Ridge, with its "Gendarme," or policeman, yet remained to be climbed in our descent, so we packed up the remains of our lunch, and, scrambling down over fairly easy rocks, came to the subject of our next illustration. It takes its name from the fact that it stands at the narrowest portion of the ridge, apparently guarding the way. It appears a very formidable obstacle — so much so, indeed, that we talked of retreating by the way we had come, without even giving it a trial.

However, after a little consultation, we put on the rope and decided to try it. We made ourselves firm to the rocks above, whilst our leader climbed down and along the ridge till we touched the "Gendarme" — the upright rock with the figure on the top, as seen in our



NO. 15.—DESCENDING A GAP IN THE RIDGE ON MOUNT
MHAIDACH.

From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham & Co., Kerwick.

photograph (No. 14). Then, steadying himself into an upright position, he got the "guardian of the peace" disrespectfully round the neck, and swung himself round to the other side. He "The Gendarme," that is, did not protest; in fact, the only penalty exacted by him was some slight portions of clothing which some of his many little roughnesses caught as our leader swung past him. The daylight showing through the ridge bears evidence to the seemingly unstable nature of the structure; and on visiting this place subsequently in a storm of wind, the whole subject of our illustration seemed to vibrate.

This is quite the *mauvais pas* of the Western Ridge, but its difficulty consists more in the feeling of insecurity one experiences on such a narrow edge than in the intrinsic difficulty of the climbing. The rest of the party having got safely over, we

descended a small chimney, and then, scrambling down over rough stones and heather for about a couple of hours, we reached our hotel at about five o'clock.

The subject of our next illustration (No. 15) is very typical of Skye climbing. It may, perhaps, be explained that the Black Coillins, roughly speaking, form one long, serrated ridge of rock; and the climbing on the ridge consists of a continued series of ascents and descents. You will go merrily along until you find yourself cut off from the next part of the ridge by a deep cleft. This has to be climbed down, and then up you go again on the other side before you can continue your course. Our illustration shows the descent of one



NO. 16.—THE "INACID" CHIMNEY OF MOUNT MHAIDACH.

From a Photo. by Messrs. Abraham & Co., Kerwick.

of these clefts, and it occurs on the mountain called Sgurr Mhadaidh. But for the excellent nature and roughness of the rocks it would be quite unclimbable. It is this ability to climb very steep places with safety that adds such a charm to the climbing in the Coolins.

But, undoubtedly, the best known rock on the ridge is the "Old Man of Skye," or "Inaccessible Pinnacle" (No. 16). It forms the summit of what was long considered the highest mountain in Skye—Sgurr Dearg, 3,255 ft in height and was given its name by the early explorers who were unable to reach its summit. It was first climbed by a party organized by the President of the Alpine Club, and though it has been ascended scores of times since, the name, "Inaccessible Pinnacle," still clings to it.

The first ascent was made from the other side, but as the side shown in our illustration is, though shorter, the more difficult of the two, we will endeavour to describe it. The route is fairly easy up to where the lower figure is standing (see illustration); but as the rock overhangs somewhat just above this, a short traverse has to be made to the left on to a fairly good foot-hold. The body has then to be drawn up on to a slab of rock about the height of one's chest, and which slopes upwards pretty considerably. This part is decidedly awkward for most people.

After a bit of very delicate balancing, however, one manages to get on to the slab and

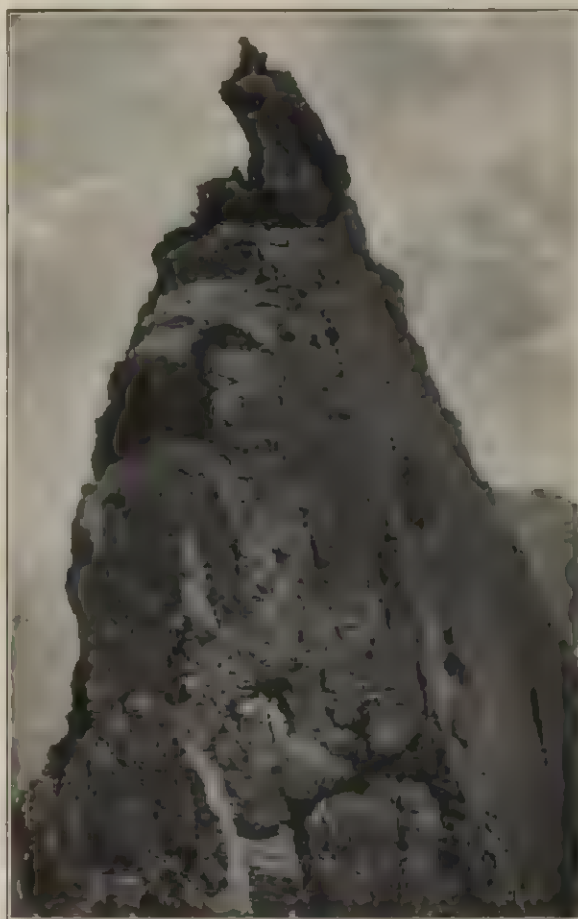
then traverse back to the right, above where the rock overhangs about 10 ft. higher than the lower figure, already referred to. The way then leads up over slabby but fairly easy rock to the summit. The route can be varied in detail; the black crack running up the left side of the

rock—as seen in the picture—affording capital sport and a pleasing variation.

The last photo. (No. 17) shows the same side of the rock in profile, with the lower figure continuing upwards after having traversed back above the overhanging part. To go from Sligichan to the top of the pinnacle and back makes anything but an easy day. In fact, to get to the southern end of the ridge near which is situated Sgurr Dearg many people pitch a tent near the shores of Loch Coruisk; the eight or ten miles each way proving too much even for enthusiastic and experienced mountaineers.

In starting from Sligichan to the commencement of the climbs, it was often borne in upon us that the way was very long and the grind sometimes uninteresting; but the

most wearisome of all was the one which faced us when we turned our backs on this most fascinating spot. It was almost as sad as when we had to leave the island altogether. The happy days spent there, however, will live on in our memories, and the charm of the Coolins will probably ere long lure us back again to their shattered ridges, gaunt, black precipices, and steep pinnacles.



NO. 17. ANOTHER VIEW OF "INACCESSIBLE PINNACLE," SGURR DEARG.
From a Photo. by Messrs. Ashdown & Co., Newcastle.

Across Europe Without a Passport,

AND WHAT I WENT THROUGH.

By DR. PERCIVAL J. W. TERNAU.

Showing the result of travelling in Eastern Europe without these indispensable documents. All about the doctor's amusing adventures, and his expedients to escape detection.



HE trouble about that wretched non-existent passport began almost directly I reached Vienna. Every one had told me I should not require a passport in Austria, and, worse luck, I had believed them. So when I received an order to present myself before the police authorities of the Josef Stadt—the district of Vienna in which I had taken lodgings—I was quite at a loss to account for the summons. My knowledge of German was then as limited as it is at present, and feeling that I was inadequately furnished with the means of either understanding or answering questions couched in that tongue, I called to my aid two other doctors who, like myself, were studying at the *Algemeine Krankenhaus*—the huge general hospital of Vienna.

One of my friends was English, the other Scotch, and as I hailed from the sister island it was a representative trio that visited the police office. Arrived there, we were shown into an ante-room, where several persons were waiting more or less fateful interviews. Conspicuous among them were two ladies of the *adventuress* type, and I grieve to state that both England and Scotland fell victims to the meretricious charms of these foreign ladies. So engrossed, in fact, did they become in guttural con-

versation, that when I was summoned to an inner room I had to face the inquisitor alone, despite the precautions I had taken.

That gentleman greeted me politely, and then demanded my passport. For this I had been prepared by my friends, and so answered by repeating the sentence which they had taught me. This was: "I have no passport."

The official understood me, which was more than I expected, but he posed me by asking, laconically, "Why not?"

My foreseeing friends had drilled into me a reply to this very question, but it was too involved and tortuous, as I told them all along,

and now in the moment of emergency I judged it safer to fall back on what I had tried before and felt thoroughly master of, and for the second time I explained, "I have no passport."

The official looked slightly annoyed as, varying his question somewhat, he demanded, "Why have you no passport?"

"I have no passport," I replied again. I knew he must find this answer monotonous, but I couldn't help that. I should gladly have been more discursive; unfortunately, I couldn't tell him so.

If he had only changed the subject I might have utilized one of the other sentences I had prepared, but he stuck to his point with irritating obstinacy: "Why have you no passport?"

"I have no passport," I persisted.

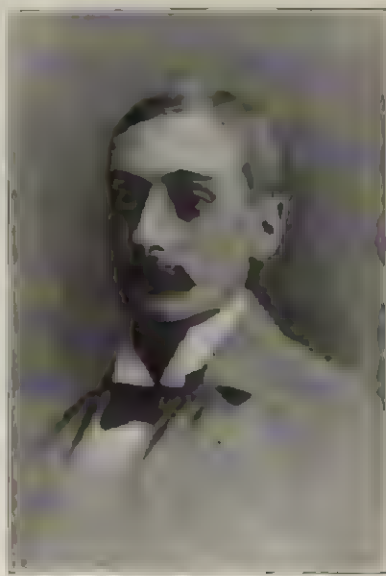
Apparently he came to the conclusion that I was deaf, for the next time he fairly shouted his inevitable question: "Why have you no passport?"

My voice rose in sympathy with his as once more I repeated, "I have no passport."

He pushed back his chair and glared at me. What he struggled to say I shall never know, for a burst of laughter from the next room suggested that our interesting conversation had been overheard and he paused.

I seized the opportunity to present him with my matriculation *karte* as a student of the Vienna University. I had brought it with me in case I should be asked what I was doing in Vienna. To my surprise, and no less to my relief, it had a decidedly calming effect on the irate official. He opened a drawer in his desk, and handed me a paper, which I recognised as the notification of my arrival in Vienna, which, according to regulations, I had sent to the police.

He drew my attention to the name I had signed, which he said was not that by which I was known. I explained, as well as I could,



THE AUTHOR DR. PERCIVAL J. W. TERNAU.
From a Photo. by Greeman & Co. Sydney.
N.S.W.

that he had misread my signature, upon which he took pen and paper and kindly showed me just how my name ought to be written. I thanked him for his thoughtfulness, and inwardly hoped I was now to escape. But, no! He proceeded to address me at some length in tones expressive of indignation. I say tones, for, unhappily, I understood very little of his impassioned oratory. From the recurrence, however, of the words "no passport," I believed he was lecturing me on my temerity in ven-

save when at rare intervals the "Express" flashed past some collection of squalid huts which it would be a misnomer to term a village. I found refuge from boredom in books, and also in the company of fellow-travellers whom I met at the excellent meals served in the dining-car.

Late in the day we crossed the Carpathians, with the aid of a second engine specially adapted for mountain work. I stood on the front platform of a carriage in the centre of the train and watched the ascent, which was achieved

by a series of wonderful curves, serpentine so that at one moment the engine seemed almost alongside of me, and at the next the tail of the train occupied a similar position. After dinner that evening, just as coffee was served, an attendant entered the dining-car and announced: "Passports, if you please, gentlemen. We are approaching the Roumanian frontier."

My fellow-travellers quickly handed over their papers, but I sat transfixed with horror. In the hurry of my departure I had completely forgotten to provide myself with a passport. At that time the usual "trouble in the Balkans" was undergoing an acute exacerbation. Suspicion was rife in the countries of Southern Europe, and the daily papers were full of details of the unpleasant treatment meted out to strangers whose papers did not quite satisfy the authorities. Triple idiot that I was! Here was I about to plunge into this political maelstrom without the protection of credentials of any kind. The attendant was waiting expectantly beside me. In my extremity I blurted out the truth in French, which was the usual language of the "Orient Express." Instantly there arose a chorus from all who heard me of "No passport!" They could not have regarded me more dubiously if I had confessed to a murder. The conductor alone remained unshocked. He stretched and said, "M'sieu has ~~but~~ is arrested."



"HE WAS LECTURING ME ON MY TEMERITY."

turing to appear before him unprotected by such an ages. No doubt he finished by warning me what to expect if I ever did such a thing again, for my ignominious retreat was accompanied by the thunders of a final "no passport!"

In the undisturbed months that followed this incident passed from my mind. At length my stay in Vienna drew to a close. One morning I was packing, preparatory to leaving for England in the evening, when a telegram was handed to me. It was from a relative in Constantinople, and summoned me thither in haste. At ten o'clock that night, instead of being on my way to England, I left Vienna by the eastward bound "Orient Express."

When I awoke next morning, after a sound sleep in a very fair bed, I found the train was rolling across the vast plains of Hungary. Hour after hour the scenery presented the same monotonous of infinite distance: an illimitable expanse of grassy steppes; a solitude unbroken by anything betokening the presence of

He probably expected I would wish to utilize this brief respite in destroying compromising documents, and discreetly left the car. I was plunged into a stupor of disgust with myself. I needed a moral tonic, and I got it. A fat young man seated opposite me at the table, whom I put down as a *commis voyageur*, attacked me furiously in German. Among other polite things, he said I was a disgrace to civilization, and that, like the rest of my detestable countrymen, I was never happy unless I was trampling under foot the laws and regulations of other countries. From this I gathered that he recognised me as an Englishman; but what stung me was his accusing me of being happy.

Blessing my recent sojourn in Vienna which enabled me to meet him with his own weapons, I flung myself upon him tooth and nail—metaphorically, be it understood. But after a few minutes of polysyllabic warfare, I reflected that quarrelling with a fat German cad would not prevent my being arrested by the Roumanian police, and so reluctantly withdrew from the encounter and sought the conductor. I found that worthy in the gangway. Perhaps he was waiting for me—who knows? At any rate, he showed no surprise when I pressed a number of "gulden" into his hand and besought his aid. His view of my future was still very gloomy, but he would confer with the "gentlemen" who were his "colleagues," and see what could be done. He was gone some time. Horror! Before he returned the engine whistled, speed slackened, and the train glided into a station. I thought the end was come, but, to my great relief, just as we stopped, my friend the conductor rushed up. He snatched my cap from me, clapped another on my head, and hissing in my ear, "You are no longer on the passenger list: you are an inspector of cars from Paris," pushed me off the train on to the station platform. I was in Roumania. I arrived there so suddenly, that the cap my friend the conductor had thrust upon me fell at my feet; it was several sizes too large.

In picking it up I observed that it was a splendid gold laced affair, with the words

"Orient Express" on the front. I began to understand the plot: as an inspector belonging to the company, I evidently was not required to have a passport. But why had the conductor harried me off the train? Could it be customary for inspectors to precipitate themselves upon their duties in such manner? If so, what were the duties expected of me? A wild idea, that perhaps I ought to tap the carriage-wheels, darted through my mind: but I had no hammer.

The little frontier railway station was fairly crowded, mostly by men in uniform, and it seemed to me that everyone was staring at me and wondering why I did not begin work. But *what* work? Looking about in desperation for any chance of escaping all those prying eyes, I saw the refreshment-room. Surely the very place for an arduously-worked inspector of cars from Paris! I entered and called for a glass of beer. I never drank it. I was too unnerved by finding that my gorgeous cap attracted as much attention here as outside. Suddenly I perceived a notice, "Bureau de Change," and an inspiration seized me. To change my Austrian money for French would at one and



"HE SNATCHED MY CAP FROM ME, AND CLAPPED ANOTHER ON MY HEAD."

the same time convey to the onlookers that I had legitimate reasons for absenting myself from the train, and provide me with a coinage more suitable for the rest of my journey.

I had about £10 worth of Austrian notes and silver, and it took the money-changer some little time to calculate the rate of exchange. Finally

he handed me two very dirty and tattered French notes of twenty francs each and a gold twenty franc piece. Then he told me I must take the remainder in silver. I began to expostulate, but the clang of a bell warned me I had no time to spare, and I had to put up with it. So I accepted a few loose francs and a number of rouleaux done up in brown paper, each marked on the end twenty francs. Then I bolted from the room and flung myself on board the Orient Express as it moved out of the station. On the way to my compartment I encountered my friend the conductor in the corridor. I returned him his cap with some expression of elation at the success of his plan. He moderated my enthusiasm by saying: "It will not serve twice. To-morrow you leave this train and cross the Danube by boat; there is nothing more certain than that you will be arrested on stepping on shore in Bulgaria."

I thought some more money might induce him to exert his inventive faculties once more on my behalf, and opened one of my rouleaux. To my dismay it contained Roumanian coins. I hurried to my compartment, tore open all the brown paper parcels and poured their contents upon the seat. Some of the coins were marked one franc, some two, but they were all the same base pewter coinage, utterly valueless out of Roumania. The wily money-changer had complicated my troubles with a vengeance. I was still contemplating my heap of treasure with feelings in which chagrin was curiously blended with a kind of desperate amusement at the neat way in which I had been done, when a gentleman entered and presented himself to me. He was an old resident of Constantinople, the correspondent of an important London paper, and claimed to be an Englishman; though I afterwards heard he was a kind of English-Greek or Greek-Englishman, which you will.

With the true journalistic *flair*, he had discovered who I was, and told me he had known my father when quartered in Turkey during the Crimea. He kindly placed himself at my disposal if, with his knowledge of Eastern tongues, he could be of any assistance to me during the journey.

I thought my luck had turned at last. Here was the very man to help me. But, alas, as I explained my unhappy predicament all his geniality vanished. He assured me I had placed myself in a very serious position; and without actually saying anything disagreeable, conveyed the impression that he thought I should thoroughly deserve any unpleasant results that might ensue. Finally, he hinted pretty strongly that it was the reckless actions of people like me which brought well-behaved Englishmen

like himself into bad repute among foreigners. After which he took himself off.

That night I did not sleep well, not, I think, because of any apprehensions of the morrow, but because during the night the Orient Express came to a halt in the station of Bucharest, and I missed the familiar motion. This halt was made in order that the train might not reach the Danube till daylight.

At break of day, then, we reached the river's bank, and I, with the other passengers, was transferred to a stern launch. Our course was diagonally up stream, which made about two miles of the crossing. The morning air blew damp and chill on the turbid yellow waters of the great river, and what with that, and what with having had no breakfast, I confess I didn't feel very jolly or hopeful of the future. My acquaintance of the previous evening came up and said, nodding towards the shore we were nearing, "You will be detained here at least a week, as the train only runs weekly. It is a beastly hole, but if they will let you, wire the English Consul at Varna, and he will do what he can to help you."

If this was intended to raise my spirits, the effect was spoilt by my catching sight at that moment of a force of gendarmes, with fixed bayonets, drawn up to receive us on our arrival. When the launch was connected with the high bank by means of a gangway, it need hardly be said that I was not the first to clamber up. I modestly gave precedence to all who were anxious for it. As the passengers stepped ashore they were stopped by the gendarmes, till the officer in charge after inspecting their papers signified that they might proceed. The gangway was narrow, only allowing one to pass at a time, and I quickly saw there was no chance of evading the officer. At length I stood watching the last man make the ascent. He passed the ordeal of examination as successfully as the others, and, grasping a bag in each hand, I prepared to face the inevitable.

Suddenly a tall and slender lady dressed in black emerged from the little cabin of the launch, to my great astonishment. Up to that moment I had not had the faintest idea that a lady was on board. She was making for the gangway when she saw me, and stopped as if she wished me to precede her. But I was determined to keep my freedom as long as possible, and, social customs being on my side, succeeded in making her go first. When the officer of gendarmes received her passport, I noticed that not only did he scrutinize it carefully, but he asked her some question. Apparently her answer to this was not satisfactory, for a lively discussion began between the two which ended

so far as I was concerned, by their marching off together. The lady's passport was left with the men, who gathered closely together to examine it.

Now or never was my chance. I slipped along the gangway as quickly and as silently as possible, and almost managed to pass the gendarmes without being seen. Then one of them caught sight of me, and, calling out something in an unknown tongue, made a motion to stop me. He was just a little too late. I was past him with a careless "All right" in English, and striding across an open space towards the station which I saw in front of me. Every moment I expected to feel a detaining hand on

who had known my father," who made no remark on seeing me—and the approaching departure of the train became evident. At the last moment up came the lady of the passport. I thought for a moment that she had contrived to arrange matters so as to proceed with us. But she addressed the man next me—"M'sieu is, I believe, going to Cairo?"

"That is so, madame."

"Then if m'sieu would oblige me by taking this letter——"

"With pleasure, madame; but is madame then not going on?"

"I am detained here by these animals of police—for a week, you understand, since there



"EVERY MOMENT I EXPECTED TO BE DETAINED."

my shoulder, and found it hard to walk at a moderate pace. Happily for my peace of mind I soon became convinced that I was not being immediately followed, though I dared not turn my head to see what the gendarmes were doing for fear of arousing suspicion. Coming across a peddler of tobacco, I stopped and bought a box of cigarettes, with the view of suggesting to anyone who might be watching me that I was quite at my ease. Then, with a Bulgarian cigarette between my lips, I strolled into the Bulgarian railway station.

Although I found the train was not starting at once I thought it wiser, all things considered, to lose no time in taking my seat. Then followed an anxious interval. It seemed an age before the carriage began to fill—curiously, the opposite corner was occupied by the "man

is no train sooner; and my papers are quite correct—*mais tout-à-fait en règle*. It is only because I am a Russian and a princess that I am treated like this."

She said this with such an evident desire to cause an effect that I somewhat doubted her rank. But as the train steamed away leaving her a disconsolate figure on the platform, I did not at all doubt that but for her misfortune I should not have succeeded so easily in crossing the Bulgarian frontier without papers good, bad, or indifferent.

The journey across Bulgaria passed without incident. Nearing Varna I was surprised to see a station called Shumla Road. It carried my mind to Addison Road Station, and I almost expected to find Kensington High Street, or something equally familiar, was the next stopping-

place. The explanation is that Shumla Road Station was built and named by the English during the Crimea.

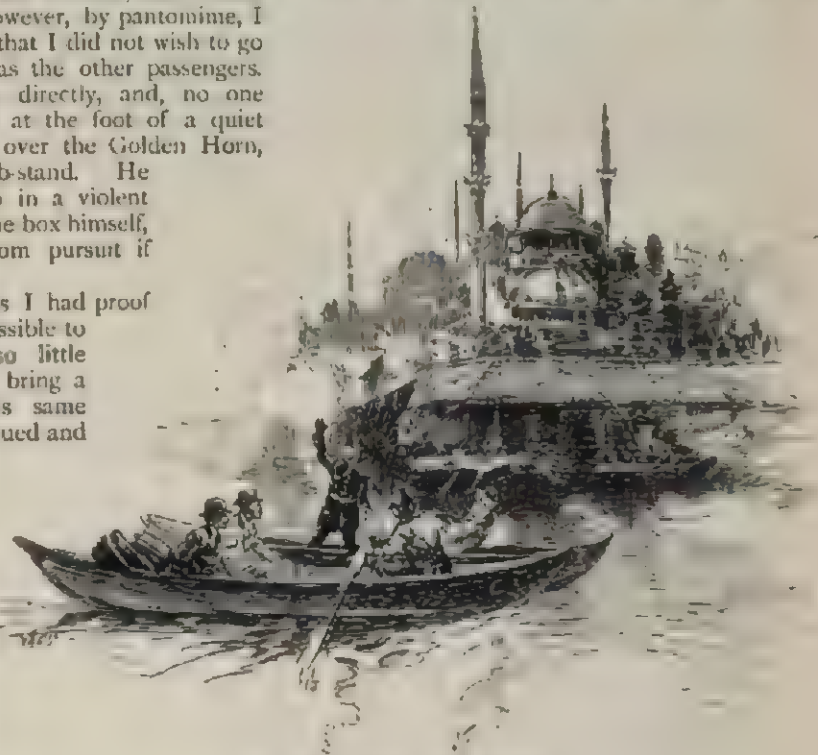
At Varna we embarked on an Austrian Lloyd steamer, which, dawdling down the Black Sea, brought us into the Bosphorus at daylight next morning. Of the famous view of Constantinople from the sea I will only say that it caused me to completely forget all my anxiety as to how I should be received by the Turks on my attempting to land without a passport. Yet, as the steamer swung to her moorings my thoughts quickly reverted to the difficulties ahead. I had learned that passports were examined at the Custom House, and I determined that, by hook or by crook, I must not go there. My relative had sent a boat for me; but, to my dismay, the man spoke only Greek and Turkish, and I knew nothing of either. However, by pantomime, I made him understand that I did not wish to go in the same direction as the other passengers. He seized the notion directly, and, no one interfering, landed me at the foot of a quiet street near the bridge over the Golden Horn, where there was a cab-stand. He pushed me into a cab in a violent hurry, and, mounting the box himself, we were soon safe from pursuit if such were attempted.

Some time afterwards I had proof that it is not always possible to enter Turkey with so little ceremony. I tried to bring a friend ashore at this same place, but we were pursued and captured, and with much abuse made to pass through the Custom House. I could have produced a passport on that occasion if I had been asked for one, and this is how I came to be so provided. Professional exigencies made it desirable for me to obtain a Turkish diploma. I presented myself before a board of examiners consisting of a dozen or so very portly Greeks, in gorgeous uniforms, who represented the Sultan's medical school. After due examination, a diploma was promised me. I say promised, because time passed and I didn't get it, although I had paid pretty stiffly for it. Time after time I called on N — Effendi, the secretary of the medical

school, but fruitlessly. In Turkey, when in doubt, *tip*. I tipped N — Effendi. He produced my diploma. It was almost in my hand when N — Effendi mentioned, casually, that before delivering it he must see my passport. He was horribly scandalized when he heard I had managed to get into Constantinople without one. We eventually compromised on the question of the diploma. N — Effendi's actual words are worth quoting.

"Remember," he said, "I give you your diploma trusting to your promise, your *English* word of honour, to let me see your passport."

Of course after that there was but one thing to do. The late Consul Wrench, in his kindly way, gave me a real paternal wiggling when he heard my story. Like everyone else he was



"WE WERE PURSUED AND CAPTURED."

convinced that my passportless condition was the result of bravado. As he gave me the documents which legalized me as a British subject, he said:—

"To come to Constantinople, of all places in the world, unprotected by any European Government, is the act of a madman. You have been most fortunate."

And perhaps I was.

The Truth about the Chinese Emperor.

BY PASHIH KIN.

An authority on China writes about this most interesting monarch, and illustrates his article with the first really authentic photographs ever published. These photos. are absolutely unique, and it would be as much as one's head is worth to expose them for sale in China. They are the only prints known.



So far as we have been able to discover, no reliable photograph of the Emperor of China has ever yet been published, though one or two reproductions from memory sketches have appeared in England. We therefore consider it a remarkable piece of good fortune that we have been able to secure the two photographs of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Kwang-sü which we present to our readers herewith. These photographs, which are particularly well taken, come to us through a gentleman in North China, and their authenticity is positively vouched for by the person from whom he obtained them. The photographer was a man in the personal employ of Prince Chun, the father of the Emperor.

The earlier picture was taken twenty-five years ago, and just about the time when—on January 13th, 1875—the little boy of three years old was chosen Emperor of the countless millions of the Chinese Empire, in succession to his cousin Tung-chi, who is said to have been removed because he was inclined to assert his authority as against that of the ex-Regents and his uncles the Princes Kung and Chun. The scene of the photograph is the veranda at the entrance to an official residence, probably that of Prince Chun himself, who is standing with a riding-whip in his hand, on the left of the picture. He is dressed in summer riding costume, and the only marks of his exalted rank are the peacock feather ornament, and the *tingtsi*, or button, on the top of his official hat. The man behind the saddle is a servant, and the one who holds the horse is an official attendant upon the Prince. The central figure, and the most important, is the child-Emperor—evidently a bright little fellow—who is seated on the back of his father's piebald riding pony. T'sai-tien (for that was the name by which he was first known) has his head shaven in conventional Chinese style, so as to leave a small plait of hair at each side of his head. The adult style of wearing the hair in a queue at the back of the head is not adopted till the child is a little older.

Our second picture was taken when Kwang-sü was about sixteen years old, and two years before he ascended the throne. This picture of His Majesty seems to justify some of the statements made by Demetrius C. Boulger, in his valuable book, "A Short History of China" (London, W. H. Allen and Co.).

"The absolute truth it is hopeless to expect, with regard to the mental capacity of an Emperor of China, even at the present day . . . ; but from the glimpses that reach the outer and profane world, it does seem that the youth who dwells in the inner recesses of the Palace of Plenty and Peace has a marked individuality, and that, if he had the physical strength, he possesses the brains to assert himself in the administration of his dominions. If rumour is favourable as to the intelligence of Kwang su, it certainly is not so to his health and strength. He is described as a puny youth, with an exceedingly large head and a melancholy countenance, combining an exceptional acquaintance—for his years—with the Chinese Classics, with extreme ignorance of the outside world."

These words were published in 1893, but since then the war with Japan, his own choice of reading, and his intercourse with officials of liberal tendencies have greatly broadened His Majesty's range of vision, with the result that he has attempted to introduce many most desirable reforms in the government and in social life. All the world knows how his efforts have failed and his personal rule given way to that of the ex-Regent, the Dowager-Empress T'sai-tsi.

In this photograph Prince Chun—who looks stouter and much older than in the earlier one—is seated on a chair with a cup of tea in his hand, whilst his son stands beside him. The Prince is dressed as a private gentleman, and the Emperor is wearing no distinctive dress or insignia of Royalty other than may appear in the embroidered pattern on his long satin *Ma-Kita*.

The father of the Emperor was himself a personage of prime importance in the forming of recent Chinese history. He was the seventh son of the Emperor Tao-Kwang, who died in 1850, leaving an edict by which he appointed his fourth son, Yih-chu, as his successor. The new ruler assumed the "throne name" of Hien-feng, and at once associated his four younger brothers with him in the councils of State and gave them each the title of Prince. It is thus that Chun came to be designated as the Seventh Prince, the title by which he is best known to foreigners in China.

Hien-feng died in the summer of 1861, and a plot on the part of eight of the Emperor's relatives, who had got themselves appointed as Regents to obtain power, by securing the person of the young Emperor, was frustrated by a coup d'état.



[Photo.

THE CHINESE EMPEROR AS A CHILD OF THREE. HIS FATHER, PRINCE CHUN, STANDS ON THE LEFT OF THE PHOTOGRAPH.

[From a]



From a

THE EMPEROR AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN WITH HIS FATHER

(Photo

organized by the Princes Kung and Chun. Hien-feng's son was proclaimed by the Regents at Jehol—where his father died—by the title of Chi siang, and again proclaimed in Peking by his uncle, Prince Kung, under the style of Tung-chi. (Chinese names are a little baffling to the uninitiated.)

The child was not yet six years old, however, and so two Empresses-Regent were appointed, these being Tsai-an, the Consort of Hien-feng, and Tsai-tsi, a subordinate wife, and the mother of Tung-chi. This last-named

lady is the present Empress-Dowager, the *de facto* ruler of China, who has exercised sole or joint power at Peking for over thirty years. Prince Chun and his brother, Prince Kung, took a very active part in the management of Imperial affairs from the first appointment of the Regency in 1861, and after the death of Tung-chi on January 12th, 1875, the selection of his own son as the future Sovereign greatly added to the importance of the Seventh Prince. According to Chinese custom, a father cannot serve under his own son, and so the proclamation of Kwang-su ("Glorious succession") necessitated the retirement of Prince Chun: but his influence was still a real factor in Peking politics, and in 1880 he broke through the precedent by taking office under his son. In 1884 he procured the dismissal from office of his brother, and former leader, Prince Kung, and had himself appointed

to the vacant place as head of the Grand Council of State. In this position his influence was greater than that of any other official in the Empire, and it is believed that from that time he modeled the policy of the Government even more than did the Dowager-Empress herself.

What might have been the course of the young Emperor's recent policy, and the limits of the ex-Regent's power, if Prince Chun had lived and retained his influence, can only be conjectured, for Chun died suddenly at the beginning of January, 1891.

Lost in the Bush.

By S. J. REA.

A narrative of the terrible sufferings of two Australian pioneers, with details of their wanderings, devices for maintaining life, and ultimate escape.



MR. S. J. REA.
From a Photo. by Barroni & Co., Melbourne.

IT was on Monday, the 24th of May, 1886, that, in company with Mr. George Brearley, of Geelong, I set forth from Bega (N.S. Wales) on a long horseback journey to Bairnsdale, in Gippsland, Victoria. The region through which we intended to travel was destitute of any settlement, but we mapped out a route by which we could strike a station every night, the owners being for the most part personal friends of Brearley's. We were well mounted on a couple of well-bred mares, full sisters, and so perfectly matched that it was difficult to tell them apart. As sport had no place in our programme, we carried no firearms. I confess I had a sneaking desire to procure a revolver, but as the new chum who goes in for such luxuries generally gets well chaffed, I refrained.

On Thursday evening, the 27th of May, we reached Marramingo Station, at the head of the Genoa River. Our hosts here, Messrs. William and David Allen, were the first to question the safety and expediency of our expedition. From the Genoa to our next stopping-place—an

"Accommodation House," or bush hostelry, known as "Morgan's," and situated on the Cann River—was about forty miles away. A bridle track had once existed between the two places, but as no one had passed over the route for more than a year, this was presumably obliterated. The only indication of the route was a "blazed line"—that is, a course marked by tomahawk cuts on the trees, made by the original surveyors. Brearley, a native Australian, professed himself, however, to be a sufficiently expert bushman to follow any blazed line, and as for me, a colonist of not quite a year's standing, I had no conception of any danger.

So, laughing at our friends' fears, we started



"WE WERE WELL MOUNTED."

next morning after a hearty breakfast of boiled beef, potatoes, pumpkins, "damper," butter, and honey, all washed down by copious libations of the inevitable tea, which in Australia appears at every meal. We were pressed to take with us a supply of food, but as we preferred satisfying a ravenous appetite at the end of the journey, we declined the kind offer.

The crispness of near winter was in the bracing morning air, and already white frost lay on the luxuriantly grassed home paddocks, and on the rich maize flats along the river's edge—a revelation to us, coming as we did from a country where the preceding summer's drought had turned the land into a red brown desert. The forest of eucalyptus, through which we passed for many miles, filled the air with pine-like odours. Now and then, with a whirr of wings, a flight of gay-plumed parrakeets broke the stillness. All was fresh and bright and green. Here was no evidence of the "fall" of the year, no litter of dead leaves under foot to sadden one with the sense of decay.

As we rode gaily along, Brearley in front, with a watchful eye for blazes on the trees, we had no sense of impending evil. Somewhere about three o'clock we were cheered by the sight of a big stump lying in our course, on which were rudely carved the words, "Five miles to Morgan's." By this time the day was fading in a mood the very reverse of that with which the sun had ushered it in. Heavy clouds had overcast the sky, and a chill breeze piped mournfully through the trees. Here were no longer green grass and leaves, for the devastating bush fires had left nothing but naked and

blackened trunks and limbs—a very necropolis of forests. Presently the rain began to fall heavily.

By and by my leader turned, and sang out:—
"We must be nearly there now, Jack!"

"I hope to God we are," I responded, fervently.

Soon the blazed line led us to a grass tree flat, on which there was no timber to carry the blaze. We struck across it in our usual order, and when we reached the wooded country again, we searched eagerly for a blaze, but could discern none. We rode along the verge of the flat, first to the left, then to the right, but still no sign.

"We *must* be close to Morgan's, Jack," said Brearley. "we'll pick up the track in a minute."

At his suggestion, I bore away to the left, at an oblique angle to the flat, whilst he rode to the right. I eagerly scanned the tree trunks, and every now and then thought I had discovered a blaze, but always found that a mass of fungus, looming white in the dusk, had misled me. After half an hour or so I was seized with panic, when it occurred to me that

perhaps I had lost my companion. I cooed lustily, but for some time without effect. By-and-by a faint answer reached me, and riding through the tangled scrub I rejoined Brearley.

He also had been unsuccessful, and now, to our horror, we discovered that we had no idea where we had entered the bush from the flat. Night had fallen suddenly, and it came home to us very unpleasantly that we were lost.

"There is no help for it," said Brearley. "We must camp and get a fire."

"A fire!" I cried—"here!" for the rain was



"WE SEARCHED EAGERLY FOR A 'BLAZE'."

falling heavily, and the boughs were dripping; the dead wood littering the ground was already soaked.

"You do not know the resources of the bush, my boy," was the reply; "let me introduce to you Stringy Bark, 'the Bushman's Friend.'" And going up to a tall trunk, he dug his fingers in and tore off a long strip of bark. On the inner side was a thick layer of fibre, like that in the husk of a cocoa-nut. It was as dry as a bone, and upon a match being applied to it, flared up like a torch. The spot we had chosen for a camping-place was beneath a spreading eucalyptus, which afforded us some degree of shelter.

We turned our horses adrift, and left them to pick what food they could. As for ourselves, we stood up before the fire and let the water run off our mackintosh coats.

Fortunately, we were well supplied with tobacco. Without that beneficent weed I do not think we could have survived what lay before us. Pipe after pipe we smoked, and each of us affected a cheerful demeanour; but my heart was heavy as lead, when Brearley, every now and again, returned to the discussion with, "Of course, we can't be lost, old boy. Morgan's *must* be close to us. In the morning we will find the river." But I knew that he was trying to convince himself, as well as me, for neither of us knew whether we were *above* or *below* Morgan's.

"What was that you were singing all the morning, Jack?" asked Brearley, once. "The same tune had possession of me also; I couldn't get it out of my head, or off my lips."

It was the hymn, "Lead, kindly light"; we had heard it at Bega church the evening before we started on our journey. Standing before the fire, we sang a verse or two together, and surely never was hymn sung under circumstances of such appropriateness:—

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead thou me on.

With the first glimmer of dawn we were in the saddle. I was utterly ignorant of the country, but Brearley's impression—a somewhat vague one—was that the Cann River bore south from our present position. Accordingly, by the aid of a little compass on his watch-chain, we held a southerly course. We did not ride long, for soon the bush became so tangled with undergrowth, that we were obliged to dismount and lead our horses.

About ten o'clock we came to a stream, some yards wide, but easily fordable. "Could this be the Cann?" we asked ourselves. Neither

of us, let it be remembered, had any idea of the size of this then very little-known river. We crossed the stream, and followed it up on the further side. But, alas! after a mile or two it degenerated into a purling creek, and we recognised at last that we were "lost in the bush"—a phrase of fearful import in Australia.

We halted and reviewed the situation. The only settlers we knew of—or, rather, that my friend knew of—within an area of at least a hundred square miles, were the stations of Allen, Morgan, and a Mr. James, who owned a place on the Bemm River, which was to have been our next stage on our way to the Snowy River, after leaving Morgan's. Brearley was certain there was no one but James between us and the "Snowy," and that important river we estimated must be at least eighty miles away. We were utterly destitute of provisions, so the outlook was of the short and sharp order. We had seen no game for several days, and, in any case, we had no means of securing it. We had between us more than half a pound of tobacco, but to our dismay we discovered that as to matches, we had but seventeen wax vestas left. We decided to hold steadfastly on our southern course, and trust to Providence for the result.

I do not think I retain any clear impression of that day. The awful sense of loneliness, of severance from all mankind; the dread hush of those awful solitudes, oppressed me like a nightmare, and numbed my faculties. Later, when racked with agonizing physical pain, I do not think I suffered more.

About midday we came to a huge swamp extending to right and left, as far as eye could see, and about a hundred yards across. It appeared useless to follow it either to the left or to the right, and as it lay clear across our southerly course, we decided to attempt the crossing. For some distance the swamp was full of tussocks, which gave a footing to man and horse; but when we neared the centre, my poor mare (I was in front leading her) suddenly sank in soft mud to the girths. I coaxed her on, and the poor brute floundered bravely, but only sank deeper, until nothing of her was visible but her head and neck. I myself was bogged to the thighs. Leaving the mare to her own devices I struggled on, and found that the swamp's channel—if one may so describe it—was only a few yards across, and that comparatively firm ground could soon be gained. By dint of infinite labour—I pulling at the bridle and Brearley thrashing from behind, with his leather belt, which he had removed for the purpose—we got the mare across, and at length she!

trembling pitifully, upon the farther side. To get the other mare across was a task of even greater difficulty; but at length that, too, was accomplished, and we pushed on through a difficult country, lightly timbered, but covered with dense jungle.

During the afternoon another morass, precisely similar to the first, was encountered, and was only negotiated after long and weary efforts. We could not have travelled more than seven miles in all that long day of physical discomfort and mental agony.

When night fell we found ourselves in the

fiction are wont to describe in such harrowing terms.

In the morning we made an early start, no time being lost in preparing breakfast. About ten o'clock a dull roaring sound struck my ear, and, listening intently for a moment, I cried, excitedly: "By Heaven, old chap, it is the sea!" We had by this time left the region of morasses behind us, and had got into a hilly country.

For my part I went on with renewed energy for to me, who had spent some years upon it, the sea, with its changeful moods, appeared



WE FOUND OURSELVES LEAVING MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF SAND.

midst of a thick undergrowth of ferns and forms of rank vegetation unknown to me. The place was practically a swamp; but we rolled a log to the fire, and, as sleep was impossible, we sat and yarned and smoked the slow hours away. Our bones were racked with pain, and now and then we sat back to back for support. Hunger, too, by this time had seized us--though I am bound to say, and I say it with all truth and seriousness, that neither at this time nor at any other during our adventures did I experience those "pangs of hunger" which writers of

infinitely less cruel than this implacable and monotonous vastness of silence and solitude. As we drew nearer the ocean, the country changed its character, and we found ourselves traversing mountains and valleys of sand. At last, gaining the top of one of these great hills, we found the ocean stretching away to the limitless horizon, but not a sail could we discern upon it.

But all my access of good spirits vanished when we gained the beach. Picture the scene! Before us lay the limitless sea, its waves break-

ing at our feet in an eternal monotone. On either side of us, as far as eye could see, there was an endless, unchanging stretch of sand, rising inland in billowy heights crested with coarse sea grass and scrub. And what a story of shipwreck and disaster was writ in the wreckage with which the beach was strewn! It was the abomination of desolation. I shuddered as I gazed on the scene, and hope died out of my heart. No man can ever hope to set down in writing any adequate idea of his feelings in such a position.

Our position, however, was improved in one way. We now had an idea of where we were. Our compass pointed due south out to sea, and we knew that by traveling to the westward we must, if we survived long enough, reach the Snowy River. If we turned our steps eastwards, we were returning to New South Wales. Brearley was under the impression that if we could get as far as Gabo Lighthouse, we would find somewhere near there Mallacoota Inlet, into which the Genoa River empties itself. At this time no reliable map of this region was in existence, so far as I know; at any rate, we were entirely ignorant of distances. Ultimately we decided to make towards the Snowy River.

Late in the afternoon we came to a river, which inland seemed to be of considerable extent, but which emptied itself into the sea by an easily fordable stream. Of course, we had recognised long ago that had we steered to the westward instead of the southward, when we first found ourselves bushed, we should have found Morgan's. We now asked ourselves if this lake-like river could be the Cann. Forging it, we determined to follow it up. A pebbly beach extended along the shore for some miles. Suddenly Brearley, who was some little distance away, cried, "Good heavens, Jack, look here!"

And there, in front of us, we saw evidence of the presence of man. It was merely a felled sapling, cut clean off with the stroke of the axe. "Surveyors," said Brearley, briefly. Immediately afterwards I jumped from my horse, and ran to a pole stuck in the sand—a survey mark. In a cleft at the top was a scrap of newspaper, which I opened eagerly to see if a date was given. But all I read was the following:—

A supplement will be issued with the Christmas number of the *Leader* (Melbourne), containing an exciting story of adventure, entitled "The Overlanders."

Now the term "Overlanders" had been chaffingly applied to us in Bega before our departure, and the coincidence gave us something in the nature of a shock.

We camped that night on the shore of the lake, or river.

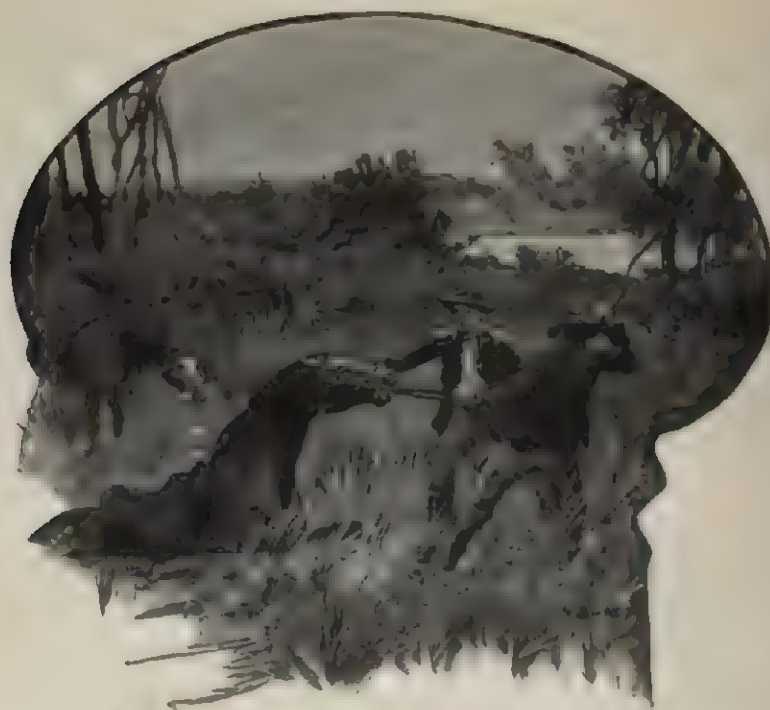
We had now been three whole days without food, and I remember how, as we smoked that night, we talked of all good things to eat, and in imagination spread before ourselves a Lucullian banquet. We agreed, however, that a grilled steak with chipped potatoes and a bottle of British beer (*i.e.*, Bass) would be as good as anything.

Thoroughly disheartened, we decided to retrace our steps to the sea coast but now a new difficulty presented itself. Although we had conspicuously marked a tree where our saddles lay, by pinning on the bark a piece of white paper, we could not find the tree. For more than an hour we searched, and at last we were obliged to travel coastwards until we came to our own tracks of the preceding evening. Following these up, we at length recovered our lost property, and our horses were grazing not far away.

In order to make my story clearer to the reader, I may as well say at once that the "lake" upon which we now turned our backs was in reality the Cann River. And had we followed up the course we were taking we should have come to Morgan's "Accommodation House" in the course of another ten miles.

Late in the afternoon we regained the coast, having wasted some ten hours or more in the aimless wanderings of lost men.

We turned our faces westward once more, but had only travelled a couple of miles, when we found ourselves confronted by a fresh obstruction. This was a river of some importance, fifty to sixty yards wide, with an immense volume of water rushing out into the sea. To cross it was impossible, so we rode along the bank, determined to follow it up, for, as we agreed, this *must* be either the Cann or the Bemm. For about a mile our progress was easy enough. Before long, however, the ground became softer, and we soon found ourselves entering a morass, in all probability a continuation of one of those which we had encountered in our inland wanderings. The swamp extended to the river's edge, and to cross it seemed our only chance. For a little way the tussocks gave us comparatively firm footing. Presently I, who was leading my mare in front, entered a sort of groove of ti-trees, when suddenly the poor animal sank in soft mud almost to her neck. All our efforts to extricate the poor brute were in vain. From the Friday evening when we first found ourselves "bushed" our horses had only been a terrible hindrance to us. Personally I should have counselled abandoning them to their fate long before, had I not recognised that with them lay our only chance of food. We had not yet spoken of this subject.



* ALL OUR EFFORTS TO EXTRACTE THE POOR BRUTE WERE IN VAIN.

apparently the same idea was in Brearley's mind, for once when I caught his eye he nodded, and simply said, "It is the only thing."

We decided to kill the mare in the swamp, and leaving the other to her fate, endeavour to swim the river, and continue our way towards the Snowy. But how to kill the poor beast! I had no knife at all, and the sole blade of Brearley's "gully" had broken off short in stripping stringy bark. Making my way back to the dry land, I picked up two or three of the soundest pieces of wood I could find, and returning with them, set about the most horrible task I was ever called upon to perform. But the wood was rotten throughout, and proved useless for the purpose. The effect of our blows, however, was to cause the mare to make one grand final effort, which actually cleared her of the swamp. She followed us readily enough back to the firm ground, but her companion, panic-stricken, remained with the water above her fetlocks, and no amount of persuasion or punishment would induce her to stir an inch. We, therefore, unsaddled her, and left her to her fate.

When darkness came we lit our fire. I shall not soon forget that night. I was bathed in perspiration from my exertions, and for the first time I felt the sensation of warmth. I lay

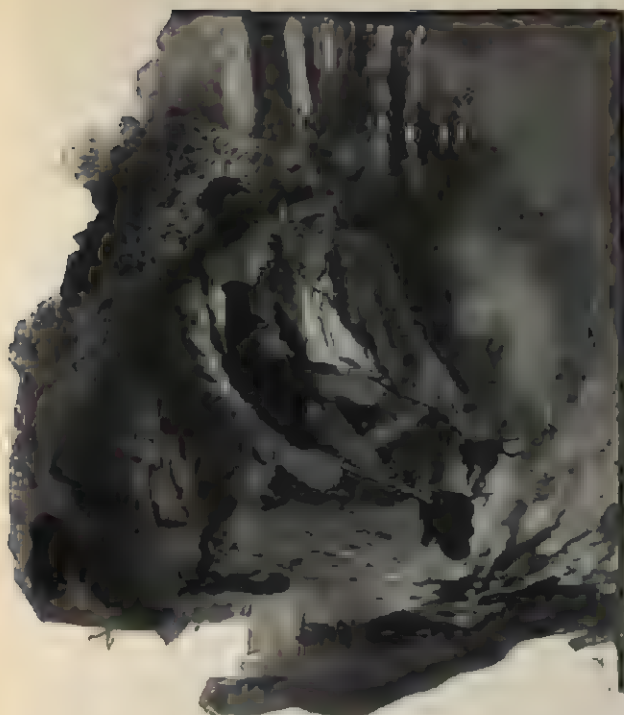
down upon the damp ground and fell immediately into a deep slumber. I must have slept for some hours, and when I awakened I was chilled to the very bone, and could have screamed with the pain of it. I rose and ran about awkwardly in the darkness. Presently I stooped to put a log on the fire, and in doing so, my razor case dropped from my breast-pocket. We had both of us entirely forgotten that we carried these useful articles. I awakened Brearley and told him of my discovery.

As soon as it was daylight, we raked together the remnants of our fire. "Old chap," said I, to my friend, "this is the 1st of June, and it is my birthday. I am twenty-three to-day—I wonder if I shall see another."

"Of course you will," rejoined Brearley. "And many a one."

We cast lots as to who should be the butcher with the razor, and the lot fell upon me. When the deed was done I do not mind confessing that I felt like a murderer. In half an hour's time we were roasting horse-steaks on forked twigs at the embers of our fire.

This was Tuesday morning; we had not broken our fast since the previous Friday at 6 a.m. When we had finished, we cut off a supply of the flesh—some 12lb. I should think—and put it in one of the saddle valises which we



"TOASTING HORSE STRAITS."

had emptied for the purpose. The rest of our effects, with our saddles, we had left in the swamp.

Going as far up the river as we could, Brearley placed his watch and matches in his hat, and I tied the meat round my waist, and then we essayed to swim across the river. But we utterly miscalculated the strength of the current. I am a strong swimmer, but no sooner had I got beyond my depth than I felt its full force, and cried out for help. Fortunately Brearley, who was closely following me, still had bottom, and managed to clutch me and haul me in shore.

As I lay panting upon the bank, I cried, "It is no good, old fellow; we might as well give in and have done with it."

"That be hanged for a yarn," cried my gallant chum, but for whose pluck and spirit I should never have lived to write this account; "if we cannot go on to the Snowy, we will go back to New South Wales."

His words and manner were alike inspiring. I jumped up with hope renewed, and we turned our backs on the place we agreed to call "Knapp's Doom." Knapp was the name of the mare—but which in reality is the mouth of the Bemm. Then we retraced our steps towards New South Wales.

Alas! our difficulties were only beginning. During the preceding night I had very foolishly removed my boots (a pair of half boots, or Wellingtons) in order to dry my feet; and I had allowed the boots to dry as well, with the result that they had become so warped that I could not possibly get them on again. In a fit of desperation I flung them away, walking on in my stockinged feet.

During the afternoon we came upon a long stretch of rocks, which gave us a great deal of trouble. To go round them was almost impossible, so thickly was the land side bordered with impenetrable scrub. The serrated surfaces of these rocks cut like a knife, and my feet were soon bleeding in a score of places.

We were now obliged to depend upon wreckage for our fire. We camped that night under the lee of a huge rock. Brearley with his razor made some shavings from the driest piece of deal we could find. We found ourselves reduced to ten matches, and two of these we discovered to our horror had become damp, and

failed to ignite. With what anxiety did I look when the third proved dry and Brearley coaxed the doubtful flame. We got a fire, but the supply of wood was small. We had both long ago lost our waterproof coats, which had been torn from us in fighting through the jungle, and our clothes were now hanging in ribbons. We felt the cold intensely. About four o'clock in the morning, finding no more wreckage to burn, we arose and continued our way in the darkness.

On the following day (Wednesday) my feet began to suffer severely. The sand worked into the cuts which the rocks had made. When we had a sandy stretch of beach, I walked in the salt water, despite the cold, knowing I could get no better antiseptic. In the afternoon we came to another river, which we were obliged to follow up, in search of a fordable place. I had a terrible experience here. For more than half a mile I had to walk over ground where bush fires had burned to stubble a thick growth of some kind of rushes. It was just as though one walked for the same distance over steel spikes. Once or twice I gave in, and sank to the ground half fainting, but Brearley soon had me on my feet again—walked bent almost double, with a long, stick-grasped alpenstock fashion in my hand.

fell upon us before we could find a crossing, and we camped in the bush once more.

Early next day we found a place where we could cross easily, and we started back for the coast again. The country we now passed through was such as we had not experienced hitherto. It was of an undulating character, covered with the densest jungle. In each hollow flowed a tiny, hidden rill, and here the fens and sword-grass rose to a height of 12ft. or 13ft., and were interlaced with vines of some sort, which, as we afterwards discovered, were poisonous, and caused small festering sores wherever they pricked us. The sword-grass—stout and sharp as rapiers—cut us at every step, and we literally fought our way onwards with hands dripping with blood.

Daylight only filtered through to us, and we were drenched with moisture from the rank growth overhead. The compass presently became soaked with water, and we took it into our heads that it had gone wrong. This added a new horror to the situation. There seemed no chance of making a camp in such a wilderness; but, fortunately, just before daylight faded, we spied a large moss-grown rock, with a flat surface—the first clear spot we had seen that day—and on this we managed to make a fire.

Next day (Friday) we started in a very despondent mood, but after a weary day's journey, reached the coast again just before nightfall.

On Saturday we sighted several steamers, bound to the westward, but much too far off for us to signal to them. Our travelling this day was dreadful. Great chains of rocks constantly barred our way. Now and then vast chasms split these rocks, and to get round them we were forced to go inland, and tear our way through the thick scrub. So dense was this, and so strong its thick and closely interlaced boughs, that at times we were actually forced to crawl upon our stomachs under it for many yards, whilst at other times we actually walked—or stumbled—upon it a foot or so from the ground. All this time we subsisted on broiled horse-steaks.

Next day was Sunday, and a very dreadful day it was for me. We had repeatedly to take to the scrub in order to avoid the rocks, and my feet suffered horribly. Brearley wore ordinary laced boots, which, although much damaged, protected his feet remarkably well. For many days, however, I had been very uneasy about him. He used to turn to me and say, "How do I look, Jack?"

But I dared not tell him. As a matter of fact, that portion of his face which embraced the eyes and nose had assumed a ghastly, copper-

green hue, and his general aspect was cadaverous in the extreme.

There was a break in the scrub where we camped that night, and we found some grass and timber. I dared not allow my feet to come near the fire; once the heat struck them, the pain was agonizing. Brearley told me afterwards that I was delirious that night.

Monday morning brought a new cause of uneasiness. There was only about a pound and a half of our meat left. We searched the rocks over which we clambered for shell-fish, but our search only resulted in the discovery of a few winkles. I have never seen a beach so barren of all marine life.

We had to take to the scrub very frequently this morning, and every step cost me a groan. Two or three times I lay down and refused to go any farther, but Brearley always dragged me to my feet again. My feet had now swollen to an enormous size; they had lost all shape, and were quite black with inflammation. I had also "sympathetic" swellings under the knees and in the groin. I followed Brearley, bent double as I moved, and with my agonized eyes fixed upon the ground. I was aroused from a semi-comatose state by Brearley crying, or rather wailing, "Thank God! oh, thank God, there is a lighthouse. Look up, Jack; look up, old chap! That is Gabo!"

I looked up, and many miles away, in the distance, I beheld an indubitable lighthouse.

Gabo Lighthouse (for such it proved to be) is situated on an island seven miles from the mainland.

"If that is Gabo," said Brearley, "then Mallacoota Inlet lies between us and the island. I know that Dowell, a bark merchant, once had a place on the Genoa River—which he afterwards abandoned. He built a schooner there, which was wrecked in the mouth of the inlet on its first voyage. If we come to Mallacoota we shall see the masts sticking up out of the water."

Soon after we left the rocks behind us, and came upon a broad open stretch of country, fairly well grassed, but flat, and without any timber whatever. A wide cattle track ran along it, and made the best travelling we had enjoyed since we got bushed. I should think we had travelled some six or seven miles, making not more than a mile an hour, however, when—about four o'clock in the afternoon—we rounded a bluff, and Mallacoota Inlet lay before us, with the masts of Dowell's schooner sticking up out of the water! Even as we looked, we spied on the opposite hill-side a "slab" hut, with—oh, delight of delights!—smoke issuing from the chimney.

In that first blessed moment of relief from

The Motor-cab School.

BY FREDERIC LEES.

An account of the remarkable school in Paris where the motor-car drivers are taught how to steer with safety through the "dummy"-thronged streets. Illustrated with photographs specially taken by our own artist.



SOME distance to the north of Paris, in that most uninviting part of the suburbs known as Aubervilliers, is a school which has every title to be called peculiar. There is no school in the world so peculiar, in fact, for the simple reason that the *école d'apprentissage* of the great Paris cab company, the Compagnie Générale des Voitures, is the only "academy" of the kind in the world—the only school where the education of drivers of motor-cars receives as much care and attention as is bestowed by, say, a coach on an undergraduate, or a trainer on an athlete about to enter some severe physical contest.

Before describing the essentially peculiar methods used at Aubervilliers to teach the Paris "cabby" how to drive his motor-car in a way which will cause neither loss of life nor injury to limb, let me give some particulars as to how the school came to be started only a few months ago. For some time past—in fact, ever since electric cabs made their appearance in London streets—M. Maurice Bixio, who is the President of the Compagnie Générale des Voitures à Paris, has been working at that problem the satisfactory solution of which will mean almost the total disappearance of horses from the thoroughfares of our great cities. Having recognised that the carriage of the future will be one whose motive-force is not petroleum, but electricity, M. Bixio commenced a profound study of the many questions which must be taken into consideration before a satisfactory solution of the problem of electric motor-cars can be found. A little more than a year ago I remember calling upon M. Bixio, and finding him hard at work on the study of reports drawn up by the company's engineers on the subject of the respective merits

of various motors and accumulators (some hailed from Berlin and London, others from New York), which he had ordered to be put to the most exacting tests. The results of those studies I saw the other day upon calling at one of the company's dépôts, 112, Rue Cardinet, where I was met by M. Ph. Gourdon, the amiable Directeur de la Manutention, under whose guidance my visit was paid to the Aubervilliers school.

There, side by side with apparently innumerable ordinary four-wheelers, could be seen some ten or fifteen handsome-looking, yellow and black electric cabs, which M. Gourdon explained were identical, as far as the accumulators were concerned, with the London motor-car. The London accumulator was so far, notwithstanding

its enormous weight of 1,763lb., the best on the market. As in the case of the ordinary cab, the driver of the new vehicle, which will so soon be in general use in the streets of Paris, is seated in front, the square box which forms his seat inclosing a piece of mechanism which communicates the current of the battery to the motor. This mechanism is most ingenious. It consists of a cylinder composed of raised points of metal, which receive the current from the accumulator, and it terminates outside by a lever, placed to the left of the driver, by means of which he can move or stop his motor-car. For instance, when the lever is vertical the car is motionless.

To put it into motion, the lever is made to describe a forward circular movement. Placed at a certain angle, the motor-car will go slowly; at another angle, the speed will be increased; while at yet another angle its motion will be very rapid. By giving the lever a backward movement, three results can be obtained—namely, moderate use of the brake, full use of the brake, and backward motion of the carriage.



M. PH. GOURDON, DIRECTOR OF THE "SCHOOL"
From a Photo.

In addition to these powerful brakes, the driver has two others at his disposal which he can work with his feet. He guides his vehicle by means of a small wheel placed at his right-hand side. Finally, to complete a summary description of the French motor-car upon which M. Bixio has been working for so long, the motor is placed under the seats for the passengers.

To the left of the courtyard at 112, Rue Cardinet, and immediately upon entering it, is a shed used as a temporary charging-station for the accumulators, a number of which were being charged at the time of my arrival. After the accumulators had been charged (and the operation takes from six to seven hours for each one) they were wheeled along a pair of rails and raised by hydraulic pressure under the bodies of a number of cabs which were waiting to be given their daily supply of electricity—a supply which,

Aubervilliers school, so that when they came to drive the new motor-cars in Paris the company would be able to form a correct opinion of the chances of success of the new vehicle. For instance, they had purposely chosen men who knew nothing whatever about the application of electricity, so as to be certain that the electric cab could be driven by the least intelligent among a body of men not distinguished at their best for intelligence. And it was also necessary to obtain an idea as to the number of accidents which would happen in a given time with the motor-car, compared with the number which happen with the ordinary vehicle, also the average distance which their hundred electric cabs would run without recharging; as well as the cost of running the cabs, etc. M. Gourdon had just told me that the company paid three-pence per watt for electricity at the present time, but that they intended to manufacture power



L. G. & P. Photo.

ONE MOTOR-CAB AND THREE CAB DRIVERS.

George Newman, Limited.

by the way, enables them to travel a distance of sixty kilometres on the level.

The trials which M. Bixio has made with these electric motor-cars have been so successful that he has considered himself justified in deciding to put one hundred of them at the disposal of the Parisians. Hence the necessity for the Aubervilliers school for training drivers of the new carriage, in which the people of Paris have already commenced to take a keen interest, judging from the numbers who stop to gaze at them whenever they pass along the streets.

As we glided on our way to Aubervilliers (of course on a motor-car), which is about four and a quarter miles from the Rue Cardinet, M. Gourdon gave me a *résumé* of the aims of his company. They had selected from the thousands of cabmen who hire vehicles from them a fairly representative number of all classes to drive the first hundred electric cabs; old and young men, cabmen of every degree of intelligence had been chosen as pupils for the

themselves at one-third the cost, when we passed under the railway bridge over which the Northern Railway line passes, turned into the Rue du Plier, and reached the school of which I had heard so much.

Stretching out before us was a piece of ground some 50,000 square yards in area, and inclosed by a high wall. In the distance rose skywards a chimney, which it was easy to see from its cleanliness had not yet poured forth smoke; and in the immediate neighbourhood was a building in course of construction, which M. Gourdon explained was the place where the company were fitting up two engines of 120 horse power each, and two dynamos for the generation of the electricity for the thousand electric cabs which they expected to have running in Paris at the time of the 1900 Exhibition. The building on the left, he said, was to be used as a hospital for sick and disabled horses, when their existing hospital was removed from Charonne on account of the complaints which had been made by



FIGURE 1.

FIGURE 2.

FIGURE 3.

because its gradient is the same as that of the street of that name which leads from the Quai Debilly to the Avenue du Trocadéro, and which is a favourite place for the testing of the powers of motor cars. The imitation street was peopled by so many Parisian types—or rather, such excellent sheet-iron representations of them—that I might have been inclined to remark upon the number of visitors the company's works had that day, had it not been for their silence and immobility. Here was the figure of a correctly dressed gentleman wearing a tall hat; there stood an old gentleman in whose buttonhole, if he had had a buttonhole, one might have expected to see the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour; while placed at intervals along the

"Rue de Magdebourg" and the continuation of the track were the nurse carrying her charge, two lovers arm-in-arm, a news-boy, a nurse wheeling a basket, so characteristic a figure in Paris streets: a cyclist astride his machine, and a pastrycook's boy—not to mention others whom we meet in flesh and blood every time we pass along the streets of the City of Light. The use of these figures was at once evident when M. Gourdon gave

orders to his men to drive their motor cars on to the track. When I explain that M. Gourdon's afternoon pupils are almost as skilful as the driver who had brought us with speed and in safety from the heart of Paris, it will be understood that they had not the slightest difficulty in passing in and out among the dummy figures of men, women, and dogs.



FIGURE 4.

FIGURE 5.

FIGURE 6.

scattered here and there, without even so much as grazing them. But all those in training at the Aubervilliers school are not so skilful. There are morning as well as afternoon pupils, and the *ancien cocher* who is learning how to drive a motor car would appear to be as much given to his old tricks as when he adorned the box of a "growler." Upon another occasion when I visited the Aubervilliers school I was able to form a good idea of what the motor car driver is in the early stages of his art. I saw many "people" killed and maimed.

One of the drivers, after coming up the low end of the "Rue de Magdebourg" without causing any damage other than crushing a cardboard brick which happened to be in his way, drove at a fair rate of speed into the

street iron people of all ranks and kinds, a driver is very apt to forget the rules of the road *à la Française*. However, these are things out of which a driver soon grows, and I could quite believe M. Gourdon when he told me that, in a fortnight's time, these same *anciens cochers* who had very nearly caused so many catastrophes would be able to manage their cars as they certainly had never managed horse and cab. That is to say, they would be able to direct the new vehicle with unerring accuracy in and out among the carriages and omnibuses in the most crowded streets of Paris, without danger either to harmless foot-passengers or to themselves. There is no horse to run away just at the wrong moment; they have complete control, by means of powerful brakes and other

easily worked pieces of mechanism, over their motor cars, and if anything goes wrong they alone are to blame. On this I could not help wondering whether the familiarity of bowling over dun mounds did not tend to induce contempt for real human life.

The manoeuvres which have been indicated above are not the only ones which M. Gourdon teaches his men to execute with ease and rapidity. Before a driver is judged capable of joining in the little excursions in Paris which he himself takes his pupils several times a week, the pupil must have shown himself able to draw up on the rank, or disengage himself from a long file



"STREET CAR" IN PARIS. (From a Photo by George Newton, Limited.)

unoffending cyclist, and would have brutally knocked him down had it not been for the powerful brake with which his motor car was supplied. Guiding a heavy motor car on so narrow a track and among so many "people" is no easy matter; and if it is so difficult to manipulate going up an incline, what must it be going down hill, when the driver has the whole weight of his motor car behind him? Another driver, who was going down the "Rue de Magdebourg" at full speed as nearly as possible killed the wet nurse. Possibly it was only a fear of the consequences of the law which made him pull up in the nick of time. Quite as common an accident as either of these is a collision between two motors, for in the excitement caused by threading the maze of

of motors without so much as touching the wheels of his next door neighbour's car. Nor does his education end here. So as to make the instruction of their motor car drivers as complete as possible, the Compagnie Generale have gone to the expense and trouble not only of supplying the Aubervilliers track with well-known gradients such as may be found in Paris streets, but of laying down different kinds of road material, such as is used in the capital. Pupil drivers may, therefore, become thoroughly familiarized with asphalt, wood, and *bitume* pavements or ordinary macadamized road. Indeed, so anxious has the company been to make its men equal to every emergency that one part of the track has purposely been left in its virgin state of ruts and stones.

Leaving the silent figures to support themselves as best they could on the steep "Rue de Magdebourg," we proceeded to visit the new buildings. Passing into the vast charging-house, where there will be accommodation for many hundreds of accumulators, one could not help being impressed with the magnitude of the preparations which were being made. It was evident that many tens of thousands of pounds sterling were being spent in order to put the first trial batch of one hundred electric motor-cars on the streets of Paris.

Innumerable wires leading from the adjoining dynamo and engine-room passed along the ceiling of the building to the *postes de charges* fixed against the walls, as in the shed in the Rue

which the company is staking so much cannot be better expressed than in the words of M. Gourdon:

"Five years ago," he said to me, as we walked into the shed, where by this time the motor-cars had collected for a rest, "it would not have been thought possible to use electricity for the traction of carriages. To-day it has been proved that electricity is the only source of energy which can satisfy the exigencies of urban traffic. And before ten years have passed by all public vehicles in large towns and cities will be electric motor-cars."

A few minutes later we inspected the men and their cars drawn up in line under the large shelter, which has sufficient room for a thousand



[From a Photo by]

A "NURSEMAID" IN OMBREMENT CLUB

(George Aronson, Limited)

Cardinet. The rails upon which the accumulators would be brought up to the *postes de charges* on small cars were already laid down; and the same had been done for a similar charging-room overhead. Continuing our inspection we left the building. On all sides was ceaseless activity—workmen adjusting a delicately balanced turn table, or fitting up a powerful hydraulic lift, man and boy alike working in generating-room and charging station with a grim earnestness which made it clear to the onlooker that the work had to be done by a fixed time, to be ready for the approaching great experiment. That so much was being done showed that the company expected the experiment would be a success. And the belief upon

motors. (See illustration on page 691.) Some of the men were wearing their new uniform, consisting of Russian cap with peak or white waterproof cloth, small black stuff jacket upon the collar of which is embroidered the company's shield, black trousers, and small leggings. Few would have recognised them as men who, only a few weeks before, had belonged to the great band of slovenly-dressed Paris *cochers*, famous for their bad language, the slow pace at which they drive, and their not too great consideration for their horses. Still fewer would have thought these men had been the careless drivers of a few months ago, as one by one they deftly manoeuvred their cars from under the shed on to the track, and swept away in the direction of Paris.

Short Stories.

I.—My Last Tiger Hunt.

By T. H. W. KNOLLES.

Major-General Waddington writes: "I have the pleasure to send you the story of the seizure, by a tigress, of my brother-in-law, Mr T. H. W. Knolles."

IN the jungle, near the works of which I had charge, there was a happy family consisting of a tiger, tigress, and two well-grown cubs. These animals took up their abode in the bed of a large, dry river, well wooded with jasmine, which is a favourite resort on account of its cool shade.

Their haunt being only a mile and a half from my house, and the banks of the river being steep, I often went down to look after them, and was frequently rewarded by seeing the family playing on the sand. The tiger himself did not always seem to relish the playful tricks of the youngsters, but lay at a short distance from the mother with her cubs, enjoying his siesta, which was sometimes very much disturbed by their playful gambols.

Sometimes it would happen that they were all quietly resting, when, on a sudden, up the young ones would start and spring on their mother, and then make a dash at the old gentleman, who did not seem to approve of these familiarities, and who often, with a pat from his huge paw, would send them sprawling to some distance. They would then sneak back to their mother, be quiet for a little, and then the fun would begin again.

On one occasion, while thus engaged in watching this interesting family, I accidentally broke a dry bit of wood. It was magnificent to see now suddenly the whole aspect of affairs changed. Although they could not see me, and I was comparatively safe, it was rather anxious work for a few minutes. The old tiger suddenly jumped up, and looked steadily in the direction from which the sound proceeded. As I was only a few yards off, and within reach of him, if he came on, I scarcely dared to draw my breath. After a few moments, which seemed to

me very long, as he could not see anything he started off under cover of the jasmine trees, and was lost to view.

A finer picture I could not imagine: and I very much regretted my inability to sketch or photograph it, as no words could convey an adequate description of the beauty of the scene, which so few have ever had the opportunity of witnessing.

It was the lady of this party whose acquaintance I made, at a later period, and at un-

comfortably close quarters. I had hoped, when the cubs were older, and before the family had dispersed to have bagged the whole lot. I am afraid I was beginning to get rather careless and self-confident, having been so lucky hitherto.

As the cubs grew up the tigress became very destructive, and frequent complaints were made of cattle having been carried off, in some cases from within the inclosures in the villages, and although I was on the look out for her I could not find her whereabouts, as the family never reappeared in their old haunt in the bed of the river.

At last, one day the tigress became more than usually bold, making her appearance on some works where there were a considerable number of people employed, and carrying off a very fine bullock which was working in the mill. Although there was a large fire close at hand, she did not seem to be the least afraid, but dashed in and took the bullock out of the yoke, giving the man who was driving it a tremendous fright. The bullock was a valuable one: and this incident having caused a panic on the works, some steps had to be taken to restore confidence.

Although not at all sufficiently equipped for undertaking a task of this kind, and also suffering from the embrace of a bear, with dislocation of the shoulder, which prevented my having the



Portrait of T. H. W. Knolles, Esq.

full use of my right hand, I determined to see what could be done.

Getting some twenty volunteers, armed with indescribable weapons such as are to be found in native villages, we proceeded to hunt up the trail. In a short time we came upon the spot where the brute had evidently stopped to feed. Going very carefully and quietly, we traced the tigress down into a thick clump of bushes, and then going up the river some little distance, we followed the trail down until we came to the same clump again, but without success. We now felt pretty positive that the animal was taking rest in a certain spot. Posting the men to command the position, I took my stand beside a tree, from whence I could have a good view.

The beat began. As the sounds came nearer my anxiety increased, not feeling up to the work I had taken in hand; but there was no going back now, so I nerved myself for the encounter as best I could. On came the beaters, and on came the tigress slowly. She appeared as if not at all inclined to go in the direction to which she was being driven; and I feared very much lest she should charge back among the beaters and do some mischief.

Presently, coming into a rather more open piece of ground, I stepped forward to get a more complete view of her. As soon as she saw me she turned, and made a dash up the sloping bank of the stream. Fearing to lose her, I fired at once one of my large conical bullets. Unfortunately, the bullet was turned by an intervening branch, and struck her not in a very vital spot. With a roar she turned back, and as she retreated along the stream in the direction from which she originally came, I gave

her a second bullet, and then started to follow her up.

This was the most foolish thing I could have done; but, being excited, caution seemed to be

thrown to the winds. In this spot the grass was 3 ft. high at least, and the danger of following a wounded tigress through this requires no argument or explanation.

Guided by pools of blood, however, we followed on along the bed of the stream, until at last, seeing ourselves hemmed in with rock and high grass, we did not think it prudent to go farther. The place being full of trees, I sent a man up one of them to see if he could locate the tigress, and in a moment or two his reply came, "Here she lies, close by." Indeed, the answer in Hindustani conveyed the meaning that you could almost touch the brute. In answer to my question whether she was dead, the look-



I WAS FREQUENTLY REWARDED BY A SIGHT OF THE WHITE FANG.

out replied, "Quite dead."

I should have done better if I had taken heed to an old proverb in India, which says that "a tiger is never dead" (*i.e.*, takes much killing); but I was thrown off my guard on hearing that she was quite dead; and so, taking a rifle in my right hand, I walked in the direction pointed out, when, instead of a dead animal, I suddenly came literally face to face with a very angry and wounded tigress, sufficiently alive to do much mischief, as the sequel will show. She was crouching between two rocks or boulders, with her head in my direction; and when I approached her I could see from the angry switching of her tail that she meant mischief, badly wounded though she was.

Catching up my rifle quickly, before she had time to charge, I aimed for the white part under

her jaw, hoping to reach the heart, but being so close, that is, about ten yards distant, the rifle threw rather too high, and entering the shoulder-blade, traversed her body, and came out far back.

In a flash she was out straight at me, and I gave her the second barrel, at about a yard distance, right in the mouth, my hope being to send the ball up into her brain; but in this I was not successful. The bullet unfortunately struck one of her large tusks, smashed this, altered its own course, and came out under her eye.

After recovering herself, she charged again; and, not having time to reload, I could only defend myself with the empty rifle. As she reared up on end to seize me, I rammed the rifle down her throat, losing my ring in the effort, and getting my fingers badly cut in that awful reeking cavity. After throwing the rifle from her throat, on came the infuriated tigress again, I being now quite unarmed. I could only raise my arm in defence of my head. She seized it at once, and over I went like a ninepin.

My people, now thoroughly alarmed, ran away, except two of my own servants, who waited to see if any assistance could be rendered. In the meantime the beast dragged me by the arm down to the bed of the stream and stood over me, the blood from her wounded mouth dropping on my scared face. This she proceeded to lick, and when she passed her tongue over my face it was painful in the extreme, for the tongue, being so rough, it positively skinned me.

The tigress now turned me over on to my face, and seizing me (much as a cat does a mouse)

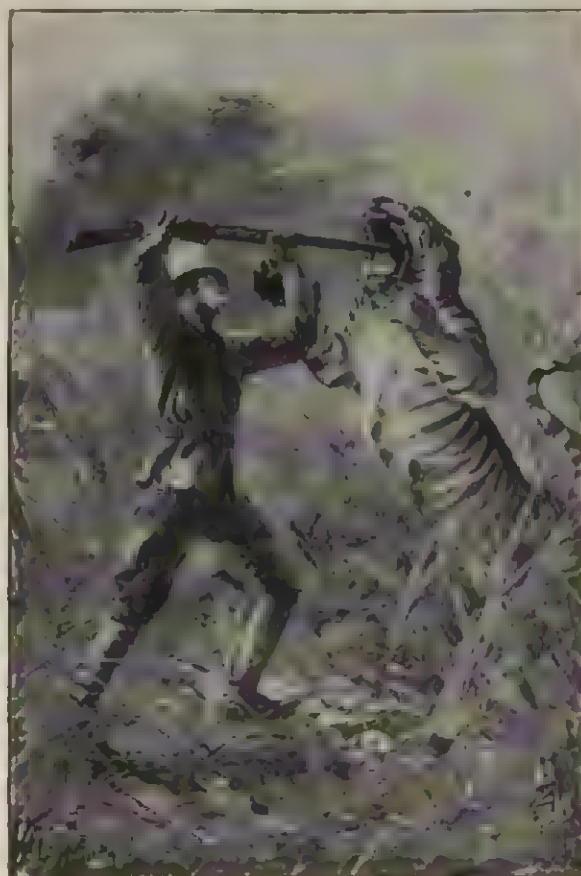
by the small of the back, shook me violently, evidently with the intention of breaking my spine. The wounds she had received already, however, were very severe, and her strength failing her (although I got a frightful biting and shaking), I happily escaped a violent death. Also, one large tusk having been shot away, my spine was saved, though the sinews were dragged out. The broken tusk tore the muscles of my back, while the lower jaw penetrated both sides of the hip joint. Still, she had not strength enough to kill me.

While lying on the ground I had full possession of my faculties, and knew that my only chance was to feign death. I scarcely dared to breathe. This secured my safety, for I am certain that, had I made the least struggle, a blow from the animal's paw would soon have settled the matter.

One of my men, getting very excited, came to the edge of the stream and, taking up a large stone, flung it at her, giving utterance at the same time to some of his choice vernacular, as only a native can do when excited. The animal now let me go and made a dash at this man, who quick as thought was up a tree.

After a while,

with what strength I had left, I got up, and having proceeded a few yards in the direction opposite to which the tigress was, one of my men met me with every manifestation of delight. The others soon flocked in, and they took me up and carried me away a short distance. I felt it was all over with me, and that the terrible injuries I had received would prove fatal. A buzzing was going on in my ears, and my sight was beginning to fail. I turned round to my faithful shikaree, who was



AS SHE REARED UP TO SEIZE ME, I RAMMED THE RIFLE DOWN HER THROAT.



"THE NATIVES, MAKING A HAMMOCK OF THEIR WAIST-CLOTHS, CARRIED ME AWAY."

sitting at my head, and whose life I had saved on a former occasion, and said to him:—

"Am I to die, and that beast to live?"

"No, sir," was the reply. "Load the gun again."

I was placed with my back against a tree, and, scarcely able to see what I was doing, I loaded the gun and gave it to him. I heard two shots in rapid succession, and then I fainted away. When I returned to consciousness the tigress was lying alongside me. This time she was really dead, and my own time did not appear far off.

The little tree beside me was then cut down for a pole, and the natives, making a hammock of their waist cloths, slung me in it, and carried me away. My house was about twelve miles distant, and it was evening when we got there; I then took some nourishment. But the nearest doctor lived fifty miles away, and the question was could I hold out until that distance had been traversed? All this time my wounds were bleeding freely; and I knew perfectly well that unless this were stopped, I should soon be dead. I then got a reaping hook made red hot, and by the aid of a looking-glass, I was able to cauterize the places from which the blood flowed most

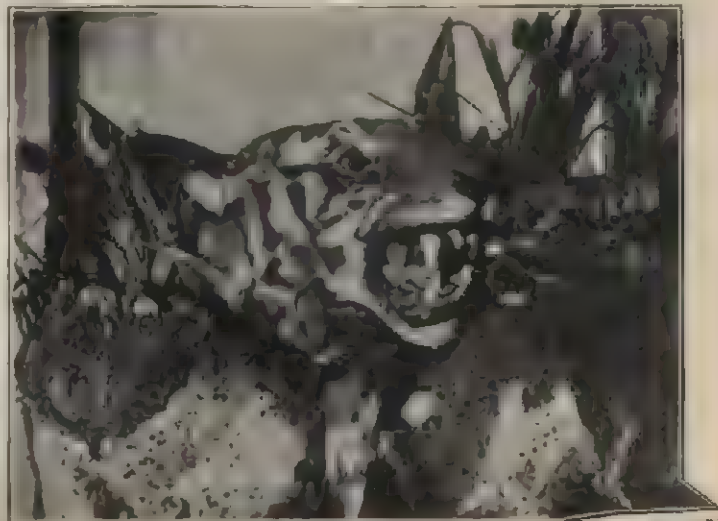
profusely; and by doing this from time to time, I was enabled to reach the station alive, where I hoped to find a doctor.

I left home in the cool of the evening, carried on a small native bed by relays of men; but, native-like, they did not hurry themselves, putting me down at every opportunity, and taking a rest and the invariable smoke.

This journey, which might

easily have been accomplished in a few hours, was not completed until a late hour the next day, and the doctor did not arrive until late on the following day. By this time I was in a high state of fever, and shortly became delirious. My arm was swollen so much, and looked so bad, that the doctor proposed to amputate it, but this I would not allow, as I knew the injury to my back was even more serious.

The agony I endured is indescribable. When my coat had to be cut off, the returning circula-



"HEAD OF THE TIGER AT THE PLACE WHERE I WAS KILLED. SEE HOW THE TIGER IS LOOKING AT ME, AND HOW I WAS KILLED."

tion produced a most painful sensation, on account of the limb having been so tightly wrapped up for so many hours. Every morning, when the doctor came in, I knew the agony I was to suffer from dressing my back; the pain of which used to bring beads of perspiration over my forehead, and make the muscles contract, until I was cramped up with extreme pain.

The wounds were so severe, and the back so tender, that it became necessary to cut away the bed from beneath it, and I had to lie in one position for *six months*. For some time I was unable to feed myself. But I was particularly fortunate in having a thoroughly experienced and clever doctor, who did everything in his power to bring me round, and, I am thankful to say, succeeded.

II.—A Thrilling Two Minutes.

BY CAPTAIN B. DE SALES LA TERRIERE, LATE 18TH HUSSARS AND EGYPTIAN CAVALRY
AND SECOND IN COMMAND OF THE ABABDEH FRONTIER FORCE, 1884-5.

How this distinguished officer ran the despatches through the Bayuda Desert, and was nearly captured by Arabs. An incident in the Soudan Campaign of 1885.

THE following exciting little incident occurred in the Bayuda Desert, in the month of February, 1885. Our little army was just then in a very poor plight. Herbert Stewart had just been killed at Metemneh. Khartoum had fallen. Gordon was dead. The game was up, and after pitching most of the stores into the river, Buller had succeeded in bringing back to our half way camp, at Jakdool Wells, the gallant little band that had hurried across the desert full of the hope that they would be in time to save Gordon. All our troops were then collected at Jakdool, and we really knew nothing at all of what was going on around us, or whether the Mahdi's forces were coming after us or not, and the waterless state of the desert was really our only safeguard.

Everyone was very sore and disheartened at the turn of events, and though it would palpably have been madness to go on, the idea of turning back was anything but pleasant.

The men had

nearly walked the boots off their feet, nearly all our camels were either dead or used up, and had it not been for some few hundreds which were afterwards hired from the "friendlies," I really don't know how Sir Evelyn Wood would have got his sick and shoeless men out of the desert at all. However, "All's

well that ends well," though it is only those who were with him at the last who can fully appreciate what tremendous credit was due to him for getting such a transportless and disheartened lot of men safely back to our river base at Korti.

It was just when things were at their worst that I received an order one evening to proceed at once from Jakdool, with despatches, to Lord Wolseley, at Korti, a distance of about 120 miles. I was delighted at the chance. I had a good camel, which I had ridden all the way from Korosko, which was the headquarters of the Ababdeh frontier force, of which curious army I had been acting as second in command



CAPTAIN B. DE SALES LA TERRIERE.
From a Photo. by Watery, Regent Street.

to Rundle, and in which I had picked up a considerable experience of Arab life and Arabs by the way.

To give you some idea of the downhearted state of everyone at the moment, as I was leaving, a man, who was known as perhaps the most absolutely fearless man in the army (since dead, I'm sorry to say), said to me, "Well, good-bye, old chap: *you'll* get home all right, but I don't think *zee* shall."

I dined that evening with Sir Evelyn, and started off on my lonely ride at about 10 p.m.

never to "camp" on a track, but always a bit away from it. One also learns to look upon every living thing one sees in the desert as a possible enemy, and as such to be given a wide berth. I hit upon a place where there were two or three low bushes and some rough halfa grass, about thirty yards from the track, unsaddled and hobbled my camel, spread my carpet, and using the saddle for a pillow (and a very uncomfortable one it made), settled myself down to get a few winks of sleep.

I don't think it could have been very long



"YOU'LL GET HOME ALL RIGHT."

It was a fairly light night, and the great masses of rock, yellow in the daylight, now stood out black against the sky, as I passed the little "God's acre" where Herbert Stewart had just been laid, and came out on to the undulating plain to the north side of the wells and struck into the track.

This track was fairly discernible, but I have always found in desert travelling by night that, given a good general knowledge of one's direction, it is very easy to steer by the stars, so that finding one's way by night, over anything like a flat country, is by no means as difficult as it would seem to be.

I made, altogether, five journeys across the Bayuda Desert with despatches, and though in the darkness I nearly always got off the track, I never had any difficulty in finding it again when daylight came. On this occasion I jogged on till about 2 a.m., and then, more for my camel's sake than my own, I began to look about for a place to lie down in till daylight.

One learns in desert travelling with Arabs

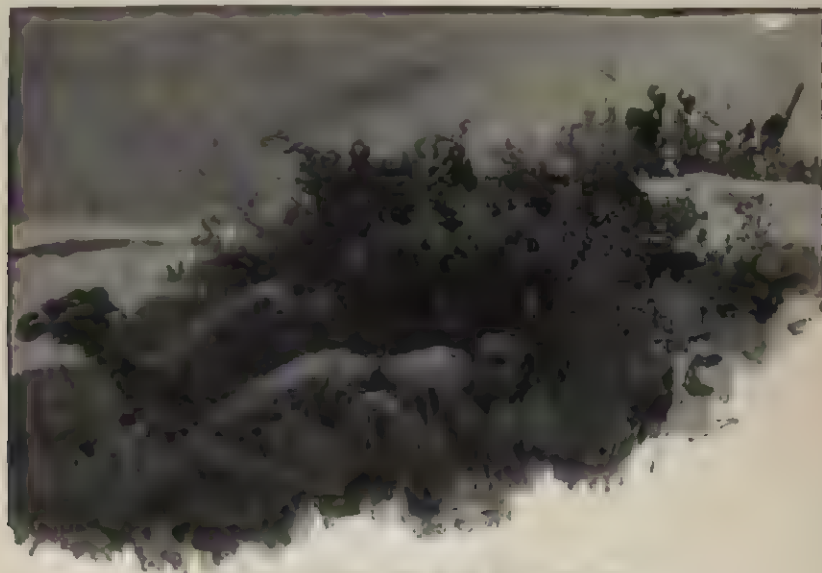
when, in a drowsy sort of way, I found myself listening to a sort of shuffling and numbling, which seemed to be coming nearer to me. Half asleep, for a second I lay still. Suddenly, in a moment of time, I realized what it meant. The noises I heard were the *voices of Arabs* talking, and the shuffling was the noise made by *their footsteps in the sandy soil!*

The moon had got up, and the light, to my startled imagination, seemed as bright as day. As I caught sight of the Arabs they were just coming round a bend in the track, where it crossed a little khor. One's brain works quickly at such times, and it dawned on me in a flash that, as I was absolutely helpless, my one chance was to lie as still as a mouse and trust to luck. Then a horrible thought came: *Had they camels?* If so, my own brute would certainly begin to make unearthly noises, and I should be "given away" at once. Mercifully it turned out that they were all on foot. They were now quite close to me, and I could see the glint of the moonbeams on their great broad spear-blades

and cross-handled swords, and their skins shone like black marble against the moonlit sky. They seemed in no particular hurry, but just shambled on about twenty yards away from me. *I counted fifteen of them.*

I expected every instant to be discovered, in

incident, especially as it came to nothing; and certainly, sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, with one's toes on the fender, things have rather a different aspect. But just try to realize my position. Alone in the desert, miles from help, just woke up in the middle of the night, and my



"I EXPECTED EVERY INSTANT TO BE DISCOVERED."

which event no power on earth could have saved me. Never have I felt so absolutely helpless. The sweat poured off me, and my heart thumped so loudly against my ribs, that it seemed to my distorted nerves that they must even hear that. I dared scarcely breathe, let alone fumble for my pistol, which was on the other side of me, and all the time I was expecting my camel to give off one of his unearthly grunts, which would, of course, mean "the end." Every horror that I had ever read or heard about as to the Mahdi's treatment of those that fell into his hands rushed into my despairing mind. Stories of horrible mutilation rose up before me, and I saw myself perhaps a footless, handless horror, perhaps with lips and eyelids torn away; and left to linger in the burning sunrays till wished-for, slow-coming death should put an end to my torture. I would *not* be taken alive—I would compel them to kill me. However, for once, luck came to my aid, and with it, I'm afraid, comes bathos to my story.

The camel *didn't* grunt, the Arabs *didn't* see me, and in what seemed to me about two lifetimes, but what I suppose was really about as many minutes, the Arabs had passed me and were soon out of sight. I breathed again!

Now this perhaps may not seem a very terrible

only chance of life to lie absolutely still, with a camel for a companion, who might "give me away" at any moment. Realize these things, I say, and you will perhaps agree that under the circumstances I need not be ashamed to confess to a condition of absolute "blue funk."

I'm sure I can speak to the fact that I never experienced such an alarming two minutes, and I sincerely hope I never shall again. I think the only reason the Arabs did not see me was that I and my camel were lying in a little depression on the shady side of some small bushes, and the deep shadow hid me; whereas they were standing up in the full glare of the moonlight, and I could see every hair on their heads.

Even after they were gone I found my nerves (pretty good in those days) were so shaky that I could hardly saddle the camel; but I managed it somehow, and then, giving the track a wide berth, I continued my journey to Korti. I soon found the track again when day broke, and made the wells of El Howayat (which the men, of course, called "Isle of Wight") about noon. I lay down under a tree till 3 p.m. to rest my camel, and then rode on till a little after dark, when I halted for the night.

You may be sure I didn't "camp" very near



"I CONTINUED MY JOURNEY TO KORTI."

the track this time! However, I was dog tired, and slept like a top. Waking refreshed, I was off again at daylight, and got into Korti about noon, having covered 126 miles in thirty-eight hours. Pretty fair going on a camel.

I dined that night with Lord Wolseley, who was anxious to hear the latest news from the desert, and soon forgot my terrible though brief experience. In a couple of days' time I was off again with despatches to Sir Evelyn Wood, and heard on my arrival at Jakdool that, on the morning after my adventure, *mes amis* the Arabs had fallen in with a native postman who had followed me; had cut him in pieces and carried off his letters.

III.—My Escape from the Cambodian Rebels.

BY LIONEL DECLE.

(Author of "Three Years in Savage Africa.")

The well-known traveller describes one of his adventures during the Tonkin War.

ALTHOUGH many years have elapsed since I met with the adventure I will now relate, all its details are still fresh in my memory. It was, I think, in 1884 or 1885. I had been spending several years in India, Burma, and Java, and as I had decided to go home through Japan and America, I stopped on the way to visit Cochin China and Cambodia. When I reached Saigon, however, severe fighting was going on in Tonkin, and I was assured that it would be unsafe to proceed to Cambodia. I therefore took one of the river steamers, intending merely to visit the interior of Cochin China.

I stopped at two or three Government stations on the River Mei-Kong, but soon got wearied by the monotony of the trip, so that when I reached the last French settlement I determined to penetrate

into Cambodia, my chief object being to visit the famous ruins of Ankor. The French magistrate assured me that to go there meant certain death, as the natives were most excited against the whites, and he absolutely declined to supply me with means of transport.

A few days later I met a trader who was sending men to fetch his partner who owned a factory in Cambodia, and I induced him to allow me to take passage in his boat.

It took us twenty-four hours to reach our destination. We started at 11 p.m. by a splendid moonlight, but swarms of mosquitoes compelled me to take refuge under my mosquito curtain. All night long the men rowed, singing slow native songs. It was a weird night; the splashing of the oars on the water, with the same monotonous song repeated



LIONEL DECLE, AUTHOR AND EXPLORER.
From a Photo.



"I INDUCED HIM TO ALLOW ME TO TAKE PASSAGE IN HIS BOAT."

over and over again, accompanied by the buzzing of mosquitoes and the slapping of hands on human flesh to ward off their bites, were the only sounds that broke the silence. At last I went to sleep. When I awoke a grey mist surrounded us, and little could be heard but the ripple of the water against the sides of the boat -- a noise which was almost drowned by the buzz of myriads of mosquitoes. The men had tied the boat to a tree and had all fallen asleep. At last the sun managed to pierce the mist, and with it the hateful insects disappeared. All day long we glided between the low lying banks of the river, under a broiling hot sun, passing innumerable small canals. The men hardly ever stopped rowing, and at last, towards midnight, we reached our destination.

I was glad at the prospect of soon resting in a bed, well knowing that I would receive the hospitality all white men give to travellers in those parts. I landed with one of the men, who led me through an avenue of stately palms to the house. It was all in darkness, but the moment I began to ascend the few steps leading to the porch a voice hailed me in French:—

"Ah, Jean, here you are at last!"

"I am not Jean," I replied.

A match was struck, a candle lighted, and I

then caught sight of a young Frenchman in pyjamas.

"Who the deuce are you?" he roughly inquired, "and where do you come from? But come in, *mon cher Monsieur*," he added, in a different tone, before I had time to answer him.

He took me into a sitting-room furnished with four bamboo chairs and a table, and there I explained to him the object of my visit. When I had concluded he stood silent for a moment, and then exclaimed:—

"Are you so anxious to commit suicide?"

"How?" said I, expecting a drink, which I regret to say did not come.

He then told me that the country was in a terrible state of ferment; that, only a fortnight before, all his factory hands had run away; and the news of the Lang Son disaster had excited the natives to such a pitch that he expected every moment that the natives would attack his factory. "In fact," he added, "I should have cleared a week ago to the station you left yesterday, but for the fact that I had no hands to man my boat; and also because I am hourly expecting the arrival of the manager of another factory which I possess, some

fifty miles away from here."

I despised natives a good deal at that time, and I began to laugh at his fears.

"Well, you don't know the Cambodians," was his retort; "and I hope for your sake that you won't become acquainted with them." He went on telling me stories of the atrocities they had often been guilty of, but I was so exhausted that I presently asked for permission to retire to my bed.

My host took me to a pleasant room, where my Indian servant had already taken my traps with the help of the boatmen. I was soon sound asleep.

Suddenly someone shook me. Thinking it was morning, and that my servant had come to call me, I muttered a few angry words and turned round; but I was rudely shaken once more, and when I opened my eyes I noticed a curious red glow reflected on the white walls of the room, and a white figure standing near my bed. It was my host.

"Quick, quick!" he exclaimed, in a tremulous voice, "they are coming, they are coming!"

I am not a brave man; I value my life very highly, and for that very reason I always keep a cool head. Probably this is why it is still screwed up on my shoulders.

"What's the matter?" I asked my host. He was shaking with fear, and could hardly speak.

"*Ah, mon Dieu!* Come, let us fly! No, it's too late. Too late! Here they come!"

As he said this he pulled me out of bed and led me towards the veranda. I was struck by a scene I shall never forget.

Half a mile away the straw huts of a native village were blazing fiercely. One after the other the roofs were falling in, and as they fell huge tongues of flame and millions of sparks shot high into the air. The fire was accompanied by a hissing noise, and all round it birds were flying wildly. Several hundreds of dark human figures appeared like so many demons against the glowing background, with guns and spears shining brightly in the light. They were making towards the house, shouting and dancing about. It was awful, but it was grand.

The moment I appeared on the veranda they caught sight of my white pyjamas, and a loud yell went up from every throat. Guns were fired, but too far off to harm us. For two or three seconds I stood there transfixed by the magnificence of the picture, but I was soon recalled to my senses by my host, who dragged me back into the room.

"*Ah, mon Dieu!* Let us fly, let us hide! We are lost!" was all he could find to say.

There was no time to be lost, at any rate. I seized my revolver, and at the same time called out to my native servant to take a rifle out of its case; but the fellow had collapsed on the floor, muttering, "Master, I am dead, I am dead." My rifle cases were locked, and my servant could not find the keys. Fortunately, I remembered that some time before I had broken the lock of my eight-bore case, so, hastily opening it, I caught hold of the rifle and a dozen or so of cartridges which were loose in the box. These I put in my pyjama coat-pocket and we rushed downstairs.

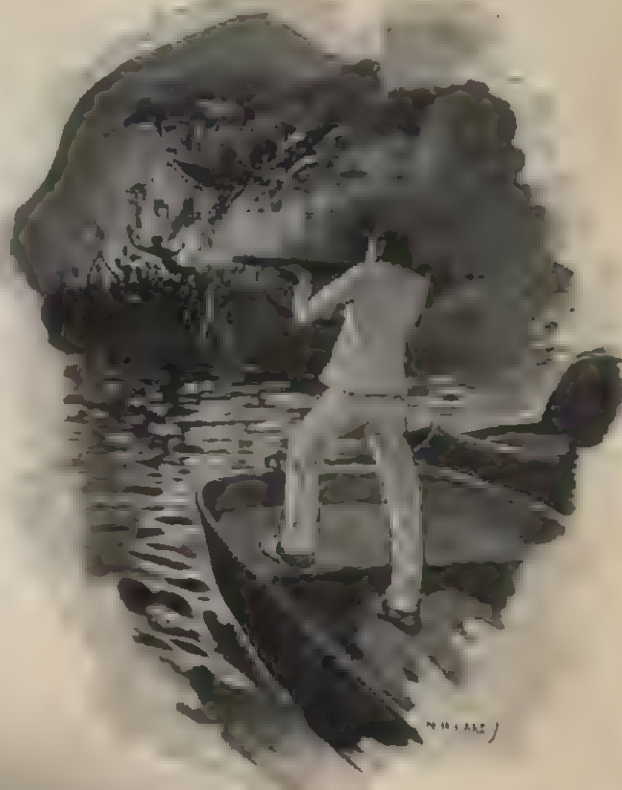
When we reached the door of the house I could see the natives hardly three hundred yards away from us. In order that they should not notice us, I hastily tore down some plants growing in casks under the porch, and carrying them close to our bodies, we made a mad rush towards the boats. We reached them none too soon, as the boatmen, who had slept in the boat, were shoving off. We jumped in—my host, myself, and my

servant, very much alive, although he had assured me that he was dead a few moments before. As we were about to row off the thought struck me that there was another boat moored near the one we had jumped in, and that it might enable the rebels to follow us up. I therefore got into it, and having made it fast to the other, we rowed away for all we were worth.

We were not fifty yards off the shore when we saw our enemies breaking into the house. Soon they caught sight of us, and with mad yells rushed towards the river. They fired volley after volley at us, but without effect. I had so few cartridges that I could not afford to waste ammunition, but all the same I could not resist the temptation of firing a parting shot at them.

Just as I was going to take aim, the house we had left, a few minutes before, began to blaze furiously. With such a lurid background, the black crowd of natives standing on the bank offered a splendid target. I fired, and heard the flop of my bullet followed by a piercing scream. I had made a good shot.

The boat we were towing was impeding our progress. I therefore went into it, and



"I FIRED AND HEARD THE 'FLOP' OF MY BULLET."

having found, among the cartridges I had hastily taken, one with a steel pointed bullet, I fired it at the bottom of the boat, and when it began to fill up I jumped back into the first boat, and to our relief it had soon disappeared under the water.

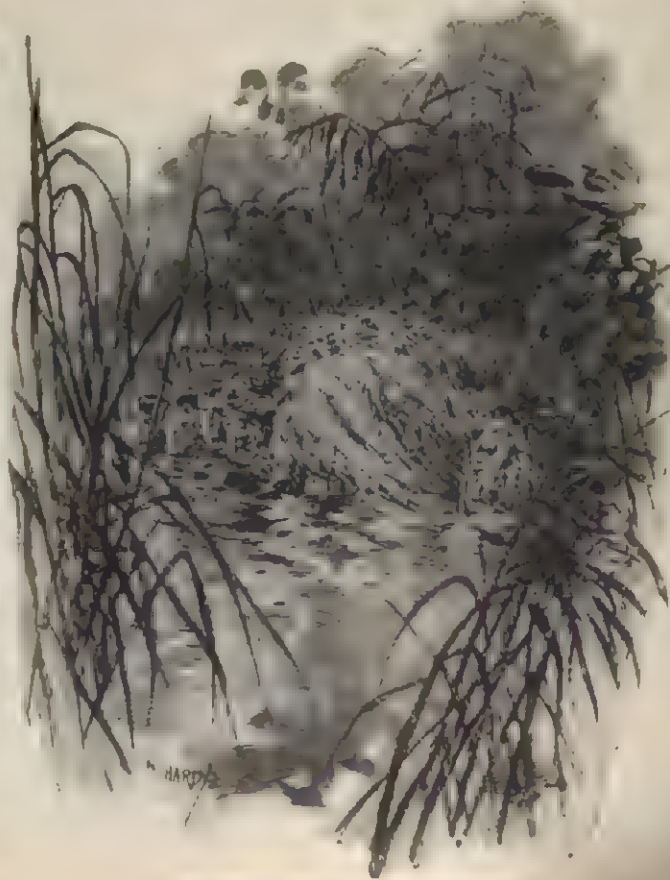
We knew, however, that the natives were certain to find another boat before morning, so that with our heavy boat and tired crew we ran great risk of being overtaken. After consultation, we decided to enter one of the numerous canals which run into the river. Our boatmen knew the country well, their lives were at stake as well as ours, and therefore we made good progress during the night. Unfortunately, when morning came, the tide, which is felt far into the interior, began to fall, and our boat soon commenced to touch the bottom of the canal. The men jumped into the water and pushed it with might and main; this enabled us to go on for a short time, but at last their efforts were of no avail. We, too, jumped into the water, but it was no good; we were hopelessly stuck. The position was critical; if our boat was seen, it would mean certain death to us; so with superhuman efforts, dragging the mud from under the keel with our hands, we succeeded at last in forcing the boat among the high reeds lining the banks of the canal. Hastily we tore off more reeds and entirely covered the craft with them. We then waded a few hundred yards farther up, and there also hid ourselves among the vegetation. One of our boatmen volunteered to keep a look out to see if our foes were following us.

I shall never forget the hours of misery which followed; waist-deep in the filthy water, devoured by the myriads of mosquitoes which had taken refuge in the darkness of the vegetation surrounding us, we suffered indescribable agonies of torture. Hours elapsed, and at last the water began to rise once more. It had reached our shoulders, and we were thinking of going back to the boat, when our man on the look out gave a low whistle and crawled among us. Our enemies were on our track: our sentry had caught sight of them coming towards us walking along our bank of the canal.

Soon we heard their voices and their foot steps, and at the same time the water was rising and rising, steadily and swiftly. When the pirates were within a few yards of us, the water had already reached the chin of my French companion, the shortest man of the party. We dared not move or take our hands out of the water for fear of making a noise, so that all our faces were soon perfectly black with mosquitoes, unmercifully sucking the blood from our fore-

heads, eyes, ears, lips, and, indeed, almost crawling inside our nostrils. How long this agony lasted I cannot say: it must have been a few minutes, but they seemed hours to us. At last the voices of our pursuers grew fainter and fainter, and we knew they had passed us.

It was none too soon, as the water had by that time reached the lips of my friend, and none of us could have stood two seconds longer the unchecked bites of the mosquitoes. When at last we dared take our hands out of the water and crash the vile insects, our faces were literally
ing. wi



"OUR FACES WERE BLACK WITH MOSQUITOES."

and enormously swollen. I fared the best of all, having previously tied bunches of grass all round my head and neck, thus preserving my eyes.

Our plucky scout then crawled up the bank once more, and having ascertained that none of our pursuers were in sight, we hurried back to the boat, and headed her towards the river. Nearly everyone in our party, with the exception of myself, was almost blind from the swelling of the mosquito bites, so I had to steer the boat.

All that day and all that night we rowed, until every man nearly fainted from exhaustion. At last we caught sight of a light floating ahead

of us in the river, and heard the puffing of engines; we knew we were saved. It was an armed launch that had arrived at the last station of the border that very evening, and had been sent to look out for us. We were taken on board at once. My French companion and my Indian servant were quite delirious, and their heads were swollen to nearly double their normal size. I suffered from violent fever and intolerable headache for nearly a week, but I had afterwards the satisfaction of taking part in the capture of the fiends into whose hands I had so nearly fallen, and whose punishment I gladly witnessed.

IV.—*Chased by a Furious Ostrich.*

By MISS M. M. ROWLES.

A young English lady out for a ride in South Africa disturbs an ostrich "family." The giant cock leaps a fence and starts in mad pursuit. The chase, the heroic Kaffir, and a tragedy.

THE open veldt lay before us bathed in the dew and the lingering shades of early morning as we mounted our horses for a ride across country. Before we had gone far, however, my companion was summoned back by the news of the illness of a horse, and I continued my ride alone. For miles the road stretched across the veldt, studded here and there with clumps of mimosa bushes and covered with wonderful flowers, whose scent filled the atmosphere with a delicious perfume. Then the country suddenly changed, as it so often does in that part of the world, and became interwoven with hills and dark kloofs into which the sun never penetrates. As I advanced mile by mile the scenery grew wilder, and great rocks, just tinged with the purple of the sunrise, rose majestically on either side. The whole air seemed to quiver with life, and there was a faint whirr in the grass and trees as if the birds and insects had over slept themselves and were hurriedly awakening lest they should be caught sleeping by the reproachful sun. Nature was in glorious possession, and the only sound which broke in upon its occasional lowing of the far-distant

his head and snorted in pure enjoyment, and, lured on by the exhilarating air and glimpses of far-away misty hills, I let the reins hang loose and left him to follow his own sweet will. When the

road divided he turned off into a bridle path which led through a wild gorge, and eventually lost itself among the rocks at the foot of a hill. For a moment I was puzzled to know what the beast would do, but in less time than it took me to think, the sure-footed little creature had started up the side of the mountain and, picking out his steps along a circuitous course, he eventually landed me at the top. Here I dismounted and left him to graze—he was an old pet, and I knew he would not go far—while I sat drinking in the glorious view. Behind me lay the plains from which I had come, with the orange groves of my beautiful African home nestling at the foot of a giant kopje. Before me

range after range of blue mountains rolled back like the waves of the sea, until they were lost in the golden haze of the sunlight in the eastern sky. Except for one or two dark clusters of gum trees here and there, which betrayed the existence of a farm, there was no sign of human habitation; and the wonderful solitude awed me as I realised that



MISS M. M. ROWLES.

From a Photo. by H. S. Menachukin.

one might travel for days across those vast stretches of blue hills and dark valleys without passing even a village.

We had been out some hours, and the sun was now making its way well over the tops of the hills, flooding the world with a glorious light and drawing all things towards it. The birds burst out into song; the flowers, bent under the heavy burden of the night's dew, looked up shyly and with blinking eyes into the smile and warmth of the sun-god. Soon the white mists of the valley would disappear, and be followed by the blazing heat of a sub-tropical sun.

Re-mounting, we followed a half-beaten track on the opposite side from which we had come, and in a short time we were at the foot of the hill and on the level veldt once more. Going forward into the main road (such as it was), which wound round the base of the mountain, I started off at a quick canter towards home.

For some time we went along at a good pace, when suddenly I was startled by the sight, not far ahead, of a cock ostrich rushing wildly backwards and forwards, with its beautiful black-and-white wings flapping and quivering with rage. I pulled up with a jerk, for at first I thought the bird was loose on the veldt, but on closer inspection I found that a wire fence was between us. Just at this moment I saw on the other side of the camp a hen sitting on her nest, and knowing only too well the danger I was in, I paused to consider what I should do. A short distance in front the road ran close to the fence, and I knew it would be impossible to pass that way. There was nothing for it but to retrace my steps and follow the road back round the mountain till it joined the one by which I had come. I was not afraid, for it was by no means an uncommon position in which to find oneself in the centre of an ostrich-farming country; and, besides, I felt sure of getting away. Accordingly, I turned the pony's head in the opposite direction and walked quietly back, hoping to escape notice. A few moments passed, and I began to think we were safe, when suddenly a strange sound made me look round. To my horror I saw that, in one of his wild charges, the enormous bird had caught sight of us and was making frantic dashes along the fence, which was unusually low

and was not of barbed wire. In a few seconds he would be over, and then it meant a race for dear life. My pony, I knew, was one of the quickest in the country, and as we had a good start, possibly for a short time we should keep ahead, but in the end I knew the ostrich must easily catch us. As if by instinct my faithful friend scented danger, and after one whispered word in his ear, he was off like the wind. There was suddenly a crash behind us, followed by a measured beating, which almost made the ground vibrate and set my heart thumping. If you have never heard the "tramp" of an infuriated ostrich, no words will adequately describe it; the nearest approach to it that I can think of is the sound of the regular thud, thud of soldiers on the march. There was no mistake, we were being pursued by a furious cock ostrich—a formidable foe indeed! Now it was only a question of time. The pony's feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground, and I bent forward urging him on feverishly as I had never done before. Nearer and nearer came the beating, the distance between us and our strange pursuer growing less and less every second. I was powerless to do anything but hold on to my flying horse. We were miles away from any farm in the direction we were going, and those behind knew nothing of the terrible danger I was in. Could there be no help? I was so young to die that horrible death. Trampled by a bird, who in its furious moments can overcome any human being. Alone on the boundless veldt I looked vaguely up into the blue sky, and thought the world had never been so beautiful; and now —

There was a distant shout, and I was dimly conscious that a short, heavy kerrie whizzed past me. I dared not stop, for the ostrich was



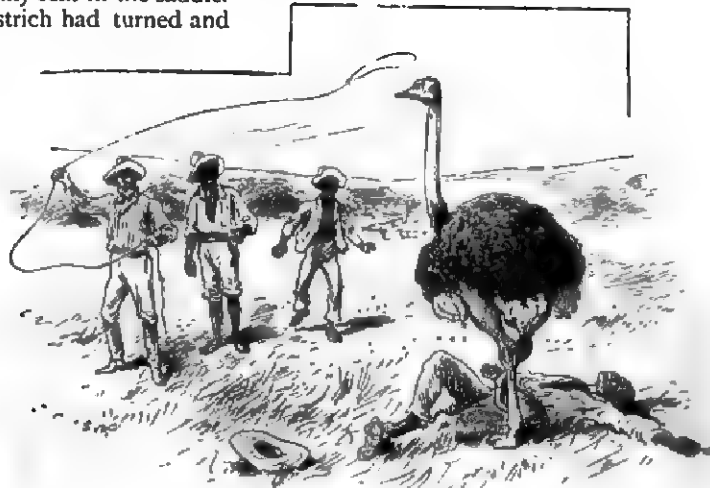
"THE OSTRICH WAS BUT A FEW YARDS BEHIND."

now but a few yards behind, and I could almost feel the vibration of its great wings as it skimmed, half-flying, half-racing, over the earth. Presently another kerrie came whizzing past, and this time it must have interfered in some way with the progress of the great bird, for I could tell it had stopped short; and as the chase was not resumed I ventured to look back.

My heart seemed suddenly to stand still; my head swam, and I had the greatest difficulty to keep my seat in the saddle. The infuriated ostrich had turned and

to recover—if, indeed, he ever could—the bird was literally dancing upon him, and I shut my eyes to hide the ghastly sight. By this time several Kaffirs and a Dutchman had come up, and with a long lasso they caught the sensitive part of the bird's neck and strangled it, dragging it off the prostrate Kaffir at the same time.

I never knew how I reached home that day.



"WITH A LONG LASSO THEY CAUGHT THE BIRD'S NECK."

was charging at a Kaffir who was coming up from the camp in pursuit. The man saw his danger, and excitedly threw kerrie after kerrie, which passed wide of the mark. Vague ideas flashed through my mind of going to his help—an absurd idea, of course, and now impossible, for the pony had become thoroughly frightened and was bolting as hard as he could go, with his mane flying in the wind.

I did make an effort to stop him, thinking I might find a short cut across to the farm and get help, but it was useless, and I could only turn my head at intervals and hold on as tightly as I could.

There was more shouting now, and I hoped that others had come to the rescue, but glancing back again I saw it was too late—*ostrich and man had met!* The Kaffir made a tremendous spring at the long neck of the bird, but he was too slow, and an awful kick sent the poor wretch into the air, and dropped him with a thud upon the earth. Before he had time

My hat had blown off in the race, and the sun beat down on my head, making it throb and ache. I had only had a cup of coffee before starting, and the last part of the way I could hardly sit up. For days and nights that ghastly fight haunted me, and I was troubled by the thought that the man had practically given his life for mine, whilst I had done nothing even to attempt to save him. His master, a hard, mercenary Boer, was more filled with annoyance at the loss of the valuable ostrich than with pity for the man who had met with so strange and cruel a death. After all, the man was only a "nigger-dog," and one more or less of them didn't matter: but the bird would have sold for £150.

I heard afterwards that the unfortunate Kaffir had only lived till he reached the farm, and then he succumbed to his terrible injuries. Some little time previously he had become a Christian, and we brought away his body and had it buried in our own garden.

Sonny, the Water-Baby.

By THEO. W. HICKSON.

A Colonial gentleman travelling in the Western States of America comes across a remarkable baby and his still more remarkable keeper. With photographs of both, and much amusing information. A revelation to ordinary mothers.



WAY out beyond the setting sun, beyond the bleak and ice-bound shores of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, past the St. Lawrence, past the roar of mighty Niagara, and the vast ocean lakes from whose bosoms she draws her sustenance: across the boundless prairie, over the cloud-piercing Rockies and the towering peaks of the Seakirks and the Bitter Root Mountains; and still onward across the rich valleys of the Fraser and Columbia rivers, in the "Evergreen" country; and over the snow-tipped summits of the Cascades, there lies a land fairer than any of these—a Land of Many Delights—only awaiting the spoiling hand of man and the curse of civilization to be rendered as void of virgin beauty and native charm as any other region over which the destroyer has reared his marts of commerce, and halls of corruption and misgovernment.

His first withering touch is already upon it. But there are some few of the many charming features of the country whose beauty, though perhaps in some measure marred, can hardly by any possibility be altogether destroyed.

Foremost amongst these are, first, the ever-majestic Mount Rainier—the Fujiyama of the Puget Sound and the lower Columbia River country; and, second, though in lesser degree, the ever-peaceful and beautiful Lake Washington.

It was while exploring the beauties of this delightful region last summer that I "discovered" the interesting little subject of this sketch.

It came about in this way. I had not long before become the possessor of a camera, one of the hand variety—a "snap-shot," in fact; and, like a lad with a new weapon, I was roaming around looking for "something to shoot."

The shores of Lake Washington seemed likely to afford some pretty little "bits." My

especial aim, however, was to "take" majestic Mount Rainier, standing away back some fifty miles or more, but always looming up sheer and clear as if only four or five miles off.

I thought to secure the object of my ramble, nicely embellished with a foreground of foliage, water, and headland, in such combination as to make a fine picture.

Not until later did I learn, after many a "development" without a trace of the main object of my pursuit, that to get the distant mountain in any snap-shot was an utter impossibility, so that all my efforts at bagging my noble Rainier were just as full of vain endeavour as would be any attempt to pot the moon with a rook-rifle.

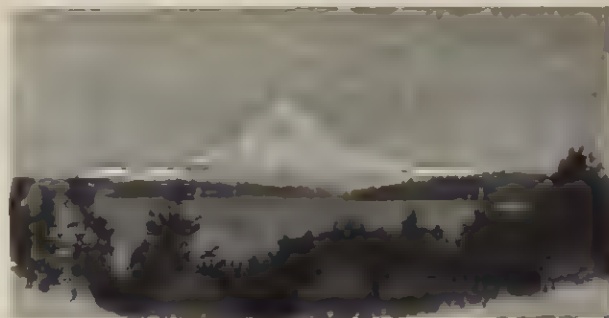
But if in my search for big game, photographically speaking, I met only with disappointment, I was fully recompensed by my good luck in securing some smaller game of a sort such as I certainly was not in search of.

Pharaoh's daughter coming upon the infant Moses could not have been more surprised than was I on perceiving, sitting complacently amongst the tall rushes in the shallow water along the lake shore, as pretty a little blue-eyed model of a

juvenile Johnny Bull as man's eye need desire to rest upon, not another living soul was in sight.

No vestige of clothing had my strange baby on, nor was any to be seen anywhere about. But, truth to tell, for the moment all I saw was a picture. Subject: "Moses in the Bulrushes," as it were. From which it will be evident that I was badly bitten with the photographic craze.

Mount Rainier's 14,000ft. of snow-clad magnificence was forgotten. Anyhow, it would be there to be shot at for ages to come, but little Moses's fourteen inches of rose and



MOUNT RAINIER AND LAKE WASHINGTON.
From a Photo. by T. W. Hickson.

blue and gold (all that was visible above water level) had to be "taken" on the instant or sacrificed to procrastination.

My only fear was lest the picture should by any chance be dissipated before I could take it. Someone might appear, perchance, whose permission I would in common politeness have to ask in order to take baby's picture. A mamma possibly who would want to dress him first in his best bib and tucker, and then curl his hair: or a nurse-girl who would have me "ask the missis," or else compound matters only on my agreeing to include her in "a group."

It was a case for prompt action. I had everything ready for a shot at long range at my precious mountain, so, quickly as my nervous perturbation would allow, I changed the focus to short range, cautiously approached my quarry, brought Moses into the centre of my "view-finder," and pulled the trigger. The kodak people, the photo-engraver, and the printer have "done the rest," and here you have the result.

Little did it occur to me at the moment how "wide-world" reaching would be the inquiring glance my little prize gave me and my "infernal machine" at the moment of his capture.

"Did yer take him? Will yer take me too?"

Turning in the direction of the voice, all I could see was a movement amongst a mass of wild raspberry, currant, and gooseberry bushes under an overhanging maple tree on the bank above me. But presently there emerged, seemingly absorbed in ex-



"MOSES IN THE TUBESIDE."
From a Photo by T. W. Hickson.

tracting a thorn from his hand, a berry-besmeared bundle of dirt and tatters, who (I afterwards learned) answered to the imposing name of Grover Cleveland Molyneux—"Cleve" for short.

"Them other blokeys has been here and tooken all the primest berries, but I know where there's plenty more. If I didn't have this kid to look after I'd be over there now."

I was charging the machine for another shot; small game was seemingly plentiful in these parts.

Desiring to learn in what relation the new-comer stood to

the "kid," I inquired was he a brother.

"Brother? No, he *ain't* my brother. He's English, leastways his people is. *I wouldn't be English for anything.* You ain't English, are you?"

I had to confess that I was, pleading in mitigation, however, that I was only of the Colonial variety.

"Canuck?"

No, not Canadian. I was Australian, I told him, or to be more exact, a New Zealander.

"Orstrayly! New Zealand! Them's islands over near the Philippiners, ain't they? I s'pose Dewey 'll be fixin' 'Old Glory' on all them same as he done with them Philippiners; then you'll be A-mur-i-kin alright, won't yer?"

He seemed to think that this prospect ought to afford me intense satisfaction, and looked rather disgusted that I did not express any grati-



"SONNY KEPT SEEMINGLY ABSORBED IN
EXTRACTING A THORN FROM HIS HAND."
From a Photo by T. W. Hickson.

"But few persons realize that this 'Nation of the South' lies as far from Australia as England does from Africa, and, in natural characteristics, has as little in common as these two countries.

fication, but that I had the hardihood to venture such a suggestion as that "the Stars and Stripes hadn't yet been fixed so very securely on 'them Philippiners.'"

I found, however, that it would not do to trifle with the feelings of so patriotic a devotee of "Old Glory's," so I changed the subject to Moses and pictures. Once started in the desired direction, my next difficulty was to "hold him in."

"Say, mister, *will* yer take me?"—he didn't know I already had him "took" and safely bagged—"how much would yer charge for a pictur? How much does one o' them pictur machines cost? Could I take myself with one o' them? And Cecil—that's my brother; and father, and mother, and the cows, and the boys? Jiminy but wouldn't it be sport? I've bin goin' to get one o' them if they ain't arskin' too much for 'em. How d'ye make the picturs? Do they show you how to make 'em if you buys one?"

I thought to nip his aspirations in the "pictur-takin'" direction in the bud by giving him an idea of the cost of a kodak.

"Ten or fifteen dollars! That ain't much, is it? Why, I could pay for that in a week easy."

"Pay for it in a week! Why, you don't mean to say you get ten dollars a week for looking after the child, do you?"

"Lookin' after him? No. *He* don't cut no figger at all—on'y about four bits a week I gets for him. It's them cows I gets my divvy out of. They pays me thirty-five cents a week—that's a nickel a day each for lookin' after 'em."

"Oh, I see; a 'nickel,' then, is five cents, tuppence-ha'penny in English money; but how much is a 'bit'?"

"Well, I'm jiggered. Don't know what a

'bit' is. Why, the kid there could tell you that if he could talk. A bit's a bit. Two bits is a quarter. I suppose you know what a quarter is? Well, it's twenty-five cents. There ain't no such coin as a bit, but that's how we reckons—twenty-five cents is two bits, fifty cents is four bits, seventy-five cents is six bits—see?"

"'Live and learn' they say; but tell me, doesn't it seem funny to you to be reckoning by 'bits' when there isn't any such coin as you say?"

"Well, it do seem queer, don't it? But, say, what's that money you calls 'tuppence-ha'penny,' is that one o' your bits? Oh, you means two and a half pennies, do you? It's botherin' when you hear English spoke with a English accent—accent, do you call it?—well,

it's much of a muchness. But, say, you wouldn't sell that machine o' yours would you, and show me how to use it? I'm goin' to buy one, sure. I ain't so stony-broke as you might be thinkin' I am, I ain't one o' them sort as is always goin' about in their circus clothes; wearin' all they's got on their backs like. That ain't my failin', but I *do* like picturs, and if I could make 'em myself that 'ud be better than to be a politician and get to be president. I *would* like, if you'd show us, mister. Let me take a pictur of 'Sonny,' here—look at the little beggar, now, he thinks he's goin' to upset us off o' this log."



"HE THINKS HE'S GOIN' TO UPSET US."
From a Photo. by T. W. Hickson.

And sure enough Moses, who had been lifted over against the log on which we were sitting, did seem as if he had some such game in mind. Notice how I caught the little rascal in the act. And he is taking it as a great joke. Another heave, and he *might* have had us over. But luckily, the young criminal was detected in time.

and a serious disaster to myself and cowboy friend averted.

"Y'orter see the little beggar swimmin'. He's a game-un, I tell yer. Show us how you swim, Sonny."

Moses meanwhile, despairing of putting into effect his little plan of tipping us over into the water, had turned his attention in another direction, and was doing a little bit of gunning, gleefully making believe that he was going to make short work of his keeper and myself. Luckily again for us his weapon was loaded with nothing more dangerous than moist sand,

sunrisin' and sunsettin', and oftentimes at dinner time too when he come home for his snack. Sundays they'd be in half the day; he likes bein' in the water better'n eatin' his dinner.

You take him in, nobody won't say nuthin', his mother's that sick she's near dyin', poor thing, and the one as is nursin' her and mindin' things she as used to be wash-lady for the mill-hands round the point—she don't mind so long as she don't be bothered with him."

The water was delightfully warm and pleasant. I had come out with some idea of having a swim if I found a suitable spot, and had provided



"LUCKILY FOR US HIS WEAPON WAS ONLY LOADED WITH MOIST SAND."
From a Photo by I. W. Hickman

with which he had pretty well peppered himself in his vigorous but vain efforts to pick us off.

But the moment he heard the words, "Swim, Sonny," he was all attention: his gun (a bit of driftwood) was dropped, his eyes turned wistfully and inquiringly first to the water and then to us, as if to see were we going in. His plump little hands were raised for an instant as if in prayer, then his arms swept out with the rhythmic measure of an expert in the act of swimming; in short, his invitation to go in for a swim and "take me too" was irresistible, though expressed without an audible sound.

"Do you think his parents would mind, Cleve, if I took him in for a dip?"

"Mind! Why they're only too glad to see someone takin' him. His dad, as is away to the Klondike, used to have him in with him

myself with a towel and trunks "in case," so it did not need much of Sonny's persuasive though silent eloquence to bring me to the point.

Fixing up a little raft with materials which lay abundantly at hand, I placed him on it and pushed out into the water until I found it deep enough to swim in—though not, however, without first having a splashing match in the shallow water, which Moses greatly enjoyed, giving me, in his merry little way, nearly as good as I gave him, and laughing heartily the while as if he thought it the finest fun in the world. I never knew such a water-baby. Picture to yourselves, mothers of babies like this one, the situation—if you can.

Pushing boldly out for deeper water, Moses sitting on the front of the half-submerged raft, splashing and dashing the water about in boisterous glee—an apparently amphibious

creature—I suddenly found myself, from water only waist deep, in water without bottom.

I had stepped over an abrupt edge and gone under with an unexpected plunge that tipped the raft nearly over.

On coming to the surface, half-choked and spluttering, my first thought was, of course, for Moses. I saw the little fellow's head appear a few feet away on the other side the raft. I struck out to swim around to him, thinking he would be terrified to death. As a matter of fact, I was by far the more alarmed of the two. His face was towards the raft, and he made straight for it. Not without considerable splutter, certainly, but all the same with the practical result that by the time I was round to him he was up to the raft and trying to grasp it. It was only a yard or two that he had covered, it is true, but for a fifteen months' old infant, who could neither walk nor talk, it was surely an extraordinary performance.

It needed no slight effort on my part to lift him, small as he was, up on to that raft, but he helped in his own little way, and after a minute

he up to his neck, and then away again, see saw fashion.

At last, finding that I was likely to be tired of the fun and exercise long before Moses, I piloted his rickety barge shorewards, but in shallow water, before reaching shore, I took him off to try his swimming powers again. I then held him a few feet away from and facing the raft, allowing his body to rest on the palm of my hand for a moment.

He seemed to catch on to my idea instantly, and at the word "Swim, Sonny," the dear little chap struck out vigorously fore and aft. His back action was somewhat erratic, but his forward movement perfect. With a laugh and no little spluttering he, in half-a-dozen strokes, had reached his haven of safety—the raft.

I now took him ashore, and after giving him a rub, threw the towel over his shoulders—broad and strong as those of a young Hercules—and took one parting shot, catching an expression which said as plainly as words could have done, "Haven't we been having an 'elegant' time?"



"HAVEN'T WE BEEN HAVING AN 'ELEGANT' TIME?"
From a Photo by J. W. Hickson.

or two's spluttering, his chubby little fists grabbing at his mouth as if to pull something disagreeable away, he was as full of merriment as ever, and no one would have guessed how near the verge of a tragedy his little lordship had been. What delighted him most was to have me come to his end of the raft and duck it up and down until the water would

My young friend Cleve had, in the meantime, vanished amongst the berry bushes. Calling him, I suggested the advisability of putting some clothes on his charge for fear he should take cold.

"Clothes! He don't have no clothes—and he don't never take no cold neither. My! I wouldn't like to be him. I don't never take

mine orf only once't in a while to change 'em to be wash't, and that ain't orfen. But he don't seem to mind a bit, and he ain't never sick nor nuthin'.

"Who does he b'long to? Why, his dad's a circus chap—not Barnum and Bailey's Circus: not so good as that: one o' them English circuses. The way I knows is, 'cos one Sunday when he first come here, he goes to church in the queerest lookin' rig you ever seen. One o' them high shiny hats stove-pipe father called it, and the tails of his coat you could a'most have wiped the streets with 'em, they was that long—nearly as long's Uncle Sam's or the banjo men in the nigger troupes, only black. He says to someone he got 'em in Lunon, over in England, and they was the same as him and all the other toffs in Peka dilly's Circus wore, and if they was good enough for the Circus, surely they was good enough for here. He said it was only the bloomini' ggerence of us people out here in the 'Woolly West' as made us not know any better.

"The cheek of him, mind you, talkin' about the ggerence of the Woolly West, and him not knowin' the difference of a Chipmunk from a Siwash Indian. Didn't know how to chop a tree down proper till father showed him, and then he'd take a week to chop a cord o' wood that father'd split in a day in his spare time.

"But I *ain't* got any use for them English anyhow. Then hear him talk about drivin' four-in-hand, and the first time he tries to drive a team o' bullocks, he wasn't fairly started before he had his leaders a eatin' the hay off of the back end of his waggon. Oh! Shucks! they makes me tired, does them Englishers, they thinks nobody knows nuthin' only themselves, and all the time it's them as knows nothin' outside er their own bit of an island, on'y what they reads in books. They ain't no account."

And so he rattled on—not leaving me room to squeeze a word in edgeways.

Tiring of his dissertation on the evil ways of his pet antipathy, "them Englishers," he went

back to tell me of his cows, and how "he had forty to mind, not countin' Jess, that's her with the red spots. Father give nine cords o' long wood and half a cord o' short for her. She's a daisy, ain't she? You might take a pictur o' her, will yer?"

Forty cows at thirty five cents a-week each meant fourteen dollars a-week, or with the fifty cents for minding the child added, "which wasn't reglar," a sum equivalent to about £3 a-week in English money—"a sum not bad for a hardy lad," and a denizen of the Wild and Woolly West at that. No wonder he could afford to indulge in dreams of possessing a picture-making machine.

He wanted badly to have a picture of "Jess," and I wasn't to think him that "pebbly" or mean that he wouldn't pay me for it. A queer character truly! But the time coming at last for him to round-up his charges for home and deliver little Moses to his own people, it was arranged that I should come again on the Sunday following, and he would take me to Sonny's place and show me his poultry farm, in return for which I was to take Jess and give him a picture of Moses in the Bulrushes.

But next day, Saturday, being very bright and clear, I was tempted out with my "picture machine" sooner than I intended, and, as luck would have it, I chanced to drop right down on Moses "at home." He had been "planted" under the sheltering boughs of a wild hazel, and was busy minding the chickens



—DEBATING IN OUR OWN MINDS WHETHER OR NOT WE START ANY MORE.
From a Photo by T. H. Jackson.



From a Photo. by

"AS REGARDS TO, AT LEAST, THE OLD MOTHER HEN."

J. H. H. KIM.

Holding in his chubby little fist the remnant of a chunk of dry brown bread, he seemed to be debating in his own little mind as to whether he could spare any more of it to throw at his playmates, the chicks and their mother hen, to scramble for. So absorbed was he in the task of deciding where to draw the line of charity, that I had him safely committed to paper—or in
before he was even aware of my presence.

He did not at the moment allow my intrusion to disturb him, and presently was lunging out vigorously in an effort to capture the wily old mother hen, who, however, seeming to know to an inch the range of his fat little arm, did not allow herself to be disturbed in the least by his frantic efforts,

but just kept quietly chuckling to her chicks as she pursued her avocation of desiccating and distributing amongst them the last lumps of bread their tiny lord and benefactor had flung at her.

Now there appeared on the scene a new and, as far at any rate as our Juvenile Johnny Bull was concerned, decidedly disturbing factor.



From a Photo. by]

"HE TRIED TO PRESENT A BOLD FRONT."



From a Photo. by]

"IT WAS FOOD THEY WERE AFTER."

[T. W. Hickson.

He tried to present a bold front to the solid phalanx presented by an invading army of geese as they approached by a flank movement, evidently intent on spying out any fatness there might be in the land. They didn't care a rap for Johnny Bull; it was food they were after, and if it was there they had to have it, and that was all there was to it—practical politicians every one of them.

Seeing in the situation material for "developments" perhaps worth waiting and watching for, I took my chances of getting into serious trouble, and picking up a couple of dishes full of scrappy matter that were handily within reach on top of a cupboard by the kitchen door, I scattered their contents broadcast close under Johnny Bull's nose, as well as in sight of the invading enemy. The scheme worked admirably. In two minutes J. B. junior was shouting lustily for help in his own wordless fashion—but without avail. Perhaps it was cruel of me; but, then, was I not a photographic fiend? No help came, however, and presently the little one seemed to have come to the conclusion that the strange monsters weren't

such a bad lot after all. Indeed, to all appearances they were vying with each other to see who should render him deepest obeisance.

His Prime Minister, Lord Chanticleer, spokesman in chief for his own feather, showed considerable haughtiness to the energetic and wily foreigners who, meanwhile, were clearing up everything in sight, letting their leader attend to

the cackle, cackle, cackle, clap your wings and crow "diplomacy" of Lord Chanticleer, in whose ability to protect him and the other chickens from harm our young friend Johnny B. seemingly places implicit reliance.

As the following day, Sunday, turned out wet and I could not keep my engagement with our promising young heir presumptive to the Presidency of the United States, Cleve, I had reason to congratulate myself on having taken time by the forelock on this occasion, and making my hay in the shape of "snaps"—while the sun was shining.



THE BIG COCK STANDS IN HIS LITTLE HEN'S CORNER AND KEEPS THE GESE AT BAY.

From a Photo. by T. W. Hickson.

A Night in a Flood with a Madman.

By JOHN BEAR.

The Author's terrible experience in the great cane-brakes of the Lower Mississippi. He stayed behind in the flooded house because duty called, and had to battle with his maniacal companion for dear life.



EARLY in the fall of 1865, after the war had closed, I was amongst the few who ventured to the Far South in pursuit of gain. The Southern people had laid down their arms, and in sullen mood were returning to their plantations. I had at this time taken charge of

possible and sent down the river to New Orleans.

The factories were situated upon a river about twenty-five miles from its junction with the Mississippi, and in the very heart of the great cane and bamboo thickets and cypress brakes. The highland, or bluffs, was about twenty miles farther inland; and when the high water came, all this country would be flooded to the depth of 20ft. or 30ft.

When I arrived at the landing, I found that the water was already rising at the rate of 1in. per hour, and, by calculation, at this rate we would have about two days to load the remaining boats at the landing.

It was upon the second night after my arrival, and while tossing about in my bed, that I threw my hand over the edge or side, only to find, to my surprise and horror, that it went into cold, chilly water.

I jumped out of bed and into water up to my knees. The flood, having suddenly come in from the land side, had closed in upon us, and was now 2ft. deep upon the floor of our



THE AUTHOR, MR. JOHN BEAR.
From a Photo. by Maxwell Bros.,
Dayton, O. C.

the management of the manufacture and shipping of staves for a company in New Orleans, and my business necessitated my presence in many distant and out-of-the-way places in the great cane-brakes of the Lower Mississippi and its tributaries. The season of the year was near when we expected the spring overflow, when thousands of square miles of country would be covered with water; and as our stove factories and boat landings, though placed upon the highest ground available, would be covered with the flood for a depth of from 6ft. to 30ft., it was necessary to get the staves loaded as expeditiously as possible to save them from being washed away.

I was, therefore, dispatched up the river with instructions to get the boats loaded as quickly as



"I JUMPED OUT OF BED AND INTO WATER."

board house, which, having been built upon posts 6 ft. from the ground, showed that already the water was 8 ft. deep at the door-step, this being the shallowest spot within twenty miles on one side, and about seventy miles on the other.

There was no time to lose, and I very soon gave the alarm to the men, who, after the first excitement had passed, rushed out towards the landing to secure the small boats which were high and dry the evening before, and which as a measure of precaution had been hauled up as near to the door as possible in case of emergency; but, alas, the boats were all gone, and not only these, but also the great flat-boats with their valuable cargoes.

What were we to do? No boats, and the time, night—oh, night, such as is only seen in the dark, dismal cypress swamps, with the water rising at the rate of six inches an hour on the very floor where we stood.

We had no fear of the house floating away, because it was built of black gum timber, which does not float; and besides the upper story of the building was filled with provisions and tools, which greatly added to its weight.

After various excited propositions and suggested methods of escape to the bluffs, it was decided that as soon as daylight came, the crew of forty men should divide themselves up into companies of five or ten each, and set about building rafts from the drifting cypress logs which came floating past; and as we had an abundance of tools and spikes, the men very soon had sufficient rafts to float out upon.

Night came, however, before we had all our fleet of rafts ready, and we were compelled to remain over-night in the upper floor of the house. When morning came we found that the water was now level with the window-sills of the second story of the house. The men lost no time in manning the rafts, and the last one was

about to leave, with myself among its passengers, when a sudden thought struck me.

Could I leave all this valuable property stored in the house, without someone to look after and protect it from thieves, who would certainly raid the place sooner or later when they found we had deserted it?

"I shall certainly be responsible for it," said I, "and therefore I had better remain. Take this note," I said to one of the most trustworthy men, "and telegraph its contents to the captain of our tug-boat at Memphis." And then, wishing the party a safe voyage, I threw off the rope holding the raft to the house.

At this moment a man sprang back off the raft, and declared that he would stick by the "boss" even if the house floated to the Gulf of Mexico.

My companion and I were now alone, com-



"A MAN SPRANG OFF THE RAFT."

pletely isolated from all the world, and with little hope of rescue for at least six or seven days. So we at once set about making things as comfortable as possible. We extemporized a cooking stove from sheet-iron, and as we had an abundance of provisions, and, moreover, ducks and other water fowl being around us in thousands,

we had no fear that we should suffer from lack of food. We could with ease kill all of the wild fowl we wished from a platform we fixed on top of the house; and we secured a huge flat cypress log, which answered for a boat, and by which, with the aid of boat hooks, we could pole out into the water and gather up the birds we shot.

The water was stationary now, and was no less than 22 ft. deep around our house. As we became accustomed to our novel surroundings, we rather enjoyed ourselves for the first two days after the raftsmen had departed.

It was on the third morning that I noticed my companion, whose name was McDermott, looking not only strangely yellow in the face, but also acting very singularly; he had become very sullen and morose. I remarked to him that he looked like a man that was in for "swamp fever," and that it might be prudent for him to take some "blue mars"—a mixture of mercury and grease, which is the panacea for all Southern fevers.

Accordingly I went to the medicine chest and gave him a dose of this mixture. After this I made him go to bed, and a few hours later I gave him a large dose of quinine. He slept well, and was quiet all that day and night, and next morning I prepared for him some of the best kind of soup I knew of from a brace of lovely "canvas-back" ducks.

I was in the act of cooling the soup for my patient when all at once I was surprised by a fearful yell, and there stood McDermott with a revolver in each hand, pointed at my head, and crying out:—

"Now, I have got you. I heard you and that villain plotting to kill me. Ha, ha! now I am going to kill you," and with a swiftness with which only a lunatic can act, he cocked one revolver and fired point blank at my head.

I do not know how I came to do it, but self-preservation endowed me at that moment with power to act promptly and well. I dashed the soup right into his face, with the result that the scalding liquid blinded him for a moment, and the shots he fired only grazed my shoulder and tore my shirt sleeve.

Next moment I threw down the basin and we closed in a deadly struggle—he trying to shoot

me, whilst I was keeping his hands separated so that the shots could not come in line with my body.

I pushed him back between a sugar-cask and the wall, and after a minute or two of silent scuffling he fell backward and was wedged between the wall and the cask. This, however, nearly cost me my life, for as he fell his arms were forced into line with my body, and before I could make an effort to turn the pistol he fired, the ball tearing away all my clothing from



"NOW, I HAVE GOT YOU."

under my arm, and the powder burning me badly, so close to my body was the muzzle of the revolver.

McDermott now fainted away through exhaustion, and I at once disarmed him and lifted him into bed. I then gave him some brandy which I found in the medicine chest, and did all I could think of to make him comfortable. Next I gave him a small dose of morphine to settle his nerves, and he went off to sleep again. I lost no time in gathering up every available "edged tool," and stowing them away with the firearms, hoping to prevent him from attacking me a second time; and as I sat down by the side of the bed, the reader can well believe the state

of my feelings. There I was with a maniac absolutely alone and surrounded by 22ft. of water, with no hope of relief for many days, and with night closing in upon the appalling waste of waters. I could not know what the madman might do before morning, or what I would have to do to him in self defence if he became too strong for me. That, again, suggested another fearful consideration - if I killed him in self defence, how could I get people to believe my story? All these things rushed through my mind as I sat there by poor McDermott's bedside, and many more unpleasant things also.

It was now time to light the lamp, and I rose to do this while my patient appeared to sleep. But scarcely had I turned my back and placed it on the table when, without the slightest warning, the maniac jumped up from the bed, and before I could prevent him extinguished the lamp. I was now in complete darkness, with a madman seeking my life; and that amidst hundreds of tools which he could use as weapons against me. Worst of all, I could not see him, nor know what he would do next.

But just at that truly desperate moment a sudden thought came to my rescue. I fired my revolver out of the window and yelled out, as I did so: "McDermott, I have killed your enemy." The first thing I knew was he clasped me around the neck with one of his arms, while to my surprise and horror I discovered that he grasped in his other hand a heavy, razor-edged "stave axe."

As the madman clasped me around the neck, he actually kissed me, and weeping violently in gratitude for what I had done, said:—

"I knew, my dear, faithful 'boss,' that you would be my friend and save my life."

With one of my hands locating the position of the axe, and grasping my revolver in the other, I succeeded in inducing my patient to throw himself down upon the bed, telling him at the same time that we could only escape our foes by lying still.

With one arm still around my neck, and retaining a firm hold of the axe with the other hand, McDermott drew me close to him in the bed, and in this awkward position I was compelled to remain for hours, or what seemed to me an eternity, for in the darkness I

knew not what he might do. The nervous strain which this position brought about was intense. Here was I alone, and lying in the darkness by the side of a madman, armed with a keen axe, awaiting results, and expecting either to be killed or to be compelled to kill him in self defence.

As these awful hours crawled by, my companion slowly relaxed his vigilance, and finally went into a deep slumber. I slowly stole from the bed and lighted the lamp, placing it this time in such a position that he could not get at it easily even if he so wished. I then went back to the bedside, and by dextrous manipulation succeeded in taking the axe out of his hand. This done I walked to an open window and leant out to inhale the fresh air of the night, it being even warm at this time. It was appallingly dark, and the only sound that broke the deathly stillness was the sullen lap, lap of the flood around the house.

I had scarcely gained this position when I was surprised by another fearful yell, and wheeling round I was confronted by McDermott, who, with eyes starting out of their sockets, shrieked:—

"There they come - fly, fly!" and before I could act, he made a headlong dive through the open window and fell with a tremendous splash into the deep, cold waters below.

I seized a boat-hook, and followed him on the flat cypress log we used, as already stated. I called again and again, and implored my companion to come back, but he kept on swimming



"HE MADE A HEADLONG DIVE."

out into a deep lagoon ; and as he was one of the best swimmers on the river, I had no chance to overtake him in the race.

Gradually he gained upon me, and I soon lost him in the distance and dense darkness, and then with a heavy heart I gave up the chase.

I called upon him again and again, however, thinking that he might be on a branch of a tree or log, but no answer came back save the mocking cry of the swamp owls above my head.

I poled my frail craft back to the house, and, after making it fast again, I entered and threw myself down on the bed completely exhausted. When the grey dawn of morning penetrated the gloom I arose and prepared to explore the surrounding bayous and cypress swamps for my lost companion.

Standing upon the flat log, and with a long cane pole in my hand, I started out in the direction McDermott had taken, but after a fruitless search amongst the deep network of cane, bamboo, and grape-vines which hung in all directions from the limbs of the giant trees above, and which were twisted and contorted, looped and knotted, in a thousand forms, I found no trace of my companion, and reluctantly gave up the search—this time, I must admit, with a slight sense of relief.

Slowly I made my way back to the house, and threw myself on the floor completely exhausted, and sick with the events of the night. It was then that I felt the horrors of my position—its utter loneliness and isolation.

I shall not trouble the reader with a description of my feelings as I sat there that night, and the subsequent dreary nights and days. Let it

suffice to say that, when hope was at its lowest ebb, and the terrible swamp fever had tightened its grasp on me, and I lay helpless on my bed, I was at last delighted to hear the welcome whistles of the little tug-boat, which was soon moored alongside the house. My story was soon told to the captain, who at once lowered a boat and sent out a search party to find the body of my mad companion—who would no doubt crawl into a loop of a grape-vine and die there. But the search party found no trace of him.

The following spring, however, when the water receded, we again explored the surrounding cane-brakes and bayous, and finally located his body by watching a flock of turkey-buzzards hovering over a tulip tree, where upon a crutch about 40ft. from the ground the skeleton hung across, face downwards.

The bones were bleached and bare ; and on turning over the skull we saw the cause of poor McDermott's insanity. He had been wounded in the war ; and a piece of the skull had been removed, a plate of silver being afterwards fitted over the orifice. It was no doubt pressure on the brain caused by this, and brought on through the fever, that had demented my unfortunate companion.

I have been in many an adventure in the Far South and West, but even now when I think of that fearful night with a madman, surrounded by the great flood of the vast Mississippi, and the lonely nights spent in my narrow ark with the insidious swamp-fever fast reducing myself—perhaps into a maniac also—when I think of these things, I say, I cannot refrain from a nervous shudder of horror.

My Cycle Ride to Khiva.*

BY ROBERT L. JEFFERSON, F.R.G.S.

I.

An account of a remarkable bicycle ride across the deserts of Kara-kum and Kizil-kum to Khiva. Mr. Jefferson is the first Englishman to follow the route of the late Colonel Fred Burnaby, whose ride to Khiva made him famous twenty-five years ago. Mr. Jefferson accomplished practically the whole of his journey on a bicycle, passing through France, Belgium, Germany, Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, Galicia, and European Russia. The following story of his further ride across the steppes and deserts points conclusively to the fact that this is one of the most remarkable achievements ever accomplished by a cyclist.



REACHED Orenburg, in Eastern Russia, early in July last year. I had already cycled across the whole of Europe, having left London on April 16th. I had passed through most of the civilized countries with but very few adventures, although bad weather had dogged my wheel-marks right from the very start. In Russia itself, owing to the wretched roads which exist in the empire, my pace, which had averaged something like seventy miles a day in other countries, dwindled considerably, and when I arrived in Orenburg, I found I was over a month behind the time schedule I had set myself.

Orenburg, besides being the last town in Europe, constituted practically the last centre of civilization and Christianity. Forward to Khiva, over the Khirghiz steppe, the Kara-kum desert, and the desert of Kizil-kum, I should meet with but very few white men. My days were, indeed, to be spent with the Khirghiz nomads, the Sarts, the Turcomans, and the Khivans, in a stretch of country close upon

two thousand miles in extent and thinly peopled; a desert, in short. At Orenburg I was very kindly received by the officials. The Russian Government had interested itself on my behalf, and I was the recipient of several important papers from the Imperial authorities, directing all Government officials with whom I

came in contact to render me whatever assistance was possible. In addition to this, the General-Governor of Orenburg and the General-Governor of the Khirghiz hordes handed me papers calling upon the headmen of the different tribes with whom I should come in contact to see me safely through the various districts; and that upon them would depend my life. I was further told at Orenburg that to travel over the steppe and deserts *alone* was an impossibility. Not only were there no towns or villages, but food was unobtainable except from the

nomads themselves, and that supply could not be relied upon. Therefore, from the commencement of the Khirghiz steppe, I should be accompanied by a tarantass and three horses which would carry all the food I should



From a Photo. by the Press Studio, Grand Lane, E.C.

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I reached Fort No. 1 on the banks of the Syr-daria River, whence to Khiva, across the desert, it would be necessary for me not only to take a complete caravan of camels, but also an armed escort in order to protect me from attacks by the lawless denizens of the Central Asian wilderness.

After remaining in Orenburg about five days I set out on my bicycle for Orsk, following a rough trail by the side of the Ural River, on the other side of which the bare, inhospitable plain of Asia stretched away to the Aral Sea. For some distance I was

accompanied by a little band of Russian cyclists, who came with me as far as the huge stone marking the border between Europe and Asia. These good fellows had interested themselves on my behalf to a great extent, and to mark their appreciation of my enterprise — which they candidly confessed none but an Englishman would think of — they had gone to considerable expense in order to telegraph my coming to every available official. It was a solemn ceremony at the frontier post. Some enthusiastic cyclist had carried with him a few bottles of champagne, and here they were broached; then, after some toasting and many good wishes for my success from these kind Russians, I set out once more.

It was an exceedingly rough and bumpy road which I had to traverse, while the country itself

was very lonesome. The Ural Mountains lay to my left, and, after I had covered about a hundred miles, I commenced to ascend the spurs of the lower ranges. It was extremely wearying work, inasmuch as it was impossible

for many miles to ride a bicycle at all. Huge stones lay all over the road, which in itself was nothing more than a mere trail. For several days I toiled on, meeting only an occasional tarantass or a camel caravan *en route* to Orenburg from the desert. It was amusing to note the astonishment and sometimes dismay

which my bicycle created amongst the Khirghiz camel drivers, who, as a matter of fact, had never seen a bicycle before; and it was with difficulty sometimes that I avoided being run down by some excited Khirghiz, who probably thought me a denizen of the infernal regions, and my bicycle an instrument of the devil.

I was glad when, at the beginning of August, I reached Orsk, a small village, where there was a *mat-chaiuk*, or Russian headman, from whom, on presentation of my papers, I obtained the necessary permission to charter a tarantass under a Royal *podorozhnik*, or open

paper. This paper entitled me to get horses at every post station I came to without the least delay — an important consideration. Not only that, but I was also empowered to seize the horses of anyone



PARTY OF RUSSIAN CYCLISTS WELCOMING ME "GODSEPPED" AT THE
From a Photo by KEROFF ANKA LUNDARY (R. L. Jefferson.)



THE KHIRGHIZ CAMEL DRIVERS ARE ASTONISHED AT THE STRANGE VEHICLE
From a Photo by R. L. Jefferson.



TAKE AND RIDING ON THE STEPPE NEAR
From a Photo by L. L. Jefferson.

coming along the road for my own convenience, paying at the rate of one and a half kopecks for each horse per verst! I bought a stock of provisions to last me for twelve days, and these, incased in a big box, were put in the tarantass. I also took with me several bottles of red wine, which I had been told would be necessary, as the water on the steppe was salt

versts, or fourteen miles, these structures are of the most primitive description, and a traveller journeying between the two points cannot depend upon them for food, or, indeed, any thing but boiling water with which to make his tea.

One Sunday morning I left Orsk, my tarantass preceding me, and I felt that at last I had left Russia, and left behind me, too, one of its most remarkable features. As I pedalled through the town the bells were booming out, and around the green and white church hundreds of Cossack women had assembled in their bright dresses. The vodka shops in the main street were doing a roaring trade,

and moujiks, incapably drunk on the fiery spirit, lay about in all directions. This is a Sunday institution observable throughout the whole of Russia—the women go to church, and the men get drunk. Vodka is the lodestone of every moujik and Cossack. They will drink it by the quart, just as the German will drink beer. Its effects are a most instantaneous, and it is



A STREET SCENE IN EASTERN RUSSIA. THE DRUNKEN COSSACKS ARE LAIN IN THE ROAD. (REUTERS)
From a Photo.

and in places bad. My medicine-chest, which contained various remedies for possible ills, and which had been forwarded on by horse from Orenburg, was also taken, as well as a flat tub of fresh Ural water. Although the whole of the way from Orsk to Fort No. 1 is under the control of the Russian Government, which has erected post stations at stages of about twenty

frequently the case that a moujik will get insensibly intoxicated several times in one day. The custom of the *traktir* proprietor, or inn-keeper, is to carry the insensible moujik very tenderly out into the street, and lay him in the middle of the road in order to give him breathing space and time to sleep off his potations.



A RACE IN THE DESERT. CAMEL V. CYCLE.
From a Photo by R. L. Jefferson

Crossing the Ural River, the great steppe of Turkestan stretched before me. The road was frightful, dead level though the country was. Here and there I struck deep sand, through which my bicycle wheels refused to revolve, and I was compelled to dismount and shoulder the machine, while the three horses of my tarantass plunged heavily along. A couple of Khirghiz, mounted on a camel, bore me company for a short distance, endeavouring to get their unwieldy beast to race me, but without success, until at length, disgusted, they threw up the sponge, and sheered off into the steppe. On the first day I made

two stations, a distance of only about twenty-eight miles, but on the next day I found the going much better, the trail consisting of clay instead of sand. The loneliness of it all, however, soon told upon my feelings. Hour after hour I used to ride along, with nothing to be seen north, south, east, or west but one vast barren plain, with here and there a few stunted clumps of sage brush. Once I passed a Russian moujik, who was tilling a little patch of ground close to a post station. It was a curious sight to see a European plough being used in this remote region, and more curious still to see it being drawn by camels.



From a

A EUROPEAN PLOUGH DRAWN BY CAMELS.

Photo.

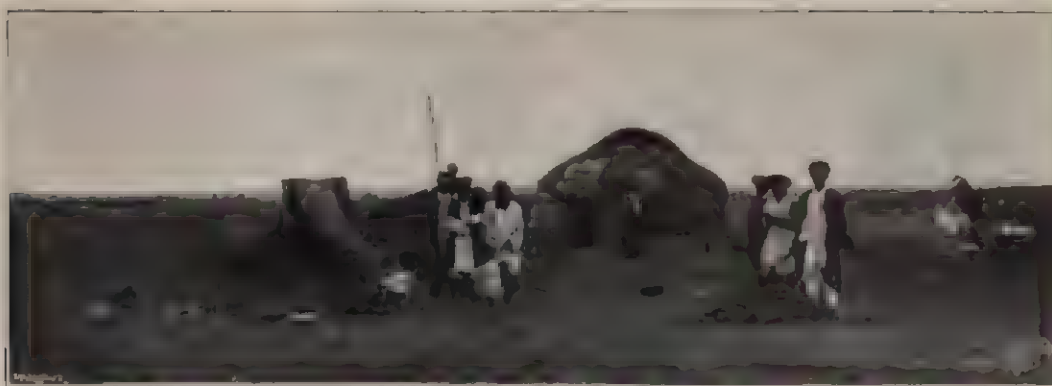
For two days the road was entirely deserted, but on the morning of the third day, when we had started early on our southern pilgrimage, we met several caravans coming from Bokhara. These caravans consisted each of over a hundred camels, and here it is as well to remark that the Asiatic camel is one of the finest of the species. It is calculated that the Asiatic camel will carry at least forty Russian "poods," or over 12 cwt.



From a

A GREAT CARAVAN FROM BOKHARA

Photo.



(From a)

THE BLACK TENTS OF THE KHIRGHIZ NOMADS.

(Photo.)

of goods on its back, in addition to a passenger. The proverb that it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back is often exemplified in the Turkestan camel. Forty poods is the maximum that any Khirghiz will put upon his camel; a pood above that, and as a general rule the camel will refuse to budge, however one may lash it.

My nights were spent in the most extraordinary places. Now and again the post-stations at which I was forced to stop were primitive to the last degree, and generally of the filthiest description. Vermin infested the very walls, and at night the floors were black with cockroaches. Already I began to realize that I was in for an uncomfortable time. Water was so scarce on the steppe that a wash was out of the question. I never took my clothes off, but preferred to sleep on a bundle of sage brush in the open air rather than risk the terrors of the post-station. I found, however, that the *staristas*, or post-masters, were exceedingly obliging, but, poor fellows, they could do very little to provide me with any sort of comfort.

On the sixth day out the trail ran near the shores of the Aral Sea, and for quite thirty miles I was compelled to push through a swamp, the mud and water of which reached at times over my knees. Later on we began to fall in with the Khirghiz nomads, and espied several of their *kibitkas*, or black tents, dotted on the steppe. Once we sought shelter from the burning rays of the sun in one of these *kibitkas*, and there, had it not been for the intervention of the *yemshik*, or driver of my tarantass, I fear my journey would have been brought to a summary end. My bicycle was looked upon with alarm and dismay, and, when I approached the encampment, the Khirghiz, mounting their horses, made

for me with a rush, rending the air with their screams and shouts, and cracking their long whips in fury. Fearing that they intended to ride me down, I dismounted. Along came the Khirghiz like a whirlwind, then circled around me, shouting and jabbering in a most furious manner. I threw up my hands to show that I meant them no harm, but I was not quite certain as to the better course to draw my revolver or to submit. My tarantass was a little way behind. I could just faintly hear the jangle of the *douga* bells, but presently up it dashed at a frantic speed right into the midst of the Khirghiz, who scattered to the right and left. The *yemshik* stood on his box, waving his knout and shouting something in the Khirghiz language which, of course, was unintelligible to me. Anyway, his presence had the effect of calming these extraordinary people, who are



I WAS LUCKY TO FIND POSITION IN THE KIBITKA.
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.

half Chinese, half Tartar in appearance, but as wild and reckless-looking as Bashi-Bazouks. I was taken to their khibitka, and when their fears of my bicycle had been allayed and its mechanism "explained" to them, they treated me kindly. Koumiss was brought and the half-raw flesh of sheep.

I was given the best position in the khibitka, generally occupied by the headman of the tribe. A bundle of cushions was thrown down for me to sit upon. A sheepskin filled with koumiss was brought, from which I drank; and then a wooden bowl containing mutton was placed on the ground before me. There were no knives or such-like aids to eating, as we have in civilized countries. I drank the koumiss from the skin, and I took the flesh up in my fingers and ate it. As soon as I had satisfied my hunger the big bowl was passed to the headman, who ate voraciously, bolting huge pieces of meat, his eyes nearly bulging from their sockets at each tremendous gulp. After his appetite was appeased he passed the bowl on to the rest of the tribe, and like wolves they fought over the remains, gnawing the bones, licking their fingers, and generally feeding like hogs. Disgusting in their manners though they were, still I could not forget that they had given me all they had—mutton and koumiss—which constitute practically the only food the Khirghiz has ever known.

These strange people of the steppe scarcely know what bread is like, and it is safe to say they have never tasted vegetables. Their greatest treats are either a piece of bread or a half handful of tea. They make some sort of tea themselves, which they call *seloni*, a frightful decoction which it is impossible for a European to drink, more especially as the Khirghiz prefer it made from salt water. Koumiss, however, is a rather nice drink than otherwise. Made in the Khirghiz fashion, it is simply fermented mare's milk, and, when new, is very palatable. It has a tendency, however, to increase one's girth, and it is related that it is so nourishing that a Khirghiz can live on koumiss alone for many weeks. I have tasted so-called koumiss since I have been back in England, but it is no more like the real article than chalk is like cheese.

Passing as I now was through an extremely swampy region, the plague of mosquitoes was frightful. I carried with me a net for my head, but the heat of the day, registering sometimes 45deg. to 47deg. on the Réaumur glass, made it impossible for me to wear anything but light clothing. The consequence was the voracious mosquitoes bit through my clothing and stung me so badly that at night it was im-

possible to sleep. I had to abandon, too, in this region the idea of sleeping in the open, for it is at night the mosquitoes come out in full force. It is related that yearly many of the Khirghiz, inured as they are to the hardships of their life, perish from the mosquitoes, whilst the mortality amongst the horses is tremendous. It is the custom of the people at night to build huge crescents of fire made from sage-brush, into the centre of which the horses are driven, the arch of the crescent being pointed in the direction of the wind. Thus, the poor suffering creatures are freed for a time from the ravaging pest, although the discomfort of inhaling dense volumes of choking smoke must be considerable. Sleeping in the post-stations was my terror. The stings of the mosquitoes outside were bad enough, but the bites of the insects inside almost equalled them. The stench of these stations is something indescribable, and to sleep on the floor in a rug, and to feel insects of every description crawling over one's face and hands in the middle of the night, is torture of the worst kind.

Thus I struggled along at the rate of about thirty miles a day, starting at sunrise and knocking off at sundown. I had little difficulty about horses, as there were no travellers at all on the road. Naturally, my appearance on the bicycle was viewed with astonishment by the natives, and periodical attacks were made upon me, until at last I felt that unless I had some better protection than the yemshik of my tarantass, some casualty might happen. I only once had occasion to present my revolver, and that was when an unruly Khirghiz, darting out on his horse from a caravan, headed towards me with fury in his eyes and a general appearance of being bent on my overthrow. I dismounted at once, flung the bicycle from me, and sprang out of the way of the horse. It flashed by me with scarcely a foot to spare, and the Khirghiz, wheeling rapidly, made for me again. I at once drew my revolver and, hoping to scare him off, fired a shot in the air. What happened was the most extraordinary spectacle I ever saw. The Khirghiz reined in his horse with such suddenness that the hind-quarters of the beast fairly rose in the air, while the rider himself disappeared entirely from view. He had slipped over on the other side of his saddle, and was hanging on the neck of the horse, and looking at me from under the bridle. Up came my tarantass, and then explanations ensued—a long wrangle, in which my yemshik vociferated fiercely, and kept cracking his knout as if he would like to lay it on the other's shoulders. After this argument the Khirghiz slouched off, and, when at a

respectful distance from us, sped off to rejoin his caravan.

We now commenced to tackle the desert of Kara-kum. The sage brush grew scantier and scantier, hillocks of sand appeared on either hand—deep fine sand, with a consistency almost like that of flour. Our daily pace became less and less, as I was forced to walk sometimes stretches of ten or fifteen miles. On one or two occasions even walking was impossible, as the sand was too deep and the heat of it too great. My feet became so badly blistered that I could not take off my top-boots at night without dragging away the skin, and once or twice, in sheer agony, I was compelled to put the bicycle on the tarantass and ride in the equipage myself.

It was late in August when we came in sight of the oasis of Kazalinsk, on the banks of the Syrdaria River, where is situated Fort No. 1, the first of the formidable outposts thrown up by General Kaufmann during his triumphant march through Turkestan nearly twenty-five years ago. It was a delicious sight to see those tall green trees, the long meshes of grape vines, the tangled jungle of fruit trees, the lush grass, and the little rivulets of water running through the irrigating ditches. We entered the oasis at midday, and an hour later I had my legs under the table of the commandant of the fort, doing justice to the best meal I had had since leaving Orenburg.

I had now accomplished the easiest portion of my Turkestan ride. The Khirghiz steppe I found to be rather better than I had expected from what had been prophesied. The Kara-kum desert, instead of being covered entirely with sand, had readable patches here and there, but I was promised that in the passage of the Kizil-kum desert, from Fort No. 1 to the banks of the Oxus River, the most formidable obstacles would be put in my way. The Kizil-kum, which is Sart for "desert of difficult sands," is peopled only by nomadic Khirghiz and

Turcomans. There are no buildings of any description between the two points, and besides, beyond one or two brackish wells, there is no water, good, bad, or indifferent. No food is obtainable, and as for days I should have to go without seeing a single soul, it was necessary to take everything with me from Fort No. 1. Not only that, but there is no post-track across the desert. Neither are there means of defining the road without the assistance of guides, who find their way by the colour of the sand during the day or by the stars at night. Another terror to be prepared for was the number of scorpions and tarantulas which live in the sand, and, as one would be compelled to sleep upon the ground, the prospect did not look altogether alluring.

Again, the Russian Government, while doing all it can to keep the Turcomans and Khirghiz under control, have been unable, even in twenty-five years, to effect much improvement in their lawless habits. To venture alone across the desert, or even with an insufficient escort,

would mean capture, if not destruction, at the hands of the more unscrupulous; and though I did not care to go to the rather big expense of a large caravan, the fact was impressed upon me that unless I took a sufficient escort, the wisest thing I could do would be to abandon the project entirely. At Kazalinsk, therefore, I bought six camels, and engaged the services of two



MY KIRGHIZ DRAGOMAN, ISMA MUATIR.
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.

Khirghiz guides, who were supposed to know the route to Khiva thoroughly. The military commander of the fort, acting under instructions from St. Petersburg, placed at my disposal three *jigatas*, or native soldiers, and three Cossacks, while the *natchalnik*, or administrator of the district, gave me the services of his own dragoman, Osman Muatir, a Khirghiz, who, speaking Russian and Sart, besides his own tongue, would act as my interpreter. The soldiers were armed with revolvers, carbines, swords, and daggers, and, in addition to my revolver, I carried with me a Winchester

carbine, which had been sent down by the post from Orenburg.

The purchase of the food for my caravan was the greatest difficulty, as we could form but a very indefinite notion as to how long it would take us to cross the desert. There were few records of anyone having crossed it by this particular route, as Khiva was generally approached from the south by means of the Oxus River. I was told that since Colonel Burnaby had effected his ride across the Kizil-kum, only one European had performed the same journey, a Russian geographer, who got across in sixteen days, but had suffered terribly from fever and dysentery. I purchased twelve sheep, which were to form our staple food on the march, and was told that I should be able to replenish our stock of mutton from time to time by purchase from the people of the desert. In addition I took a bag of flour for my own consumption, some dried husks, and six loaves of fresh bread. I could not obtain vegetables at all in the fort, the nearest approach being melons, of which I purchased twenty-four.

My escort I was told would be content to live on mutton alone, and, as it was, we found that our goods and chattels were quite enough for the six camels, when it is considered that we carried a sixteen days' supply of water for ten persons, the camels, sheep, and five horses. Of course, there was the food for the horses carried, but the camels I was told would require nothing this side of Khiva, however long the journey took, as on the desert there is a certain amount of sage-brush upon which they can feed.

One morning we had an official parade of the caravan, and when I saw my men: all ranged up it struck me forcibly that they were the hungriest-looking lot I had ever clapped eyes on; but it was a genial, good-humoured crowd, all the same. They sprang to my every bidding, and it seemed to me that they rather enjoyed the prospect than otherwise, since they fully expected, and rightly too, to be rewarded with a substantial present at the end of the march.

Let me put it on record that the officials at Fort No. 1 vied with each other to render me assistance. They candidly confessed that my coming was like a ray of sunlight to them, for, situated as they are completely out of the world, they lead a very humdrum sort of existence. Around the fort has grown up during the last twenty-five years a little colony of Russians, who trade with the desert people, bartering European goods for native work; but this after all seems hardly worth whatever profit is made, when one takes into consideration the awful monotony of their lives.

Southward stretches the telegraph trail to the cities of Turkestan, Tashkent, and Samarcand, but, since the trans-Caspian railroad has been constructed, there is scarcely a passenger from the south, the only callers at Fort No. 1 being the native caravans on the way from Bokhara to the north.

An excellent suggestion was made by the *mat-habnik* of Kazalinsk, that I should take with me a small *telega*, or light native cart, which could be tilted over so as to form a sleeping

place for me at night, which would at least be preferable to the bare sand. I fell in with this idea gladly, and for a few roubles was able to get a fairly good *telega* and a set of spare wheels. This cumbersome vehicle had to be harnessed to one of the camels, and at last, after six days' stay in the fort, everything was ready, and I prepared for the



"THE BURGEON WAS KEPT ON THE BACK OF A CAMEL."
From a Photo. by R. L. Jefferson.

march. One thing, however, I had been assured of, and that was the utter impossibility of attempting to ride a bicycle for the first thirty miles. The left bank of the Syrdaria River formed a swamp for that distance, after which the sand commenced. I should not be able to carry the bicycle either, as the mud was too deep, and no one had ever been known to walk through the swamp. Incontinently, therefore, the bicycle was roped on to the back of a camel, and a small Khirgiz pony placed at my disposal for the first part of the desert ride.

We made, I think, a rather imposing procession as we filed down the one street of



WE WAITED FOR THE FERRY-BOAT TO TAKE US ACROSS.
From a Photo by R. L. Jefferson.

Kazalinsk, debouched on the right bank of the Syr-daria River, and waited for the ferry-boat to take us across to the other side. Our difficulties commenced right away. There seemed to be hundreds of people ready to help our camels on board, but one of the wheels of the telega got smashed to splinters, necessitating a repair on the ferry. Half-way across the river the current struck us with such force, that the boat rocked dangerously. The camels became terrified, gave utterance to their shrill nasal cries, and at length one of them fell overboard with a tremendous splash. The "ship of the desert" as he is called is certainly not a ship in the water. He can swim in a way, but it is a strenuous undertaking, since the weight of his body is so great that only about an inch of his nose remains above water. We all thought that the camel was irretrievably lost, but fortunately a small boat put out from the other side of the river, met him in mid-stream, and towed him safely ashore.

Many of the officials of the fort accompanied me to the left bank, and here a formal parting took place. A few bottles of vodka had been brought over, and the last decent meal for at least sixteen days was prepared in a kibitka erected for the occasion.

It was while waiting for the camels

to be loaded, and the water skins and barrels filled, that I saw a curious sight. An old woman, clothed in the filthiest of rags, came upon the scene. She was a Khirghiz. She carried in her arms a bundle of grass, from which she plucked incessantly and ate. She raved and threw her arms about in all directions, and I learned that she was one of the mad Khirghiz of the desert, a religious fanatic, who had sworn never to change her clothing from girlhood till death! She was an awful sight; and the less said about her the better.

I asked permission of one of the officials who accompanied me to photograph her, and this being obtained, I levelled my camera upon the extraordinary object. She saw me and screamed, and then fell on her knees in a supplicating attitude.

"She thinks you are going to shoot her," laughed the official.

The wretched woman pressed her hands over her face, cowering, shuddering, and supplicating. I got two good snap-shots, but it was some time before the woman could be convinced by the Khirghiz people around her that I had not made attempts upon her life.



I LEAVE MY CAMERA UPON THE TABLE OUT AHEAD OF ME.
From a Photo by R. L. Jefferson.

(To be continued.)

How I Discovered the Great Devil-Fish.

By REV. M. HARVEY, LL.D., F.R.S.C.

The well-known scientist of St. John's, Newfoundland, relates in a graphic and thrilling narrative how he found the very largest on record of those frightful marine monsters known variously as the Devil-Fish, Squid, or Octopus. With an uncanny Photograph of the head and arms. Dr. Harvey's narrative disposes once and for all of incredulity on this fascinating subject, for his discovery marked an epoch in the history of science.



CONCEPTION BAY is one of the finest of those great watery ravines which penetrate the iron-bound coast of Newfoundland, and running inland for many miles bring fish within reach of the fisherman's arm. To a little harbour on its southern shore, about ten miles from the mouth, was given the name of Portugal Cove, in honour of the explorer's country.

Portugal Cove in due time grew into a fishing village, and at the present day it contains a population of 800. Its site is peculiarly picturesque. The inhabitants literally "dwell amid the clefts of the rocks." The cottages of the fishermen are sprinkled in a somewhat semi-circular form along the summit of the cliff which overlooks the little harbour. Streets there are none. Each house finds a resting place where it can, in complete self-reliance, amid the jagged rocks. A miniature waterfall tumbles over the cliff into the bright waters of the bay. The beauty of the scene is completed by Belle Isle, four miles distant, in the bosom of the bay, now the site of one of the most remarkable iron mines in the world.

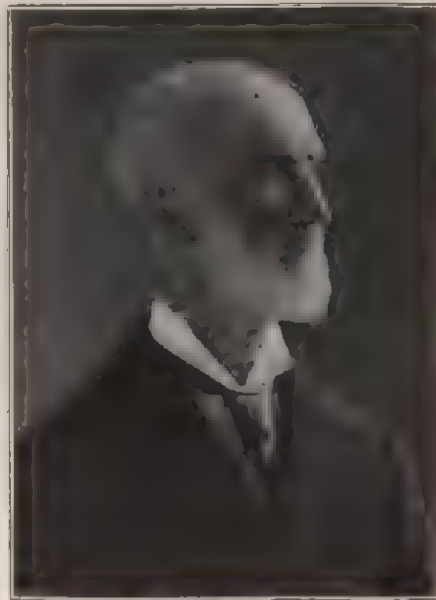
Four centuries after the Portuguese explorer, Cortereal, visited this place, a very different visitor arrived in the waters of Portugal Cove. On the 26th of October, 1873, two fishermen named Theophilus Piccot and Daniel Squires were out in their fishing boat, off the cove, catching herring. The son of the former, a boy

of twelve, had charge of the helm. When near Belle Isle they saw a bulky object floating on the surface of the water. Supposing it to be a portion of a wreck, they rowed towards it, and one of them struck at it with his boat hook. Instantly the seemingly dead mass became animated. It reared itself above the waves, presenting a most ferocious aspect, and displaying to the horrified fishermen a pair of great

eyes, gleaming with rage, and a horny beak, with which it struck the gunwale of the boat.

The next instant a long, thin, corpse-like arm shot out from the head, with the speed of an arrow, and coiled itself round the boat. It was immediately followed by a second arm, much stouter but shorter, and both, in some mysterious way, glued themselves to the boat, which presently began to sink. The terrible monster then disappeared beneath the surface, dragging men and boat with it. The terror-stricken fishermen were completely paralyzed, and thought their last hour had come. The water was pouring into the boat as it sank lower and lower, and in a few seconds all

would have been over with the unfortunate men. Quick as lightning, however, the boy Piccot took in the situation, and, seizing a small tomahawk that fortunately lay in the bottom of the boat, the brave little fellow dashed forward, and with two or three quick blows cut off both arms as they lay over the edge of the boat. The creature did not attempt to renew the fight. He discharged some two



THE REV. MR. HARVEY, WHO IN THE ABOVE
SETTLES ONCE AND FOR ALL THE QUESTION OF THE
GIGANTIC OCTOPUS.

From a Photo. by S. H. Parsons, St. John's, N.E.



[TOM'S] COVE, WHERE THE FISHERMEN WERE ATTACKED BY THE FIRST GIANT DEVIL-FISH. [Photo.]

or three gallons of an inky fluid, which emitted a strong odour not unlike musk, and darkened the water for many yards around. Then the huge slimy mass seemed to slide off, and the hideous, threatening beak disappeared. The terrified men only saw the extremity of the tail above the surface as the creature disappeared, and they declared that to them it seemed 6ft. or 7ft. across. Fearing pursuit from the monster, they rowed shoreward for their lives, but not before Tom Piccot had secured the amputated arms, which he brought home as trophies of the combat.

It did not occur to Tom that he had done anything remarkable. He threw down the shorter arm outside his door, where, unfortunately, it was soon devoured by hungry dogs. The long, thin arm, however, he carefully preserved. He had an idea that it might be converted into a rope for mooring his boat. The clergyman of the village heard of the occurrence and recommended him to bring it to me, as I was "crazy after all kinds of strange beasts and fishes." Next day Tom presented himself at my door in St. John's, asking if I "would buy the horn of a big squid." He told me the whole story in a few brief words, merely remarking, in a casual way, that he thought "he had done for the big squid." How eagerly I closed the bargain may be imagined. Tom went away a happy boy with the reward I gave him.

He was not happier than myself, however, for I was now the possessor of one of the rarest curiosities in the whole animal kingdom. What would not Frank Buckland (then living) have given for such a prize—the veritable arm of

the hitherto mythical devil-fish, about whose existence naturalists had been disputing for centuries? I knew that I held in my hand the key of the great mystery, and that a new chapter would now be added to Natural History. But my exultation was mingled with bitter regret at the loss of the large arm, so nearly within my reach. Still, I consoled myself with the thought that from this mutilated member it might be found possible to reconstruct this monster of the deep, as Cuvier and others had done with land animals from a single bone. Fortune, however, had in store for me greater things than I had ever ventured to hope for.

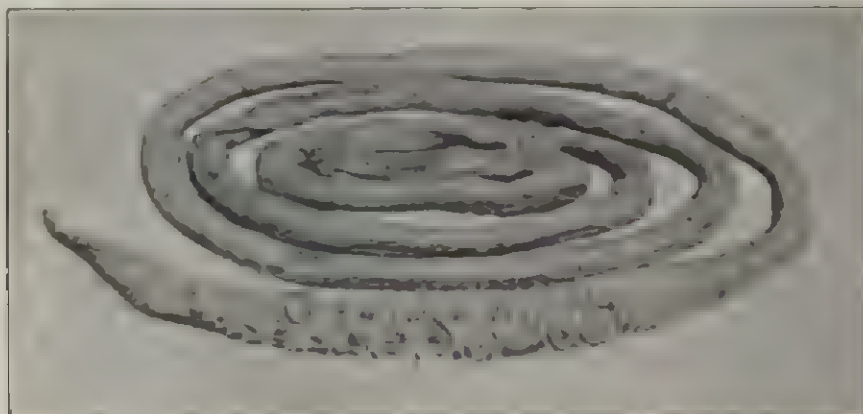
Ere many hours had passed, I was in Portugal Cove to investigate the whole occurrence. I found the two fishermen but partially recovered from the terror of the scene through which they had passed. They still shuddered as they spoke of it. What most impressed them was the huge green eyes gleaming with indescribable fury, and the parrot-like beak that suddenly leaped from a cavity in the middle of the head, as if eager to rend them. They affirmed that the length of the loathsome, slimy brute was not less than 60ft., and that the head "was as big as a six-gallon keg." Allowance must be made for the confusion of mind caused by their fright; but of course by the length they meant the outspread arms as well as the body; and I shall show presently that they were not very far beyond the mark. A lengthened study afterwards of these Giant Calamaries convinced me that this must have been one of the largest specimens; that in fact the body must have been from 15ft. to 20ft. in length, and the

tentacles each 35ft. to 40ft. This would give 70ft. to 80ft. between their tips when extended, with a head between, 4ft. across. The weight of the whole mass could not have been less than 1,000lb. to 1,200lb.

For several days the men were afraid to venture out in their boat, dreading to encounter another sea demon, or, perhaps, apprehensive that the same monster might be waiting around to avenge his lost arms, of which he had been so unceremoniously deprived by young Tom Piccot's rough surgery. The fishermen have a tradition among them about "big squids" being seen: but the "oldest inhabitant" had never seen or heard of such a monster in Conception Bay. The clergyman of the village, who had himself seen the large arm before it was destroyed, assured me that it was 8ft. or 9ft. long, and at the thickest part 16in.

We had a hearty laugh over his encounter with the devil fish, of which he still retained a vivid remembrance.

But to return: I was soon deep in the study of the captured arm. It proved to be one of the two long tentacles with which these creatures are provided, the remaining eight arms being much thicker and but one-fourth the length of the others. I found it on measurement to be *19ft. in length*, but the fishermen assured me at least 10ft. remained attached to the animal when the little axe severed it; and careless Tom had allowed 4ft. or 5ft. more to be destroyed. Its original length, therefore, was not less than 35ft. Indeed, allowing for the shrinkage in the brine in which it had been placed, I am inclined to think the arm must have been originally 40ft. long. It was but 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in circumference, but exceed-



THE ACTUAL TENTACLE THROWN ROUND THE BOAT AND CAPTURED BY YOUNG TOM PICCOT.
From a Photo. by the Author, Rev. Dr. Harvey.

or 18in. in circumference—a formidable weapon indeed. One side was covered with rows of suckers, and the whole tapered to a fine point. How it made my heart ache to think of the loss to science inflicted by ravenous dogs! I called to mind the mischief wrought by Sir Isaac Newton's dog Diamond, but it seemed nothing to this. I thought of Agassiz, of Sir William Dawson; of Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution; of Frank Buckland: how they would all mourn the irreparable loss, as I then thought at the moment.

Here I may say that after this visit to Portugal Cove I lost sight of Tom for twelve or fourteen years, and when I next saw him he had grown into a handsome, strapping young fisherman. I also learned that he was noted for his daring, and not less for his kindly, generous disposition. As a fearless seal hunter his fame was widespread. "The boy was father to the man."

ingly tough and strong, the colour being a pale pink. Towards the extremity it broadened out like an oar, and here it was 6in. in circumference. The broadened part was armed with rows of suckers, and finally tapered to a fine point. First came two rows of large suckers 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diameter, and having fine sharp teeth round their horny edges, and a movable membrane stretched across each, which, when retracted at the will of the animal, creates a vacuum. Then the sharp teeth sunk into the flesh of the victim, and the sucker establishes a hold from which there is no escape. These large suckers were in two rows, each having twelve. Next came groups of other suckers smaller in size, but all having the denticulated horny rims. Towards the point of the tongue-like extremity the suckers became smaller, some of them not larger than a split pea, but all having the serrated edge. The entire number of suckers

on this broadened extremity was nearly two hundred.

What a prehensile weapon is formed by two such arms! For grasping purposes the human hand does not compare with it. For this tough, leathery member, 40ft. in length, is as completely under the control of the animal as the paw of the tiger or the cat. It can shoot out its tentacles like a flash, with a motion so rapid that the eye fails to detect it; and the moment the armed extremity touches its prey the suckers act like a hair-trigger, and a death-like grasp is established from which there is no release except by cutting off the arm itself as was done in this case. It is the perfection of animal mechanism. Naturalists tell us it is the most rapid motion known in the whole animal kingdom—not excepting even that of the tongue of the toad and the lizard. When, then, this vengeful monster darted its long, fleshy rope on board the boat, had it fastened on one of the men, or on bright little

the powerful arms, none would have survived to tell the story.

My first care was to have the arm photographed, after which I placed it in the St. John's Museum. For some days I lived in the hope that the mutilated monster might die of its wounds and drift ashore, and in this way I might become the happy possessor of the *corpus delicti*. In this, however, I was doomed to disappointment. What became of it can never be known. Most likely, as in the case of wounded fishes, it retired into the depths of the ocean to die alone, otherwise it would have been attacked and devoured by its fellows. Sympathy among devil fish could hardly be looked for.

Imagine my delight, however, when one day in November, some three weeks after, I received the welcome news that a "big squid" had been captured by some fishermen at Logie Bay, three miles from St. John's. Hurrying with all haste to the place, I was barely in time to save



LOGIE BAY, NEAREST JOHN'S, WHERE THE TERRIBLE ENORMOUS OCTOPUS WAS CAPTURED.
From a Photo.

Tom, he would have been instantaneously dragged into the sea, and the swirl of waters would have closed over him for ever before his horrified companions could have rendered him any assistance. Fortunately, the animal fastened itself on the boat—wanting to make a meal of the whole crew, perhaps—and so met an unpleasant disappointment. Had the men been once dragged within reach of the beak by

the uncanny monster from being cut up to be mixed with 'bog and earth for manure' for the fishermen knew nothing of its value. To my great satisfaction I found on examination that it was perfect, with the exception that in the struggle, when landing it, the men had been compelled to sever its head from the body, and that in doing so its eyes had been destroyed. But no part was wanting, and very few of the

delicate suckers even had been injured. Here was treasure-trove indeed. The fates had been more than kind, and had far more than made up for my past disappointment. My happiness was complete. Fortunately I was well versed in the whole literature of this class of animal; and therefore knew that I had in my possession what all the museums of the world did not contain—a perfect specimen of the gigantic cuttle-fish, commonly named devil-fish, or octopus, of which only some doubtful fragments, widely scattered in various collections, were known to exist. I was thus, by good fortune, the discoverer of a new and remarkable species of fish, the very existence of which had been widely and scornfully denied, and had never been absolutely proved. I remember to this day how I stood on the shore of Logie Bay, gazing on the dead giant and "rolling as a sweet morsel under my tongue" the thought of how I would astonish the savants, and confound the naturalists, and startle the world at large. I resolved that only the interests of science should be considered. I speedily completed a bargain with the fishermen, whom I astonished by offering them rods, to deliver the beast carefully at my house. They evidently thought me "cracked" to be paying away so much money for a nasty brute that nearly cost them their lives before they could get it into their boat, and almost carried off their herring-net. To allay their curiosity and make them more careful, I hinted that I wanted it as a *present for the Queen*. Next day, to my great satisfaction, a cart arrived at my door almost filled with the hideous, corpse-like creature, which I speedily stowed away in an outbuilding, in a huge vat filled with the strongest brine.

It was certainly a very remarkable circumstance that a second of these rare animals should be thus captured so soon after the adventure with the first, and at a spot only twenty-five miles distant from Portugal Cove. I have a strong impression that this was the mate of the first. It was much smaller in size, and did not show so much ferocity as the other; so that probably this was the disconsolate widow, who, in her distracting grief over the loss of her husband, had incautiously entangled herself in a fisherman's net.

The men gave me a graphic account of the capture. Four of them were engaged in a boat hauling in a large herring-net. They found it unusually heavy as they drew it towards the boat, and concluded that they had a specially fine haul of herring. As the mass came nearer the surface, however, they were startled at its violent convulsive movements, which threatened to burst the net or carry it

away. Their united strength was called for, and when the contents of the net came into view, they were horrified to see a pair of large, cruel eyes glaring at them, and a confused mass of ghastly white arms wriggling in the meshes of the net and struggling to get free. Two of these arms—evidently the tentacles—shot out a certain length, through a rent in the net, quivered for a moment in the air, but, fortunately, failed to reach the boat, and were quickly withdrawn. The men were now thoroughly alarmed, and thought of letting the net go altogether; but finally they decided on killing the struggling monster. One of them drew his sharp fish-splitting knife and, watching his opportunity, made a rapid cut behind the eyes and severed the central mass or head, with the ten arms attached, from the body. Unfortunately the knife touched and destroyed the eyes, leaving only the sockets, which I afterwards found on measurement to be each 4in. in diameter. The convulsive movements now ceased, and the men had no further trouble in landing their prize.

In no other conceivable way could a devil-fish have been captured without mutilating and injuring it. The destinies had been propitious. Enveloped in the folds of the net, the formidable arms were powerless. The courage of the men in grappling with an unknown monster must be admired; and one of them afterwards informed me confidentially that they had such a bad half hour with it that money would not induce him to take part again in capturing such a horrible beast.

I now set to work to study the anatomy of my precious acquisition. The first step was to "lay out" the corpse for careful measurements. When stretched along the floor, the arms extended in a line with the body, the empty eye-sockets, 12in. in circumference, looking awfully ghastly, the fin-like tail and the horny-hooked beak protruding from its sac, I must admit the sight was sufficiently gruesome. As the news of the arrival of such a rare visitor spread, a stream of daily visitors came to gaze in shuddering horror at the dead giant. I was obliged to limit the hours of admission, so numerous were the sightseers. Exaggerated stories were speedily afloat about the doings of the creature—how it had "grabbed" two men from a boat, and then drowned and eaten them, and even sunk a fishing skiff with the crew.

On measurement I found the body, including the amputated head, to be 8ft. in length, and the girth at the thickest part 5ft. to 6ft. From the head ten arms radiated, the two longest, named tentacles, being each 24ft. in length and 3in. in circumference. These were shaped precisely as the arm brought from Concepcion

HOW I DISCOVERED THE GREAT DEVIL-FISH.



THE HEAD AND ARMS OF DR. HARVEY'S IMMINENT OCTOPUS—WHEN Laid OUT THE MONSTER MEASURED 6
 FEET IN LENGTH.
 TENTACLE TIE TO THE OTHER. [The Author's.]

Bay, and each was armed at the broadened extremities with about 160 suckers. They were sinewy and tough as leather. The other eight arms were each 6ft. in length, and about 12in. in circumference at the point of the junction with the central mass; the under surface being covered with a double row of suckers. Each arm tapered to a point, the smallest suckers being at the extremity. Great and small, there were about 100 suckers on each large arm. The total number of suckers I estimated at 1,100. The horny beak, of a rich brown colour, shaped precisely like that of a parrot, was inclosed in a membranous bag in the middle of the central mass, and was about the size of a large clenched hand. Behind the central mass were the prominent eyes. The total length from the tips of the outstretched tentacles, as they lay on the floor, to the extremity of the tail was 32ft. The distance between the tips of the long arms, when extended in opposite directions, was 54ft.

Here was a formidable creature, indeed. These arms, like tentacles, could shoot out, with almost lightning rapidity, to a distance of 24ft., and instantaneously seize on any object with a tenacity that nothing could undo, and speedily draw it within reach of the shorter arms, whose 800 suckers would then be called into play; and when thus folded in the clammy embrace the beak would descend to rend and devour. The cold, slimy touch I myself can testify has a sickening and paralyzing effect; the glare of the savage eyes strikes terror into the heart of the victim, while the suckers are felt like so many hundreds of mouths devouring at the same time.

Not without reason does Victor Hugo, in his "Touters of the Sea," call it the "Sea-Vampire," and define it as "a glutinous mass endowed with a malignant will." His "Poulpe," or octopus, however, which Galliat killed, was a mere babe compared with these monsters in Newfoundland waters, being only 5ft. between the points of the extended arms; whereas the Conception Bay specimen was 72ft., and the Logie Bay 52ft. "He needs a long spoon who would sup with the Devil" an aphorism lately quoted by Mr. Chamberlain when referring to Russia; but he who would sup with the larger of these devil fish, to be on the safe side, would require a spoon 50ft. long.

Looking back now, at the distance of a quarter of a century, I cannot but smile at the enthusiasm with which I studied the anatomy of my "sea vampire." As I continued my examination, I found behind the head the funnel or tube which is the creature's instrument of locomotion. It is connected with the

bronchiæ or breathing organs. The water is admitted to these organs by a pair of valves which allow it to enter on the muscular dilatation of the body; and when the water so admitted has communicated its oxygen to the blood, it is expelled through this tube, just as in the case of fishes it is driven out at the gills. But, then, this effete water, after purifying the blood of the animal, is not merely got rid of, but is utilized so as to be subservient to the monster's movements.

By ejecting the water with great force through the funnel or tube, it is, by the reaction of the surrounding medium, enabled to dart back with amazing rapidity. This is its usual mode of locomotion; and nothing can surpass the ease and elegance of such movements. This syphon-tube works like a hydraulic engine ejecting the water; while the tail, a sort of triangular fin in shape, acts the part of a front rudder and directs the way. This backward motion, tail foremost and raised above the surface of the water, is the creature's favourite mode of locomotion; though it also (by the action of the tail) moves forward readily.

The ink sac opens into this tube by a special duct; and from it the animal can at pleasure squirt out the intensely black fluid which the ink-sac secretes. It has thus the power of instantaneously enveloping itself in a cloak of darkness, when pursued by other animals or when alarmed, like the Conception Bay specimen, by the loss of its arms.

One more curious thing I noticed. Right through the body of the animal there ran a thin, horny plate which is called the "pen." Was this a rudimentary backbone, I wondered? Was Nature trying her "prentice hand" on this "pen" with a view to build up the spinal column of the nobler order of the vertebrata?

Having completed my investigation I proceeded to have the remains photographed. The head, with the attached arms, was carried in my large sponge bath, by a couple of men, to the photographic rooms. A cross bar was placed so as to support the mass. The result, to my great delight, was an admirable photograph showing the arms hanging down with their splendid array of suckers, the two long arms being looped on each end of the pole. The picture presented the appearance of a beautifully executed embroidery. The photograph of the body and tail was also quite successful. The suckers, beak, "pen," etc., were taken separately.

Now I felt that I was safe in describing the monster and its capture. The photograph, like George Washington, cannot tell a lie. Had I published the story without the attesting photo-

graphs, I have little doubt that I should have been pronounced a Munchausen*, on a small scale, and my story would have been placed on the same level as those about the mythical sea-serpent.

Here I may say that I firmly believe that the devil fish and the sea-serpent are identical, and should this theory be sustained, it would follow that I had been successful in unmasking both. The great devil-fish, swimming tail foremost, its extremity lifted 2ft. or 3ft. above the surface of the water, with its arms trailing 50ft. behind, its hydraulic apparatus working underneath the waves and driving it along, would present the appearances described by those who saw, as they believed, the famous sea-serpent time after time. Almost every feature of such appearances, as narrated by eye-witnesses, would be also present in the case of a devil-fish moving rapidly over the surface of the sea. If so, then the sea-serpent is a masked devil-fish. I have long held this opinion; and such high authorities as Dr. Andrew Wilson and Mr. Henry Lee, F.L.S., also hold this theory.

I now opened communication with a number of scientific men regarding my discovery. The sensation created in all quarters was immense. My friend, Sir William Dawson, of McGill University, was the first to congratulate me on my "invaluable discovery," and he at once brought it before the Natural History Society of Montreal, together with the photographs. Agassiz, the great ichthyologist, wrote: "I am delighted at last to have such direct information concerning the Gigantic Cephalopods of the Atlantic of which so much has been said since the days of Pontoppidan. I shall now hunt up everything that is worth noticing upon the subject, and if you will allow me an examination of your specimen, the zoological characters of the beast might be made out from the parts preserved, as we do of imperfect fossil remains." The great naturalist, however, never saw my specimen. The foregoing letter was among the last he ever wrote.

Finally, I decided that the interests of

science would be best served by sending my specimen to Professor A. E. Verrill, of Yale University, New Haven, an eminent naturalist who was a specialist in the department of Cephalopods. He made an exhaustive study of it, and described and figured it in numerous scientific periodicals; so that its fame spread over the whole world. Not only so, but he was thus led to examine all the allied forms in the waters of the North Atlantic, with the result that he

produced a series of monographs which have given him a world-wide reputation. He did me the honour of naming the new species, after its discoverer, *Architeuthis Harveyi*—the giant cuttle-fish discovered by Harvey. Another eminent English naturalist—Mr. W. Saville-Kent, F.L.S., F.Z.S.—called it in an article on the subject in "The Popular Science Review," *Megabuteuthis Harveyi*, "in recognition of the

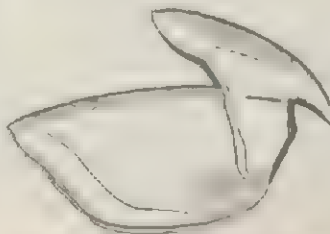
great service to science rendered through Mr. Harvey's steps taken to preserve these valuable specimens." I endeavoured to bear these honours meekly. A sarcastic friend remarked that "there were various ways of reaching earthly immortality; and he congratulated me on my prospect of going down to posterity mounted on the back of a devil fish."

The interest continued to increase. None was more deeply interested than Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian, with whom I had corresponded for years on matters connected with fish and fisheries. His congratulations were warm. Frank Buckland, to whom a communication was sent by the Governor, through Lord Kimberley, wrote a chapter about it in his charming book, the "Log Book of a Fisherman," and afterwards constructed a model of it for his museum, which, I believe, is still in existence. The Smithsonian

Institution at Washington also procured a model, which hangs now from the ceiling of its museum. The literature which has since grown up connected with this and kindred forms of life in the world of waters would fill a large volume. From being a mythical personage, the creation of an excited imagination, fit only to be a subject for a romance of the sea, my giant has got a scientific name and an honoured place in the pages of natural



A CLOSER VIEW OF THE SUCKERS OR INDEPENDENT MOUTHS—THE CUTTLEFISH HAD 1,000 OF THESE MOUTHS.



THE HORN, OR HORN-LIKE BEAK WHICH WAS ENCLOSED IN A KIND OF BAG.

*Much in the same way that M. de Rougemont was ridiculed by his friends in the *Daily Chronicle* and elsewhere for describing an octopus certainly not half so large as this—*but*.

carbine, which had been sent down by the post from Orenburg.

The purchase of the food for my caravan was the greatest difficulty, as we could form but a very indefinite notion as to how long it would take us to cross the desert. There were few records of anyone having crossed it by this particular route, as Khiva was generally approached from the south by means of the Oxus River. I was told that since Colonel Burnaby had effected his ride across the Kizilkum, only one European had performed the same journey, a Russian geographer, who got across in sixteen days, but had suffered terribly from fever and dysentery. I purchased twelve sheep, which were to form our staple food on the march, and was told that I should be able to replenish our stock of mutton from time to time by purchase from the people of the desert. In addition I took a bag of flour for my own consumption, some dried husks, and six loaves of fresh bread. I could not obtain vegetables at all in the fort, the nearest approach being melons, of which I purchased twenty-four.

My escort I was told would be content to live on mutton alone, and, as it was, we found that our goods and chattels were quite enough for the six camels, when it is considered that we carried a sixteen days' supply of water for ten persons, the camels, sheep, and five horses. Of course, there was the food for the horses carried, but the camels I

was told would require nothing this side of Khiva, however long the journey took, as on the desert there is a certain amount of sage-brush upon which they can feed.

One morning we had an official parade of the caravan, and when I saw my men all ranged up it struck me forcibly that they were the hungriest-looking lot I had ever clapped eyes on: but it was a genial, good-humoured crowd, all the same. They sprang to my every bidding, and it seemed to me that they rather enjoyed the prospect than otherwise, since they fully expected, and rightly too, to be rewarded with a substantial present at the end of the march.

Let me put it on record that the officials at Fort No. 1 vied with each other to render me assistance. They candidly confessed that my coming was like a ray of sunlight to them, for, situated as they are completely out of the world, they lead a very humdrum sort of existence. Around the fort has grown up during the last twenty-five years a little colony of Russians, who trade with the desert people, bartering European goods for native work; but this after all seems hardly worth whatever profit is made, when one takes into consideration the awful monotony of their lives.

Southward stretches the telegraph trail to the cities of Turkestan, Tashkent, and Samarcand, but, since the trans-Caspian railroad has been constructed, there is scarcely a passenger from the south, the only callers at Fort No. 1 being the native caravans on the way from Bokhara to the north.

An excellent suggestion was made by the *natchalnik* of Kazalinsk, that I should take with me a small *telega*, or light native cart, which could be tilted over so as to form a sleeping

place for me at night, which would at least be preferable to the bare sand. I fell in with this idea gladly, and for a few roubles was able to get a fairly good *telega* and a set of spare wheels. This cumbersome vehicle had to be harnessed to one of the camels, and at last, after six days' stay in the fort, everything was ready, and I prepared for the



THE BICYCLE WAS TIED ON TO THE BACK OF A CAMEL.
From a Photo by R. L. Jefferson.

march. One thing, however, I had been assured of, and that was the utter impossibility of attempting to ride a bicycle for the first thirty miles. The left bank of the Syrdana River formed a swamp for that distance, after which the sand commenced. I should not be able to carry the bicycle either, as the mud was too deep, and no one had ever been known to walk through the swamp. Incontinently, therefore, the bicycle was roped on to the back of a camel, and a small Khirghiz pony placed at my disposal for the first part of the desert ride.

We made, I think, a rather imposing procession as we filed down the one street of



"WE WAITED FOR THE FERRY-BOAT TO TAKE US ACROSS."
From a Photo by R. L. Jefferson.

Kazalinsk, debouched on the right bank of the Syr-daria River, and waited for the ferry boat to take us across to the other side. Our difficulties commenced right away. There seemed to be hundreds of people ready to help our camels on board, but one of the wheels of the tel-ga got smashed to splinters, necessitating a repair on the ferry. Half-way across the river the current struck us with such force, that the boat rocked dangerously. The camels became terrified, gave utterance to their shrill nasal cries, and at length one of them fell overboard with a tremendous splash. "The 'ship of the desert' as he is called is certainly not a ship in the water. He can swim in a way, but it is a strenuous undertaking, since the weight of his body is so great that only about an inch of his nose remains above water. We all thought that the camel was irretrievably lost, but fortunately a small boat put out from the other side of the river, met him in mid-stream, and towed him safely ashore.

Many of the officials of the fort accompanied me to the left bank, and here a formal parting took place. A few bottles of vodka had been brought over, and the last decent meal for at least sixteen days was prepared in a kibitka erected for the occasion.

It was while waiting for the camels

to be loaded, and the water skins and barrels filled, that I saw a curious sight. An old woman, clothed in the filthiest of rags, came upon the scene. She was a Khirghiz. She carried in her arms a bundle of grass, from which she plucked incessantly and ate. She raved and threw her arms about in all directions, and I learned that she was one of the mad Khirghiz of the desert, a religious fanatic, who had sworn never to change her clothing from girlhood till death. She was an awful sight; and the less said about her the better.

I asked permission of one of the officials who accompanied me to photograph her, and this being obtained, I levelled my camera upon the extraordinary object. She saw me and

screamed, and then fell on her knees in a supplicating attitude.

"She thinks you are going to shoot her," laughed the official.

The wretched woman pressed her hands over her face, cowering, shuddering, and supplicating. I got two good snap-shots, but it was some time before the woman could be convinced by the Khirghiz people around her that I had not made attempts upon her life.



"I LEVELLED MY CAMERA UPON THE EXTRAORDINARY OBJECT."
From a Photo by R. L. Jefferson.

(To be continued.)

you could see the sun sink in a glory of colour behind the distant horizon, its expiring rays lingering upon the far-off hills, until they, too, faded in a purple haze: while from seaward the lowly fishermen would come gliding home over

guarded by an elderly *amah*, as the female attendants are called. But what most attracted my attention was the young and comely little lady who sat inside the conveyance. I could never get more than a transitory glance



A CHINESE SEDAN CHAIR.

the calm, shadowy waters, with the golden light of evening illumining their amber-coloured lateen sails.

I did not always go alone, for sometimes a venerable Chinese gentleman, named Liang Ah Tou, accompanied me. Like myself, he was a great admirer of Confucius and Lao tse, and at heart he was a staunch Republican. His early days had been stirring ones, for during the great Taiping Rebellion he had served and honourably won distinction in the Chung Wang's Guard. But that was a closed chapter of his life, only revealed to the most intimate and trusted friends: for, had it been known, his arrest and death would have soon followed. No one realized the rottenness of Manchoo Tartar rule more than he did, and his bright, age-shrunk eyes would light up with animation, and the old warlike spirit rekindle within him, when he spoke of the long gone days of the past or of those that would surely come, when the people would again awake to a sense of the injustice done them and, shaking off the tight-drawn bonds of tyranny, grasp the sword of liberty and, if need be, die by it.

During those pleasant twilight strolls, we often met a sedan chair carried by two coolies and

at her through the small, gauze covered windows of the chair, but that was sufficient to make me watchful and expectant when I passed that way; and in time, if no chair came, I was disappointed, and went home feeling quite sorrowful. The lady always sat upright, and never seemed to look either to the right or the left; but once or twice I fancied that she was doing her best to conceal a smile or a "shame face," but her fan was artfully raised as a screen, so I merely guessed that she laughed and blushed behind it. On these rare occasions I felt very happy, though I never seemed to make any further progress, and who she was I could not find out.

Whenever old Liang was with me when the chair passed, I would expatiate upon the charms of the strange young "Celestial" *demoiselle*, but, although politely attentive to what I said, and although his good-humoured smile betokened amusement, he always remained discreetly silent. Of course, it is not considered etiquette in Chinese society to mention the gentler sex, so my conduct must have appeared somewhat *outré* in his eyes. Nevertheless, it by no means tended to diminish or weaken our friendship, for, if anything, we grew more

intimate; and after I had concluded my eulogies on the fair daughter of Cathay, he invariably laid his hand on my arm and in a kind, paternal manner advised me not to worry myself.

The winter months were very dull and long, and I seldom saw the lady in the sedan-chair. My house was far removed from the few other European residences, being situated in the Chinese town. But it was roomy and comfortable, being built on the bungalow system, and was inclosed in a large, tree-shaded courtyard of considerable antiquity, with one entrance through a lodge gate, where a watchman was stationed. Opposite my apartments, on the other side of the inclosure, were the servants' offices, and to the right a small library, where I spent much of my leisure.

While I was in Chefoo, the surrounding country was in a very disturbed state, and missionaries coming in from the interior complained of having been robbed and ill-treated by bands of desperadoes. Not only that, but the soldiers in the neighbouring forts became very dissatisfied and unruly, through being kept for a considerable time in arrears of wages; and, one bleak winter's day, the news was brought into the town that they had mutinied, murdered their officers, and joined a party of rebels which was approaching the port. As these disturbances are common in China, and invariably exaggerated, little was thought of the matter by the foreign residents, who half-discredited the rumour. But the Chinese showed symptoms of fear, especially some of the leading shopkeepers, who closed their houses forthwith. However, the day passed quietly and uneventfully, and night set in dark and cold.

Being at that time a regular correspondent to the *Shanghai Mercury*, I sat in the library during the evening writing an account of the distressed and agitated state of the Shantung province, owing to a recent inundation of the Yellow River, which had destroyed the crops and sent thousands of homeless and starving refugees into our midst, some of the poor creatures actually dying at our very doors.

It must have been ten or eleven o'clock when I crossed from the library to my sleeping apartment, and the weather was then bitterly cold. Snow was beginning to fall in large flakes. An oppressive stillness hung over the town as if it were breathlessly waiting for an impending storm to break.

Not long after getting into bed, however, I was awakened from my first sleep by the distant firing of crackers, as I thought, accompanied by the beating of tom-toms. Thinking it was some "joss pidgin" or procession, I took no notice, for, during the Chinese New Year

Festival—which is celebrated for several weeks, being the one great national holiday—marriages and religious ceremonies become common, especially in the northern regions; and at night one is not unfrequently disturbed by the clashing of gongs and the playing of flutes and other instruments calculated to cheer the heart of a true "Son of Han" and drive any ordinarily constituted "barbarian" out of his seven senses: though, of course, in time his ears become as reconciled and accustomed to these strange noises as his nose does to the peculiar odours which assail it.

The noise grew louder, however, and seemed to approach nearer and nearer. Lying half-awake, I wondered at the somewhat unusual medley of sounds, though I did not imagine that anything was wrong. Dogs began yelping and barking, and presently I heard shouts; while the cracker-firing grew more like the irregular discharge of musketry. Suddenly I heard the lodge-gate opened, for it was a large iron one with creaky hinges; and then footsteps hurriedly passed my window and the front door was unlatched. The lamp in my room was burning low, so, jumping out of bed, I put on my dressing gown, and had just done so when I heard voices in the passage, and someone knocked sharply upon the door.

Wondering who it could be at that unearthly hour of the night, and fearing, from the increasing clamour outside, that something was amiss, I unlocked and opened the door. Imagine, if you can, my blank amazement at beholding my mysterious heroine of the sedan-chair, accompanied by her *amah*. Seeing that they looked intensely excited, I asked them in: and, as they advanced, the attendant, who seemed far more alarmed than her companion, produced a bundle and, with trembling hands, opened it, revealing a complete outfit of Chinaman's clothing, which she told me, in "pidgin-English," to put on at once, as the rebels were close at hand and her mistress had come to save my life. The young lady herself could not speak English, but, although much embarrassed, she made signs for me to hurry, as there was not a moment to lose, the urgency being interpreted by pointing to the minute hand of my clock.

The awful din of firing and yelling was beginning to grow so alarmingly audible, that I felt convinced of the danger and awkwardness of the situation; but I could not help admiring the unselfish courage and presence of mind of this noble young girl, who, at the risk of her good name and life, had come out through the darkness and snow to save the life of an unknown "barbarian." Naturally, I now felt more puzzled and more anxious than ever to know

who she was : for I felt certain that she was of gentle birth. However, just then was no time for indulging in idle conjectures or inquisitive questions, and going behind a screen I quickly attired myself in the disguise. Then snatching up my cash box, diary, and a few other articles of value, and arming myself with a stout ebony stick, I told them I was ready.

The large, dauntless eyes of the young girl

bewildering, and seemed to proceed from every quarter of the town, though this was no doubt due to the adjacent cliffs of the promontory, which gave back a multiplicity of echoes. Cries, yells, and shots seemed to head us off at each corner as my guides led the way through an intricate maze of back streets and narrow, tortuous alley-ways, where mangy dogs darted out from dark corners and snapped at my legs ;



"SHE MADE SIGNS FOR ME TO HURRY."

now flashed and beamed as she half drew a large, clumsy looking horse pistol from the bell-shaped sleeve of her gown, and, accompanied by her maid, led the way into the darkness. The night was favourable for our escape, being pitchy dark, and the snow was becoming deep upon the ground ; so that our footsteps were not heard as we passed down the path through the courtyard, which was deserted, for my cowardly servants had already fled, without even waiting to warn me. A dingy lamp was burning outside the lodge gate, which was wide open, for the old watchman had evidently abandoned his post after showing my rescuer the whereabouts of my room. The uproar was now quite

and several times we collided with unseen persons.

We were cautiously proceeding along a dimly-lighted but apparently deserted lane, when suddenly the *amuh* gave a cry of alarm as a ruffian darted forward. I could see at a glance, by his red target marked jacket, that he was a soldier, and Chinese soldiers are generally the most dangerous characters, being the rakings and scrapings of the whole Empire. Out came the old horse pistol - which might have sent us all to eternity if it had been discharged, besides betraying us to the Philistines. So I yelled out something in Chinese, and then attacked the rascal with my heavy walking-stick, which soon

placed him *hors-de-combat*. Not waiting to ascertain whether his skull was cracked, we fled on, turning sharp off to the left. After proceeding some distance, we passed through

heard the story, he was not a little surprised and shocked, but he was a broad minded, enlightened man of the world, and an unselfish father, and when I explained the circumstances



HORS-DE-COMBAT.

a low archway and, to my surprise, entered old Liang Ah Fou's private residence, which was a very snug and secluded one. I soon learned that he had gone south to Shanghai for a few days, and that it was *his only daughter* who had trampled upon the rigorous customs of her people, and at the risk of losing her life had saved mine. Nor had she done so a moment too soon, for I afterwards learned that, directly I had left the premises, they were assailed by a party of marauders, who literally turned my apartments upside down and generally sacked the building. The other Europeans who lived out of the town were much alarmed and took to the Customs boats; but the Taotai and his troops attacked the rebels and succeeded in driving them back inland, where they committed awful depredations.

When the old gentleman returned home and

of the case and asked for the hand of his plucky daughter, he smiled good-humouredly, gave his consent, and blessed us. He did persist, however, that we should be wed according to the fashion of the country, so we were married correctly in the Chinese custom and afterwards in the English.

Poor old Liang has long since gone to rest with his honourable forefathers on the western hills, but his daughter is with me still, and never for one moment have I regretted the event which made her mine. A more noble, cheerful, and faithful helpmate and companion could not be found in this world: at least, so I believe, and more than once since that dark winter's night she has preserved my life by watching over me and attending me in dangerous illnesses, when I was far from my country and people.

Odds and Ends.

Little photographic glimpses of all that is curious or extraordinary in lands both civilized and uncivilized. Photos. selected from among thousands submitted by travellers, and accompanied by full descriptive notes.



From a

A COCK FIGHT IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Photo



HE first photo. we reproduce shows some natives by the roadside in the Philippines engaged in their favourite pastime of cock fighting, of which they are inordinately fond. The spectator, a *sacatero*, or grassman, is bound for a gentleman's residence with grass for the horses, but has halted on the way for an indefinite period to watch the birds.

In the second snap-shot we see all the birds who are to take part in the proceedings. You will notice how the birds are pitted one against another: the winner of heat one fights the winner of heat two, and so on. Each gladiator has a metal spur attached to its foot, and this weapon is freely used during the combat, which is of an extraordinarily fierce nature, and terminates only in the death of one or both of the combatants. The meetings, with fine money, take place only on Sundays or feast days at the *galler*, or cock pit, which presents a very animated appearance. The noise is

deafening what with the chattering of the native women, the immense excitement of the sportsmen, and the defiant crowing of the combatant cocks. The Filipinos discuss cock fighting with the same enthusiasm that horse racing or cricket calls forth in this country, bestowing as much care on their birds as a mother would on her child. They think nothing of staking their all on the result of a single contest.

China is a happy hunting ground for the photographer who makes it his business to secure snap shots of the quaint and curious. The Chinaman does everything in a different way from the rest of the world, and the immediate consequence is any number of

curious customs and beliefs. For instance, the Celestials believe that the condition of the dead in the spirit world depends largely upon the attention bestowed upon them by the living. Accordingly, at stated periods, paper clothing is burned under the belief that it ascends to the other world and provides the spirits of the dear departed with whatever covering they may require. Even imitation fur lined garments, as well as lighter apparel for summer wear, are



From a

THE BIRDS ARE PITTED ONE AGAINST ANOTHER.

Photo

Photo

offered up in this way. No one but a Chinaman, we imagine, could reconcile the glaring incongruity of disembodied spirits requiring material clothes.

Paper money is also dispatched to the dead by way of the fire, the Chinese fearing that unless these delicate little attentions are paid to the departed, their spirits will return to plague them. Much importance is also attached to the time and place of burial. Very frequently one section of a family will favour a certain day or site, while another section are strongly opposed to it. Differences of this character frequently cause delays of a most curious nature. The coffin seen in our photo, for some such reason, stood under the shadow of some trees near Swatow for years, and may be standing there now, for all the information we possess to the contrary. The Chinese coffin is made of very thick wood, shaped to resemble a tree-trunk, and in this instance it has been wrapped round with straw.

Another extraordinary and terrible phase of Chinese social life. As most people know, the birth of a girl-child into a Chinese home is not a welcome event. She is a "go-away child"

that is to say, when married, she leaves her home and goes to her husband's, whereas a son brings home his wife with him. When a Chinese father is reckoning up the number of his household, he counts only his sons. The birth of a girl means simply another mouth to fill; and for this sordid consideration baby-girls are often not allowed to live. When they are not actually made away with, they are disposed of by some such indirect means as that shown in the accompanying



PHOTO TAKEN FOR A. M. SELL EMERSON, CHINA, SWATOW.
From a Photo

photo. Here we see a basket fastened to the wall of the city of Chaochoo-foo, some thirty miles up river from the treaty port of Swatow. This basket is for the reception of newly born girls who have not found a welcome in their own homes—a veritable "letter box," where baby-girls are "posted." The father may possibly be troubled with some slight scruples about actually killing the infant, so he places it in this strange receptacle, whence anyone wishing to adopt a female child is at liberty to remove it and do what he likes with it. It is awful practices like this that make the Christian missionaries sometimes despair of the Chinese.

At first sight the photograph shown at the top of the next page looks like a "trick" snap shot of a man on stilts, but in reality it is nothing of the kind. The photo. was taken at Bagneres de Bigorre, in the Hautes Pyrénées, and it represents one of the watchmen who are posted at intervals at the top of lofty poles to look out for the flocks of wood pigeons which are continually passing southward—during the month of October on their way to warmer climates. When one of these aerial sentinels sees the pigeons coming, he throws a wooden hawk into the air with all his might. This frightens the birds and causes them to fly near the ground, where they are caught in a series of nets stretched along a row of big trees. A more curious employment it would be difficult to find, and the flinging of the



From a Photo CHINESE COFFIN WRAPPED ROUND WITH STRAW

From a Photo

heavy wooden dummy, we should imagine, would present insuperable difficulties to the average man were he perched at such a dizzy height on so shaky looking a support.

It is to America one has to go for real startling originality in the way of entertainment. Our next photo shows the famous American diving horse, "Bob White," the property of Professor Carrens. The animal is about to dive from a specially built structure 30ft. in height. He requires no urging to perform this unique act, seeming to take a genuine delight in the performance. In our second reproduc-



From a A PIGROON-CATCHER IN THE PYRENEES. (Photo.)

tion we see that the horse has taken the actual plunge, the water splashing up all round the tank. This, by the way, is about 15ft. deep, 30ft. long, and 20ft. wide. Needless to say, "Bob" is a great attraction at the country fairs all over Western America, journeying from one to another with his master, to whom he is much attached.

The ceremony of baptism and the waters of Jordan have been associated ever since the days of Christ, but it is only of recent years that the fashion has sprung up of making pilgrimages to its banks for the purpose of undergoing actual immersion



From a "BOB-WHITE," THE AMERICAN DIVING HORSE. (Photo.)



Framed

THE BRIDGE BUILT

[1906]

in the river. It has long been the practice to baptize the children of Royalty with water brought from the Jordan for the purpose, and latterly the custom has become common among the wealthier classes. People of all ranks and from all parts of the globe undertake these pilgrimages to the Jordan and subject themselves to complete immersion, some of the more earnest enthusiasts even drinking the water. The photograph here reproduced shows us the actual ceremony of baptism, with the pilgrim standing in the water alongside the priest. Judged

from its surroundings in the picture, the river can hardly be described as being very beautiful.

People who have relatives in tropical countries often receive pathetic letters complaining about the destructiveness of a certain variety of ants, but it is doubtful whether the havoc these insects produce has ever before been illustrated in so striking a manner, as is the case with the photograph depicted on the next page. Here is the story:

An officer of the 3rd Madras Lancers, recently returned from European leave, was shocked beyond measure to see, on opening his boxes, that his handsome



Copyright 1906. Photo by Underwood & Underwood

ground, and were covered by the bodies of the crew of the vessel. The water, too, is polluted to such an extent that it is not fit for drinking. In the harbor, at least, it is very dirty, and the boats, which are used for carrying passengers, are very filthy and fastened to the shore by ropes, and are very dirty and very poorly maintained. These boats were then placed on wheels to run off direct from the shore with the floor of the harbor, but by some mistake or accident, due probably to the carelessness of the servant, a stick, or some object like it, was allowed to fall in, and the side of the boat containing the platform. This afforded a ready means of ascent from the ground, and forth with the passengers, or explorers, among the white ants promptly availed themselves of the opportunity, with the result that when the box was opened its contents were found in the state here shown. You will observe that the silver lace and brand of the tunic, pants, and overalls escaped destruction, but the light blue cloth and interior lining has been eaten away in every direction and is quite destroyed.

One of the most interesting ceremonies imaginable is that seen in the fine full page photograph reproduced on the opposite page, which shows the imposing religious ceremony known as the benediction of the sea at Ostend. This takes place in June of each year, and from the first thing in the morning of the eventful day the fashionable watering place, already filled to overflowing, is besieged by thousands coming from all parts by train, steamer, and every sort of vehicle. The effect of this huge mass of people waiting in silence while the long procession winds its way slowly and with all the pomp of a great religious ceremonial through their midst, to the

altar, and thence to a special altar, to the St. Nicholas chapel, where the procession ends, is a most curious sight, and is a most impressive scene. The procession is very long, and is made up of many different elements. At the head of the procession is the Pope, and the most curious and the most magnificent sight is to be seen upon the altar that has been specially erected. After

reading the Gospel the Pope, who is accompanied by his assistants, the archbishops and bishops, the cardinals, and the other members of the hierarchy, using those words, "I terrible element which I see stretched at my feet. Immense stretch of water where so many find death. The Lord bless, in blessing the waves, those who before being engulfed in the deep send forth a last cry of love and repentance." At the solemn moment, when these words are uttered, drums beat and the cannons thunder forth from the mouth of the harbour. The smoke, by the way, is distinctly seen in the photo. The procession is then reformed, and proceeds through the town, followed by vast crowds for about an hour. This particular year it was arranged that all the boats were to be decorated and anchored during the ceremony in front of the Digue. The non-trance used is a



A LITTLE OF THE INTERESTING RITE OF THE BENEDICTION OF THE SEA AT OSTEND.

very ancient one of great beauty. The gold is extremely massive, and contains thousands of diamonds. The sacred ornament is entirely made of jewels left by Ostend ladies expressly for that purpose.

Next we have a photograph of the wonderful movable puppets of the Kings of Burma. These dolls are to all intents and purposes monstrous marionettes, standing several feet high, and they are manipulated very cleverly. All



U. P. Thompson

THE REGIMENT OF BERSING THE SEA AT OBTAIN

From a Photo



From a

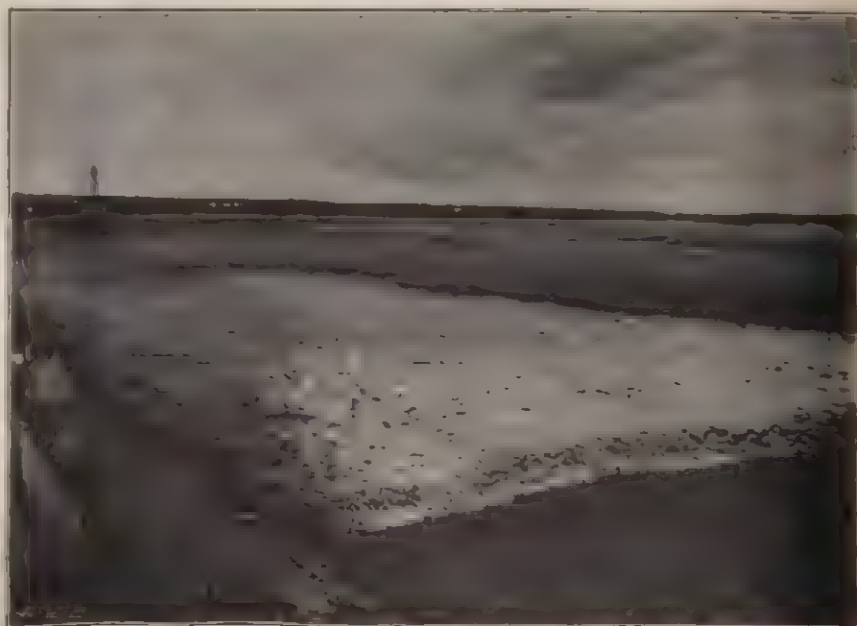
OF A PUPPET ORCHESTRA IN A

Photo

sorts of things are represented, from elephants down to ships and ghosts, and these puppets yield an entertainment such as even Europeans do not despise. The marionette orchestra seen in our illustration is particularly fine; it includes a baby, by the way, and the figures are quite life-size. They are great on marionettes in the East. Occasionally one puppet will be made to represent a very unpopular person—perhaps even a European—and in this guise the hated one comes in for an awful amount of insult and battering.

The last photograph reproduced is of a very remarkable character. It depicts something which a few of us may have seen, and many of us heard of, but which has probably never before been re-

corded by a photograph. The Bay of Fundy, between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in Canada, is celebrated for its phenomenal tides, which sometimes rise to a height of 60 ft. in an incredibly short time. This sudden rush of water fills the rivers very quickly, producing the phenomenon known as a tidal bore. The photo, we are enabled to reproduce depicts one of these bores making its way up the Petitcodiac River, near the town of Moncton, N. B. The face of the wall of water is 4 ft. high, and it is travelling at the rate of eight miles an hour. Woe betide the unlucky craft which is caught by this milk white flood, for it will of a certainty be swamped.



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From a Photo by Crandall, Moncton, N. B.

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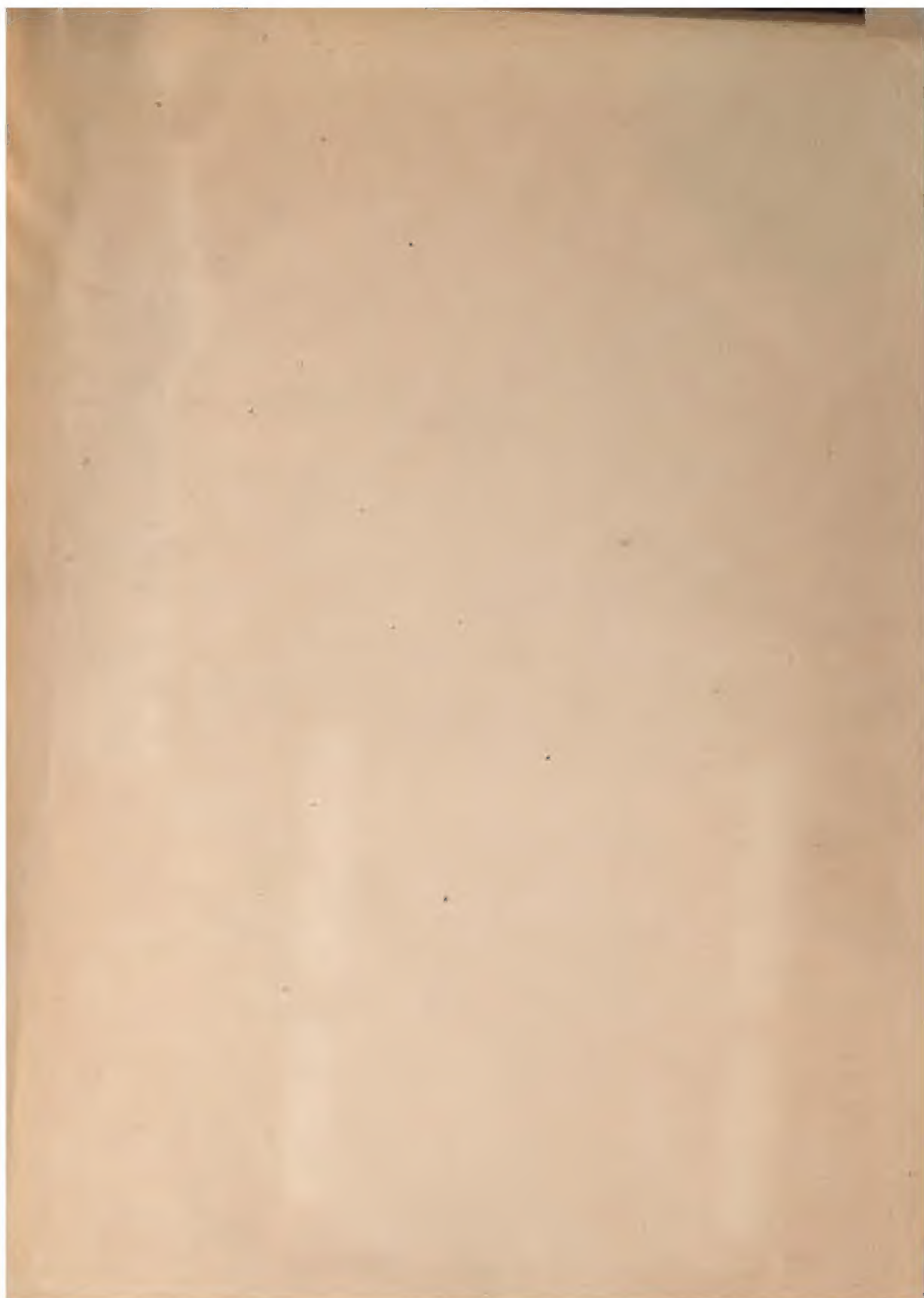
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